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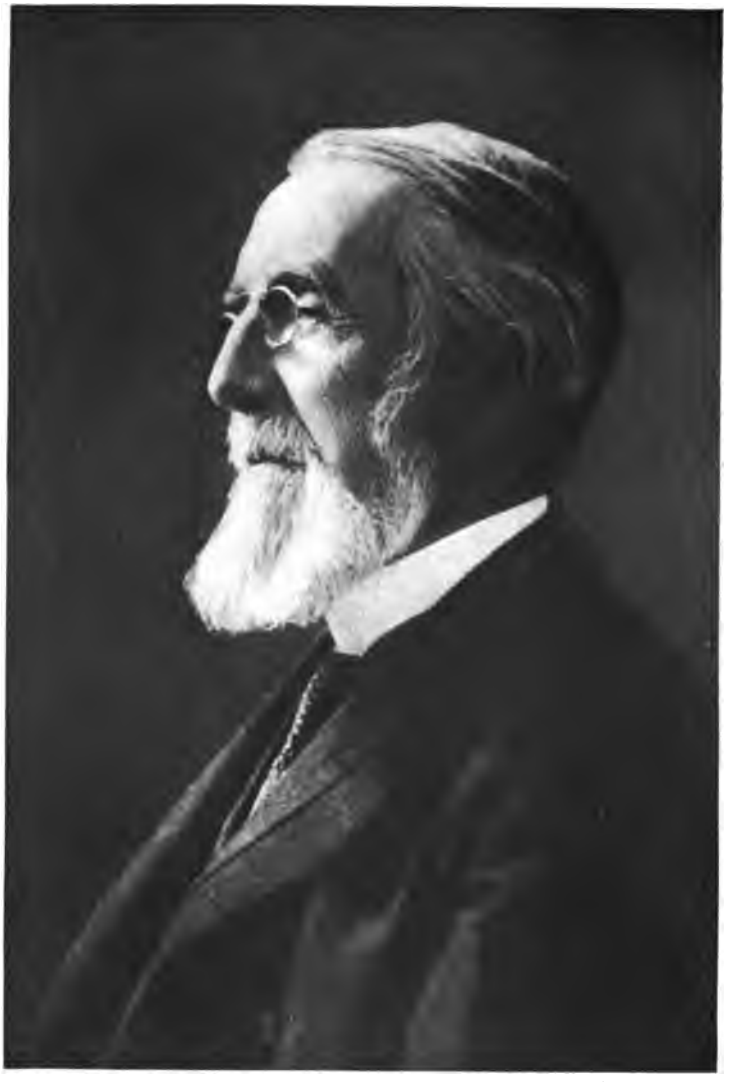
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
ANDREW D. WHITE

VOLUME I



Ithaca, 1905

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

VOLUME I



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TO
MY OLD STUDENTS
THIS RECORD OF MY LIFE
IS INSCRIBED
WITH MOST KINDLY RECOLLECTIONS
AND BEST WISHES

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

PART I

ENVIRONMENT AND EDUCATION

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD IN CENTRAL NEW YORK—1832-1850

AT the close of the Revolution which separated the colonies from the mother country, the legislature of New York set apart nearly two million acres of land, in the heart of the State, as bounty to be divided among her soldiers who had taken part in the war; and this "Military Tract," having been duly divided into townships, an ill-inspired official, in lack of names for so many divisions, sprinkled over the whole region the contents of his classical dictionary. Thus it was that there fell to a beautiful valley upon the headwaters of the Susquehanna the name of "Homer." Fortunately the surveyor-general left to the mountains, lakes, and rivers the names the Indians had given them, and so there was still some poetical element remaining in the midst of that unfortunate nomenclature. The counties, too, as a rule, took Indian names, so that the town of Homer, with its neighbors, Tully, Pompey, Fabius, Lysander, and the rest, were embedded in the county of Onondaga, in the neighborhood of lakes Otisco and Skaneateles, and of the rivers Tioughnioga and Susquehanna.

Hither came, toward the close of the eighteenth century, a body of sturdy New Englanders, and, among them, my grandfathers and grandmothers. Those on my father's side: Asa White and Clara Keep, from Munson, Massa-

chusetts; those on my mother's side, Andrew Dickson, from Middlefield, Massachusetts, and Ruth Hall from Guilford, Connecticut. They were all of "good stock." When I was ten years old I saw my great-grandfather at Middlefield, eighty-two years of age, sturdy and vigorous; he had mowed a broad field the day before, and he walked four miles to church the day after. He had done his duty manfully during the war, had been a member of the "Great and General Court" of Massachusetts, and had held various other offices, which showed that he enjoyed the confidence of his fellow-citizens. As to the other side of the house, there was a tradition that we came from Peregrine White of the *Mayflower;* but I have never had time to find whether my doubts on the subject were well founded or not. Enough for me to know that my yeomen ancestors did their duty in war and peace, were honest, straightforward, God-fearing men and women, who owned their own lands, and never knew what it was to cringe before any human being.

These New Englanders literally made the New York wilderness to blossom as the rose; and Homer, at my birth in 1832, about forty years after the first settlers came, was, in its way, one of the prettiest villages imaginable. In the heart of it was the "Green," and along the middle of this a line of church edifices, and the academy. In front of the green, parallel to the river, ran, north and south, the broad main street, beautifully shaded with maples, and on either side of this, in the middle of the village, were stores, shops, and the main taverns; while north and south of these were large and pleasant dwellings, each in its own garden or grove or orchard, and separated from the street by light palings,—all, without exception, neat, trim, and tidy.

My first recollections are of a big, comfortable house of brick, in what is now called "colonial style," with a "stoop," long and broad, on its southern side, which in summer was shaded with honeysuckles. Spreading out southward from this was a spacious garden filled with

old-fashioned flowers, and in this I learned to walk. To this hour the perfume of a pink brings the whole scene before me, and proves the justice of Oliver Wendell Holmes's saying that we remember past scenes more vividly by the sense of smell than by the sense of sight.

I can claim no merit for clambering out of poverty. My childhood was happy; my surroundings wholesome; I was brought up neither in poverty nor riches; my parents were what were called "well-to-do-people"; everything about me was good and substantial; but our mode of life was frugal; waste or extravagance or pretense was not permitted for a moment. My paternal grandfather had been, in the early years of the century, the richest man in the township; but some time before my birth he had become one of the poorest; for a fire had consumed his mills, there was no insurance, and his health gave way. On my father, Horace White, had fallen, therefore, the main care of his father's family. It was to the young man, apparently, a great calamity:—that which grieved him most being that it took him—a boy not far in his teens—out of school. But he met the emergency manfully, was soon known far and wide for his energy, ability, and integrity, and long before he had reached middle age was considered one of the leading men of business in the county.

My mother had a more serene career. In another part of these Reminiscences, saying something of my religious and political development, I shall speak again of her and of her parents. Suffice it here that her father prospered as a man of business, was known as "Colonel," and also as "Squire" Dickson, and represented his county in the State legislature. He died when I was about three years old, and I vaguely remember being brought to him as he lay upon his death-bed. On one account, above all others, I have long looked back to him with pride. For the first public care of the early settlers had been a church, and the second a school. This school had been speedily developed into Cortland Academy, which soon became fa-

mous throughout all that region, and, as a boy of five or six years of age, I was very proud to read on the corner-stone of the Academy building my grandfather's name among those of the original founders.

Not unlikely there thus came into my blood the strain which has led me ever since to feel that the building up of goodly institutions is more honorable than any other work,—an idea which was at the bottom of my efforts in developing the University of Michigan, and in founding Cornell University.

To Cortland Academy students came from far and near; and it soon began sending young men into the foremost places of State and Church. At an early day, too, it began receiving young women and sending them forth to become the best of matrons. As my family left the place when I was seven years old I was never within its walls as a student, but it acted powerfully on my education in two ways,—it gave my mother the best of her education, and it gave to me a respect for scholarship. The library and collections, though small, suggested pursuits better than the scramble for place or pelf; the public exercises, two or three times a year, led my thoughts, no matter how vaguely, into higher regions, and I shall never forget the awe which came over me when as a child, I saw Principal Woolworth, with his best students around him on the green, making astronomical observations through a small telescope.

Thus began my education into that great truth, so imperfectly understood, as yet, in our country, that stores, shops, hotels, facilities for travel and traffic are not the highest things in civilization.

This idea was strengthened in the family. Devoted as my father was to business, he always showed the greatest respect for men of thought. I have known him, even when most absorbed in his pursuits, to watch occasions for walking homeward with a clergyman or teacher, whose conversation he especially prized. There was scant respect in the family for the petty politicians of the

region; but there was great respect for the instructors of the academy, and for any college professor who happened to be traveling through the town. I am now in my sixty-eighth year, and I write these lines from the American Embassy in Berlin. It is my duty here, as it has been at other European capitals, to meet various high officials; but that old feeling, engendered in my childhood, continues, and I bow to the representatives of the universities,—to the leaders in science, literature, and art, with a feeling of awe and respect far greater than to their so-called superiors,—princelings and high military or civil officials.

Influences of a more direct sort came from a primary school. To this I was taken, when about three years old, for a reason which may strike the present generation as curious. The colored servant who had charge of me wished to learn to read—so she slipped into the school and took me with her. As a result, though my memory runs back distinctly to events near the beginning of my fourth year, it holds not the faintest recollection of a time when I could not read easily. The only studies which I recall with distinctness, as carried on before my seventh year, are arithmetic and geography. As to the former, the multiplication-table was chanted in chorus by the whole body of children, a rhythmical and varied movement of the arms being carried on at the same time. These exercises gave us pleasure and fastened the tables in our minds. As to geography, that gave pleasure in another way. The books contained pictures which stimulated my imagination and prompted me to read the adjacent text. There was no over-pressure. Mental recreation and information were obtained in a loose way from "Rollo Books," "Peter Parley Books," "Sanford and Merton," the "Children's Magazine," and the like. I now think it a pity that I was not allowed to read, instead of these, the novels of Scott and Cooper, which I discovered later. I devoutly thank Heaven that no such thing as a sensation newspaper was ever brought into the house,—

even if there were one at that time,—which I doubt. As to physical recreation, there was plenty during the summer in the fields and woods, and during the winter in coasting, building huts in the deep snow, and in storming or defending the snow forts on the village green. One of these childish sports had a historical connection with a period which now seems very far away. If any old settler happened to pass during our snow-balling or our shooting with bows and arrows, he was sure to look on with interest, and, at some good shot, to cry out,—"*Shoot Burgoyne!*"—thus recalling his remembrances of the sharpshooters who brought about the great surrender at Saratoga.

In my seventh year my father was called to take charge of the new bank established at Syracuse, thirty miles distant, and there the family soon joined him. I remember that coming through the Indian Reservation, on the road between the two villages, I was greatly impressed by the bowers and other decorations which had been used shortly before at the installation of a new Indian chief. It was the headquarters of the Onondagas,—formerly the great central tribe of the Iroquois,—the warlike confederacy of the Six Nations; and as, in a general way, the story was told me on that beautiful day in September a new world of romance was opened to me, so that Indian stories, and especially Cooper's novels, when I was allowed to read them, took on a new reality.

Syracuse, which is now a city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, was then a straggling village of about five thousand. After much time lost in sundry poor "select schools" I was sent to one of the public schools which was very good, and thence, when about twelve years old, to the preparatory department of the Syracuse Academy.

There, by good luck, was Joseph A. Allen, the best teacher of English branches I have ever known. He had no rules and no system; or, rather, his rule was to have no rules, and his system was to have no system. To most teachers this would have been fatal; but he had

genius. He seemed to divine the character and enter into the purpose of every boy. Work under him was a pleasure. His methods were very simple. Great attention was given to reading aloud from a book made up of selections from the best authors, and to recitals from these. Thus I stored up not only some of the best things in the older English writers, but inspiring poems of Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, and other moderns. My only regret is that more of this was not given us. I recall, among treasures thus gained, which have been precious to me ever since, in many a weary or sleepless hour on land and sea, extracts from Shakspere, parts of Milton's "Samson Agonistes," and of his sonnets; Gray's "Elegy," Byron's "Ode to the Ocean," Campbell's "What 's Hallowed Ground?" Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Irving's "Voyage to Europe," and parts of Webster's "Reply to Hayne."

At this school the wretched bugbear of English spelling was dealt with by a method which, so long as our present monstrous orthography continues, seems to me the best possible. During the last half-hour of every day, each scholar was required to have before him a copy-book, of which each page was divided into two columns. At the head of the first column was the word "Spelling"; at the head of the second column was the word "Corrected." The teacher then gave out to the school about twenty of the more important words in the reading-lesson of the day, and, as he thus dictated each word, each scholar wrote it in the column headed "Spelling." When all the words were thus written, the first scholar was asked to spell from his book the first word; if misspelled, it was passed to the next, and so on until it was spelled correctly; whereupon all who had made a mistake in writing it made the proper correction on the opposite column. The result of this was that the greater part of us learned orthography *practically*. For the practical use of spelling comes in writing.

The only mistake in Mr. Allen's teaching was too much

attention to English grammar. The order ought to be, literature first, and grammar afterward. Perhaps there is no more tiresome trifling in the world for boys and girls than rote recitations and parsing from one of the usual grammatical text-books.

As to mathematics, arithmetic was, perhaps, pushed too far into puzzles; but geometry was made fascinating by showing its real applications and the beauty of its reasoning. It is the only mathematical study I ever loved. In natural science, though most of the apparatus of schools nowadays was wanting, Mr. Allen's instruction was far beyond his time. Never shall I forget my excited interest when, occasionally, the village surgeon came in, and the whole school was assembled to see him dissect the eye or ear or heart of an ox. Physics, as then understood, was studied in a text-book, but there was illustration by simple apparatus, which fastened firmly in my mind the main facts and principles.

The best impulse by this means came from the principal of the academy, Mr. Oren Root,—one of the pioneers of American science, whose modesty alone stood in the way of his fame. I was too young to take direct instruction from him, but the experiments which I saw him perform led me, with one or two of my mates, to construct an excellent electrical machine and subsidiary apparatus; and with these, a small galvanic battery and an extemporized orrery, I diluted Professor Root's lectures with the teachings of my little books on natural philosophy and astronomy to meet the capacities of the younger boys in our neighborhood.

Salient among my recollections of this period are the cries and wailing of a newly-born babe in the rooms at the academy occupied by the principal, and adjacent to our big school-room. Several decades of years later I had the honor of speaking on the platform of Cooper Institute in company with this babe, who, as I write, is, I believe, the very energetic Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President McKinley.

Unfortunately for me, Mr. Root was soon afterward called away to a professorship at Hamilton College, and so, though living in the best of all regions for geological study, I was never properly grounded in that science, and as to botany, I am to this hour utterly ignorant of its simplest facts and principles. I count this as one of the mistakes in my education,—resulting in the loss of much valuable knowledge and high pleasure.

As to physical development, every reasonable encouragement was given to play. Mr. Allen himself came frequently to the play-grounds. He was an excellent musician and a most helpful influence was exerted by singing, which was a daily exercise of the school. I then began taking lessons regularly in music and became proficient enough to play the organ occasionally in church; the best result of this training being that it gave my life one of its deepest, purest, and most lasting pleasures.

On the moral side, Mr. Allen influenced many of us by liberalizing and broadening our horizon. He was a disciple of Channing and an abolitionist, and, though he never made the slightest attempt to proselyte any of his scholars, the very atmosphere of the school made sectarian bigotry impossible.

As to my general education outside the school I browsed about as best I could. My passion in those days was for machinery, and, above all, for steam machinery. The stationary and locomotive engines upon the newly-established railways toward Albany on the east and Buffalo on the west especially aroused my attention, and I came to know every locomotive, its history, character, and capabilities, as well as every stationary engine in the whole region. My holiday excursions, when not employed in boating or skating on the Onondaga Creek, or upon the lake, were usually devoted to visiting workshops, where the engine drivers and stokers seemed glad to talk with a youngster who took an interest in their business. Especially interested was I in a rotary engine on "Barker's centrifugal principle," with which the inventor had prom-

ised to propel locomotives at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, but which had been degraded to grinding bark in a tannery. I felt its disgrace keenly, as a piece of gross injustice; but having obtained a small brass model, fitted to it a tin boiler and placed it on a little stern-wheel boat, I speedily discovered the secret of the indignity which had overtaken the machine, for no boat could carry a boiler large enough to supply steam for it.

So, too, I knew every water-wheel in that part of the county, whether overshot, undershot, breast, or turbine. Everything in the nature of a motor had an especial fascination for me, and for the men in control of such power I entertained a respect which approached awe.

Among all these, my especial reverence was given to the locomotive engineers; in my youthful mind they took on a heroic character. Often during the night watches I thought of them as braving storm and peril, responsible for priceless freights of human lives. Their firm, keen faces come back to me vividly through the mists of sixty years, and to this day I look up to their successors at the throttle with respectful admiration.

After Professor Root's departure the Syracuse Academy greatly declined, Mr. Allen being the only strong man left among its teachers, and, as I was to go to college, I was removed to a "classical school." This school was not at first very successful. Its teacher was a good scholar but careless. Under him I repeated the grammatical forms and rules in Latin and Greek, glibly, term after term, without really understanding their value. His great mistake, which seems to me a not infrequent one, was taking it for granted that repeating rules and forms means understanding them and their application. But a catastrophe came. I had been promoted beyond my deserts from a lower into an upper Latin class, and at a public examination the Rev. Samuel Joseph May, who was present, asked me a question, to which I made an answer revealing utter ignorance of one of the simplest principles of Latin grammar. He was discon-

certed at the result, I still more so, and our preceptor most of all. That evening my father very solemnly asked me about it. I was mortified beyond expression, did not sleep at all that night, and of my own accord, began reviewing my Andrews and Stoddard thoroughly and vigorously. But this did not save the preceptor. A successor was called, a man who afterward became an eminent Presbyterian divine and professor in a Southern university, James W. Hoyt, one of the best and truest of men, and his manly, moral influence over his scholars was remarkable. Many of them have reached positions of usefulness, and I think they will agree that his influence upon their lives was most happy. The only drawback was that he was still very young, not yet through his senior year in Union College, and his methods in classical teaching were imperfect. He loved his classics and taught his better students to love them, but he was neither thorough in grammar, nor sure in translation, and this I afterward found to my sorrow. My friend and schoolmate of that time, W. O. S., published a few years since in the "St. Nicholas Magazine," an account of this school. It was somewhat idealized, but we doubtless agree in thinking that the lack of grammatical drill was more than made up by the love of manliness, and the dislike of meanness, which was in those days our very atmosphere. Probably the best thing for my mental training was that Mr. Hoyt interested me in my Virgil, Horace, and Xenophon, and required me to write out my translations in the best English at my command.

But to all his pupils he did not prove so helpful. One of them, though he has since become an energetic man of business on the Pacific Coast, was certainly not helped into his present position by his Latin; for of all the translations I have ever heard or read of, one of his was the worst. Being called to construe the first line of the Æneid, he proceeded as follows:

"*Arma,*—arms; *virumque,*—and a man; *cano,*—and a dog." There was a roar, and Mr. Hoyt, though evidently

saddened, kept his temper. He did not, like the great and good Arnold of Rugby, under similar provocation, knock the offender down with the text-book.

Still another agency in my development was the debating club, so inevitable in an American village. Its discussions were sometimes pretentious and always crude, but something was gained thereby. I remember that one of the subjects was stated as follows: "Which has done most harm, intemperance or fanaticism." The debate was without any striking feature until my schoolmate, W. O. S., brought up heavy artillery on the side of the anti-fanatics: namely, a statement of the ruin wrought by Mohammedanism in the East, and, above all, the destruction of the great Alexandrian library by Caliph Omar; and with such eloquence that all the argumentation which any of us had learned in the temperance meetings was paralyzed.

On another occasion we debated the question: "Was the British Government justified in its treatment of Napoleon Bonaparte?" Much historical lore had been brought to bear on the question, when an impassioned young orator wound up a bitter diatribe against the great emperor as follows: "The British Government *was* justified, and if for no other reason, by the Emperor Napoleon's murder of the 'Duck de Engine' " (Duc d'Enghien).

As to education outside of the school very important to me had been the discovery, when I was about ten years old, of " 'The Monastery,' by the author of 'Waverley.' " Who the "author of 'Waverley' " was I neither knew nor cared, but read the book three times, end over end, in a sort of fascination. Unfortunately, novels and romances were kept under lock and key, as unfit reading for children, and it was some years before I reveled in Scott's other novels. That they would have been thoroughly good and wholesome reading for me I know, and about my sixteenth year they opened a new world to me and gave healthful play to my imagination. I also read and re-read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and, with plea-

sure even more intense, the earlier works of Dickens, which were then appearing.

My only regret, as regards that time, is that, between the rather trashy "boys' books" on one side and the rather severe books in the family library on the other, I read far less of really good literature than I ought to have done. My reading was absolutely without a guide, hence fitful and scrappy; parts of Rollin's "Ancient History" and Lander's "Travels in Africa" being mixed up with "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Scottish Chiefs." Reflection on my experience has convinced me that some kindly guidance in the reading of a fairly scholarly boy is of the utmost importance, and never more so than now, when books are so many and attractive. I should lay much stress, also, on the hearing of good literature well read, and the interspersing of such reading with some remarks by the reader, pointing out the main beauties of the pieces thus presented.

About my tenth year occurred an event, apparently trivial, but really very important in my mental development during many years afterward. My father brought home one day, as a gift to my mother, a handsome quarto called "The Gallery of British Artists." It contained engravings from pictures by Turner, Stanfield, Cattermole, and others, mainly representing scenes from Shakspere, Scott, Burns, picturesque architecture, and beautiful views in various parts of Europe. Of this book I never tired. It aroused in me an intense desire to know more of the subjects represented, and this desire has led me since to visit and to study every cathedral, church, and town hall of any historical or architectural significance in Europe, outside the Spanish peninsula. But, far more important, it gave an especial zest to nearly all Scott's novels, and especially to the one which I have always thought the most fascinating, "Quentin Durward." This novel led me later, not merely to visit Liège, and Orléans, and Cléry, and Tours, but to devour the chronicles and histories of that period, to become deeply

interested in historical studies, and to learn how great principles lie hidden beneath the surface of events. The first of these principles I ever clearly discerned was during my reading of "Quentin Durward" and "Anne of Geierstein," when there was revealed to me the secret of the centralization of power in Europe, and of the triumph of monarchy over feudalism.

In my sixteenth and seventeenth years another element entered into my education. Syracuse, as the central city of the State, was the scene of many conventions and public meetings. That was a time of very deep earnestness in political matters. The last great efforts were making, by the more radical, peaceably to prevent the extension of slavery, and, by the more conservative, peaceably to preserve the Union. The former of these efforts interested me most. There were at Syracuse frequent public debates between the various groups of the anti-slavery party represented by such men as Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, John Parker Hale, Samuel Joseph May, and Frederick Douglass. They took strong hold upon me and gave me a higher idea of a man's best work in life. That was the bloom period of the old popular lecture. It was the time when lectures were expected to build character and increase knowledge; the sensation and buffoon business which destroyed the system had not yet come in. I feel to this hour the good influence of lectures then heard, in the old City Hall at Syracuse, from such men as President Mark Hopkins, Bishop Alonzo Potter, Senator Hale of New Hampshire, Emerson, Ware, Whipple, and many others.

As to recreative reading at this period, the author who exercised the strongest influence over me was Charles Kingsley. His novels "Alton Locke" and "Yeast" interested me greatly in efforts for doing away with old abuses in Europe, and his "Two Years After" increased my hatred for negro slavery in America. His "Westward Ho!" extended my knowledge of the Elizabethan period and increased my manliness. Of this period, too,

was my reading of Lowell's Poems, many of which I greatly enjoyed. His "Biglow Papers" were a perpetual delight; the dialect was familiar to me since, in the little New England town transplanted into the heart of central New York, in which I was born, the less educated people used it, and the dry and droll Yankee expressions of our "help" and "hired man" were a source of constant amusement in the family.

In my seventeenth year came a trial. My father had taken a leading part in establishing a parish school for St. Paul's church in Syracuse, in accordance with the High Church views of our rector, Dr. Gregory, and there was finally called to the mastership a young candidate for orders, a brilliant scholar and charming man, who has since become an eminent bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. To him was intrusted my final preparation for college. I had always intended to enter one of the larger New England universities, but my teacher was naturally in favor of his Alma Mater, and the influence of our bishop, Dr. de Lancey, being also thrown powerfully into the scale, my father insisted on placing me at a small Protestant Episcopal college in western New York. I went most reluctantly. There were in the faculty several excellent men, one of whom afterward became a colleague of my own in Cornell University, and proved of the greatest value to it. Unfortunately, we of the lower college classes could have very little instruction from him; still there was good instruction from others; the tutor in Greek, James Morrison Clarke, was one of the best scholars I have ever known.

It was in the autumn of 1849 that I went into residence at the little college and was assigned a very unprepossessing room in a very ugly barrack. Entering my new quarters I soon discovered about me various cabalistic signs, some of them evidently made by heating large iron keys, and pressing them against the woodwork. On inquiring I found that the room had been occupied some years before by no less a personage than Philip Spencer,

a member of the famous Spencer family of Albany, who, having passed some years at this little college, and never having been able to get out of the freshman class, had gone to another institution of about the same grade, had there founded a Greek letter fraternity which is now widely spread among American universities, and then, through the influence of his father, who was Secretary of War, had been placed as a midshipman under Commodore McKenzie on the brig-of-war *Somers*. On the coast of Africa a mutiny was discovered, and as, on examination, young Spencer was found at the head of it, and papers discovered in his cabin revealed the plan of seizing the ship and using it in a career of piracy, the young man, in spite of his connection with a member of the Cabinet, was hanged at the yard-arm with two of his associates.

The most curious relic of him at the college was preserved in the library of the Hermean Society. It was a copy of "The Pirates' Own Book": a glorification of the exploits of "Blackbeard" and other great freebooters, profusely adorned with illustrations of their joys and triumphs. This volume bore on the fly-leaf the words, "Presented to the Hermean Society by Philip Spencer," and was in those days shown as a great curiosity.

The college was at its lowest ebb; of discipline there was none; there were about forty students, the majority of them, sons of wealthy churchmen, showing no inclination to work and much tendency to dissipation. The authorities of the college could not afford to expel or even offend a student, for its endowment was so small that it must have all the instruction fees possible, and must keep on good terms with the wealthy fathers of its scapegrace students. The scapegraces soon found this out, and the result was a little pandemonium. Only about a dozen of our number studied at all; the rest, by translations, promptings, and evasions escaped without labor. I have had to do since, as student, professor, or lecturer, with some half-dozen large universities at home and abroad,

and in all of these together have not seen so much carousing and wild dissipation as I then saw in this little "Church college" of which the especial boast was that, owing to the small number of its students, it was "able to exercise a direct Christian influence upon every young man committed to its care."

The evidences of this Christian influence were not clear. The president of the college, Dr. Benjamin Hale, was a clergyman of the highest character; a good scholar, an excellent preacher, and a wise administrator; but his stature was very small, his girth very large, and his hair very yellow. When, then, on the thirteenth day of the month, there was read at chapel from the Psalter the words, "And there was little Benjamin, their ruler," very irreverent demonstrations were often made by the students, presumably engaged in worship; demonstrations so mortifying, indeed, that at last the president frequently substituted for the regular Psalms of the day one of the beautiful "Selections" of Psalms which the American Episcopal Church has so wisely incorporated into its prayer-book.

But this was by no means the worst indignity which these youth "under direct Christian influence" perpetrated upon their reverend instructors. It was my privilege to behold a professor, an excellent clergyman, seeking to quell hideous riot in a student's room, buried under a heap of carpets, mattresses, counterpanes, and blankets; to see another clerical professor forced to retire through the panel of a door under a shower of lexicons, boots, and brushes, and to see even the president himself, on one occasion, obliged to leave his lecture-room by a ladder from a window, and, on another, kept at bay by a shower of beer-bottles.

One favorite occupation was rolling cannon-balls along the corridors at midnight, with frightful din and much damage: a tutor, having one night been successful in catching and confiscating two of these, pounced from his door the next night upon a third; but this having

been heated nearly to redness and launched from a shovel, the result was that he wore bandages upon his hands for many days.

Most ingenious were the methods for "training freshmen,"—one of the mildest being the administration of soot and water by a hose-pipe thrust through the broken panel of a door. Among general freaks I remember seeing a horse turned into the chapel, and a stuffed wolf, dressed in a surplice, placed upon the roof of that sacred edifice.

But the most elaborate thing of the kind I ever saw was the breaking up of a "Second Adventist" meeting by a score of student roysterers. An itinerant fanatic had taken an old wooden meeting-house in the lower part of the town, had set up on either side of the pulpit large canvas representations of the man of brass with feet of clay, and other portentous characters of the prophecies, and then challenged the clergy to meet him in public debate. At the appointed time a body of college youth appeared, most sober in habit and demure in manner, having at their head "Bill" Howell of Black Rock and "Tom" Clark of Manlius, the two wildest miscreants in the sophomore class, each over six feet tall, the latter dressed as a respectable farmer, and the former as a country clergyman, wearing a dress-coat, a white cravat, a tall black hat wrapped in crape, leaning on a heavy ivory-knobbed cane, and carrying ostentatiously a Greek Testament. These disguised malefactors, having taken their seats in the gallery directly facing the pulpit, the lecturer expressed his "satisfaction at seeing clergymen present," and began his demonstrations. For about five minutes all went well; then "Bill" Howell solemnly arose and, in a snuffling voice, asked permission to submit a few texts from scripture. Permission being granted, he put on a huge pair of goggles, solemnly opened his Greek Testament, read emphatically the first passage which attracted his attention and impressively asked the lecturer what he had to say to it. At this, the lecturer, greatly puzzled,

asked what the reverend gentleman was reading. Upon this Howell read in New Testament Greek another utterly irrelevant passage. In reply the lecturer said, rather roughly, "If you will speak English I will answer you." At this Howell said with the most humble suavity, "Do I understand that the distinguished gentleman does not recognize what I have been reading?" The preacher answered, "I don't understand any such gibberish; speak English." Thereupon Howell threw back his long black hair and launched forth into eloquent denunciation as follows: "Sir, is it possible that you come here to interpret to us the Holy Bible and do not recognize the language in which that blessed book was written? Sir, do you dare to call the very words of the Almighty 'gibberish?'" At this all was let loose; some students put asafetida on the stove; others threw pigeon-shot against the ceiling and windows, making a most appalling din, and one wretch put in deadly work with a syringe thrust through the canvas representation of the man of brass with feet of clay. But, alas, Constable John Dey had recognized Howell and Clark, even amid their disguises. He had dealt with them too often before. The next tableau showed them, with their tall hats crushed over their heads, belaboring John Dey and his myrmidons, and presently, with half a dozen other ingenuous youth, they were haled to the office of justice. The young judge who officiated on this occasion was none other than a personage who will be mentioned with great respect more than once in these reminiscences,—Charles James Folger,—afterward my colleague in the State Senate, Chief Justice of the State and Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. He had met Howell often, for they were members of the same Greek letter fraternity,—the thrice illustrious Sigma Phi,—and, only a few days before, Howell had presented me to him; but there was no fraternal bond visible now; justice was sternly implacable, and good round fines were imposed upon all the culprits caught.

The philosophy of all this waywardness and dissipation

was very simple. There was no other outlet for the animal spirits of these youth. Athletics were unknown; there was no gymnasium, no ball-playing, and, though the college was situated on the shore of one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, no boating. As regards my own personal relation to this condition of things I have pictured, it was more that of a good-natured spectator than of an active accomplice. My nearest friends were in the thick of it, but my tastes kept me out of most of it. I was fond of books, and, in the little student's library in my college building I reveled. Moreover, I then began to accumulate for myself the library which has since grown to such large proportions. Still the whole life of the place became more and more unsatisfactory to me, and I determined, at any cost, to escape from it and find some seat of learning where there was less frolic and more study.

CHAPTER II

YALE AND EUROPE—1850-1857

AT the close of my year at the little Western New York College I felt that it was enough time wasted, and, anxious to try for something better, urged upon my father my desire to go to one of the larger New England universities. But to this he would not listen. He was assured by the authorities of the little college that I had been doing well, and his churchmanship, as well as his respect for the bishop, led him to do what was very unusual with him—to refuse my request. Up to this period he had allowed me to take my own course; but now he was determined that I should take his. He was one of the kindest of men, but he had stern ideas as to proper subordination, and these he felt it his duty to maintain. I was obliged to make a *coup d'état,* and for a time it cost me dear. Braving the censure of family and friends, in the early autumn of 1850 I deliberately left the college, and took refuge with my old instructor P——, who had prepared me for college at Syracuse, and who was now principal of the academy at Moravia, near the head of Owasco Lake, some fifty miles distant. To thus defy the wishes of those dearest to me was a serious matter. My father at first took it deeply to heart. His letters were very severe. He thought my career wrecked, avowed that he had lost all interest in it, and declared that he would rather have received news of my death than of such a disgrace. But I knew that my dear mother was on my side. Her letters remained as affectionate as ever; and I determined to atone for my disobe-

dience by severe and systematic work. I began to study more earnestly than ever before, reviewed my mathematics and classics vigorously, and began a course of reading which has had great influence on all my life since. Among my books was D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation." Its deficiencies were not of a sort to harm me, its vigor and enthusiasm gave me a great impulse. I not only read but studied it, and followed it with every other book on the subject that I could find. No reading ever did a man more good. It not only strengthened and deepened my better purposes, but it continued powerfully the impulse given me by the historical novels of Scott, and led directly to my devoting myself to the study and teaching of modern history. Of other books which influenced me about this period, Emerson's "Representative Men" was one; another was Carlyle's "Past and Present," in which the old Abbot of Bury became one of my ideals; still another was Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture"; and to such a degree that this art has given to my life some of its greatest pleasures. Ruskin was then at his best. He had not yet been swept from his bearings by popular applause, or intoxicated by his own verbosity. In later years he lost all influence over me, for, in spite of his wonderful style, he became trivial, whimsical, peevish, goody-goody;—talking to grown men and women as a dyspeptic Sunday-school teacher might lay down the law to classes of little girls. As regards this later period, Max Nordau is undoubtedly right in speaking of Ruskin's mind as "turbid and fallacious"; but the time of which I speak was his best, and his influence upon me was good. I remember especially that his "Lamp of Power" made a very deep impression upon me. Carlyle, too, was at his best. He was the simple, strong preacher;—with nothing of the spoiled cynic he afterward became.

The stay of three months with my friend—the future bishop—in the little country town, was also good for me physically. In our hours of recreation we roamed through

the neighboring woods, shooting squirrels and pigeons, with excellent effect on my health. Meantime I kept up my correspondence with all the members of the family, save my father;—from him there was no sign. But at last came a piece of good news. He was very fond of music, and on the arrival of Jenny Lind in the United States he went to New York to attend her concerts. During one of these my mother turned suddenly toward him and said: "What a pity that the boy cannot hear this; how he would enjoy it!" My father answered, "Tell him to come home and see us." My mother, of course, was not slow in writing me, and a few days later my father cordially greeted my home-coming, and all difficulties seemed over. Shortly after Christmas he started with me for Yale; but there soon appeared a lion in the path. Our route lay through Hartford, the seat of Trinity College, and to my consternation I found at the last moment that he had letters from our rector and others to the president and professors of that institution. Still more alarming, we had hardly entered the train when my father discovered a Trinity student on board. Of course, the youth spoke in the highest terms of his college and of his faculty, and more and more my father was pleased with the idea of staying a day or two at Hartford, taking a look at Trinity, and presenting our letters of introduction. During a considerably extended career in the diplomatic service I have had various occasions to exercise tact, care, and discretion, but I do not think that my efforts on all these together equaled those which I then put forth to avoid stopping at Hartford. At last my father asked me, rather severely, why I cared so much about going to New Haven, and I framed an answer offhand to meet the case, saying that Yale had an infinitely finer library than Trinity. Thereupon he said, "My boy, if you will go to Trinity College I will give you the best private library in the United States." I said, "No, I am going to New Haven; I started for New Haven, and I will go there." I had never braved him before. He said not a word. We passed quietly

through Hartford, and a day or two later I was entered at Yale.

It was a happy change. I respected the institution, for its discipline, though at times harsh, was, on the whole, just, and thereby came a great gain to my own self-respect. But as to the education given, never was a man more disappointed at first. The president and professors were men of high character and attainments; but to the lower classes the instruction was given almost entirely by tutors, who took up teaching for bread-winning while going through the divinity school. Naturally most of the work done under these was perfunctory. There was too much reciting by rote and too little real intercourse between teacher and taught. The instructor sat in a box, heard students' translations without indicating anything better, and their answers to questions with very few suggestions or remarks. The first text-book in Greek was Xenophon's "Memorabilia," and one of the first men called up was my classmate Delano Goddard. He made an excellent translation,—clean, clear, in thoroughly good English; but he elicited no attention from the instructor, and was then put through sundry grammatical puzzles, among which he floundered until stopped by the word, "Sufficient." Soon afterward another was called up who rattled off glibly a translation without one particle of literary merit, and was then plied with the usual grammatical questions. Being asked to "synopsize" the Greek verb, he went through the various moods and tenses, in all sorts of ways and in all possible combinations, his tongue rattling like the clapper of a mill. When he sat down my next neighbor said to me, "that man will be our valedictorian." This disgusted me. If that was the style of classical scholarship at Yale, I knew that there was nothing in it for me. It turned out as my friend said. That glib reciter did become the valedictorian of the class, but stepped from the commencement stage into nothingness, and was never heard of more. Goddard became the editor of one of the most important metropolitan news-

papers of the United States, and, before his early death, distinguished himself as a writer on political and historical topics.

Nor was it any better in Latin. We were reading, during that term the "De Senectute" of Cicero,—a beautiful book; but to our tutor it was neither more nor less than a series of pegs on which to hang Zumpt's rules for the subjunctive mood. The translation was hurried through, as of little account. Then came questions regarding the subjunctives;—questions to which very few members of the class gave any real attention. The best Latin scholar in the class, G. W. S——, since so distinguished as the London correspondent of the "New York Tribune," and, at present, as the New York correspondent of the London "Times," having one day announced to some of us,—with a very round expletive,—that he would answer no more such foolish questions, the tutor soon discovered his recalcitrancy, and thenceforward plied him with such questions and nothing else. S—— always answered that he was not prepared on them; with the result that at the Junior Exhibition he received no place on the programme.

In the junior year matters improved somewhat; but, though the professors were most of them really distinguished men, and one at least, James Hadley, a scholar who, at Berlin or Leipsic, would have drawn throngs of students from all Christendom, they were fettered by a system which made everything of gerund-grinding and nothing of literature.

The worst feature of the junior year was the fact that through two terms, during five hours each week, "recitations" were heard by a tutor in "Olmsted's Natural Philosophy." The text-book was simply repeated by rote. Not one student in fifty took the least interest in it; and the man who could give the words of the text most glibly secured the best marks. One exceedingly unfortunate result of this kind of instruction was that it so disgusted the class with the whole subject, that the really excellent lectures of Professor Olmsted, illustrated by probably

the best apparatus then possessed by any American university, were voted a bore. Almost as bad was the historical instruction given by Professor James Hadley. It consisted simply in hearing the student repeat from memory the dates from "Pütz's Ancient History." How a man so gifted as Hadley could have allowed any part of his work to be so worthless, it is hard to understand. And, worse remained behind. He had charge of the class in Thucydides; but with every gift for making it a means of great good to us, he taught it in the perfunctory way of that period;—calling on each student to construe a few lines, asking a few grammatical questions, and then, with hardly ever a note or comment, allowing him to sit down. Two or three times during a term something would occur to draw Hadley out, and then it delighted us all to hear him. I recall, to this hour, with the utmost pleasure, some of his remarks which threw bright light into the general subject; but alas! they were few and far between.

The same thing must be said of Professor Thatcher's instruction in Tacitus. It was always the same mechanical sort of thing, with, occasionally, a few remarks which really aroused interest.

In the senior year the influence of President Woolsey and Professor Porter was strong for good. Though the "Yale system" fettered them somewhat, their personality often broke through it. Yet it amazes me to remember that during a considerable portion of our senior year no less a man than Woolsey gave instruction in history by hearing men recite the words of a text-book;—and that text-book the Rev. John Lord's little, popular treatise on the "Modern History of Europe!" Far better was Woolsey's instruction in Guizot. That was stimulating. It not only gave some knowledge of history, but suggested thought upon it. In this he was at his best. He had not at that time begun his new career as a professor of International Law, and that subject was treated by a kindly old governor of the State, in a brief course of instruction, which was, on the whole, rather inadequate. Professor

Porter's instruction in philosophy opened our eyes and led us to do some thinking for ourselves. In political economy, during the senior year, President Woolsey heard the senior class "recite" from Wayland's small treatise, which was simply an abridged presentation of the Manchester view, the most valuable part of this instruction being the remarks by Woolsey himself, who discussed controverted questions briefly but well. He also delivered, during one term, a course of lectures upon the historical relations between the German States, which had some interest, but, not being connected with our previous instruction, took little hold upon us. As to natural science, we had in chemistry and geology, doubtless, the best courses then offered in the United States. The first was given by Benjamin Silliman, the elder, an American pioneer in science, and a really great character; the second, by James Dwight Dana, and in his lecture-room one felt himself in the hands of a master. I cannot forgive myself for having yielded to the general indifference of the class toward all this instruction. It was listlessly heard, and grievously neglected. The fault was mainly our own; —but it was partly due to "The System," which led students to neglect all studies which did not tell upon "marks" and "standing."

Strange to say, there was not, during my whole course at Yale, a lecture upon any period, subject, or person in literature, ancient or modern:—our only resource, in this field, being the popular lecture courses in the town each winter, which generally contained one or two presentations of literary subjects. Of these, that which made the greatest impression upon me was by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Sundry lectures in my junior year, by Whipple, and at a later period by George William Curtis, also influenced me. It was one of the golden periods of English literature, the climax of the Victorian epoch;—the period of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the Brownings, of Thackeray and Dickens, of Macaulay and Carlyle on one side of the Atlantic, and of Emerson, Irving, Hawthorne, Ban-

croft, Prescott, Motley, Lowell, Longfellow, Horace Bushnell, and their compeers on the other. Hence came strong influences; but in dealing with them we were left to ourselves.

Very important in shaping my intellectual development at this time were my fellow-students. The class of 1853 was a very large one for that day, and embraced far more than the usual proportion of active-minded men. Walks and talks with these were of great value to me; thence came some of my best impulses and suggestions to reading and thought.

Especially fortunate was I in my "chum," the friend that stood closest to me. He was the most conservative young man I ever knew, and at the very opposite pole from me on every conceivable subject. But his deeply religious character, his thorough scholarship, and his real devotion to my welfare, were very precious to me. Our very differences were useful, since they obliged me to revise with especial care all my main convictions and trains of thought. He is now, at this present writing, the Bishop of Michigan, and a most noble and affectionate pastor of his flock.

The main subjects of interest to us all had a political bearing. Literature was considered as mainly subsidiary to political discussion. The great themes, in the minds of those who tried to do any thinking, were connected with the tremendous political struggle then drawing toward its climax in civil war. Valuable to me was my membership of sundry student fraternities. They were *vealy*, but there was some nourishment in them; by far the best of all being a senior club which, though it had adopted a hideous emblem, was devoted to offhand discussions of social and political questions;—on the whole, the best club I have ever known.

The studies which interested me most were political and historical; from classical studies the gerund-grinding and reciting by rote had completely weaned me. One of our Latin tutors, having said to me: "If you would try you

could become a first-rate classical scholar," I answered: "Mr. B——, I have no ambition to become a classical scholar, as scholarship is understood here."

I devoted myself all the more assiduously to study on my own lines, especially in connection with the subjects taught by President Woolsey in the senior year, and the one thing which encouraged me was that, at the public reading of essays, mine seemed to interest the class. Yet my first trial of strength with my classmates in this respect did not apparently turn out very well. It was at a prize debate, in one of the large open societies, but while I had prepared my speech with care, I had given no thought to its presentation, and, as a result, the judges passed me by. Next day a tutor told me that Professor Porter wished to see me. He had been one of the judges, but it never occurred to me that he could have summoned me for anything save some transgression of college rules. But, on my arrival at his room, he began discussing my speech, said some very kind things of its matter, alluded to some defects in its manner, and all with a kindness which won my heart. Thus began a warm personal friendship which lasted through his professorship and presidency to the end of his life. His kindly criticism was worth everything to me; it did far more for me than any prize could have done. Few professors realize how much a little friendly recognition may do for a student. To this hour I bless Dr. Porter's memory.

Nor did my second effort, a competition in essay-writing, turn out much better. My essay was too labored, too long, too crabbedly written, and it brought me only half a third prize.

This was in the sophomore year. But in the junior year came a far more important competition; that for the Yale Literary Gold Medal, and without any notice of my intention to any person, I determined to try for it. Being open to the entire university, the universal expectation was that it would be awarded to a senior, as had hitherto been the case, and speculations were rife as to what mem-

ber of the graduating class would take it. When the committee made their award to the essay on "The Greater Distinctions in Statesmanship," opened the sealed envelopes and assigned the prize to me, a junior, there was great surprise. The encouragement came to me just at the right time, and did me great good. Later, there were awarded to me the first Clarke Prize for the discussion of a political subject, and the De Forest Gold Medal, then the most important premium awarded in the university, my subject being, "The Diplomatic History of Modern Times." Some details regarding this latter success may serve to show certain ways in which influence can be exerted powerfully upon a young man. The subject had been suggested to me by hearing Edwin Forrest in Bulwer's drama of "Richelieu." The character of the great cardinal, the greatest statesman that France has produced, made a deep impression upon me, and suggested the subjects in both the Yale Literary and the De Forest competitions, giving me not only the initial impulse, but maintaining that interest to which my success was largely due. Another spur to success was even more effective. Having one day received a telegram from my father, asking me to meet him in New York, I did so, and passed an hour with him, all the time at a loss to know why he had sent for me. But, finally, just as I was leaving the hotel to return to New Haven, he said, "By the way, there is still another prize to be competed for, the largest of all." "Yes," I answered, "the De Forest; but I have little chance for that; for though I shall probably be one of the six Townsend prize men admitted to the competition, there are other speakers so much better, that I have little hope of taking it." He gave me rather a contemptuous look, and said, somewhat scornfully: "If I were one of the first *six* competitors, in a class of over a hundred men, I would try hard to be the first *one*." That was all. He said nothing more, except good-bye. On my way to New Haven I thought much of this, and on arriving, went to a student, who had some reputation as an elocutionist, and engaged

him for a course in vocal gymnastics. When he wished me to recite my oration before him, I declined, saying that it must be spoken in my own way, not in his; that his way might be better, but that mine was my own, and I would have no other. He confined himself, therefore, to a course of vocal gymnastics, and the result was a surprise to myself and all my friends. My voice, from being weak and hollow, became round, strong, and flexible. I then went to a student in the class above my own, a natural and forcible speaker, and made an arrangement with him to hear me pronounce my oration, from time to time, and to criticize it in a common-sense way. This he did. At passages where he thought my manner wrong, he raised his finger, gave me an imitation of my manner, then gave the passage in the way he thought best, and allowed me to choose between his and mine. The result was that, at the public competition, I was successful. This experience taught me what I conceive to be the true theory of elocutionary training in our universities—vocal gymnastics, on one side; common-sense criticism, on the other.

As to my physical education: with a constitution far from robust, there was need of special care. Fortunately, I took to boating. In an eight-oared boat, spinning down the harbor or up the river, with G. W. S—— at the stroke —as earnest and determined in the *Undine* then as in the New York office of the London "Times" now, every condition was satisfied for bodily exercise and mental recreation. I cannot refrain from mentioning that our club sent the first challenge to row that ever passed between Yale and Harvard, even though I am obliged to confess that we were soundly beaten; but neither that defeat at Lake Winnipesaukee, nor the many absurdities which have grown out of such competitions since, have prevented my remaining an apostle of college boating from that day to this. If guarded by common-sense rules enforced with firmness by college faculties, it gives the maximum of healthful exercise, with a minimum of danger. The most detestable product of college life is the sickly cynic; and a thor-

ough course in boating, under a good stroke oar, does as much as anything to make him impossible.

At the close of my undergraduate life at Yale I went abroad for nearly three years, and fortunately had, for a time, one of the best of companions, my college mate, Gilman, later president of Johns Hopkins University, and now of the Carnegie Institution, who was then, as he has been ever since, a source of good inspirations to me,—especially in the formation of my ideas regarding education. During the few weeks I then passed in England I saw much which broadened my views in various ways. History was made alive to me by rapid studies of persons and places while traveling, and especially was this the case during a short visit to Oxford, where I received some strong impressions, which will be referred to in another chapter. Dining at Christ Church with Osborne Gordon, an eminent tutor of that period, I was especially interested in his accounts of John Ruskin, who had been his pupil. Then, and afterward, while enjoying the hospitalities of various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, I saw the excellencies of their tutorial system, but also had my eyes opened to some of their deficiencies.

Going thence to Paris I settled down in the family of a very intelligent French professor, where I remained nearly a year. Not a word of English was spoken in the family; and, with the daily lesson in a French method, and lectures at the Sorbonne and Collège de France, the new language soon became familiar. The lectures then heard strengthened my conception of what a university should be. Among my professors were such men as St. Marc Girardin, Arnould, and, at a later period, Laboulaye. In connection with the lecture-room work, my studies in modern history were continued, especially by reading Guizot, Thierry, Mignet, Thiers, Châteaubriand, and others, besides hearing various masterpieces in French dramatic literature, as given at the Théâtre Français, where Rachel was then in her glory, and at the Odéon, where Mlle.

Georges, who had begun her career under the first Napoleon, was ending it under Napoleon III.

My favorite subject of study was the French Revolution, and, in the intervals of reading and lectures, I sought out not only the spots noted in its history, but the men who had taken part in it. At the Hôtel des Invalides I talked with old soldiers, veterans of the Republic and of the Napoleonic period, discussing with them the events through which they had passed; and, at various other places and times, with civilians who had heard orations at the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs, and had seen the guillotine at work. The most interesting of my old soldiers at the Invalides wore upon his breast the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he had received from Napoleon at Austerlitz. Still another had made the frightful marches through the Spanish Peninsula under Soult, and evidently felt very humble in the presence of those who had taken part in the more famous campaigns under Napoleon himself. The history of another of my old soldiers was pathetic. He was led daily into the *cabaret,* where my guests were wont to fight their battles o'er again, his eyes absolutely sightless, and his hair as white as snow. Getting into conversation with him I learned that he had gone to Egypt with Bonaparte, had fought at the Battle of the Pyramids, had been blinded by the glaring sun on the sand of the desert, and had been an inmate at the Invalides ever since;—more than half a century. At a later period I heard from another of my acquaintances how, as a schoolboy, he saw Napoleon beside his camp-fire at Cannes, just after his landing from Elba.

There still remained at Paris, in those days, one main connecting link between the second empire and the first, and this was the most contemptible of all the Bonapartes,—the younger brother of the great Napoleon,—Jérome, ex-king of Westphalia. I saw him, from time to time, and was much struck by his resemblance to the first emperor. Though taller, he still had something of that

Roman imperial look, so remarkable in the founder of the family; but in Jérome, it always recalled to me such Cæsars as Tiberius and Vitellius.

It was well known that the ex-king, as well as his son, Prince Jérome Napoleon, were thorns in the side of Napoleon III, and many stories illustrating this were current during my stay in Paris, the best, perhaps, being an answer made by Napoleon III to another representative of his family. The question having been asked, "What is the difference between an accident and a misfortune (*un accident et un malheur*)?" the emperor answered, "If my cousin, Prince Napoleon, should fall into the Seine, it would be an *accident;* if anybody were to pull him out, it would be a *misfortune.*" Although this cousin had some oratorical ability, both he and his father were most thoroughly despised. The son bore the nickname of "Plon-Plon," probably with some reference to his reputation for cowardice; the father had won the appellation of "Le Roi Loustic," and, indeed, had the credit of introducing into the French language the word "loustic," derived from the fact that, during his short reign at Cassel, King Jérome was wont, after the nightly orgies at his palace, to dismiss his courtiers with the words: "Morgen wieder loustic, Messieurs."

During the summer of 1854 I employed my vacation in long walks and drives with a college classmate through northern, western, and central France, including Picardy, Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine, visiting the spots of most historical and architectural interest. There were, at that time, few railways in those regions, so we put on blouses and took to the road, sending our light baggage ahead of us, and carrying only knapsacks. In every way it proved a most valuable experience. Pleasantly come back to me my walks and talks with the peasantry, and vividly dwell in my memory the cathedrals of Beauvais, Amiens, Rouen, Bayeux, Coutances, Le Mans, Tours, Chartres, and Orléans, the fortress of Mont St. Michel, the Châteaux of Chenonceaux, Chambord, Nantes, Am-

boise, and Angers, the tombs of the Angevine kings at Fontevrault, and the stone cottage of Louis XI at Cléry. Visiting the grave of Châteaubriand at St. Malo, we met a little old gentleman, bent with age, but very brisk and chatty. He was standing with a party of friends on one side of the tomb, while we stood on the other. Presently, one of the gentlemen in his company came over and asked our names, saying that his aged companion was a great admirer of Châteaubriand, and was anxious to know something of his fellow pilgrims. To this I made answer, when my interlocutor informed me that the old gentleman was the Prince de Rohan-Soubise. Shortly afterward the old gentleman came round to us and began conversation, and on my making answer in a way which showed that I knew his title, he turned rather sharply on me and said, "How do you know that?" To this I made answer that even in America we had heard the verse:

> "Roi, je ne puis,
> Prince ne daigne,
> Rohan je suis."

At this he seemed greatly pleased, grasped my hand, and launched at once into extended conversation. His great anxiety was to know who was to be the future king of our Republic, and he asked especially whether Washington had left any direct descendants. On my answering in the negative, he insisted that we would have to find some descendant in the collateral line, "for," said he, "you can't escape it; no nation can get along for any considerable time without a monarch."

Returning to Paris I resumed my studies, and, at the request of Mr. Randall, the biographer of Jefferson, made some search in the French archives for correspondence between Jefferson and Robespierre,—search made rather to put an end to calumny than for any other purpose.

At the close of this stay in France, by the kindness of

the American minister to Russia, Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, I was invited to St. Petersburg, as an *attaché* of the American Legation, and resided for over six months in his household. It was a most interesting period. The Crimean War was going on, and the death of the Emperor Nicholas, during my stay, enabled me to see how a great change in autocratic administration is accomplished. An important part of my duty was to accompany the minister as an interpreter, not only at court, but in his interviews with Nesselrode, Gortschakoff, and others then in power. This gave me some chance also to make my historical studies more real by close observation of a certain sort of men who have had the making of far too much history; but books interested me none the less. An epoch in my development, intellectual and moral, was made at this time by my reading large parts of Gibbon, and especially by a very careful study of Guizot's "History of Civilization in France," which greatly deepened and strengthened the impression made by his "History of Civilization in Europe," as read under President Woolsey at Yale. During those seven months in St. Petersburg and Moscow, I read much in modern European history, paying considerable attention to the political development and condition of Russia, and, for the first time, learned the pleasures of investigating the history of our own country. Governor Seymour was especially devoted to the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, and late at night, as we sat before the fire, after returning from festivities or official interviews, we frequently discussed the democratic system, as advocated by Jefferson, and the autocratic system, as we saw it in the capital of the Czar. The result was that my beginning of real study in American history was made by a very close examination of the life and writings of Thomas Jefferson, including his letters, messages, and other papers, and of the diplomatic history revealed in the volumes of correspondence preserved in the Legation. The general result was to strengthen and deepen my democratic creed, and a special result was the preparation of an article on

"Jefferson and Slavery," which, having been at a later period refused by the "New Englander," at New Haven, on account of its too pronounced sympathy with democracy against federalism, was published by the "Atlantic Monthly," and led to some acquaintances of value to me afterward.

Returning from St. Petersburg, I was matriculated at the University of Berlin, and entered the family of a very scholarly gymnasial professor, where nothing but German was spoken. During this stay at the Prussian capital, in the years 1855 and 1856, I heard the lectures of Lepsius, on Egyptology; August Boeckh, on the History of Greece; Friedrich von Raumer, on the History of Italy; Hirsch, on Modern History in general; and Carl Ritter, on Physical Geography. The lectures of Ranke, the most eminent of German historians, I could not follow. He had a habit of becoming so absorbed in his subject, as to slide down in his chair, hold his finger up toward the ceiling, and then, with his eye fastened on the tip of it, to go mumbling through a kind of rhapsody, which most of my German fellow-students confessed they could not understand. It was a comical sight: half a dozen students crowding around his desk, listening as priests might listen to the sibyl on her tripod, the other students being scattered through the room, in various stages of discouragement. My studies at this period were mainly in the direction of history, though with considerable reading on art and literature. Valuable and interesting to me at this time were the representations of the best dramas of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Gutzkow, at the Berlin theaters. Then, too, really began my education in Shakspere, and the representations of his plays (in Schlegel and Tieck's version) were, on the whole, the most satisfactory I have ever known. I thus heard plays of Shakspere which, in English-speaking countries, are never presented, and, even into those better known, wonderful light was at times thrown from this new point of view.

As to music, the Berlin Opera was then at the height

of its reputation, the leading singer being the famous Joanna Wagner. But my greatest satisfaction was derived from the "Liebig Classical Concerts." These were, undoubtedly, the best instrumental music then given in Europe, and a small party of us were very assiduous in our attendance. Three afternoons a week we were, as a rule, gathered about our table in the garden where the concerts were given, and, in the midst of us, Alexander Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, who discussed the music with us during its intervals. Beethoven was, for him, the one personage in human history, and Beethoven's music the only worthy object of human concern. He knew every composition, every note, every variant, and had wrestled for years with their profound meanings. Many of his explanations were fantastic, but some were suggestive and all were interesting. Even more inspiring was another new-found friend, Henry Simmons Frieze; a thorough musician, and a most lovely character. He broached no theories, uttered no comments, but sat rapt by the melody and harmony—transfigured—"his face as it had been the face of an angel." In these Liebig concerts we then heard, for the first time, the music of a new composer,—one *Wagner*,—and agreed that while it was all very strange, there was really something in the overture to "Tannhäuser."

At the close of this stay in Berlin, I went with a party of fellow-students through Austria to Italy. The whole journey was a delight, and the passage by steamer from Trieste to Venice was made noteworthy by a new acquaintance,—James Russell Lowell. As he had already written the "Vision of Sir Launfal," the "Fable for Critics," and the "Biglow Papers," I stood in great awe of him; but this feeling rapidly disappeared in his genial presence. He was a student like the rest of us,—for he had been passing the winter at Dresden, working in German literature, as a preparation for succeeding Longfellow in the professorship at Harvard. He came to our rooms, and there linger delightfully in

my memory his humorous accounts of Italian life as he had known it.

During the whole of the journey, it was my exceeding good fortune to be thrown into very close relations with two of our party, both of whom became eminent Latin professors, and one of whom,—already referred to,—Frieze, from his lecture-room in the University of Michigan, afterward did more than any other man within my knowledge to make classical scholarship a means of culture throughout our Western States. My excursions in Rome, under that guidance, I have always looked upon as among the fortunate things of life. The day was given to exploration, the evening to discussion, not merely of archæological theories, but of the weightier matters pertaining to the history of Roman civilization and its influence. Dear Frieze and Fishburne! How vividly come back the days in the tower of the Croce di Malta, at Genoa, in our sky-parlor of the Piazza di Spagna at Rome, and in the old "Capuchin Hotel" at Amalfi, when we held high debate on the analogies between the Roman Empire and the British, and upon various kindred subjects.

An episode, of much importance to me at this time, was my meeting our American minister at Naples, Robert Dale Owen. His talks on the political state of Italy, and his pictures of the monstrous despotism of "King Bomba" took strong hold upon me. Not even the pages of Colletta or of Settembrini have done so much to arouse in me a sense of the moral value of political history.

Then, too, I made the first of my many excursions through the historic towns of Italy. My reading of Sismondi's "Italian Republics" had deeply interested me in their history, and had peopled them again with their old turbulent population. I seemed to see going on before my eyes the old struggle between Guelphs and Ghibellines, and between the demagogues and the city tyrants. In the midst of such scenes my passion for historical reading was strengthened, and the whole subject took on new and deeper meanings.

On my way northward, excursions among the cities of southern France, especially Nismes, Arles, and Orange, gave me a far better conception of Roman imperial power than could be obtained in Italy alone, and Avignon, Bourges, and Toulouse deepened my conceptions of mediæval history.

Having returned to America in the summer of 1856 and met my class, assembled to take the master's degree in course at Yale, I was urged by my old Yale friends, especially by Porter and Gilman, to remain in New Haven. They virtually pledged me a position in the school of art about to be established; but my belief was in the value of historical studies, and I accepted an election to a professorship of history at the University of Michigan. The work there was a joy to me from first to last, and my relations with my students of that period, before I had become distracted from them by the cares of an executive position, were among the most delightful of my life. Then, perhaps, began the most real part of my education. The historical works of Buckle, Lecky, and Draper, which were then appearing, gave me a new and fruitful impulse; but most stimulating of all was the atmosphere coming from the great thought of Darwin and Herbert Spencer,—an atmosphere in which history became less and less a matter of annals, and more and more a record of the unfolding of humanity. Then, too, was borne in upon me the meaning of the proverb *docendo disces.* I found energetic Western men in my classes ready to discuss historical questions, and discovered that in order to keep up my part of the discussions, as well as to fit myself for my class-room duties, I must work as I had never worked before. The education I then received from my classes at the University of Michigan was perhaps the most effective of all.

PART II

POLITICAL LIFE

CHAPTER III

FROM JACKSON TO FILLMORE—1832-1851

MY arrival in this world took place at one of the stormy periods of American political history. It was on the third of the three election days which carried Andrew Jackson a second time into the Presidency. Since that period, the election, with its paralysis of business, ghastly campaign lying, and monstrous vilification of candidates, has been concentrated into one day; but at that time all the evil passions of a presidential election were allowed to ferment and gather vitriolic strength during three days.

I was born into a politically divided family. My grandfather, on my mother's side, whose name I was destined to bear, was an ardent Democrat; had, as such, represented his district in the State legislature, and other public bodies; took his political creed from Thomas Jefferson, and adored Andrew Jackson. My father, on the other hand, was in all his antecedents and his personal convictions, a devoted Whig, taking his creed from Alexander Hamilton, and worshiping Henry Clay.

This opposition between my father and grandfather did not degenerate into personal bitterness; but it was very earnest, and, in later years, my mother told me that when Hayne, of South Carolina, made his famous speech, charging the North with ill-treatment of the South, my grandfather sent a copy of it to my father, as unanswerable; but that, shortly afterward, my father sent to my grandfather the speech of Daniel Webster, in reply, and

that, when this was read, the family allowed that the latter had the better of the argument. I cannot help thinking that my grandfather must have agreed with them, tacitly, if not openly. He loved the Hampshire Hills of Massachusetts, from which he came. Year after year he took long journeys to visit them, and Webster's magnificent reference to the "Old Bay State" must have aroused his sympathy and pride.

Fortunately, at that election, as at so many others since, the good sense of the nation promptly accepted the result, and after its short carnival of political passion, dismissed the whole subject; the minority simply leaving the responsibility of public affairs to the majority, and all betaking themselves again to their accustomed vocations.

I do not remember, during the first seven years of my life, ever hearing any mention of political questions. The only thing I heard during that period which brings back a chapter in American politics, was when, at the age of five years, I attended an infant school and took part in a sort of catechism, all the children rising and replying to the teacher's questions. Among these were the following:

Q. Who is President of the United States?

A. Martin Van Buren.

Q. Who is governor of the State of New York?

A. William L. Marcy.

This is to me somewhat puzzling, for I was four years old when Martin Van Buren was elected, and my father was his very earnest opponent, yet, though I recall easily various things which occurred at that age and even earlier, I have no remembrance of any general election before 1840, and my only recollection of the first New York statesman elected to the Presidency is this mention of his name, in a child's catechism.

My recollections of American politics begin, then, with the famous campaign of 1840, and of that they are vivid. Our family had, in 1839, removed to Syracuse, which, although now a city of about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, was then a village of fewer than six

thousand; but, as the central town of the State, it was already a noted gathering-place for political conventions and meetings. The great Whig mass-meeting held there, in 1840, was long famous as the culmination of the campaign between General Harrison and Martin Van Buren.

As a President, Mr. Van Buren had fallen on evil times. It was a period of political finance; of demagogical methods in public business; and the result was "hard times," with an intense desire throughout the nation for a change. This desire was represented especially by the Whig party. General Harrison had been taken up as its candidate, not merely because he had proved his worth as governor of the Northwestern Territory, and as a senator in Congress, but especially as the hero of sundry fights with the Indians, and, above all, of the plucky little battle at Tippecanoe. The most popular campaign song, which I soon learned to sing lustily, was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too," and sundry lines of it expressed, not only my own deepest political convictions and aspirations, but also those cherished by myriads of children of far larger growth. They ran as follows:

"Oh, have you heard the great commotion–motion–motion
Rolling the country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too;
And with them we'll beat little Van;
Van, Van is a used up man;
And with them we'll beat little Van."

The campaign was an apotheosis of tom-foolery. General Harrison had lived the life, mainly, of a Western farmer, and for a time, doubtless, exercised amid his rude surroundings the primitive hospitality natural to sturdy Western pioneers. On these facts the changes were rung. In every town and village a log cabin was erected where the Whigs held their meetings; and the bringing of logs, with singing and shouting, to build it, was a great event;

its front door must have a wooden latch on the inside; but the latch-string must run through the door; for the claim which the friends of General Harrison especially insisted upon was that he not only lived in a log cabin, but that his latch-string was always out, in token that all his fellow-citizens were welcome at his fireside.

Another element in the campaign was hard cider. Every log cabin must have its barrel of this acrid fluid, as the antithesis of the alleged beverage of President Van Buren at the White House. He, it was asserted, drank champagne, and on this point I remember that a verse was sung at log-cabin meetings which, after describing, in a prophetic way the arrival of the "Farmer of North Bend" at the White House, ran as follows:

> "They were all very merry, and drinking champagne
> When the Farmer, impatient, knocked louder again;
> Oh, Oh, said Prince John, I very much fear
> We must quit this place the very next year."

"Prince John" was President Van Buren's brilliant son; famous for his wit and eloquence, who, in after years, rose to be attorney-general of the State of New York, and who might have risen to far higher positions had his principles equaled his talents.

Another feature at the log cabin, and in all political processions, was at least one raccoon; and if not a live raccoon in a cage, at least a raccoon skin nailed upon the outside of the cabin. This gave local color, but hence came sundry jibes from the Democrats, for they were wont to refer to the Whigs as "coons," and to their log cabins as "coon pens." Against all these elements of success, added to promises of better times, the Democratic party could make little headway. Martin Van Buren, though an admirable public servant in many ways, was discredited. M. de Bacourt, the French Minister at Washington, during his administration, was, it is true, very fond of him, and this cynical scion of French nobility

wrote in a private letter, which has been published in these latter days, "M. Van Buren is the most perfect imitation of a gentleman I ever saw." But this commendation had not then come to light, and the main reliance of the Democrats in capturing the popular good-will was their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. He, too, had fought in the Indian wars, and bravely. Therefore it was that one of the Whig songs which especially rejoiced me, ran:

> "They shout and sing, Oh humpsy dumpsy,
> Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh."

Among the features of that period which excited my imagination were the enormous mass meetings, with processions, coming in from all points of the compass, miles in length, and bearing every patriotic device and political emblem. Here the Whigs had infinitely the advantage. Their campaign was positive and aggressive. On platform-wagons were men working at every trade which expected to be benefited by Whig success; log cabins of all sorts and sizes, hard-cider barrels, coon pens, great canvas balls, which were kept "a-rolling on," canoes, such as General Harrison had used in crossing Western rivers, eagles that screamed in defiance, and cocks that crowed for victory. The turning ball had reference to sundry lines in the foremost campaign song. For the October election in Maine having gone Whig by a large majority, clearly indicating what the general result was to be in November, the opening lines ran as follows:

> "Oh, have you heard the news from Maine–Maine–Maine?
> Rolling the country through?
> It is the ball a-rolling on
> For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."
>
> &c., &c., &c.

Against all this the Democrats, with their negative and defensive platform, found themselves more and more at

a disadvantage; they fought with desperation, but in vain, and one of their most unlucky ventures to recover their position was an effort to undermine General Harrison's military reputation. For this purpose they looked about, and finally found one of their younger congressional representatives, considered to be a rising man, who, having gained some little experience in the Western militia, had received the honorary title of "General," Isaac M. Crary, of Michigan; him they selected to make a speech in Congress exhibiting and exploding General Harrison's military record. He was very reluctant to undertake it, but at last yielded, and, after elaborate preparation, made an argument loud and long, to show that General Harrison was a military ignoramus. The result was both comic and pathetic. There was then in Congress the most famous stump-speaker of his time, and perhaps of all times, a man of great physical, intellectual, and moral vigor; powerful in argument, sympathetic in manner, of infinite wit and humor, and, unfortunately for General Crary, a Whig,—Thomas Corwin, of Ohio. Mr. Crary's heavy, tedious, perfunctory arraignment of General Harrison being ended, Corwin rose and began an offhand speech on "The Military Services of General Isaac M. Crary." In a few minutes he had as his audience, not only the House of Representatives, but as many members of the Senate, of the Supreme Court, and visitors to the city, as could be crowded into the congressional chamber, and, of all humorous speeches ever delivered in Congress, this of Corwin has come down to us as the most successful. Long afterward, parts of it lingered in our "speakers' manuals" and were declaimed in the public schools as examples of witty oratory. Many years later, when the House of Representatives left the old chamber and went into that which it now occupies, Thurlow Weed wrote an interesting article on scenes he had witnessed in the old hall, and most vivid of all was his picture of this speech by Corwin. His delineations of Crary's brilliant exploits, his portrayal of the valiant charges made by Crary's

troops on muster days upon the watermelon patches of Michigan, not only convulsed his audience, but were echoed throughout the nation, Whigs and Democrats laughing alike; and when John Quincy Adams, in a speech shortly afterward, referred to the man who brought on this tempest of fun as "the late General Crary," there was a feeling that the adjective indicated a fact. It really was so; Crary, although a man of merit, never returned to Congress, but was thenceforth dropped from political life. More than twenty years afterward, as I was passing through Western Michigan, a friend pointed out to me his tombstone, in a little village cemetery, with comments, half comic, half pathetic; and I also recall a mournful feeling when one day, in going over the roll of my students at the University of Michigan, I came upon one who bore the baptismal name of Isaac Crary. Evidently, the blighted young statesman had a daughter who, in all this storm of ridicule and contempt, stood by him, loved him, and proudly named her son after him.

Another feature in the campaign also impressed me. A blackguard orator, on the Whig side, one of those whom great audiences applaud for the moment and ever afterward despise,—a man named Ogle,—made a speech which depicted the luxury prevailing at the White House, and among other evidences of it, dwelt upon the "gold spoons" used at the President's table, denouncing their use with such unction that, for the time, unthinking people regarded Martin Van Buren as a sort of American Vitellius. As a matter of fact, the scanty silver-gilt table utensils at the White House have been shown, in these latter days, in some very pleasing articles written by General Harrison's grandson, after this grandson had himself retired from the Presidency, to have been, for the most part, bought long before;—and by order of General Washington.

The only matter of political importance which, as a boy eight years old, I seized upon, and which dwells in my memory, was the creation of the "Sub-Treasury." That

this was a wise measure seems now proven by the fact that through all the vicissitudes of politics, from that day to this, it has remained and rendered admirable service. But at that time it was used as a weapon against the Democratic party, and came to be considered by feather-brained partizans, young and old, as the culmination of human wickedness. As to what the "Sub-Treasury" really was I had not the remotest idea; but this I knew;—that it was the most wicked outrage ever committed by a remorseless tyrant upon a long-suffering people.

In November of 1840 General Harrison was elected. In the following spring he was inaugurated, and the Whigs being now for the first time in power, the rush for office was fearful. It was undoubtedly this crushing pressure upon the kindly old man that caused his death. What British soldiers, and Indian warriors, and fire, flood, and swamp fevers could not accomplish in over sixty years, was achieved by the office-seeking hordes in just one month. He was inaugurated on the fourth of March and died early in April.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, my dear mother coming to my bedside, early in the morning, and saying to me, "President Harrison is dead." I wondered what was to become of us. He was the first President who had died during his term of service, and a great feeling of relief came over me when I learned that his high office had devolved upon the Vice-President.

But now came a new trouble, and my youthful mind was soon sadly agitated. The Whig papers, especially the "New York Express" and "Albany Evening Journal," began to bring depressing accounts of the new President, —tidings of extensive changes in the offices throughout the country, and especially in the post-offices. At first the Whig papers published these under the heading "Appointments by the President." But soon the heading changed; it became "Appointments by Judas Iscariot," or "Appointments by Benedict Arnold," and war was declared against President Tyler by the party that elected

him. Certain it is that no party ever found itself in a worse position than did the Whigs, when their Vice-President came into the Chief Magistracy; and equally certain is it that this position was the richly earned punishment of their own folly.

I have several times since had occasion to note the carelessness of National and State conventions in nominating a candidate for the second place upon the ticket—whether Vice-President or Lieutenant-Governor. It would seem that the question of questions—the nomination to the first office—having been settled, there comes a sort of collapse in these great popular assemblies, and that then, for the second office, it is very often anybody's race and mainly a matter of chance. In this way alone can be explained several nominations which have been made to second offices, and above all, that of John Tyler. As a matter of fact, he was not commended to the Whig party on any solid grounds. His whole political life had shown him an opponent of their main ideas; he was, in fact, a Southern doctrinaire, and frequently suffered from acute attacks of that very troublesome political disease, Virginia metaphysics. As President he attempted to enforce his doctrines, and when Whig leaders, and above all Henry Clay attempted, not only to resist, but to crush him, he asserted his dignity at the cost of his party, and finally tried that which other accidental Presidents have since tried with no better success, namely, to build up a party of his own by a new distribution of offices. Never was a greater failure. Mr. Tyler was dropped by both parties and disappeared from American political life forever. I can now see that he was a man obedient to his convictions of duty, such as they were, and in revolt against attempts of Whig leaders to humiliate him; but then, to my youthful mind, he appeared the very incarnation of evil.

My next recollections are of the campaign of 1844. Again the Whig party took courage, and having, as a boy of twelve years, acquired more earnest ideas regarding

the questions at issue, I helped, with other Whig boys, to raise ash-poles, and to hurrah lustily for Clay at public meetings. On the other hand, the Democratic boys hurrahed as lustily around their hickory poles and, as was finally proved, to much better purpose. They sang doggerel which, to me, was blasphemous, and especially a song with the following refrain:

"Alas poor Cooney Clay,
Alas poor Cooney Clay,
You never can be President,
For so the people say."

The ash-poles had reference to Ashland, Clay's Kentucky estate; and the hickory poles recalled General Jackson's sobriquet, "Old Hickory." For the Democratic candidate in 1844, James Knox Polk, was considered heir to Jackson's political ideas. The campaign of 1844 was not made so interesting by spectacular outbursts of tom-foolery as the campaign of 1840 had been. The sober second thought of the country had rather sickened people of that sort of thing; still, there was quite enough of it, especially as shown in caricatures and songs. The poorest of the latter was perhaps one on the Democratic side, for as the Democratic candidates were Polk of Tennessee and Dallas of Pennsylvania, one line of the song embraced probably the worst pun ever made, namely—

"*Pork* in the barrel, and *Dollars* in the pocket."

It was at this period that the feeling against the extension of slavery, especially as indicated in the proposed annexation of Texas, began to appear largely in politics, and though Clay at heart detested slavery and always refused to do the bidding of its supporters beyond what he thought absolutely necessary in preserving the Union, an unfortunate letter of his led great numbers of anti-slavery men to support a separate anti-slavery ticket, the candidate being James G. Birney. The result was that the election of Clay became impossible. Mr. Polk was

elected, and under him came the admission of Texas, which caused the Mexican War, and gave slavery a new lease of life. The main result, in my own environment, was that my father and his friends, thenceforward for a considerable time, though detesting slavery, held all abolitionists and anti-slavery men in contempt,—as unpatriotic because they had defeated Henry Clay, and as idiotic because they had brought on the annexation of Texas and thereby the supremacy of the slave States.

But the flame of liberty could not be smothered by friends or blown out by enemies; it was kept alive by vigorous counterblasts in the press, and especially fed by the lecture system, which was then at the height of its efficiency. Among the most powerful of lecturers was John Parker Hale, senator of the United States from New Hampshire, his subject being, "The Last Gladiatorial Combat at Rome." Taking from Gibbon the story of the monk Telemachus, who ended the combats in the arena by throwing himself into them and sacrificing his life, Hale suggested to his large audiences an argument that if men wished to get rid of slavery in our country they must be ready to sacrifice themselves if need be. His words sank deep into my mind, and I have sometimes thought that they may have had something to do in leading John Brown to make his desperate attempt on slavery at Harper's Ferry.

How blind we all were! Henry Clay, a Kentucky slaveholder, would have saved us. Infinitely better than the violent solutions proposed to us was his large statesmanlike plan of purchasing the slave children as they were born and setting them free. Without bloodshed, and at cost of the merest nothing as compared to the cost of the Civil War, he would thus have solved the problem; but it was not so to be. The guilt of the nation was not to be so cheaply atoned for. Fanatics, North and South, opposed him and, as a youth, I yielded to their arguments.

Four years later, in 1848, came a very different sort of election. General Zachary Taylor, who had shown ster-

ling qualities in the Mexican War, was now the candidate of the Whigs, and against him was nominated Mr. Cass, a general of the War of 1812, afterward governor of the Northwestern Territory, and senator from Michigan. As a youth of sixteen, who by that time had become earnestly interested in politics, I was especially struck by one event in this campaign. The Democrats of course realized that General Taylor, with the prestige gained in the Mexican War, was a very formidable opponent. Still, if they could keep their party together, they had hopes of beating him. But a very large element in their party had opposed the annexation of Texas and strongly disliked the extension of slavery;—this wing of the party in New York being known as the "Barn Burners," because it was asserted that they "believed in burning the barn to drive the rats out." The question was what these radical gentlemen would do. That question was answered when a convention, controlled largely by the anti-slavery Democrats of New York and other States, met at Buffalo and nominated Martin Van Buren to the Presidency. For a time it was doubtful whether he would accept the nomination. On one side it was argued that he could not afford to do so, since he had no chance of an election, and would thereby forever lose his hold upon the Democratic party; but, on the other hand, it was said that he was already an old man; that he realized perfectly the impossibility of his reëlection, and that he had a bitter grudge against the Democratic candidate, General Cass, who had voted against confirming him when he was sent as minister to Great Britain, thus obliging him to return home ingloriously. He accepted the nomination.

On the very day which brought the news of this acceptance, General Cass arrived in Syracuse, on his way to his home at Detroit. I saw him welcomed by a great procession of Democrats, and marched under a broiling sun, through dusty streets, to the City Hall, where he was forced to listen and reply to fulsome speeches prophesying his election, which he and all present knew to be impos-

sible. For Mr. Van Buren's acceptance of the "free soil" nomination was sure to divide the Democratic vote of the State of New York, thus giving the State to the Whigs; and in those days the proverb held good, "As New York goes, so goes the Union."

For years afterward there dwelt vividly in my mind the picture of this old, sad man marching through the streets, listening gloomily to the speeches, forced to appear confident of victory, yet evidently disheartened and disgusted.

Very vivid are my recollections of State conventions at this period. Syracuse, as the "Central City," was a favorite place for them, and, as they came during the summer vacations, boys of my age and tastes were able to admire the great men of the hour,—now, alas, utterly forgotten. We saw and heard the leaders of all parties. Many impressed me; but one dwells in my memory, on account of a story which was told of him. This was a very solemn, elderly gentleman who always looked very wise but said nothing,—William Bouck of Schoharie County. He had white hair and whiskers, and having been appointed canal commissioner of the State, had discharged his duties by driving his old white family nag and buggy along the towing-path the whole length of the canals, keeping careful watch of the contractors, and so, in his simple, honest way, had saved the State much money. The result was the nickname of the "Old White Hoss of Schoharie," and a reputation for simplicity and honesty which made him for a short time governor of the State.

A story then told of him reveals something of his character. Being informed that Bishop Hughes of New York was coming to Albany, and that it would be well to treat him with especial courtesy, the governor prepared himself to be more than gracious, and, on the arrival of the bishop, greeted him most cordially with the words, "How do you do, Bishop; I hope you are well. How did you leave Mrs. Hughes and your family?" To this the bishop answered, "Governor, I am very well, but there is no

Mrs. Hughes; bishops in our church don't marry." "Good gracious," answered the governor, "you don't say so; how long has that been?" The bishop must have thoroughly enjoyed this. His Irish wit made him quick both at comprehension and repartee. During a debate on the school question a leading Presbyterian merchant of New York, Mr. Hiram Ketchum, made a very earnest speech against separate schools for Roman Catholics, and presently, turning to Bishop Hughes, said, "Sir, we respect you, sir, but, sir, we can't go your purgatory, sir." To this the bishop quietly replied, "You might go further and fare worse."

Another leading figure, but on the Whig side, was a State senator, commonly known as "Bray" Dickinson, to distinguish him from D. S. Dickinson who had been a senator of the United States, and a candidate for the Presidency. "Bray" Dickinson was a most earnest supporter of Mr. Seward; staunch, prompt, vigorous, and really devoted to the public good. One story regarding him shows his rough-and-readiness.

During a political debate in the old Whig days, one of his Democratic brother senators made a long harangue in favor of Martin Van Buren as a candidate for the Presidency, and in the course of his speech referred to Mr. Van Buren as "the Curtius of the Republic." Upon this Dickinson jumped up, went to some member better educated in the classics than himself, and said, "Who in thunder is this Curtis that this man is talking about?" "It is n't Curtis, it 's Curtius," was the reply. "Well, now," said Dickinson, "what did Curtius do?" "Oh," said his informant, "he threw himself into an abyss to save the Roman Republic." Upon this Dickinson returned to his seat, and as soon as the Democratic speaker had finished, arose and said: "Mr. President, I deny the justice of the gentleman's reference to Curtius and Martin Van Buren. What did Curtius do? He threw himself, sir, into an abyss to save his country. What, sir, did Martin Van Buren do? He threw his country into an abyss to save himself."

Rarely, if ever, has any scholar used a bit of classical knowledge to better purpose.

Another leading figure, at a later period, was a Democrat, Fernando Wood, mayor of New York, a brilliant desperado; and on one occasion I saw the henchmen whom he had brought with him take possession of a State convention and deliberately knock its president, one of the most respected men in the State, off the platform. It was an unfortunate performance for Mayor Wood, since the disgust and reaction thereby aroused led all factions of the Democratic party to unite against him.

Other leading men were such as Charles O'Conor and John Van Buren; the former learned and generous, but impracticable; the latter brilliant beyond belief, but not considered as representing any permanent ideas or principles.

During the campaign of 1848, as a youth of sixteen, I took the liberty of breaking from the paternal party; my father voting for General Taylor, I hurrahing for Martin Van Buren. I remember well how one day my father earnestly remonstrated against this. He said, "My dear boy, you cheer Martin Van Buren's name because you believe that if he is elected he will do something against slavery: in the first place, he cannot be elected; and in the second place, if you knew him as we older people do, you would not believe in his attachment to any good cause whatever."

The result of the campaign was that General Taylor was elected, and I recall the feeling of awe and hope with which I gazed upon his war-worn face, for the first and last time, as he stopped to receive the congratulations of the citizens of Syracuse;—hope, alas, soon brought to naught, for he, too, soon succumbed to the pressure of official care, and Millard Fillmore of New York, the Vice-President, reigned in his stead.

I remember Mr. Fillmore well. He was a tall, large, fine-looking man, with a face intelligent and kindly, and he was noted both as an excellent public servant and an effective public speaker. He had been comptroller of

the State of New York,—then the most important of State offices, had been defeated as Whig candidate for governor, and had been a representative in Congress. He was the second of the accidental Presidents, and soon felt it his duty to array himself on the side of those who, by compromise with the South on the slavery question, sought to maintain and strengthen the Federal Union. Under him came the compromise measures on which our great statesmen of the middle period of the nineteenth century, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Benton, made their last speeches. Mr. Fillmore was undoubtedly led mainly by patriotic motives, in promoting the series of measures which were expected to end all trouble between the North and South, but which, unfortunately, embraced the Fugitive Slave Law; yet this, as I then thought, rendered him accursed. I remember feeling an abhorrence for his very name, and this feeling was increased when there took place, in the city of Syracuse, the famous "Jerry Rescue."

CHAPTER IV

EARLY MANHOOD—1851-1857

ON the first day of October, 1851, there was shuffling about the streets of Syracuse, in the quiet pursuit of his simple avocations, a colored person, as nearly "of no account" as any ever seen. So far as was known he had no surname, and, indeed, no Christian name, save the fragment and travesty,—"Jerry."

Yet before that day was done he was famous; his name, such as it was, resounded through the land; and he had become, in all seriousness, a weighty personage in American history.

Under the law recently passed, he was arrested, openly and in broad daylight, as a fugitive slave, and was carried before the United States commissioner, Mr. Joseph Sabine, a most kindly public officer, who in this matter was sadly embarrassed by the antagonism between his sworn duty and his personal convictions.

Thereby, as was supposed, were fulfilled the Law and the Prophets—the Law being the fugitive slave law recently enacted, and the Prophets being no less than Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

For, as if to prepare the little city to sacrifice its cherished beliefs, Mr. Clay had some time before made a speech from the piazza of the Syracuse House, urging upon his fellow-citizens the compromises of the Constitution; and some months later Mr. Webster appeared, spoke from a balcony near the City Hall, and to the same purpose; but more so. The latter statesman was prophetic, not only in the hortatory, but in the predictive

sense; for he declared not only that the Fugitive Slave Law *must* be enforced, but that it *would* be enforced, and he added, in substance: "it will be enforced throughout the North in spite of all opposition—even in this city—even in the midst of your abolition conventions." This piece of prophecy was accompanied by a gesture which seemed to mean much; for the great man's hand was waved toward the City Hall just across the square—the classic seat and center of abolition conventions.

How true is the warning, "Don't prophesy unless you know!" The arrest of Jerry took place within six months after Mr. Webster's speech, and indeed while an abolition convention was in session at that same City Hall; but when the news came the convention immediately dissolved, the fire-bells began to ring, a crowd moved upon the commissioner's office, surged into it, and swept Jerry out of the hands of the officers. The authorities having rallied, re-arrested the fugitive, and put him in confinement and in irons. But in the evening the assailants returned to the assault, carried the jail by storm, rescued Jerry for good, and spirited him off safe and sound to Canada, thus bringing to nought the fugitive slave law, as well as the exhortations of Mr. Clay and the predictions of Mr. Webster.

This rescue produced great excitement throughout the nation. Various persons were arrested for taking part in it, and their trials were adjourned from place to place, to the great hardship of all concerned. During a college vacation I was present at one of these trials at Canandaigua, the United States judge, before whom it was held, being the Hon. N. K. Hall, who had been Mr. Fillmore's law partner in Buffalo. The evening before the trial an anti-slavery meeting was held, which I attended. It was opened with prayer by a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Loguen, and of all prayers I have ever heard, this dwells in my mind as perhaps the most impressive. The colored minister's petitions for his race, bond and free, for Jerry and for those who had sought

to rescue him, for the souls of the kidnappers, and for the country which was to his people a land of bondage, were most pathetic. Then arose Gerrit Smith. Of all Tribunes of the People I have ever known he dwells in my memory as possessing the greatest variety of gifts. He had the prestige given by great wealth, by lavish generosity, by transparent honesty, by earnestness of purpose, by advocacy of every good cause, by a superb presence, and by natural eloquence of a very high order. He was very tall and large, with a noble head, an earnest, yet kindly face, and of all human voices I have ever heard his was the most remarkable for its richness, depth, and strength. I remember seeing and hearing him once at a Republican State Convention in the City Hall at Syracuse, when, having come in for a few moments as a spectator, he was recognized by the crowd and greeted with overwhelming calls for a speech. He was standing at the entrance door, towering above all about him, and there was a general cry for him to come forward to the platform. He declined to come forward; but finally observed to those near him, in his quiet, natural way, with the utmost simplicity, "Oh, I shall be heard." At this a shout went up from the entire audience; for every human being in that great hall had heard these words perfectly, though uttered in his usual conversational voice.

I also remember once entering the old Delavan House at Albany, with a college friend of mine, afterward Bishop of Maine, and seeing, at the other end of a long hall, Gerrit Smith in quiet conversation. In a moment we heard his voice, and my friend was greatly impressed by it, declaring he had never imagined such an utterance possible. It was indeed amazing; it was like the deep, clear, rich tone from the pedal bass of a cathedral organ. During his career in Congress, it was noted that he was the only speaker within remembrance who without effort made himself heard in every part of the old chamber of the House of Representatives,

which was acoustically one of the worst halls ever devised. And it was not a case of voice and nothing else; his strength of argument, his gift of fit expression, and his wealth of illustration were no less extraordinary.

On this occasion at Canandaigua he rose to speak, and every word went to the hearts of his audience. "Why," he began, "do they conduct these harassing proceedings against these men? If any one is guilty, I am guilty. With Samuel J. May I proposed the Jerry Rescue. We are responsible for it; why do they not prosecute *us*?" And these words were followed by a train of cogent reasoning and stirring appeal.

The Jerry Rescue trials only made matters worse. Their injustice disgusted the North, and their futility angered the South. They revealed one fact which especially vexed the Southern wing of the Democratic party, and this was, that their Northern allies could not be depended upon to execute the new compromise. In this Syracuse rescue one of the most determined leaders was a rough burly butcher, who had been all his life one of the loudest of pro-slavery Democrats, and who, until he saw Jerry dragged in manacles through the streets, had been most violent in his support of the fugitive slave law. The trials also stimulated the anti-slavery leaders and orators to new vigor. Garrison, Phillips, Gerrit Smith, Sumner, and Seward aroused the anti-slavery forces as never before, and the "Biglow Papers" of James Russell Lowell, which made Northern pro-slavery men ridiculous, were read with more zest than ever.

But the abolition forces had the defects their qualities, and their main difficulty really aros the stimulus given to a thin fanaticism. T llowed, in the train of the nobler thinkers and , the "Fool Reformers,"—sundry long-haired short-haire women, who thought it their duty good Chris people with blasphemy, to delug unders Republi kguardism, a vent e and mor ways for dr ry sol

man and woman out of the anti-slavery fold. More than once in those days I hung my head in disgust as I listened to these people, and wondered, for the moment, whether, after all, even the supremacy of slaveholders might not be more tolerable than the new heavens and the new earth, in which should dwell such bedraggled, screaming, denunciatory creatures.

At the next national election the Whigs nominated General Scott, a man of extraordinary merit and of grandiose appearance; but of both these qualities he was himself unfortunately too well aware; as a result the Democrats gave him the name of "Old Fuss and Feathers," and a few unfortunate speeches, in one of which he expressed his joy at hearing that "sweet Irish brogue," brought the laugh of the campaign upon him.

On the other hand the Democrats nominated Franklin Pierce; a man greatly inferior to General Scott in military matters, but who had served well in the State politics of New Hampshire and in Congress, was widely beloved, of especially attractive manners, and of high personal character.

He also had been in the Mexican War, but though he had risen to be brigadier-general, his military record amounted to very little. There was in him, no doubt, some alloy of personal with public motives, but it would be unjust to say that selfishness was the only source of his political ideas. He was greatly impressed by the necessity of yielding to the South in order to save the Union, and had shown this by his utterances and votes in Congress: the South, therefore, accepted him against General Scott, who was supposed to have moderate anti-slavery views.

General Pierce was elected; the policy of his administration became more and more deeply pro-slavery; and now appeared upon the scene Stephen Arnold Douglas—senator from Illinois, a man of remarkable ability,—a brilliant thinker and most effective speaker, with an extraordinary power of swaying men. I heard him at vari-

ous times; and even after he had committed what seemed to me the unpardonable sin, it was hard to resist his eloquence. He it was who, doubtless from a mixture of motives, personal and public, had proposed the abolition of the Missouri Compromise, which since the year 1820 had been the bulwark of the new territories against the encroachments of slavery. The whole anti-slavery sentiment of the North was thereby intensified, and as the establishment of north polarity at one end of the magnet excites south polarity at the other, so Southern feeling in favor of slavery was thereby increased. Up to a recent period Southern leaders had, as a rule, deprecated slavery, and hoped for its abolition; now they as generally advocated it as good in itself;—the main foundation of civil liberty; the normal condition of the working classes of every nation; and some of them urged the revival of the African slave-trade. The struggle became more and more bitter. I was during that time at Yale, and the general sentiment of that university in those days favored almost any concession to save the Union. The venerable Silliman, and a great majority of the older professors spoke at public meetings in favor of the pro-slavery compromise measures which they fondly hoped would settle the difficulty between North and South and reëstablish the Union on firm foundations. The new compromise was indeed a bitter dose for them, since it contained the fugitive slave law in its most drastic form; and every one of them, with the exception of a few theological doctrinaires who found slavery in the Bible, abhorred the whole slave system. The Yale faculty, as a rule, took ground against anti-slavery effort, and, among other ways of propagating what they considered right opinions, there was freely distributed among the students a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia, which went to extremes in advocating compromise with slavery and the slave power.

The great body of the students, also, from North and South, took the same side. It is a suggestive fact that

whereas European students are generally inclined to radicalism, American students have been, since the war of the Revolution, eminently conservative.

To this pro-slavery tendency at Yale, in hope of saving the Union, there were two remarkable exceptions, one being the beloved and respected president of the university, Dr. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, and the other his classmate and friend, the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, pastor of the great Center Church of New Haven, and frequently spoken of as the "Congregational Pope of New England." They were indeed a remarkable pair; Woolsey, quiet and scholarly, at times irascible, but always kind and just; Bacon a rugged, leonine sort of man who, when he shook his mane in the pulpit and addressed the New England conscience, was heard throughout the nation. These two, especially, braved public sentiment, as well as the opinion of their colleagues, and were supposed, at the time, to endanger the interests of Yale by standing against the fugitive slave law and other concessions to slavery and its extension. As a result Yale fell into disrepute in the South, which had, up to that time, sent large bodies of students to it, and I remember that a classmate of mine, a tall, harum-scarum, big-hearted, sandy-haired Georgian known as "Jim" Hamilton, left Yale in disgust, returned to his native heath, and was there welcomed with great jubilation. A poem was sent me, written by some ardent admirer of his, beginning with the words:

"God bless thee, noble Hamilton," &c.

On the other hand I was one of the small minority of students who remained uncompromisingly anti-slavery, and whenever I returned from Syracuse, my classmates and friends used to greet me in a jolly way by asking me "How are you, Gerrit; how did you leave the Rev. Antoinette Brown and brother Fred Douglas?" In consequence I came very near being, in a small way, a martyr to my principles. Having had some success in winning

essay prizes during my sophomore and junior years, my name was naturally mentioned in connection with the election of editors for the "Yale Literary Magazine." At this a very considerable body of Southern students and their Northern adherents declared against me. I neither said nor did anything in the premises, but two of my most conservative friends wrought valiantly in my behalf. One was my dear old chum, Davies, the present Bishop of Michigan, at the very antipodes from myself on every possible question; and the other my life-long friend, Randall Lee Gibson of Kentucky, himself a large slaveholder, afterward a general in the Confederate service, and finally, at his lamented death a few years since, United States senator from Louisiana. Both these friends championed my cause, with the result that they saved me by a small majority.

As editor of the "Yale Literary Magazine," through my senior year, I could publish nothing in behalf of my cherished anti-slavery ideas, since a decided majority of my fellow-editors would have certainly refused admission to any obnoxious article, and I therefore confined myself, in my editorial capacity, to literary and abstract matters; but with my college exercises it was different. Professor Larned, who was charged with the criticism of our essays and speeches, though a very quiet man, was at heart deeply anti-slavery, and therefore it was that in sundry class-room essays, as well as in speeches at the junior exhibition and at commencement, I was able to pour forth my ideas against what was stigmatized as the "sum of human villainies."

I was not free from temptation to an opposite course. My experience at the college election had more than once suggested to my mind the idea that possibly I might be wrong, after all; that perhaps the voice of the people was really the voice of God; that if one wishes to accomplish anything he must work in harmony with the popular will; and that perhaps the best way would be to conform to the general opinion. To do so seemed, certainly, the only

road to preferment of any kind. Such were the temptations which, in those days, beset every young man who dreamed of accomplishing something in life, and they beset me in my turn; but there came a day when I dealt with them decisively. I had come up across New Haven Green thinking them over, and perhaps paltering rather contemptibly with my conscience; but arriving at the door of North College, I stopped a moment, ran through the whole subject in an instant, and then and there, on the stairway leading to my room, silently vowed that, come what might, I would never be an apologist for slavery or for its extension, and that what little I could do against both should be done.

I may add that my conscience was somewhat aided by a piece of casuistry from the most brilliant scholar in the Yale faculty of that time, Professor James Hadley. I had been brought up with a strong conviction of the necessity of obedience to law as the first requirement in any State, and especially in a Republic; but here was the fugitive slave law. What was our duty regarding it? This question having come up in one of our division-room debates, Professor Hadley, presiding, gave a decision to the following effect: "On the statute books of all countries are many laws, obsolete and obsolescent; to disobey an obsolete law is frequently a necessity and never a crime. As to disobedience to an obsolescent law, the question in every man's mind must be as to the degree of its obsolescence. Laws are made obsolescent by change of circumstances, by the growth of convictions which render their execution impossible, and the like. Every man, therefore, must solemnly decide for himself at what period a law is virtually obsolete."

I must confess that the doctrine seems to me now rather dangerous, but at that time I welcomed it as a very serviceable piece of casuistry, and felt that there was indeed, as Mr. Seward had declared, a "higher law" than the iniquitous enactment which allowed the taking of a peaceful citizen back into slavery, without any of the

safeguards which had been developed under Anglo-Saxon liberty.

Though my political feelings throughout the senior year grew more and more intense, there was no chance for their expression either in competition for the Clarke Essay Prize or for the De Forest Oration Gold Medal, the subjects of both being assigned by the faculty; and though I afterward had the satisfaction of taking both these, my exultation was greatly alloyed by the thought that the ideas I most cherished could find little, if any, expression in them.

But on Commencement Day my chance came. Then I chose my own theme, and on the subject of "Modern Oracles" poured forth my views to a church full of people; many evidently disgusted, but a few as evidently pleased. I dwelt especially upon sundry utterances of John Quincy Adams, who had died not long before, and who had been, during all his later years, a most earnest opponent of slavery, and I argued that these, with the declarations of other statesmen of like tendencies, were the oracles to which the nation should listen.

Curiously enough this commencement speech secured for me the friendship of a man who was opposed to my ideas, but seemed to like my presenting them then and there—the governor of the State, Colonel Thomas Seymour. He had served with distinction in the Mexican War, had been elected and reëlected, again and again, governor of Connecticut, was devotedly pro-slavery, in the interest, as he thought, of preserving the Union; but he remembered my speech, and afterward, when he was made minister to Russia, invited me to go with him, attached me to his Legation, and became one of the dearest friends I have ever had.

Of the diplomatic phase of my life into which he initiated me, I shall speak in another chapter; but, as regards my political life, he influenced me decidedly, for his conversation and the reading he suggested led me to study closely the writings of Jefferson. The impulse

thus given my mind was not spent until the Civil War, which, betraying the ultimate results of sundry Jeffersonian ideas, led me to revise my opinions somewhat and to moderate my admiration for the founder of American "Democracy," though I have ever since retained a strong interest in his teaching.

But deeply as both the governor and myself felt on the slavery question, we both avoided it in our conversation. Each knew how earnestly the other felt regarding it, and each, as if by instinct, kept clear of a discussion which could not change our opinions, and might wreck our friendship. The result was, that, so far as I remember, we never even alluded to it during the whole year we were together. Every other subject we discussed freely, but this we never touched. The nearest approach to a discussion was when one day in the Legation Chancery at St. Petersburg, Mr. Erving, also a devoted Union proslavery Democrat, pointing to a map of the United States hanging on the wall, went into a rhapsody over the extension of the power and wealth of our country. I answered, "If our country could get rid of slavery in all that beautiful region of the South, such a riddance would be cheap at the cost of fifty thousand lives and a hundred millions of dollars." At this Erving burst forth into a torrent of brotherly anger. "There was no conceivable cause," he said, "worth the sacrifice of fifty thousand lives, and the loss of a hundred millions of dollars would mean the blotting out of the whole prosperity of the nation." His deep earnestness showed me the impossibility of converting a man of his opinions, and the danger of wrecking our friendship by attempting it. Little did either of us dream that within ten years from that day slavery was to be abolished in the United States, at the sacrifice not of fifty thousand, but of nearly a million lives, and at the cost not merely of a hundred millions, but, when all is told, of at least ten thousand millions of dollars!

I may mention here that it was in this companionship,

at St. Petersburg, that I began to learn why newspaper criticism has, in our country, so little permanent effect on the reputation of eminent men. During four years before coming abroad I had read, in leading Republican journals of New York and New Haven, denunciations of Governor Thomas Hart Seymour as an ignoramus, a pretender, a blatant demagogue, a sot and companion of sots, an associate, and fit associate, for the most worthless of the populace. I had now found him a man of real convictions, thoroughly a gentleman, quiet, conscientious, kindly, studious, thoughtful, modest, abstemious, hardly ever touching a glass of wine, a man esteemed and beloved by all who really knew him. Thus was first revealed to me what, in my opinion, is the worst evil in American public life,—that facility for unlimited slander, of which the first result is to degrade our public men, and the second result is to rob the press of that confidence among thinking people, and that power for good and against evil which it really ought to exercise. Since that time I have seen many other examples strengthening the same conviction.

Leaving St. Petersburg, I followed historical and, to some extent, political studies at the University of Berlin, having previously given attention to them in France; and finally, traveling in Italy, became acquainted with a man who made a strong impression upon me. This was Mr. Robert Dale Owen, then the American minister at Naples, whose pictures of Neapolitan despotism, as it then existed, made me even a stronger Republican than I had been before.

Returning to America I found myself on the eve of the new presidential election. The Republicans had nominated John C. Frémont, of whom all I knew was gathered from his books of travel. The Democrats had nominated James Buchanan, whom I, as an *attaché* of the legation at St. Petersburg, had met while he was minister of the United States at London. He was a most kindly and impressive old gentleman, had welcomed me cordially at his legation, and at a large dinner given by Mr. George

Peabody, at that time the American Amphitryon in the British metropolis, discussed current questions in a way that fascinated me. Of that I may speak in another chapter; suffice it here that he was one of the most attractive men in conversation I have ever met, and that is saying much.

I took but slight part in the campaign; in fact, a natural diffidence kept me aloof from active politics. Having given up all hope or desire for political preferment, and chosen a university career, I merely published a few newspaper and magazine articles, in the general interest of anti-slavery ideas, but made no speeches, feeling myself, in fact, unfit to make them.

But I shared more and more the feelings of those who supported Frémont.

Mr. Buchanan, though personal acquaintance had taught me to like him as a man, and the reading of his despatches in the archives of our legation at St. Petersburg had forced me to respect him as a statesman, represented to me the encroachments and domination of American slavery, while Frémont represented resistance to such encroachments, and the perpetuity of freedom upon the American Continent.

On election day, 1856, I went to the polls at the City Hall of Syracuse to cast my first vote. There I chanced to meet an old schoolmate who had become a brilliant young lawyer, Victor Gardner, with whom, in the old days, I had often discussed political questions, he being a Democrat and I a Republican. But he had now come upon new ground, and, wishing me to do the same, he tendered me what was known as "The American Ticket," bearing at its head the name of Millard Fillmore. He claimed that it represented resistance to the encroachments and dangers which he saw in the enormous foreign immigration of the period, and above all in the increasing despotism of the Roman Catholic hierarchy controlling the Irish vote. Most eloquently did my old friend discourse on the dangers from this source. He

insisted that Roman Catholic bishops and priests had wrecked every country in which they had ever gained control; that they had aided in turning the mediæval republics into despotisms; that they had ruined Spain and the South American republics; that they had rendered Poland and Ireland unable to resist oppression; that they had hopelessly enfeebled Austria and Italy; that by St. Bartholomew massacres and clearing out of Huguenots they had made, first, terrorism, and, finally, despotism necessary in France; that they had rendered every people they had controlled careless of truth and inclined to despotism,—either of monarchs or "bosses";—that our prisons were filled with the youth whom they had trained in religion and morals; that they were ready to ravage the world with fire and sword to gain the slightest point for the Papacy; that they were the sworn foes of our public-school system, without which no such thing as republican government could exist among us; that, in fact, their bishops and priests were the enemies of everything we Americans should hold dear, and that their church was not so much a religious organization as a political conspiracy against the best that mankind had achieved.

"Look at the Italians, Spanish, French to-day," he said. "The Church has had them under its complete control fifteen hundred years, and you see the result. Look at the Irish all about us;—always screaming for liberty, yet the most abject slaves of their passions and of their priesthood."

He spoke with the deepest earnestness and even eloquence; others gathered round, and some took his tickets. I refused them, saying, "No. The question of all questions to me is whether slavery or freedom is to rule this Republic," and, having taken a Republican ticket, I went up-stairs to the polls. On my arrival at the ballot-box came a most exasperating thing. A drunken Irish Democrat standing there challenged my vote. He had, perhaps, not been in the country six months; I had lived in that very ward since my childhood, knew and was

known by every other person present; and such was my disgust that it is not at all unlikely that if one of Gardner's tickets had been in my pocket, it would have gone into the ballot-box. But persons standing by,—Democrats as well as Republicans,—having quieted this perfervid patriot, and saved me from the ignominy of swearing in my vote, I carried out my original intention, and cast my first vote for the Republican candidate.

Certainly Providence was kind to the United States in that contest. For Frémont was not elected. Looking back over the history of the United States I see, thus far, no instant when everything we hold dear was so much in peril as on that election day.

We of the Republican party were fearfully mistaken, and among many evidences in history that there is "a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," I think that the non-election of Frémont is one of the most convincing. His election would have precipitated the contest brought on four years later by the election of Lincoln. But the Northern States had in 1856 no such preponderance as they had four years later. No series of events had then occurred to arouse and consolidate anti-slavery feeling like those between 1856 and 1860. Moreover, of all candidates for the Presidency ever formally nominated by either of the great parties up to that time, Frémont was probably the most unfit. He had gained credit for his expedition across the plains to California, and deservedly; his popular name of "Pathfinder" might have been of some little use in a political campaign, and some romantic interest attached to him on account of his marriage with Jessie Benton, daughter of the burly, doughty, honest-purposed, headstrong senator from Missouri. But his earlier career, when closely examined, and, even more than that, his later career, during the Civil War, showed doubtful fitness for any duties demanding clear purpose, consecutive thought, adhesion to a broad policy, wisdom in counsel, or steadiness in action. Had he been elected in 1856 one of two things would un-

doubtedly have followed: either the Union would have been permanently dissolved, or it would have been re-established by anchoring slavery forever in the Constitution. Never was there a greater escape.

On March 1, 1857, I visited Washington for the first time. It was indeed the first time I had ever trodden the soil of a slave State, and, going through Baltimore, a sense of this gavé me a feeling of horror. The whole atmosphere of that city seemed gloomy, and the city of Washington no better. Our little company established itself at the National Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue, then a famous hostelry. Henry Clay had died there not long before, and various eminent statesmen had made it, and were then making it, their headquarters.

On the evening of my arrival a curious occurrence showed me the difference between Northern and Southern civilization. As I sat in the reading-room, there rattled upon my ear utterances betokening a vigorous dispute in the adjoining bar-room, and, as they were loud and long, I rose and walked toward the disputants, as men are wont to do on such occasions in the North; when, to my surprise I found that, though the voices were growing steadily louder, people were very generally leaving the room; presently, the reason dawned upon me: it was a case in which revolvers might be drawn at any moment, and the bystanders evidently thought life and limb more valuable than any information they were likely to obtain by remaining.

On the evening of the third of March I went with the crowd to the White House. We were marshalled through the halls, President Pierce standing in the small chamber adjoining the East Room to receive the guests, around him being members of the Cabinet, with others distinguished in the civil, military, and naval service, and, among them, especially prominent, Senator Douglas, then at the height of his career. Persons in the procession were formally presented, receiving a kindly handshake, and then allowed to pass on. My abhorrence of the Presi-

dent and of Douglas was so bitter that I did a thing for which the only excuse was my youth:—I held my right hand by my side, walked by and refused to be presented.

Next morning I was in the crowd at the east front of the Capitol, and, at the time appointed, Mr. Buchanan came forth and took the oath administered to him by the Chief Justice, Roger Brooke Taney of Maryland. Though Taney was very decrepit and feeble, I looked at him much as a Spanish Protestant in the sixteenth century would have looked at Torquemada; for, as Chief Justice, he was understood to be in the forefront of those who would fasten African slavery on the whole country; and this view of him seemed justified when, two days after the inauguration, he gave forth the Dred Scott decision, which interpreted the Constitution in accordance with the ultra pro-slavery theory of Calhoun.

Having taken the oath, Mr. Buchanan delivered the inaugural address, and it made a deep impression upon me. I began to suspect then, and I fully believe now, that he was sincere, as, indeed, were most of those whom men of my way of thinking in those days attacked as pro-slavery tools and ridiculed as "doughfaces." We who had lived remote from the scene of action, and apart from pressing responsibility, had not realized the danger of civil war and disunion. Mr. Buchanan, and men like him, in Congress, constantly associating with Southern men, realized both these dangers. They honestly and patriotically shrank from this horrible prospect; and so, had we realized what was to come, would most of us have done. I did not see this then, but looking back across the abyss of years I distinctly see it now. The leaders on both sides were honest and patriotic, and, as I firmly believe, instruments of that "Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness."

There was in Mr. Buchanan's inaugural address a tone of deep earnestness. He declared that all his efforts should be given to restore the Union, and to reëstablish it upon permanent foundations; besought his fellow-citi-

probably owing to some temporary sanitary efforts, and that interregnum, fortunately for us, was coincident with our stay there. But the disease set in again shortly afterward, and a college friend of mine, who arrived on the day of our departure, was detained in the hotel for many weeks with the fever then contracted. The number of deaths was considerable, but, in the interest of the hotel, the matter was hushed up, as far as possible.

The following autumn I returned to New Haven as a resident graduate, and, the popular lecture system being then at its height, was invited to become one of the lecturers in the course of that winter. I prepared my discourse with great care, basing it upon studies and observations during my recent stay in the land of the Czar, and gave it the title of "Civilization in Russia."

I remember feeling greatly honored by the fact that my predecessor in the course was Theodore Parker, and my successor Ralph Waldo Emerson. Both talked with me much about my subject, and Parker surprised me. He was the nearest approach to omniscience I had ever seen. He was able to read, not only Russian, but the Old Slavonic. He discussed the most intimate details of things in Russia, until, at last, I said to him, "Mr. Parker, I would much rather sit at your feet and listen to your information regarding Russia, than endeavor to give you any of my own." He was especially interested in the ethnology of the empire, and had an immense knowledge of the different peoples inhabiting it, and of their characteristics. Finally, he asked me what chance I thought there was for the growth of anything like free institutions in Russia. To this I answered that the best thing they had was their system of local peasant meetings for the repartition of their lands, and for the discussion of subjects connected with them, and that this seemed to me something like a germ of what might, in future generations, become a sort of town-meeting system, like that of New England. This let me out of the discussion very satisfactorily, for

Parker told me that he had arrived at the same conclusion, after talking with Count Gurowski, who was, in those days, an especial authority.

In due time came the evening for my lecture. As it was the first occasion since leaving college that I had appeared on any stage, a considerable number of my old college associates and friends, including Professor (afterward President) Porter, Dr. Bacon, and Mr. (afterward Bishop) Littlejohn, were there among the foremost, and after I had finished they said some kindly things, which encouraged me.

In this lecture I made no mention of American slavery, but into an account of the events of my stay at St. Petersburg and Moscow during the Crimean War, and of the death and funeral of the Emperor Nicholas, with the accession and first public address of Alexander II, I sketched, in broad strokes, the effects of the serf system,—effects not merely upon the serfs, but upon the serf owners, and upon the whole condition of the empire. I made it black indeed, as it deserved, and though not a word was said regarding things in America, every thoughtful man present must have felt that it was the strongest indictment against our own system of slavery which my powers enabled me to make.

Next day came a curious episode. A classmate of mine, never distinguished for logical acuteness, came out in a leading daily paper with a violent attack upon me and my lecture. He lamented the fact that one who, as he said, had, while in college, shown much devotion to the anti-slavery cause, had now faced about, had no longer the courage of his opinions, and had not dared say a word against slavery in the United States. The article was laughable. It would have been easy to attack slavery and thus at once shut the minds and hearts of a large majority of the audience. But I felt then, as I have generally felt since, that the first and best thing to do is to *set people at thinking,* and to let them discover, or think that they discover, the truth for themselves. I made no reply, but an

eminent clergyman of New Haven took up the cudgels in my favor, covered my opponent with ridicule, and did me the honor to declare that my lecture was one of the most effective anti-slavery arguments ever made in that city. With this, I retired from the field well satisfied.

The lecture was asked for in various parts of the country, was delivered at various colleges and universities, and in many cities of western New York, Michigan, and Ohio; and finally, after the emancipation of the serfs, was recast and republished in the "Atlantic Monthly" under the title of "The Rise and Decline of the Serf System in Russia."

And now occurred a great change in my career which, as I fully believed, was to cut me off from all political life thoroughly and permanently. This was my election to the professorship of history and English literature in the University of Michigan.

CHAPTER V

THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD—1857-1864

ARRIVING at the University of Michigan in October, 1857, I threw myself into my new work most heartily. Though I felt deeply the importance of the questions then before the country, it seemed to me that the only way in which I could contribute anything to their solution was in aiding to train up a new race of young men who should understand our own time and its problems in the light of history.

It was not difficult to point out many things in the past that had an important bearing upon the present, and my main work in this line was done in my lecture-room. I made no attempts to proselyte any of my hearers to either political party, my main aim being then, as it has been through my life, when dealing with students and the public at large, to set my audience or my readers at thinking, and to give them fruitful historical subjects to think upon. Among these subjects especially brought out in dealing with the middle ages, was the origin, growth, and decline of feudalism, and especially of the serf system, and of municipal liberties as connected with it. This, of course, had a general bearing upon the important problem we had to solve in the United States during the second half of that century.

In my lectures on modern history, and especially on the Reformation period, and the events which led to the French Revolution, there were various things throwing light upon our own problems, which served my purpose of arousing thought. My audiences were large and attentive, and I have never, in the whole course of my life,

enjoyed any work so much as this, which brought me into hearty and close relations with a large body of active-minded students from all parts of our country, and especially from the Northwest. More and more I realized the justice of President Wayland's remark, which had so impressed me at the Yale Alumni meeting just after my return from Europe: that the nation was approaching a "switching-off place"; that whether we were to turn toward evil or good in our politics would be decided by the great Northwest, and that it would be well for young Americans to cast in their lot with that part of the country.

In the intervals of my university work many invitations came to me from associations in various parts of Michigan and neighboring States to lecture before them, and these I was glad to accept. Such lectures were of a much more general character than those given in the university, but by them I sought to bring the people at large into trains of thought which would fit them to grapple with the great question which was rising more and more portentously before us.

Having accepted, in one of my vacations, an invitation to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Commencement Address at Yale, I laid down as my thesis, and argued it from history, that in all republics, ancient or modern, the worst foe of freedom had been a man-owning aristocracy—an aristocracy based upon slavery. The address was circulated in printed form, was considerably discussed, and, I trust, helped to set some few people thinking.

For the same purpose I also threw some of my lectures into the form of magazine articles for the "Atlantic Monthly," and especially one entitled "The Statesmanship of Richelieu," my effort in this being to show that the one great error of that greatest of all French statesmen was in stopping short of rooting out the serf system in France when he had completely subjugated the serf owners and had them at his mercy.

As the year 1860 approached, the political struggle became more and more bitter. President Buchanan in re-

deeming his promise to maintain the Union had gone to lengths which startled and disappointed many of his most devoted supporters. Civil war had broken out in Kansas and Nebraska, with murder and massacre: desperate attempts were made to fasten the hold of the pro-slavery party permanently upon the State, and as desperately were these efforts repelled. A certain John Brown, who requited assassination of free-state men by the assassination of slave-state men,—a very ominous appearance,—began to be heard of; men like Professor Silliman, who, during my stay at Yale had spoken at Union meetings in favor of the new compromise measures, even including the fugitive slave law, now spoke publicly in favor of sending rifles to the free-state men in Kansas; and, most striking symptom of all, Stephen A. Douglas himself, who had led the Democratic party in breaking the Missouri Compromise, now recoiled from the ultra pro-slavery propaganda of President Buchanan. Then, too, came a new incitement to bitterness between North and South. John Brown, the man of Scotch-Covenanter type, who had imbibed his theories of political methods from the Old-Testament annals of Jewish dealings with the heathen, and who had in Kansas solemnly slaughtered in cold blood, as a sort of sacrifice before the Lord, sundry Missouri marauders who had assassinated free-state men, suddenly appeared in Virginia, and there, at Harper's Ferry, with a handful of fanatics subject to his powerful will, raised the standard of revolution against the slave-power. Of course he was easily beaten down, his forces scattered, those dearest to him shot, and he himself hanged. But he was a character of antique mold, and this desperate effort followed by his death, while it exasperated the South, stirred the North to its depths.

Like all such efforts, it was really mistaken and unfortunate. It helped to obscure Henry Clay's proposal to extinguish slavery peaceably, and made the solution of the problem by bloodshed more and more certain. And in the execution of John Brown was lost a man who, had he

lived until the Civil War, might have rendered enormous services as a partizan leader. Of course, his action aroused much thought among my students, and their ideas came out in their public discussions. It was part of my duty, once or twice a week, to preside over these discussions, and to decide between the views presented. In these decisions on the political questions now arising I became deeply interested, and while I was careful not to give them a partizan character, they were, of course, opposed to the dominance of slavery.

In the spring of 1860, the Republican National Convention was held at Chicago, and one fine morning I went to the railway station to greet the New York delegation on its way thither. Among the delegates whom I especially recall were William M. Evarts, under whose Secretaryship of State I afterward served as minister at Berlin, and my old college friend, Stewart L. Woodford, with whom I was later in close relations during his term as lieutenant-governor of New York and minister to Spain. The candidate of these New York delegates was of course Mr. Seward, and my most devout hopes were with him, but a few days later came news that the nomination had been awarded to Mr. Lincoln. Him we had come to know and admire during his debates with Douglas while the senatorial contest was going on in the State of Illinois; still the defeat of Mr. Seward was a great disappointment, and hardly less so in Michigan than in New York. In the political campaign which followed I took no direct part, though especially aroused by the speeches of a new man who had just appeared above the horizon,—Carl Schurz. His arguments seemed to me by far the best of that whole campaign—the broadest, the deepest, and the most convincing.

My dear and honored father, during the months of July, August, and the first days of September, was slowly fading away on his death-bed. Yet he was none the less interested in the question at issue, and every day I sat by his bedside and read to him the literature bearing upon

the contest; but of all the speeches he best liked those of this new orator—he preferred them, indeed, to those of his idol Seward.

I have related in another place how, years afterward, Bismarck asked me, in Berlin, to what Carl Schurz's great success in America was due, and my answer to this question.

Mr. Lincoln having been elected, I went on with my duties as before, but the struggle was rapidly deepening. Soon came premonitions of real conflict, and, early in the following spring, civil war was upon us. My teaching went on, as of old, but it became more direct. In order to show what the maintenance of a republic was worth, and what patriots had been willing to do for their country in a struggle not unlike ours, I advised my students to read Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic," and I still think it was good advice. Other works, of a similar character, showing how free peoples have conducted long and desperate wars for the maintenance of their national existence and of liberty, I also recommended, and with good effect.

Reverses came. During part of my vacation, in the summer of 1861, I was at Syracuse, and had, as my guest, Mr. George Sumner, younger brother of the eminent senator from Massachusetts, a man who had seen much of the world, had written magazine articles and reviews which had done him credit, and whose popular lectures were widely esteemed. One Sunday afternoon in July my uncle, Mr. Hamilton White, dropped in at my house to make a friendly call. He had just returned from Washington, where he had seen his old friend Seward, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State, and felt able to give us a forecast of the future. This uncle of mine was a thoughtful man of affairs; successful in business, excellent in judgment, not at all prone to sanguine or flighty views, and on our asking him how matters looked in Washington he said, "Depend upon it, it is all right: Seward says that they have decided to end the trouble at once, even if it is

necessary to raise an army of fifty thousand men;—that they will send troops immediately to Richmond and finish the whole thing at once, so that the country can go on quietly about its business."

There was, of course, something reassuring in so favorable a statement made by a sensible man fresh from the most accredited sources, and yet I could not resist grave doubts. Such historical knowledge as I possessed taught me that a struggle like that just beginning between two great principles, both of which had been gathering force for nearly a century, and each of which had drawn to its support millions of devoted men, was not to be ended so easily; but I held my peace.

Next day I took Mr. Sumner on an excursion up the beautiful Onondaga Valley. As we drove through the streets of Syracuse, noticing knots of men gathered here and there in discussion, and especially at the doors of the news offices, we secured an afternoon newspaper and drove on, engaged in earnest conversation. It was a charming day, and as we came to the shade of some large trees about two miles from the city we rested and I took out the paper. It struck me like death. There, displayed in all its horrors, was the first account of the Battle of Bull Run,—which had been fought the previous afternoon,—exactly at the time when my uncle was assuring us that the United States Army was to march at once to Richmond and end the war. The catastrophe seemed fatal. The plans of General McDowell had come utterly to nought; our army had been scattered to the four winds; large numbers of persons, including sundry members of Congress who had airily gone out with the army to "see the fun," among them one from our own neighborhood, Mr. Alfred Ely, of Rochester, had been captured and sent to Richmond, and the rebels were said to be in full march on the National Capital.

Sumner was jubilant. "This," he said, "will make the American people understand what they have to do; this will stop talk such as your uncle gave us yesterday after-

noon." But to me it was a fearful moment. Sumner's remarks grated horribly upon my ears; true as his view was, I could not yet accept it.

And now preparations for war, and, indeed, for repelling invasion, began in earnest. My friends all about me were volunteering, and I also volunteered, but was rejected with scorn; the examining physician saying to me, "You will be a burden upon the government in the first hospital you reach; you have not the constitution to be of use in carrying a musket; your work must be of a different sort."

My work, then, through the summer was with those who sought to raise troops and to provide equipments for them. There was great need of this, and, in my opinion, the American people have never appeared to better advantage than at that time, when they began to realize their duty, and to set themselves at doing it. In every city, village, and hamlet, men and women took hold of the work, feeling that the war was their own personal business. No other country since the world began has ever seen a more noble outburst of patriotism or more efficient aid by individuals to their government. The National and State authorities of course did everything in their power; but men and women did not wait for them. With the exception of those whose bitter partizanship led them to oppose the war in all its phases, men, women, and children engaged heartily and efficiently in efforts to aid the Union in its struggle.

Various things showed the depths of this feeling. I remember meeting one day, at that period, a man who had risen by hard work from simple beginnings to the head of an immense business, and had made himself a multimillionaire. He was a hard, determined, shrewd man of affairs, the last man in the world to show anything like sentimentalism, and as he said something advising an investment in the newly created National debt, I answered, "You are not, then, one of those who believe that our new debt will be repudiated?" He answered: "Repudia-

tion or no repudiation, I am putting everything I can rake and scrape together into National bonds, to help this government maintain itself; for, by G—d, if I am not to have any country, I don't want any money." It is to be hoped that this oath, bursting forth from a patriotic heart, was, like Uncle Toby's, blotted out by the recording angel. I have quoted it more than once to show how the average American—though apparently a crude materialist—is, at heart, a thorough idealist.

Returning to the University of Michigan at the close of the vacation, I found that many of my students had enlisted, and that many more were preparing to do so. With some it was hard indeed. I remember two especially, who had for years labored and saved to raise the money which would enable them to take their university course; they had hesitated, for a time, to enlist; but very early one morning I was called out of bed by a message from them, and, meeting them, found them ready to leave for the army. They could resist their patriotic convictions no longer, and they had come to say good-bye to me. They went into the war; they fought bravely through the thickest of it; and though one was badly wounded, both lived to return, and are to-day honored citizens. With many others it was different; many, very many of them, alas, were among the "unreturning brave!" and loveliest and noblest of all, my dear friend and student, Frederick Arne, of Princeton, Illinois, killed in the battle of Shiloh, at the very beginning of the war, when all was blackness and discouragement. Another of my dearest students at that time was Albert Nye. Scholarly, eloquent, noble-hearted, with every gift to ensure success in civil life, he went forth with the others, rose to be captain of a company, and I think major of a regiment. He sent me most kindly messages, and at one time a bowie-knife captured from a rebel soldier. But, alas! he was not to return.

I may remark, in passing, that while these young men from the universities, and a vast host of others from different walks of life, were going forth to lay down their

lives for their country, the English press, almost without exception, from the "Times" down, was insisting that we were fighting our battles with "mercenaries."

One way in which those of us who remained at the university helped the good cause was in promoting the military drill of those who had determined to become soldiers. It was very difficult to secure the proper military instruction, but in Detroit I found a West Point graduate, engaged him to come out a certain number of times every week to drill the students, and he cheered us much by saying that he had never in his life seen soldiers so much in earnest, and so rapid in making themselves masters of the drill and tactics.

One of my advisers at this period, and one of the noblest men I have ever met, was Lieutenant Kirby Smith, a graduate of West Point, and a lieutenant in the army. His father, after whom he was named, had been killed at the Battle of Molino del Rey, in the Mexican War. His uncle, also known as Kirby Smith, was a general in the Confederate service. His mother, one of the dearest friends of my family, was a woman of extraordinary abilities, and of the noblest qualities. Never have I known a young officer of more promise. With him I discussed from time to time the probabilities of the war. He was full of devotion, quieted my fears, and strengthened my hopes. He, too, fought splendidly for his country, and, like his father, laid down his life for it.

The bitterest disappointment of that period, and I regret deeply to chronicle it, was the conduct of the government and ruling classes in England. In view of the fact that popular sentiment in Great Britain, especially as voiced in its literature, in its press, and from its pulpit, had been against slavery, I had never doubted that in this struggle, so evidently between slavery and freedom, Great Britain would be unanimously on our side. To my amazement signs soon began to point in another direction. More and more it became evident that British feeling was against us. To my students, who inquired how this could possibly

be, I said, "Wait till Lord John Russell speaks." Lord John Russell spoke, and my heart sank within me. He was the solemnly constituted impostor whose criminal carelessness let out the *Alabama* to prey upon our commerce, and who would have let out more cruisers had not Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the American minister, brought him to reason.

Lord John Russell was noted for his coolness, but in this respect Mr. Adams was more than his match. In after years I remember a joke based upon this characteristic. During a very hot summer in Kansas, when the State was suffering with drought, some newspaper proposed, and the press very generally acquiesced in the suggestion, that Mr. Charles Francis Adams should be asked to take a tour through the State, in order, by his presence, to reduce its temperature.

When, therefore, Lord John Russell showed no signs of interfering with the sending forth of English ships,—English built, English equipped, and largely English manned,—against our commerce, Mr. Adams, having summed up to his Lordship the conduct of the British Government in the matter, closed in his most icy way with the words: "My lord, I need hardly remind you that this is war."

The result was, that tardily,—just in time to prevent war between the two nations,—orders were given which prevented the passing out of more cruisers.

Goldwin Smith, who in the days of his professorship at Oxford, saw much of Lord John Russell, once told me that his lordship always made upon him the impression of "an eminent corn-doctor."

During the following summer, that of 1862, being much broken down by overwork, and threatened, as I supposed, with heart disease, which turned out to be the beginning of a troublesome dyspepsia, I was strongly recommended by my physician to take a rapid run to Europe, and though very reluctant to leave home, was at last persuaded to go to New York to take my passage. Arrived there, bad news

still coming from the seat of war, I could not bring myself at the steamer office to sign the necessary papers, finally refused, and having returned home, took part for the first time in a political campaign as a speaker, going through central New York, and supporting the Republican candidate against the Democratic. The election seemed of vast importance. The Democrats had nominated for the governorship, Mr. Horatio Seymour, a man of the highest personal character, and, so far as the usual duties of governor were concerned, admirable; but he had been bitterly opposed to the war, and it seemed sure that his election would encourage the South and make disunion certain; therefore it was that I threw myself into the campaign with all my might, speaking night and day; but alas! the election went against us.

At the close of the campaign, my dyspepsia returning with renewed violence, I was thinking what should be done, when I happened to meet my father's old friend, Mr. Thurlow Weed, a devoted adherent of Mr. Seward through his whole career, and, at that moment, one of the main supports of the Lincoln Administration. It was upon the deck of a North River steamer, and on my mentioning my dilemma he said: "You can just now do more for us abroad than at home. You can work in the same line with Archbishop Hughes, Bishop McIlvaine, and myself; everything that can be done, in the shape of contributions to newspapers, or speeches, even to the most restricted audiences abroad, will help us: the great thing is to gain time, increase the number of those who oppose European intervention in our affairs, and procure takers for our new National bonds."

The result was that I made a short visit to Europe, stopping first in London. Political feeling there was bitterly against us. A handful of true men, John Bright and Goldwin Smith at the head of them, were doing heroic work in our behalf, but the forces against them seemed overwhelming. Drawing money one morning in one of the large banks of London, I happened to exhibit a few

of the new National greenback notes which had been recently issued by our Government. The moment the clerk saw them he called out loudly, "Don't offer us any of those things; we don't take them; they will never be good for anything." I was greatly vexed, of course, but there was no help for it. At another time I went into a famous book-shop near the Haymarket to purchase a rare book which I had long coveted. It was just after the Battle of Fredericksburg. The book-seller was chatting with a customer, and finally, with evident satisfaction, said to him: "I see the Yankees have been beaten again." "Yes," said the customer, "and the papers say that ten thousand of them have been killed." "Good," said the shop-keeper, "I wish it had been twice as many." Of course it was impossible for me to make any purchase in that place.

In order to ascertain public sentiment I visited certain "discussion forums," as they are called, frequented by contributors to the press and young lawyers from the Temple and Inns of Court. In those places there was, as a rule, a debate every night, and generally, in one form or another, upon the struggle then going on in the United States. There was, perhaps, in all this a trifle too much of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street; still, excellent speeches were frequently made, and there was a pleasure in doing my share in getting the company on the right side. On one occasion, after one of our worst reverses during the war, an orator, with an Irish brogue, thickened by hot whisky, said, "I hope that Republic of blackguards is gone forever." But, afterward, on learning that an American was present, apologized to me in a way effusive, laudatory, and even affectionate.

But my main work was given to preparing a pamphlet, in answer to the letters from America by Dr. Russell, correspondent of the London "Times." Though nominally on our side, he clearly wrote his letters to suit the demands of the great journal which he served, and which was most bitterly opposed to us. Nothing could exceed its virulence against everything American. Every occurrence was

placed in the worst light possible as regarded our interests, and even the telegraphic despatches were manipulated so as to do our cause all the injury possible. I therefore prepared, with especial care, an answer to these letters of Dr. Russell, and published it in London. Its fate was what might have been expected. Some papers discussed it fairly, but, on the whole, it was pooh-poohed, explained away, and finally buried under new masses of slander. I did, indeed, find a few friends of my country in Great Britain. In Dublin I dined with Cairnes, the political economist, who had earnestly written in behalf of the Union against the Confederates; and in London, with Professor Carpenter, the eminent physiologist, who, being devoted to anti-slavery ideas, was mildly favorable to the Union side. But I remember him less on account of anything he said relating to the struggle in America, than for a statement bearing upon the legitimacy of the sovereign then ruling in France, who was at heart one of our most dangerous enemies. Dr. Carpenter told me that some time previously he had been allowed by Nassau Senior, whose published conversations with various men of importance throughout Europe had attracted much attention, to look into some of the records which Mr. Senior had not thought it best to publish, and that among them he had read the following:

"—— showed me to-day an autograph letter written by Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, not far from the time of the birth of his putative son, now Napoleon III. One passage read as follows: *'J'ai le malheur d'avoir pour femme une Messaline. Elle a des amants partout, et partout elle laisse des enfants.'* "

I could not but think of this a few weeks later when I saw the emperor, who derived his title to the throne of France from his nominal father, poor King Louis, but whose personal appearance, like that of his brother, the Duc de Morny, was evidently not derived from any Bonaparte. All the Jérome Napoleons I have ever seen, including old King Jérome of Westphalia, and Prince Na-

poleon Jérome, otherwise known as "Plon-Plon," whom I saw during my student life at Paris, and the eldest son of the latter, the present Bonaparte pretender to the Napoleonic crown of France, whom I saw during my stay as minister at St. Petersburg, very strikingly resembled the first Napoleon, though all were of much larger size. But the Louis Napoleons, that is, the emperor and his brother the Duc de Morny, had no single Napoleonic point in their features or bearing.

I think that the most startling inspiration during my life was one morning when, on walking through the Garden of the Tuileries, I saw, within twenty feet of me, at a window, in the old palace, which afterward disappeared under the Commune, the emperor and his minister of finance, Achille Fould, seated together, evidently in earnest discussion. There was not at that time any human being whom I so hated and abhorred as Napoleon III. He had broken his oath and trodden the French republic under his feet, he was aiding to keep down the aspirations of Italy, and he was doing his best to bring on an intervention of Europe, in behalf of the Confederate States, to dissolve our Union. He was then the arbiter of Europe. The world had not then discovered him to be what Bismarck had already found him—"a great unrecognized incapacity," and, as I looked up and distinctly saw him so near me, there flashed through my mind an understanding of some of the great crimes of political history, such as I have never had before or since.[1]

In France there was very little to be done for our cause. The great mass of Frenchmen were either indifferent or opposed to us. The only exception of importance was Laboulaye, professor at the Collège de France, and his lecture-room was a center of good influences in favor of the American cause; in the midst of that frivolous Napoleonic France he seemed by far "the noblest Roman of them all."

[1] Since writing this I find in the Autobiography of W. J. Stillman that a similar feeling once beset him on seeing this imperial malefactor.

The main effort in our behalf was made by Mr. John Bigelow, at that time consul-general, but afterward minister of the United States,—to supply with arguments the very small number of Frenchmen who were inclined to favor the Union cause, and this he did thoroughly well.

Somewhat later there came a piece of good fortune. Having been sent by a physician to the baths at Homburg, I found as our consul-general, at the neighboring city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, William Walton Murphy of Michigan, a life-long supporter of Mr. Seward, a most devoted and active American patriot;—a rough diamond; one of the most uncouth mortals that ever lived; but big-hearted, shrewd, a general favorite, and prized even by those who smiled at his oddities. He had labored hard to induce the Frankfort bankers to take our government bonds, and to recommend them to their customers, and had at last been successful. In order to gain and maintain this success he had established in Frankfort a paper called "L'Europe," for which he wrote and urged others to write. To this journal I became a contributor, and among my associates I especially remember the Rev. Dr. John McClintock, formerly president of Dickinson College, and Dr. E. H. Chapin, of New York, so eminent in those days as a preacher. Under the influence of Mr. Murphy, Frankfort-on-the-Main became, and has since remained, a center of American ideas. Its leading journal was the only influential daily paper in Germany which stood by us during our Spanish War.

I recall a story told me by Mr. Murphy at that period. He had taken an American lady on a business errand to the bank of Baron Rothschild, and, after their business was over, presented her to the great banker. It happened that the Confederate loan had been floated in Europe by Baron Erlanger, also a Frankfort financial magnate, and by birth a Hebrew. In the conversation that ensued between this lady and Baron Rothschild, the latter said: "Madam, my sympathies are entirely with your country; but is it not disheartening to think that there are men in Europe who

are lending their money and trying to induce others to lend it for the strengthening of human slavery? Madam, *none but a converted Jew would do that.*"

On the Fourth of July of that summer, Consul-General Murphy—always devising new means of upholding the flag of his country—summoned Americans from every part of Europe to celebrate the anniversary of our National Independence at Heidelberg, and at the dinner given at the Hotel Schreider seventy-four guests assembled, including two or three professors from the university, as against six guests from the Confederate States, who had held a celebration in the morning at the castle. Mr. Murphy presided and made a speech which warmed the hearts of us all. It was a thorough-going, old-fashioned, Western Fourth of July oration. I had jeered at Fourth of July orations all my life, but there was something in this one which showed me that these discourses, so often ridiculed, are not without their uses. Certain it is that as the consul-general repeated the phrases which had more than once rung through the Western clearings, in honor of the defenders of our country, the divine inspiration of the Constitution, our invincibility in war and our superiority in peace, all of us were encouraged and cheered most lustily. Pleasing was it to note various British tourists standing at the windows listening to the scream of the American eagle and evidently wondering what it all meant.

Others of us spoke, and especially Dr. McClintock, one of the foremost thinkers, scholars, and patriots that the Methodist Episcopal church has ever produced. His speech was in a very serious vein, and well it might be. In the course of it he said: "According to the last accounts General Lee and his forces are near the town where I live, and are marching directly toward it. It is absolutely certain that, if they reach it, they will burn my house and all that it contains, but I have no fear; I believe that the Almighty is with us in this struggle, and though we may suffer much before its close, the Union is to endure and slavery is to go down before the forces of freedom." These

words, coming from the heart of a strong man, made a deep impression upon us all.

About two weeks later I left Frankfort for America, and at my parting from Consul-General Murphy at the hotel, he said: "Let me go in the carriage with you; this is steamer-day and we shall probably meet the vice-consul coming with the American mail." He got in, and we drove along the Zeil together. It was at the busiest time of the day, and we had just arrived at the point in that main street of Frankfort where business was most active, when the vice-consul met us and handed Mr. Murphy a newspaper. The latter tore it open, read a few lines, and then instantly jumped out into the middle of the street, waved his hat and began to shout. The public in general evidently thought him mad; a crowd assembled; but as soon as he could get his breath he pointed out the headlines of the newspaper. They indicated the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and the ending of the war. It was, indeed, a great moment for us all.

Arriving in America, I found that some friends had republished from the English edition my letter to Dr. Russell, that it had been widely circulated, and that, at any rate, it had done some good at home.

Shortly afterward, being on a visit to my old friend, James T. Fields of Boston, I received a telegram from Syracuse as follows: "You are nominated to the State senate: come home and see who your friends are." I have received, in the course of my life, many astonishing messages, but this was the most unexpected of all. I had not merely not been a candidate for any such nomination, but had forgotten that any nomination was to be made; I had paid no attention to the matter whatever; all my thoughts had been given to other subjects; but on returning to Syracuse I found that a bitter contest having arisen between two of the regular candidates, each representing a faction, the delegates had suddenly turned away from both and nominated me. My election followed and so began the most active phase of my political life.

CHAPTER VI

SENATORSHIP AT ALBANY—1864-1865

ON the evening of New Year's Day, 1864, I arrived in Albany to begin my duties in the State Senate, and certainly, from a practical point of view, no member of the legislature was more poorly equipped. I had, indeed, received a university education, such as it was, in those days, at home and abroad, and had perhaps read more than most college-bred men of my age, but all my education, study, and reading were remote from the duties now assigned me. To history, literature, and theoretical politics, I had given considerable attention, but as regarded the actual necessities of the State of New York, the relations of the legislature to the boards of supervisors of counties, to the municipal councils of cities, to the boards of education, charity, and the like, indeed, to the whole system throughout the Commonwealth, and to the modes of conducting public and private business, my ignorance was deplorable. Many a time have I envied some plain farmer his term in a board of supervisors, or some country schoolmaster his relations to a board of education, or some alderman his experience in a common council, or some pettifogger his acquaintance with justices' courts. My knowledge of law and the making of law was wretchedly deficient, and my ignorance of the practical administration of law was disgraceful. I had hardly ever been inside a court-house, and my main experience of legal procedure was when one day I happened to step into court at Syracuse, and some old friends of mine thought it a good joke to put a university professor as a talesman upon

a jury in a horse case. Although pressed with business I did not flinch, but accepted the position, discharged its duties, and learned more of legal procedure and of human nature in six hours than I had ever before learned in six months. Ever afterward I advised my students to get themselves drawn upon a petit jury. I had read some Blackstone and some Kent and had heard a few law lectures, but my knowledge was purely theoretical: in constitutional law it was derived from reading scattered essays in the "Federalist," with extracts here and there from Story. Of the State charitable and penal institutions I knew nothing. Regarding colleges I was fairly well informed, but as to the practical working of our system of public instruction I had only the knowledge gained while a scholar in a public school.

There was also another disadvantage. I knew nothing of the public men of the State. Having lived outside of the Commonwealth, first, as a student at Yale, then during nearly three years abroad, and then nearly six years as a professor in another State, I knew only one of my colleagues, and of him I had only the knowledge that came from an introduction and five minutes' conversation ten years before. It was no better as regarded my acquaintance with the State officers; so far as I now remember, I had never seen one of them, except at a distance,—the governor, Mr. Horatio Seymour.

On the evening after our arrival the Republican majority of the Senate met in caucus, partly to become acquainted, partly to discuss appointments to committees, and partly to decide on a policy regarding State aid to the prosecution of the war for the Union. I found myself the youngest member of this body, and, indeed, of the entire Senate, but soon made the acquaintance of my colleagues and gained some friendships which have been among the best things life has brought me.

Foremost in the State Senate, at that period, was Charles James Folger, its president. He had served in

the Senate several years, had been a county judge, and was destined to become assistant treasurer of the United States at New York, chief justice of the highest State court, and finally, to die as Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, after the most crushing defeat which any candidate for the governorship of New York had ever known. He was an excellent lawyer, an impressive speaker, earnestly devoted to the proper discharge of his duties, and of extraordinarily fine personal appearance. His watch upon legislation sometimes amused me, but always won my respect. Whenever a bill was read a third time he watched it as a cat watches a mouse. His hatred of doubtful or bad phraseology was a passion. He was greatly beloved and admired, yet, with all his fine and attractive qualities, modest and even diffident to a fault.

Another man whom I then saw for the first time interested me much as soon as his name was called, and he would have interested me far more had I known how closely my after life was to be linked with his. He was then about sixty years of age, tall, spare, and austere, with a kindly eye, saying little, and that little dryly. He did not appear unamiable, but there seemed in him a sort of aloofness: this was Ezra Cornell.

Still another senator was George H. Andrews, from the Otsego district, the old Palatine country. He had been editor of one of the leading papers in New York, and had been ranked among the foremost men in his profession, but he had retired into the country to lead the life of a farmer. He was a man to be respected and even beloved. His work for the public was exceedingly valuable, and his speeches of a high order. Judge Folger, as chairman of the judiciary committee, was most useful to the State at large in protecting it from evil legislation. Senator Andrews was not less valuable to the cities, and above all to the city of New York, for his intelligent protection of every good measure, and his unflinching opposition to every one of the many doubtful projects constantly brought in by schemers and dreamers.

Still another senator was James M. Cook of Saratoga. He had been comptroller of the State and, at various times, a member of the legislature. He was the faithful "watch-dog of the treasury,"—bitter against every scheme for taking public money for any unworthy purpose, and, indeed, against any scheme whatever which could not assign for its existence a reason, clear, cogent, and honest.

Still another member, greatly respected, was Judge Bailey of Oneida County. His experience upon the bench made him especially valuable upon the judiciary and other committees.

Yet another man of mark in the body was one of the younger men, George G. Munger of Rochester. He had preceded me by a few years at Yale, had won respect as a county judge, and had a certain lucid way of presenting public matters which made him a valuable public servant.

Another senator of great value was Henry R. Low. He, too, had been a county judge and brought not only legal but financial knowledge to the aid of his colleagues. He was what Thomas Carlyle called a "swallower of formulas." That a thing was old and revered mattered little with him: his question was what is the best thing *now*.

From the city of New York came but one Republican, William Laimbeer, a man of high character and large business experience; impulsive, but always for right against wrong; kindly in his nature, but most bitter against Tammany and all its works.

From Essex County came Senator Palmer Havens, also of middle age, of large practical experience, with a clear, clean style of thinking and speaking, anxious to make a good record by serving well, and such a record he certainly made.

And, finally, among the Republican members of that session I may name the senator from Oswego, Mr. Cheney Ames. Perhaps no one in the body had so large a prac-

tical knowledge of the commercial interests of the State, and especially of the traffic upon its lakes and inland waterways; on all questions relating to these his advice was of the greatest value; he was in every respect a good public servant.

On the Democratic side the foremost man by far was Henry C. Murphy of Brooklyn, evidently of Irish ancestry, though his immediate forefathers had been long in the United States. He was a graduate of Columbia College, devoted to history and literature, had produced sundry interesting books on the early annals of the State, had served with distinction in the diplomatic service as minister to The Hague, was eminent as a lawyer, and had already considerable legislative experience.

From New York City came a long series of Democratic members, of whom the foremost was Thomas C. Fields. He had considerable experience as a lawyer in the city courts, had served in the lower house of the legislature, and was preternaturally acute in detecting the interests of Tammany which he served. He was a man of much humor, with occasional flashes of wit, his own worst enemy, evidently, and his career was fitly ended when upon the fall of Tweed he left his country for his country's good and died in exile.

There were others on both sides whom I could mention as good men and true, but those I have named took a leading part as heads of committees and in carrying on public business.

The lieutenant-governor of the State who presided over the Senate was Mr. Floyd-Jones, a devoted Democrat of the old school who exemplified its best qualities; a gentleman, honest, courteous, not intruding his own views, ready always to give the fullest weight to those of others without regard to party.

Among the men who, from their constant attendance, might almost be considered as officers of the Senate were sundry representatives of leading newspapers. Several of them were men of marked ability, and well known

throughout the State, but they have long since been forgotten with one exception: this was a quiet reporter who sat just in front of the clerk's chair, day after day, week after week, throughout the entire session; a man of very few words, and with whom I had but the smallest acquaintance. Greatly surprised was I in after years when he rose to be editor of the leading Democratic organ in the State, and finally, under President Cleveland, a valuable Secretary of the Treasury of the United States: Daniel Manning.

In the distribution of committees there fell to me the chairmanship of the committee on education, or, as it was then called, the committee on literature. I was also made a member of the committee on cities and villages, afterward known as the committee on municipal affairs, and of the committee on the library. For the first of these positions I was somewhat fitted by my knowledge of the colleges and universities of the State, but in other respects was poorly fitted. For the second of these positions, that of the committee on cities and villages, I am free to confess that no one could be more wretchedly equipped; for the third, the committee on the library, my qualifications were those of a man who loved both to collect books and to read them.

But from the beginning I labored hard to fit myself, even at that late hour, for the duties pressing upon me, and gradually my practical knowledge was increased. Still there were sad gaps in it, and more than once I sat in the committee-room, looking exceedingly wise, no doubt, but with an entirely inadequate appreciation of the argument made before me.

During this first session my maiden speech was upon the governor's message, and I did my best to show what I thought His Excellency's shortcomings. Governor Seymour was a patriotic man, after his fashion, but the one agency which he regarded as divinely inspired was the Democratic party; his hatred of the Lincoln Administration was evidently deep, and it was also clear that he

did not believe that the war for the Union could be brought to a successful termination.

With others I did my best against him; but while condemning his political course as severely as was possible to me, I never attacked his personal character or his motives. The consequence was that, while politically we were enemies, personally a sort of friendship remained, and I recall few things with more pleasure than my journeyings from Albany up the Mohawk Valley, sitting at his side, he giving accounts to me of the regions through which we passed, and the history connected with them, regarding which he was wonderfully well informed. If he hated New England as the breeding bed of radicalism, he loved New York passionately.

The first important duty imposed upon me as chairman of the committee on education was when there came up a bill for disposing of the proceeds of public lands appropriated by the government of the United States to institutions for scientific and technical education, under what was then known as the Morrill Act of 1862. Of these lands the share which had come to New York was close upon a million acres—a fair-sized European principality. Here, owing to circumstances which I shall detail in another chapter, I found myself in a contest with Mr. Cornell. I favored holding the fund together, letting it remain with the so-called "People's College," to which it had been already voted, and insisted that the matter was one to be referred to the committee on education. Mr. Cornell, on the other hand, favored the division of the fund, and proposed a bill giving one half of it to the "State Agricultural College" recently established at Ovid on Seneca Lake. The end was that the matter was referred to a joint committee composed of the committees on literature and agriculture, that is, to Mr. Cornell's committee and my own, and as a result no meeting to consider the bill was held during that session.

Gradually I accumulated a reasonable knowledge of the educational interests intrusted to us, but ere long

there came in from the superintendent of public instruction, Mr. Victor Rice, a plan for codifying the educational laws of the State. This necessitated a world of labor on my part. Section by section, paragraph by paragraph, phrase by phrase, I had to go through it, and night after night was devoted to studying every part of it in the light of previous legislation, the laws of other States, and such information as could be obtained from general sources. At last, after much alteration and revision, I brought forward the bill, secured its passage, and I may say that it was not without a useful influence upon the great educational interests of the State.

I now brought forward another educational bill. Various persons interested in the subject appeared urging the creation of additional State normal schools, in order to strengthen and properly develop the whole State school system. At that time there was but one; that one at Albany; and thus our great Commonwealth was in this respect far behind many of her sister States. The whole system was evidently suffering from the want of teachers thoroughly and practically equipped. Out of the multitude of projects presented, I combined what I thought the best parts of three or four in a single bill, and although at first there were loud exclamations against so lavish a use of public money, I induced the committee to report my bill, argued it in the Senate, overcame much opposition, and thus finally secured a law establishing four State normal schools.

Still another duty imposed upon me necessitated much work for which almost any other man in the Senate would have been better equipped by experience and knowledge of State affairs. The condition of things in the city of New York had become unbearable; the sway of Tammany Hall had gradually brought out elements of opposition such as before that time had not existed. Tweed was already making himself felt, though he had not yet assumed the complete control which he exercised afterward. The city system was bad throughout; but at the

very center of evil stood what was dignified by the name of the "Health Department." At the head of this was a certain Boole, who, having gained the title of "city inspector," had the virtual appointment of a whole army of so-called "health inspectors," "health officers," and the like, charged with the duty of protecting the public from the inroads of disease; and never was there a greater outrage against a city than the existence of this body of men, absolutely unfit both as regarded character and education for the duties they pretended to discharge.

Against this state of things there had been developed a "citizens' committee," representing the better elements of both parties,—its main representatives being Judge Whiting and Mr. Dorman B. Eaton,—and the evidence these gentlemen exhibited before the committee on municipal affairs, at Albany, as to the wretched condition of the city health boards was damning. Whole districts in the most crowded wards were in the worst possible sanitary condition. There was probably at that time nothing to approach it in any city in Christendom save, possibly, Naples. Great blocks of tenement houses were owned by men who kept low drinking bars in them, each of whom, having secured from Boole the position of "health officer," steadily resisted all sanitary improvement or even inspection. Many of these tenement houses were known as "fever nests"; through many of them smallpox frequently raged, and from them it was constantly communicated to other parts of the city.

Therefore it was that one morning Mr. Laimbeer, the only Republican member from the city, rose, made an impassioned speech on this condition of things, moved a committee to examine and report, and named as its members Judge Munger, myself, and the Democratic senator from the Buffalo district, Mr. Humphrey.

As a result, a considerable part of my second winter as senator was devoted to the work of this special committee in the city of New York. We held a sort of court, had with us the sergeant-at-arms, were empowered to send

for persons and papers, summoned large numbers of witnesses, and brought to view a state of things even worse than anything any of us had suspected.

Against the citizens' committee, headed by Judge Whiting and Mr. Eaton, Boole, aided by a most successful Tammany lawyer of the old sort, John Graham, fought with desperation. In order to disarm his assailants as far as possible, he brought before the committee a number of his "health officers" and "sanitary inspectors," whom he evidently thought best qualified to pass muster; but as one after another was examined and cross-examined, neither the cunning of Boole nor the skill of Mr. Graham could prevent the revelation of their utter unfitness. In the testimony of one of them the whole monstrous absurdity culminated. Judge Whiting examining him before the commission with reference to a case of small-pox which had occurred within his district, and to which, as health officer it was his duty to give attention, and asking him if he remembered the case, witness answered that he did. The following dialogue then ensued:

Q. Did you visit this sick person?

A. No, sir.

Q. Why did you not?

A. For the same reason that you would not.

Q. What was that reason?

A. I did n't want to catch the disease myself.

Q. Did the family have any sort of medical aid?

A. Yes.

Q. From whom did they have it?

A. From themselves; they was "highjinnicks" (hygienics).

Q. What do you mean by "highjinnicks"?

A. I mean persons who doctor themselves.

After other answers of a similar sort the witness departed; but for some days afterward Judge Whiting edified the court, in his examination of Boole's health officers and inspectors, by finally asking each one whether he had any "highjinnicks" in his health district. Some

answered that they had them somewhat; some thought that they had them "pretty bad," others thought that there was "not much of it," others claimed that they were "quite serious"; and, finally, in the examination of a certain health officer who was very anxious to show that he had done his best, there occurred the following dialogue which brought down the house:

Q. (By Judge Whiting.) Mr. Health Officer, have you had any "highjinnicks" in your district?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Much?

A. Yes, sir, quite a good deal.

Q. Have you done anything in regard to them?

A. Yes, sir; I have done all that I could.

Q. Witness, now, on your oath, do you know what the word "highjinnicks" means?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What does it mean?

A. It means the bad smells that arise from standing water.

At this the court was dissolved in laughter, but Mr. Graham made the best that he could of it by the following questions and answers:

Q. Witness, have you ever learned Greek?

A. No, sir.

Q. Can you speak Greek?

A. No, sir.

Q. Do you understand Greek?

A. No, sir.

"Then you may stand down."

The examination was long and complicated, so that with various departments to be examined there was no time to make a report before the close of the session, and the whole matter had to go over until the newly elected senate came into office the following year.

Shortly after the legislature had adjourned I visited the city of New York, and on arriving took up the evening paper which, more than any other, has always been sup-

posed to represent the best sentiment of the city;—the "New York Evening Post." The first article on which my eye fell was entitled "The New York Senate Trifling," and the article went on to say that the Senate of the State had wasted its time, had practically done nothing for the city, had neglected its interests, had paid no attention to its demands, and the like. That struck me as ungrateful, for during the whole session we had worked early and late on questions relating to the city, had thwarted scores of evil schemes, and in some cases, I fear, had sacrificed the interests of the State at large to those of the city. Thus there dawned on me a knowledge of the reward which faithful legislators are likely to obtain.

Another of these city questions also showed the sort of work to be done in this thankless protection of the metropolis. During one of the sessions there had appeared in the lobby an excellent man, Dr. Levi Silliman Ives, formerly Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, who, having been converted to Roman Catholicism, had become a layman and head of a protectory for Catholic children. With him came a number of others of his way of thinking, and a most determined effort was made to pass a bill sanctioning a gift of one half of the great property known as Ward's Island, adjacent to the city of New York, to this Roman Catholic institution.

I had strong sympathy with the men who carried on the protectory, and was quite willing to go as far as possible in aiding them, but was opposed to voting such a vast landed property belonging to the city into the hands of any church, and I fought the bill at all stages. In committee of the whole, and at first reading, priestly influence led a majority to vote for it, but at last, despite all the efforts of Tammany Hall, it was defeated.

It was during this first period of my service that the last and most earnest effort of the State was made for the war. Various circumstances had caused discourage-

ment. It had become difficult to raise troops, yet it was most important to avoid a draft. In the city of New York, at the prospect of an enforced levy of troops, there had been serious uprisings which were only suppressed after a considerable loss of life. It was necessary to make one supreme effort, and the Republican members of the legislature decided to raise a loan of several millions for bounties to those who should volunteer. This decision was not arrived at without much opposition, and, strange to say, its most serious opponent was Horace Greeley, who came to Albany in the hope of defeating it. Invaluable as his services had been during the struggle which preceded the war, it must be confessed, even by his most devoted friends, that during the war he was not unfrequently a stumbling block. His cry "on to Richmond" during the first part of the struggle, his fearful alarm when, like the heroes in the "Biglow Papers," he really discovered "why baggonets is peaked," his terror as the conflict deepened, his proposals for special peace negotiations later—all these things were among the serious obstacles which President Lincoln had to encounter; and now, fearing burdens which, in his opinion, could not and would not be borne by the State, and conjuring up specters of trouble, he came to Albany and earnestly advised members of the legislature against the passage of the bounty bill. Fortunately, common sense triumphed, and the bill was passed.

Opposition came also from another and far different source. There was then in the State Senate a Democrat of the oldest and strongest type; a man who believed most devoutly in Jefferson and Jackson, and abhorred above all things, abolitionists and protectionists,—Dr. Allaben of Schoharie. A more thoroughly honest man never lived; he was steadily on the side of good legislation; but in the midst of the discussion regarding this great loan for bounties he arose and began a speech which, as he spoke but rarely, received general attention. He was deeply in earnest. He said (in substance), "I

shall vote for this loan; for of various fearful evils it seems the least. But I wish, here and now, and with the deepest sorrow, to record a prediction: I ask you to note it and to remember it, for it will be fulfilled, and speedily. This State debt which you are now incurring will never be paid. It cannot be paid. More than that, none of the vast debts incurred for military purposes, whether by the Nation or by the States, will be paid; the people will surely repudiate them. Nor is this all. Not one dollar of all the treasury notes issued by the United States will ever be redeemed. Your paper currency has already depreciated much and will depreciate more and more; all bonds and notes, State and National, issued to continue this fratricidal war will be whirled into the common vortex of repudiation. I say this with the deepest pain, for I love my country, but I cannot be blind to the teachings of history." He then went on to cite the depreciation of our revolutionary currency, and, at great length pictured the repudiation of the assignats during the French Revolution. He had evidently read Alison and Thiers carefully, and he spoke like an inspired prophet.

As Senator Allaben thus spoke, Senator Fields of New York quietly left his seat and came to me. He was a most devoted servant of Tammany, but was what was known in those days as a War Democrat. His native pugnacity caused him to feel that the struggle must be fought out, whereas Democrats of a more philosophic sort, like Allaben, known in those days as "Copperheads," sought peace at any price. Therefore it was that, while Senator Allaben was pouring out with the deepest earnestness these prophecies of repudiation, Mr. Fields came round to my desk and said to me: "You have been a professor of history; you are supposed to know something about the French Revolution; if your knowledge is good for anything, why in h—l don't you use it now?"

This exhortation was hardly necessary, and at the close of Senator Allaben's remarks I arose and presented another view of the case. It happened by a curious coin-

cidence that, having made a few years before a very careful study of the issues of paper money during the French Revolution, I had a portion of my very large collection of assignats, mandats, and other revolutionary currency in Albany, having brought it there in order to show it to one or two of my friends who had expressed an interest in the subject.

Holding this illustrative material in reserve I showed the whole amount of our American paper currency in circulation to be about eight hundred million dollars, of which only about one half was of the sort to which the senator referred. I then pointed to the fact that, although the purchasing power of the French franc at the time of the Revolution was fully equal to the purchasing power of the American dollar of our own time, the French revolutionary government issued, in a few months, forty-five thousand millions of francs in paper money, and had twenty-five thousand millions of it in circulation at the time when the great depression referred to by Dr. Allaben had taken place.

I also pointed out the fact that our American notes were now so thoroughly well engraved that counterfeiting was virtually impossible, so that one of the leading European governments had its notes engraved in New York, on this account, whereas, the French assignats could be easily counterfeited, and, as a matter of fact, were counterfeited in vast numbers, the British government pouring them into France through the agency of the French royalists, especially in Brittany, almost by shiploads, and to such purpose, that the French government officials themselves were at last unable to discriminate between the genuine money and the counterfeit. I also pointed out the connection of our national banking system with our issues of bonds and paper, one of the happiest and most statesmanlike systems ever devised, whereas, in France there was practically no redemption for the notes, save as they could be used for purchasing from the government the

doubtful titles to the confiscated houses and lands of the clergy and aristocracy.

The speech of Senator Allaben had exercised a real effect, but these simple statements, which I supported by evidence, and especially by exhibiting specimens of the assignats bearing numbers showing that the issues had risen into the thousands of millions, and in a style of engraving most easily counterfeited, sufficed to convince the Senate that no such inference as was drawn by the senator was warranted by the historical facts in the case.

A vote was taken, the bill was passed, the troops were finally raised, and the debt was extinguished not many years afterward.

It is a pleasure for me to remember that at the close of my remarks, which I took pains to make entirely courteous to Dr. Allaben, he came to me, and strongly opposed as we were in politics, he grasped me by the hand most heartily, expressed his amazement at seeing these assignats, mandats, and other forms of French revolutionary issues, of which he had never before seen one, and thanked me for refuting his arguments. It is one of the very few cases I have ever known, in which a speech converted an opponent.

Perhaps a word more upon this subject may not be without interest. My attention had been drawn to the issues of paper money during the French Revolution, by my studies of that period for my lectures on modern history at the University of Michigan, about five years before. In taking up this special subject I had supposed that a few days would be sufficient for all the study needed; but I became more and more interested in it, obtained a large mass of documents from France, and then and afterward accumulated by far the largest collection of French paper money, of all the different issues, sorts, and amounts, as well as of collateral newspaper reports and financial documents, ever brought into our country. The study of the subject for my class, which I had hoped

to confine to a few days, thus came to absorb my leisure for months, and I remember that, at last, when I had given my lecture on the subject to my class at the university, a feeling of deep regret, almost of remorse, came over me, as I thought how much valuable time I had given to a subject that, after all, had no bearing on any present problem, which would certainly be forgotten by the majority of my hearers, and probably by myself.

These studies were made mainly in 1859. Then the lectures were laid aside, and though, from time to time, when visiting France, I kept on collecting illustrative materials, no further use was made of them until this debate during the session of the State Senate of 1864.

Out of this offhand speech upon the assignats grew a paper which, some time afterward, I presented in Washington before a number of members of the Senate and House, at the request of General Garfield, who was then a representative, and of his colleague, Mr. Chittenden of Brooklyn. In my audience were some of the foremost men of both houses, and among them such as Senators Bayard, Stevenson, Morrill, Conkling, Edmunds, Gibson, and others. This speech, which was the result of my earlier studies, improved by material acquired later, and most carefully restudied and verified, I repeated before a large meeting of the Union League Club at New York, Senator Hamilton Fish presiding. The paper thus continued to grow and, having been published in New York by Messrs. Appleton, a cheap edition of it was circulated some years afterward, largely under the auspices of General Garfield, to act as an antidote to the "Greenback Craze" then raging through Ohio and the Western States.

Finally, having been again restudied, in the light of my ever-increasing material, it was again reprinted and circulated as a campaign document during the struggle against Mr. Bryan and the devotees of the silver standard in the campaign of 1896, copies of it being spread very widely, especially through the West, and placed,

above all, in nearly every public library, university, college, and normal school in the Union.

I allude to this as showing to any young student who may happen to read these recollections, the value of a careful study of any really worthy subject, even though, at first sight, it may seem to have little relation to present affairs.

In the spring of 1864, at the close of my first year in the State Senate, came the national convention at Baltimore for the nomination of President and Vice-President, and to that convention I went as a substitute delegate. Although I have attended several similar assemblages since, no other has ever seemed to me so interesting. It met in an old theater, on one of the noisiest corners in the city, and, as it was June, and the weather already very warm, it was necessary, in order to have as much air as possible, to remove curtains and scenery from the stage and throw the back of the theater open to the street. The result was, indeed, a circulation of air, but, with this, a noise from without which confused everything within.

In selecting a president for the convention a new departure was made, for the man chosen was a clergyman; one of the most eminent divines in the Union,—the Rev. Dr. Robert Breckinridge of Kentucky, who, on the religious side, had been distinguished as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and on the political side was revered for the reason that while very nearly all his family, and especially his sons and nephews, including the recent Vice-President, had plunged into the Confederate service, he still remained a staunch and sturdy adherent of the Union and took his stand with the Republican party. He was a grand old man, but hardly suited to the presidency of a political assemblage.

The proceedings were opened with a prayer by a delegate, who had been a colonel in the Union army, and was now a Methodist clergyman. The heads of all were bowed, and the clergyman-soldier began with the words of the Lord's Prayer; but when he had recited about one half

of it he seemed to think that he could better it, and he therefore substituted for the latter half a petition which began with these words: "Grant, O Lord, that the ticket here to be nominated may command a majority of the suffrages of the American people." To those accustomed to the more usual ways of conducting service this was something of a shock; still there was this to be said in favor of the reverend colonel's amendment,—he had faith to ask for what he wanted.

This opening prayer being ended, there came a display of parliamentary tactics by leaders from all parts of the Union: one after another rose in this or that part of the great assemblage to move this or that resolution, and the confusion which soon prevailed was fearful, the noise of the street being steadily mingled with the tumult of the house. But good Dr. Breckinridge did his best, and in each case put the motion he had happened to hear. Thereupon each little group, supposing that the resolution which had been carried was the one it had happened to hear, moved additional resolutions based upon it. These various resolutions were amended in all sorts of ways, in all parts of the house, the good doctor putting the resolutions and amendments which happened to reach his ear, and declaring them "carried" or "lost," as the case might be. Thereupon ensued additional resolutions and amendments based upon those which their movers supposed to have been passed, with the result that, in about twenty minutes no one in the convention, and least of all its president, knew what we had done or what we ought to do. Each part of the house firmly believed that the resolutions which it had heard were those which had been carried, and the clash and confusion between them all seemed hopeless.

Various eminent parliamentarians from different parts of the Union arose to extricate the convention from this welter, but generally, when they resumed their seats, left the matter more muddled than when they arose.

A very near approach to success was made by my dear

friend George William Curtis of New York, who, in admirable temper, and clear voice, unraveled the tangle, as he understood it, and seemed just about to start the convention fairly on its way, when some marplot arose to suggest that some minor point in Mr. Curtis's exposition was not correct, thus calling out a tumult of conflicting statements, the result of which was yet greater confusion, so that we seemed fated to adjourn pell-mell into the street and be summoned a second time into the hall, in order to begin the whole proceedings over again.

But just at this moment arose Henry J. Raymond, editor of the "New York Times." His parliamentary training had been derived not only from his service as lieutenant-governor of the State, but from attendance on a long series of conventions, State and National. He had waited for his opportunity, and when there came a lull of despair, he arose and, in a clear, strong, pleasant voice, made an alleged explanation of the situation. As a piece of parliamentary tactics, it was masterly though from another point of view it was comical. The fact was that he developed a series of motions and amendments:—a whole line of proceedings,—mainly out of his own interior consciousness. He began somewhat on this wise: "Mr. President: The eminent senator from Vermont moved a resolution to such an effect; this was amended as follows, by my distinguished friend from Ohio, and was passed as amended. Thereupon the distinguished senator from Iowa arose and made the following motion, which, with an amendment from the learned gentleman from Massachusetts, was passed; thereupon a resolution was moved by the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania, which was declared by the chair to be carried; and now, sir, I submit the following motion," and he immediately followed these words by moving a procedure to business and the appointment of committees. Sundry marplots, such as afflict all public bodies did, indeed, start to their feet, but a universal cry of "question" drowned all their

efforts, and Mr. Raymond's motion was carried, to all appearance unanimously.

Never was anything of the kind more effectual. Though most, if not all, the proceedings thus stated by Mr. Raymond were fictions of his own imagination, they served the purpose; his own resolution started the whole machinery and set the convention prosperously on its way.

The general opinion of the delegates clearly favored the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. It was an exhibition not only of American common sense, but of sentiment. The American people and the public bodies which represent them are indeed practical and materialistic to the last degree, but those gravely err who ignore a very different side of their character. No people and no public bodies are more capable of yielding to deep feeling. So it was now proven. It was felt that not to renominate Mr. Lincoln would be a sort of concession to the enemy. He had gained the confidence and indeed the love of the entire Republican party. There was a strong conviction that, having suffered so much during the terrible stress and strain of the war, he ought to be retained as President after the glorious triumph of the Nation which was felt to be approaching.

But in regard to the second place there was a different feeling. The Vice-President who had served with Mr. Lincoln during his first term, Mr. Hamlin of Maine, was a steadfast, staunch, and most worthy man, but it was felt that the loyal element in the border States ought to be recognized, and, therefore it was that, for the Vice-Presidency was named a man who had begun life in the lowest station, who had hardly learned to read until he had become of age, who had always shown in Congress the most bitter hatred of the slave barons of the South, whom he considered as a caste above his own, but who had distinguished himself, as a man, by high civic courage, and as a senator by his determined speeches in behalf of the Union. This was Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, a

man honest, patriotic, but narrow and crabbed, who turned out to be the most unfortunate choice ever made, with the possible exception of John Tyler, twenty-four years before.

The convention having adjourned, a large number of delegates visited Washington, to pay their respects to the President, and among them myself. The city seemed to me hardly less repulsive than at my first visit eight years before; it was still unkempt and dirty,—made indeed all the more so by the soldiery encamped about it, and marching through it.

Shortly after our arrival our party, perhaps thirty in number, went to the White House and were shown into the great East Room. We had been there for about ten minutes when one of the doors nearest the street was opened, and a young man entered who held the door open for the admission of a tall, ungainly man dressed in a rather dusty suit of black. My first impression was that this was some rural tourist who had blundered into the place; for, really, he seemed less at home there than any other person present, and looked about for an instant, as if in doubt where he should go; but presently he turned toward our group, which was near the southwestern corner of the room, and then I saw that it was the President. As he came toward us in a sort of awkward, perfunctory manner his face seemed to me one of the saddest I had ever seen, and when he had reached us he held out his hand to the first stranger, then to the second, and so on, all with the air of a melancholy automaton. But, suddenly, some one in the company said something which amused him, and instantly there came in his face a most marvelous transformation. I have never seen anything like it in any other human being. His features were lighted, his eyes radiant, he responded to sundry remarks humorously, though dryly, and thenceforward was cordial and hearty. Taking my hand in his he shook it in the most friendly way, with a kindly word, and so passed cheerily on to the others until the ceremony was finished.

Years afterward, noticing in the rooms of his son, Mr. Robert Lincoln, our minister at London, a portrait of his father, and seeing that it had the same melancholy look noticeable in all President Lincoln's portraits, I alluded to this change in his father's features, and asked if any artist had ever caught the happier expression. Mr. Robert Lincoln answered that, so far as he knew, no portrait of his father in this better mood had ever been taken; that when any attempt was made to photograph him or paint his portrait, he relapsed into his melancholy mood, and that this is what has been transmitted to us by all who have ever attempted to give us his likeness.

In the campaign which followed this visit to Washington I tried to do my duty in speaking through my own and adjacent districts, but there was little need of speeches; the American people had made up their minds, and they reëlected Mr. Lincoln triumphantly.

CHAPTER VII

SENATORSHIP AT ALBANY—1865-1867

DURING my second year in the State Senate, 1865, came the struggle for the charter of Cornell University, the details of which will be given in another chapter.

Two things during this session are forever stamped into my memory. The first was the news of Lee's surrender on April 9, 1865: though it had been daily expected, it came as a vast relief.

It was succeeded by a great sorrow. On the morning of April 15, 1865, coming down from my rooms in the Delavan House at Albany, I met on the stairway a very dear old friend, the late Charles Sedgwick, of Syracuse, one of the earliest and most devoted of Republicans, who had served with distinction in the House of Representatives, and had more than once been widely spoken of for the United States Senate. Coming toward me with tears in his eyes and voice, hardly able to speak, he grasped me by the hand and gasped the words, "Lincoln is murdered." I could hardly believe myself awake: the thing seemed impossible;—too wicked, too monstrous, too cruel to be true; but alas! confirmation of the news came speedily and the Presidency was in the hands of Andrew Johnson.

Shortly afterward the body of the murdered President, borne homeward to Illinois, rested overnight in the State Capitol, and preparations were made for its reception. I was one of the bearers chosen by the Senate and was also

elected to pronounce one of the orations. Rarely have I felt an occasion so deeply: it has been my lot during my life to be present at the funerals of various great rulers and magnates; but at none of these was so deep an impression made upon me as by the body of Lincoln lying in the assembly chamber at Albany, quiet and peaceful at last.

Of the speeches made in the Senate on the occasion, mine being the only one which was not read or given from memory, attracted some attention, and I was asked especially for the source of a quotation which occurred in it, and which was afterward dwelt upon by some of my hearers. It was the result of a sudden remembrance of the lines in Milton's "Samson Agonistes," beginning:

> "Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
> To the spirits of just men long oppressed,
> When God into the hands of their deliverer
> Puts invincible might
> To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
> The brute and boisterous force of violent men," etc.[1]

The funeral was conducted with dignity and solemnity. When the coffin was opened and we were allowed to take one last look at Lincoln's face, it impressed me as having the same melancholy expression which I had seen upon it when he entered the East Room at the White House. In its quiet sadness there seemed to have been no change. There was no pomp in the surroundings; all, though dignified, was simple. Very different was it from the show and ceremonial at the funeral of the Emperor Nicholas which I had attended ten years before;—but it was even more impressive. At the head of the coffin stood General Dix, who had served so honorably in the War of 1812, in the Senate of the United States, in the Civil War, and who was afterward to serve with no less fidelity as governor of the State. Nothing could be more fitting than such a chieftaincy in the guard of honor.

[1] Milton's "Samson Agonistes," lines 1268–1280.

In the following autumn the question of my renomination came.

It had been my fortune to gain, first of all, the ill will of Tammany Hall, and the arms of Tammany were long. Its power was exercised strongly through its henchmen not only in the Democratic party throughout the State, but especially in the Republican party, and, above all, among sundry contractors of the Erie Canal, many of whose bills I had opposed, and it was understood that they and their friends were determined to defeat me.

Moreover, it was thought by some that I had mortally offended sundry Catholic priests by opposing their plan for acquiring Ward's Island, and that I had offended various Protestant bodies, especially the Methodists, by defeating their efforts to divide up the Land Grant Fund between some twenty petty sectarian colleges, and by exerting myself to secure it for Cornell University, which, because it was unsectarian, many called "godless."

Though I made speeches through the district as formerly, I asked no pledges of any person, but when the nominating convention assembled I was renominated in spite of all opposition, and triumphantly:—a gifted and honorable man, the late David J. Mitchell, throwing himself heartily into the matter, and in an eloquent speech absolutely silencing the whole Tammany and canal combination. He was the most successful lawyer in the district before juries, and never did his best qualities show themselves more fully than on this occasion. My majority on the first ballot was overwhelming, the nomination was immediately made unanimous, and at the election I had the full vote.

Arriving in Albany at the beginning of my third year of service—1866—I found myself the only member of the committee appointed to investigate matters in the city of New York who had been reëlected. Under these circumstances no report from the committee was possible; but the committee on municipal affairs, having brought in a bill to legislate out of office the city inspector and all his

associates, and to put in a new and thoroughly qualified health board, I made a carefully prepared speech, which took the character of a report. The facts which I brought out were sufficient to condemn the whole existing system twenty times over. By testimony taken under oath the monstrosities of the existing system were fully revealed, as well as the wretched character of the "health officers," "inspectors," and the whole army of underlings, and I exhibited statistics carefully ascertained and tabulated, showing the absurd disproportion of various classes of officials to each other, their appointment being made, not to preserve the public health, but to carry the ward caucuses and elections. During this exposure Boole, the head of the whole system, stood not far from me on the floor, his eyes fastened upon me, with an expression in which there seemed to mingle fear, hatred, and something else which I could hardly divine. His face seemed to me, even then, the face of a madman. So it turned out. The new bill drove him out of office, and, in a short time, into a madhouse.

I have always thought upon the fate of this man with a sort of sadness. Doubtless in his private relations he had good qualities, but to no public service that I have ever been able to render can I look back with a stronger feeling that my work was good. It unquestionably resulted in saving the lives of hundreds, nay thousands, of men, women, and children; and yet it is a simple fact that had I, at any time within a year or two afterward, visited those parts of the city of New York which I had thus benefited, and been recognized by the dwellers in the tenement houses as the man who had opposed their dramshop-keepers and brought in a new health board, those very people whose lives and the lives of whose children I had thus saved would have mobbed me, and, if possible, would have murdered me.

Shortly after the close of the session I was invited to give the Phi Beta Kappa address at the Yale commencement, and as the question of the reconstruction of the

Union at the close of the war was then the most important subject before the country, and as it seemed to me best to strike while the iron was hot, my subject was "The Greatest Foe of Republics." The fundamental idea was that the greatest foe of modern states, and especially of republics, is a political caste supported by rights and privileges. The treatment was mainly historical, one of the main illustrations being drawn from the mistake made by Richelieu in France, who, when he had completely broken down such a caste, failed to destroy its privileges, and so left a body whose oppressions and assumptions finally brought on the French Revolution. Though I did not draw the inference, I presume that my auditors drew it easily: it was simply that now, when the slave power in the Union was broken down, it should not be allowed to retain the power which had cost the country so dear.

The address was well received, and two days later there came to me what, under other circumstances, I would have most gladly accepted, the election to a professorship at Yale, which embraced the history of art and the direction of the newly founded Street School of Art. The thought of me for the place no doubt grew out of the fact that, during my stay in college, I had shown an interest in art, and especially in architecture, and that after my return from Europe I had delivered in the Yale chapel an address on "Cathedral Builders and Mediæval Sculptors" which was widely quoted.

It was with a pang that I turned from this offer. To all appearance, then and now, my life would have been far happier in such a professorship, but to accept it was clearly impossible. The manner in which it was tendered me seemed to me almost a greater honor than the professorship itself. I was called upon by a committee of the governing body of the university, composed of the man whom of all in New Haven I most revered, Dr. Bacon, and the governor of the State, my old friend Joseph R. Hawley, who read to me the resolution of the governing

body and requested my acceptance of the election. Nothing has ever been tendered me which I have felt to be a greater honor.

A month later, on the 28th of August, 1866, began at Albany what has been very rare in the history of New York, a special session of the State Senate:—in a sense, a court of impeachment.

Its purpose was to try the county judge of Oneida for complicity in certain illegal proceedings regarding bounties. "Bounty jumping" had become a very serious evil, and it was claimed that this judicial personage had connived at it.

I must confess that, as the evidence was developed, my feelings as a man and my duties as a sworn officer of the State were sadly at variance. It came out that this judge was endeavoring to support, on the wretched salary of $1800 a year allowed by the county, not only his own family, but also the family of his brother, who, if I remember rightly, had lost his life during the war, and it seemed to me a great pity that, as a penalty upon the people of the county, he could not be quartered upon them as long as he lived. For they were the more culpable criminals. Belonging to one of the richest divisions of the State, with vast interests at stake, they had not been ashamed to pay a judge this contemptible pittance, and they deserved to have their law badly administered. This feeling was undoubtedly wide-spread in the Senate; but, on the other hand, there was the duty we were sworn to perform, and the result was that the judge was removed from office.

During this special session of the State Senate it was entangled in a curious episode of national history. The new President, Mr. Andrew Johnson, had been induced to take an excursion into the north and especially into the State of New York. He was accompanied by Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State; General Grant, with his laurels fresh from the Civil War; Admiral Farragut, who had so greatly distinguished himself during the same epoch,

and others of great merit. It was clear that Secretary Seward thought that he could establish the popularity of the new administration in the State of New York by means of his own personal influence; but this proved the greatest mistake of his life.

On the arrival of the presidential party in New York City, various elements there joined in a showy reception to them, and all were happy. But the scene soon changed. From the city Mr. Seward, with the President, his associates, and a large body of citizens more or less distinguished, came up the Hudson River in one of the finest steamers, a great banquet being given on board. But on approaching Albany, Mr. Seward began to discover his mistake; for the testimonials of admiration and respect toward the President grew less and less hearty as the party moved northward. This was told me afterward by Mr. Thurlow Weed, Mr. Seward's lifelong friend, and probably the most competent judge of such matters in the United States. At various places where the President was called out to speak, he showed a bitterness toward those who opposed his policy which more and more displeased his audiences. One pet phrase of his soon excited derision. The party were taking a sort of circular tour, going northward by the eastern railway and steamer lines, turning westward at Albany, and returning by western lines; hence the President, in one of his earlier speeches, alluded to his journey as "swinging round the circle." The phrase seemed to please him, and he constantly repeated it in his speeches, so that at last the whole matter was referred to by the people at large, contemptuously, as "swinging round the circle," reference being thereby made, not merely to the President's circular journey, but to the alleged veering of his opinions from those he professed when elected.

As soon as the State Senate was informed of the probable time when the party would arrive at Albany, a resolution was introduced which welcomed in terms: "The President of the United States, Andrew Johnson; the

Secretary of State, William H. Seward; the General of the Army, Ulysses S. Grant; and the Admiral of the Navy, David G. Farragut." The feeling against President Johnson and his principal adviser, Mr. Seward, on account of the break which had taken place between them and the majority of the Republican party, was immediately evident, for it was at once voiced by amending the resolution so that it left out all names, and merely tendered a respectful welcome, in terms, to "The President of the United States, the Secretary of State, the General of the Army, and the Admiral of the Navy." But suddenly came up a second amendment which was little if anything short of an insult to the President and Secretary. It extended the respectful welcome, in terms, to "The President of the United States; to the Secretary of State; to Ulysses S. Grant, General of the Army; and to David G. Farragut, Admiral of the Navy"; thus making the first part, relating to the President and the Secretary of State, merely a mark of respect for the offices they held, and the latter part a tribute to Grant and Farragut, not only official, but personal. Most earnest efforts were made to defeat the resolution in this form. It was pathetic to see old Republicans who had been brought up to worship Mr. Seward plead with their associates not to put so gross an insult upon a man who had rendered such services to the Republican party, to the State, and to the Nation. All in vain! In spite of all our opposition, the resolution, as amended in this latter form, was carried, indicating the clear purpose of the State Senate to honor simply and solely the offices of the President and of the Secretary of State, but just as distinctly to honor the persons of the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy.

On the arrival of the party in Albany they came up to the State House, and were received under the portico by Governor Fenton and his staff. It was perfectly understood that Governor Fenton, though a Republican, was in sympathy with the party in the Senate which had put this slight upon the President and Secretary of State,

and Mr. Seward's action was characteristic. Having returned a curt and dry reply to the guarded phrases of the governor, he pressed by him with the President and his associates to the "Executive Chamber" near the entrance, the way to which he, of all men, well knew. In that room the Senate were assembled and, on the entrance of the visitors, Governor Fenton endeavored to introduce them in a formal speech; but Mr. Seward was too prompt for him; he took the words out of the governor's mouth and said, in a way which thrilled all of us who had been brought up to love and admire him, "In the Executive Chamber of the State of New York I surely need no introduction. I bring to you the President of the United States; the chief magistrate who is restoring peace and prosperity to our country."

The whole scene impressed me greatly; there rushed upon me a strong tide of recollection as I contrasted what Governor Fenton had been and was, with what Governor Seward had been and was: it all seemed to me a ghastly mistake. There stood Fenton, marking the lowest point in the choice of a State executive ever reached in our Commonwealth by the Republican party: there stood Seward who, from his boyhood in college, had fought courageously, steadily, powerfully, and at last triumphantly, against the domination of slavery; who, as State senator, as governor, as the main founder of the Republican party, as senator of the United States and finally as Secretary of State, had rendered service absolutely inestimable; who for years had braved storms of calumny and ridicule and finally the knife of an assassin; and who was now adhering to Andrew Johnson simply because he knew that if he let go his hold, the President would relapse into the hands of men opposed to any rational settlement of the questions between the North and South. I noticed on Seward's brow the deep scar made by the assassin's knife when Lincoln was murdered; all the others, greatly as I admired Grant and Farragut, passed with me at that time for nothing; my eyes were fixed upon the Secretary of State.

After all was over I came out with my colleague, Judge Folger, and as we left the Capitol he said: "What was the matter with you in the governor's room?" I answered: "Nothing was the matter with me; what do you mean?" He said: "The moment Seward began to speak you fastened your eyes intently upon him, you turned so pale that I thought you were about to drop, and I made ready to seize you and prevent your falling." I then confessed to him the feeling which was doubtless the cause of this change of countenance.

As one who cherishes a deep affection for my native State and for men who have made it great, I may be allowed here to express the hope that the day will come when it will redeem itself from the just charge of ingratitude, and do itself honor by honoring its two greatest governors, De Witt Clinton and William H. Seward. No statue of either of them stands at Albany, the place of all others where such memorials should be erected, not merely as an honor to the two statesmen concerned, but as a lesson to the citizens of the State;—pointing out the qualities which ought to ensure public gratitude, but which, thus far, democracies have least admired.

CHAPTER VIII

ROSCOE CONKLING AND JUDGE FOLGER—1867-1868

AT the beginning of my fourth year at Albany, in 1867, came an election to the Senate of the United States. Of the two senators then representing the State, one, Edwin D. Morgan, had been governor, and combined the qualities of a merchant prince and of a shrewd politician; the other, Ira Harris, had been a highly respected judge, and was, from every point of view, a most worthy man: but unfortunately neither of these gentlemen seemed to exercise any adequate influence in solving the main questions then before Congress.

No more important subjects have ever come before that body than those which arose during the early years of the Civil War, and it was deeply felt throughout the State that neither of the senators fitly uttered its voice or exercised its influence.

Mr. Cornell, with whom I had then become intimate, was never censorious; rarely did he say anything in disapproval of any man; he was charitable in his judgments, and generally preferred to be silent rather than severe; but I remember that on his return from a stay in Washington, he said to me indignantly: "While at the Capitol I was ashamed of the State of New York: one great question after another came up; bills of the highest importance were presented and discussed by senators from Ohio, Vermont, Missouri, Indiana, Iowa, and the rest; but from New York never a word!"

The question now was, who should succeed Senator

Harris? He naturally desired a second term, and it would have given me pleasure to support him, for he was an old and honored friend of my father and mother, they having been, in their early life, his neighbors and schoolmates, and their friendship having descended to me; but like others I was disappointed that Senator Harris had not taken a position more fitting. His main efforts seemed to be in the line of friendly acts for his constituents. In so far as these were done for soldiers in the army they were praiseworthy; though it was generally felt that while arising primarily from a natural feeling of benevolence, they were mainly devoted to securing a body of friends throughout the State who would support him when the time should come for his reëlection. Apparently with the same object, he was a most devoted supporter of New York office-seekers of all sorts. He had pleasing personal characteristics, but it was reported that Mr. Lincoln, referring to the senator's persistency in pressing candidates for office, once said: "I never think of going to sleep now without first looking under my bed to see if Judge Harris is not there wanting something for somebody."

Another candidate was Judge Noah Davis, then of Lockport, also a man of high character, of excellent legal abilities, a good speaker, and one who, had he been elected, would have done honor to the State. But on looking about I discovered, as I thought, a better candidate. Judge Bailey, of Oneida County, had called my attention to the claims of Mr. Roscoe Conkling, then a member of Congress from the Oneida district, who had distinguished himself as an effective speaker, a successful lawyer, and an honest public servant. He had, to be sure, run foul of Mr. Blaine of Maine, and had received, in return for what Mr. Blaine considered a display of offensive manners, a very serious oratorical castigation; but he had just fought a good fight which had drawn the attention of the whole State to him. A coalition having been formed between the anti-war Democrats and a number of disaffected Republicans in his district to defeat his reëlection to Congress, it

had seemed likely to overwhelm him and drive him out of public life, and one thing seemed for a time likely to prove fatal to him:—the "New York Tribune," the great organ of the party, edited by Horace Greeley, gave him no effective support. But the reason was apparent later when it became known that Mr. Greeley was to be a candidate for the senatorship, and it was evidently felt that should Mr. Conkling triumph in such a struggle, he would be a very serious competitor. The young statesman had shown himself equal to the emergency. He had fought his battle without the aid of Mr. Greeley and the "Tribune," and won it, and, as a result, had begun to be thought of as a promising candidate for the United States senatorship. I had never spoken with him; had hardly seen him; but I had watched his course closely, and one thing especially wrought powerfully with me in his favor. The men who had opposed him were of the same sort with those who had opposed me, and as I was proud of their opposition, I felt that he had a right to be so. The whole force of Tammany henchmen and canal contractors throughout the State honored us both with their enmity.

It was arranged among Mr. Conkling's supporters that, at the great caucus which was to decide the matter, Mr. Conkling's name should be presented by the member of the assembly representing his district, Ellis Roberts, a man of eminent character and ability, who, having begun by taking high rank as a scholar at Yale, had become one of the foremost editors of the State, and had afterward distinguished himself not only in the State legislature, but in Congress, and as the head of the independent treasury in the city of New York. The next question was as to the speech seconding the nomination. It was proposed that Judge Folger should make it, but as he showed a curious diffidence in the matter, and preferred to preside over the caucus, the duty was tendered to me.

At the hour appointed the assembly hall of the old Capitol was full; floor and galleries were crowded to suffocation. The candidates were duly presented, and, among

them, Mr. Conkling by Mr. Roberts. I delayed my speech somewhat. The general course of it had been thought out beforehand, but the phraseology and sequence of argument were left to the occasion. I felt deeply the importance of nominating Mr. Conkling, and when the moment came threw my heart into it. I was in full health and vigor, and soon felt that a very large part of the audience was with me. Presently I used the argument that the great State of New York, which had been so long silent in the highest councils of the Nation, demanded *a voice.* Instantly the vast majority of all present, in the galleries, in the lobbies, and on the floor, rose in quick response to the sentiment and cheered with all their might. There had been no such outburst in the whole course of the evening. Evidently this was the responsive chord, and having gone on with the main line of my argument, I at last closed with the same declaration in different form;—that our great Commonwealth,—the most important in the whole sisterhood of States,—which had been so long silent in the Senate, *wished to be heard,* and that, therefore, I seconded the nomination of Mr. Conkling. Immediately the whole house rose to this sentiment again and again, with even greater evidence of approval than before; the voting began and Mr. Conkling was finally nominated, if my memory is correct, by a majority of three.

The moment the vote was declared the whole assembly broke loose; the pressure being removed, there came a general effervescence of good feeling, and I suddenly found myself raised on the shoulders of stalwart men who stood near, and rapidly carried over the heads of the crowd, through many passages and corridors, my main anxiety being to protect my head so that my brains might not be knocked out against stairways and doorways; but presently, when fairly dazed and bewildered, I was borne into a room in the old Congress Hall Hotel, and deposited safely in the presence of a gentleman standing with his back to the fire, who at once extended his hand to me most cordially, and to whom I said, "God bless

you, Senator Conkling." A most hearty response followed, and so began my closer acquaintance with the new senator.

Mr. Conkling's election followed as a thing of course, and throughout the State there was general approval.

During this session of 1867 I found myself involved in two rather curious struggles, and with no less a personage than my colleague, Judge Folger.

As to the first of these I had long felt, and still feel, that of all the weaknesses in our institutions, one of the most serious is our laxity in the administration of the criminal law. No other civilized country, save possibly the lower parts of Italy and Sicily, shows anything to approach the number of unpunished homicides, in proportion to the population, which are committed in sundry parts of our own country, and indeed in our country taken as a whole. In no country is the deterrent effect of punishment so vitiated by delay; in no country is so much facility given to chicanery, to futile appeals, and to every possible means of clearing men from the due penalty of high crime, and especially the crime of murder.

It was in view of this fact that, acting on the advice of an old and able judge whose experience in criminal practice had been very large, I introduced into the Senate a bill to improve the procedure in criminal cases. The judge just referred to had shown me the absurdities arising from the fact that testimony in regard to character, even in the case of professional criminals, was not allowed save in rebuttal. It was notorious that professional criminals charged with high crimes, especially in our large cities, frequently went free because, while the testimony to the particular crime was not absolutely overwhelming, testimony to their character as professional criminals, which, in connection with the facts established, would have been absolutely conclusive, could not be admitted. I therefore proposed that testimony as to character in any criminal case might be introduced by the prosecution if, after having been privately submitted to

the judge, he should decide that the ends of justice would be furthered thereby.

The bill was referred to the Senate judiciary committee, of which Judge Folger was chairman. After it had lain there some weeks and the judge had rather curtly answered my questions as to when it would be reported, it became clear to me that the committee had no intention of reporting it at all, whereupon I introduced a resolution requesting them to report it, at the earliest day possible, for the consideration of the Senate, and this was passed in spite of the opposition of the committee. Many days then passed; no report was made, and I therefore introduced a resolution taking the bill out of the hands of the committee and bringing it directly before the committee of the whole. This was most earnestly resisted by Judge Folger and by his main associate on the committee, Henry Murphy of Brooklyn. On the other hand I had, to aid me, Judge Lowe, also a lawyer of high standing, and indeed all the lawyers in the body who were not upon the judiciary committee. The result was that my motion was successful; the bill was taken from the committee and immediately brought under discussion.

In reply to the adverse arguments of Judge Folger and Mr. Murphy, which were to the effect that my bill was an innovation upon the criminal law of the State, I pointed out the fact that evidence as to the character of the person charged with crime is often all-important; that in our daily life we act upon that fact as the simplest dictate of common sense; that if any senator present had his watch stolen from his room he would be very slow to charge the crime against the servant who was last seen in the room, even under very suspicious circumstances; but if he found that the servant had been discharged for theft from various places previously, this would be more important than any other circumstance. I showed how safeguards which had been devised in the middle ages to protect citizens from the feudal lord were now used to aid criminals in evading the law, and I ended by rather unjustly compar-

ing Judge Folger to the great Lord Chancellor Eldon, of whom it was said that, despite his profound knowledge of the law, "no man ever did so much good as he prevented." The result was that the bill was passed by the Senate in spite of the judiciary committee.

During the continuance of the discussion Judge Folger had remained in his usual seat, but immediately after the passage of the bill he resumed his place as president of the Senate. He was evidently vexed, and in declaring the Senate adjourned he brought the gavel down with a sort of fling which caused it to fly out of his hand and fall in front of his desk on the floor. Fortunately it was after midnight and few saw it; but there was a general feeling of regret among us all that a man so highly respected should have so lost his temper. By common consent the whole matter was hushed; no mention of it, so far as I could learn, was made in the public press, and soon all seemed forgotten.

Unfortunately it was remembered, and in a quarter which brought upon Judge Folger one of the worst disappointments of his life.

For, in the course of the following summer, the Constitutional Convention of the State was to hold its session and its presidency was justly considered a great honor. Two candidates were named, one being Judge Folger and the other Mr. William A. Wheeler, then a member of Congress and afterward Vice-President of the United States. The result of the canvas by the friends of both these gentlemen seemed doubtful, when one morning there appeared in the "New York Tribune," the most powerful organ of the Republican party, one of Horace Greeley's most trenchant articles. It dwelt on the importance of the convention in the history of the State, on the responsibility of its members, on the characteristics which should mark its presiding officer, and, as to this latter point, wound up pungently by saying that it would be best to have a president who, when he disagreed with members, did not throw his gavel at them. This shot took effect; it ran through

the State; people asked the meaning of it; various exaggerated legends became current, one of them being that he had thrown the gavel at me personally;—and Mr. Wheeler became president of the convention.

But before the close of the session another matter had come up which cooled still more the relations between Judge Folger and myself. For many sessions, year after year, there had been before the legislature a bill for establishing a canal connecting the interior lake system of the State with Lake Ontario. This was known as the Sodus Canal Bill, and its main champion was a public-spirited man from Judge Folger's own district. In favor of the canal various arguments were urged, one of them being that it would enable the United States, while keeping within its treaty obligations with Great Britain, to build ships on these smaller lakes, which, in case of need, could be passed through the canal into the great chain of lakes extending from Lake Ontario to Lake Superior. To this it was replied that such an evasion of the treaty was not especially creditable to those suggesting it, and that the main purpose of the bill really was to create a vast water power which should enure to the benefit of sundry gentlemen in Judge Folger's district.

Up to this time Judge Folger seemed never to care much for the bill, and I had never made any especial effort against it; but when, just at the close of the session, certain constituents of mine upon the Oswego River had shown me that there was great danger in the proposed canal to the water supply through the counties of Onondaga and Oswego, I opposed the measure. Thereupon Judge Folger became more and more earnest in its favor, and it soon became evident that all his power would be used to pass it during the few remaining days of the session. By his influence it was pushed rapidly through all its earlier stages, and at last came up before the Senate. It seemed sure to pass within ten minutes, when I moved that the whole matter be referred to the approaching Constitutional Convention, which was to begin its ses-

sions immediately after the adjournment of the legislature, and Judge Folger having spoken against this motion, I spoke in its favor and did what I have never done before in my life and probably shall never do again—spoke against time. There was no "previous question" in the Senate, no limitation as to the period during which a member could discuss any measure, and, as the youngest member in the body, I was in the full flush of youthful strength. I therefore announced my intention to present some three hundred arguments in favor of referring the whole matter to the State Constitutional Convention, those arguments being based upon the especial fitness of its three hundred members to decide the question, as shown by the personal character and life history of each and every one of them. I then went on with this series of biographies, beginning with that of Judge Folger himself, and paying him most heartily and cordially every tribute possible, including some of a humorous nature. Having given about half an hour to the judge, I then took up sundry other members and kept on through the entire morning. I had the floor and no one could dispossess me. The lieutenant-governor, in the chair, General Stewart Woodford, was perfectly just and fair, and although Judge Folger and Mr. Murphy used all their legal acuteness in devising some means of evading the rules, they were in every case declared by the lieutenant-governor to be out of order, and the floor was in every case reassigned to me. Meantime, the whole Senate, though anxious to adjourn, entered into the spirit of the matter, various members passing me up biographical notes on the members of the convention, some of them very comical, and presently the hall was crowded with members of the assembly as well as senators, all cheering me on. The reason for this was very simple. There had come to be a general understanding of the case, namely, that Judge Folger, by virtue of his great power and influence, was trying in the last hours of the session to force through a bill for the benefit of his district, and that I was simply

doing my best to prevent an injustice. The result was that I went on hour after hour with my series of biographies, until at last Judge Folger himself sent me word that if I would desist and allow the legislature to adjourn he would make no further effort to carry the bill at that session. To this I instantly agreed; the bill was dropped for that session and for all sessions: so far as I can learn it has never reappeared.

Shortly after our final adjournment the Constitutional Convention came together. It was one of the best bodies of the kind ever assembled in any State, as a list of its members abundantly shows. There was much work for it, and most important of all was the reorganization of the highest judicial body in the State—the Court of Appeals—which had become hopelessly inadequate.

The two principal members of the convention from the city of New York were Horace Greeley, editor of the "Tribune," and William M. Evarts, afterward Attorney-General, United States senator, and Secretary of State of the United States. Mr. Greeley was at first all-powerful. As has already been seen, he had been able to prevent Judge Folger taking the presidency of the convention, and for a few days he had everything his own way. But he soon proved so erratic a leader that his influence was completely lost, and after a few sessions there was hardly any member with less real power to influence the judgments of his colleagues.

This was not for want of real ability in his speeches, for at various times I heard him make, for and against measures, arguments admirably pungent, forcible, and far-reaching, but there seemed to be a universal feeling that he was an unsafe guide.

Soon came a feature in his course which made matters worse. The members of the convention, many of them, were men in large business and very anxious to have a day or two each week for their own affairs. Moreover, during the first weeks of the session, while the main matters coming before the convention were still in the hands

of committees, there was really not enough business ready for the convention to occupy it through all the days of the week, and consequently it adopted the plan, for the first weeks at least, of adjourning from Friday night till Tuesday morning. This vexed Mr. Greeley sorely. He insisted that the convention ought to keep at its business and finish it without any such weekly adjournments, and, as his arguments to this effect did not prevail in the convention, he began making them through the "Tribune" before the people of the State. Soon his arguments became acrid, and began undermining the convention at every point.

As to Mr. Greeley's feeling regarding the weekly adjournment, one curious thing was reported: There was a member from New York of a literary turn for whom the great editor had done much in bringing his verses and other productions before the public—a certain Mr. Duganne; but it happened that, on one of the weekly motions to adjourn, Mr. Duganne had voted in the affirmative, and, as a result, Mr. Greeley, meeting him just afterward, upbraided him in a manner which filled the rural bystanders with consternation. It was well known to those best acquainted with the editor of the "Tribune" that, when excited, he at times indulged in the most ingenious and picturesque expletives, and some of Mr. Chauncey Depew's best stories of that period pointed to this fact. On this occasion Mr. Greeley really outdid himself, and the result was that the country members, who up to that time had regarded him with awe as the representative of the highest possible morality in public and private life, were greatly dismayed, and in various parts of the room they were heard expressing their amazement, and saying to each other in awe-stricken tones: "Why! Greeley swears!"

Ere long Mr. Greeley was taking, almost daily in the "Tribune," steady ground against the doings of his colleagues. Lesser newspapers followed with no end of cheap and easy denunciation, and the result was that the

convention became thoroughly, though unjustly, discredited throughout the State, and indeed throughout the country. A curious proof of this met me. Being at Cambridge, Massachusetts, I passed an evening with Governor Washburn, one of the most thoughtful and valuable public men of that period. In the course of our conversation he said: "Mr. White, it is really sad to hear of the doings at your Albany convention. I can remember your constitutional convention of 1846, and when I compare this convention with that, it grieves me." My answer was: "Governor Washburn, you are utterly mistaken: there has never been a constitutional convention in the State of New York, not even that you name, which has contained so many men of the highest ability and character as the one now in session, and none which has really done better work. I am not a member of the body and can say this in its behalf." At this he expressed his amazement, and pointed to the "Tribune" in confirmation of his own position. I then stated the case to him, and, I think, alleviated his distress.

But as the sessions of the convention drew to a close and the value of its work began to be clearly understood, Greeley's nobler qualities, his real truthfulness and public spirit began to assert themselves, and more than once he showed practical shrewdness and insight. Going into convention one morning, I found the question under discussion to be the election of the secretary of state, attorney-general, and others of the governor's cabinet, whose appointment under the older constitutions was wisely left to the governor, but who, for twenty years, had been elected by the people. There was a wide-spread feeling that the old system was wiser, and that the new had by no means justified itself; in fact, that by fastening on the governor the responsibility for his cabinet, the State is likely to secure better men than when their choice is left to the hurly-burly of intrigue and prejudice in a nominating convention.

The main argument made by those who opposed such a

return to the old, better order of things was that the people would not like it and would be inclined to vote down the new constitution on account of it.

In reply to this, Mr. Greeley arose and made a most admirable short speech ending with these words, given in his rapid falsetto, with a sort of snap that made the whole seem like one word: "When-the-people-take-up-their-ballots-they-want-to-see-who-is-to-be-governor: that's-all-they-care-about: they-don't-want-to-read-a-whole-chapter-of-the-Bible-on-their-ballots."

Unfortunately, the majority dared not risk the popular ratification of the new constitution, and so this amendment was lost.

No doubt Mr. Greeley was mainly responsible for this condition of things; his impatience with the convention, as shown by his articles in the "Tribune," had been caught by the people of the State.

The long discussions were very irksome to him, and one day I mildly expostulated with him on account of some of his utterances against the much speaking of his colleagues, and said: "After all, Mr. Greeley, is n't it a pretty good thing to have a lot of the best men in the State come together every twenty years and thoroughly discuss the whole constitution, to see what improvements can be made; and is not the familiarity with the constitution and interest in it thus aroused among the people at large worth all the fatigue arising from long speeches?" "Well, perhaps so," he said, but he immediately began to grumble and finally to storm in a comical way against some of his colleagues who, it must be confessed, were tiresome. Still he became interested more and more in the work, and as the new constitution emerged from the committees and public debates, he evidently saw that it was a great gain to the State, and now did his best through the "Tribune" to undo what he had been doing. He wrote editorials praising the work of the convention and urging that it be adopted. But all in vain: the unfavorable impression had been too widely and deeply made, and the result was that

the new constitution, when submitted to the people, was ignominiously voted down, and the whole summer's work of the convention went for nothing. Later, however, a portion of it was rescued and put into force through the agency of a "Constitutional Commission," a small body of first-rate men who sat at Albany, and whose main conclusions were finally adopted in the shape of amendments to the old constitution. There was, none the less, a wretched loss to the State.

During the summer of 1867 I was completely immersed in the duties of my new position at Cornell University; going through various institutions in New England and the Western States to note the workings of their technical departments; visiting Ithaca to consult with Mr. Cornell and to look over plans for buildings, and credentials for professorships, or, shut up in my own study at Syracuse, or in the cabins of Cayuga Lake steamers, drawing up schemes of university organization, so that my political life soon seemed ages behind me.

While on a visit to Harvard, I was invited by Agassiz to pass a day with him at Nahant in order to discuss methods and men. He entered into the matter very earnestly, agreed to give us an extended course of lectures, which he afterward did, and aided us in many ways. One remark of his surprised me. I had asked him to name men, and he had taken much pains to do so, when suddenly he turned to me abruptly and said: "Who is to be your professor of moral philosophy? That is by far the most important matter in your whole organization." It seemed strange that one who had been honored by the whole world as probably the foremost man in natural science then living, and who had been denounced by many exceedingly orthodox people as an enemy of religion, should take this view of the new faculty, but it showed how deeply and sincerely religious he was. I soon reassured him on the point he had raised, and then went on with the discussion of scientific men, methods, and equipments.

I was also asked by the poet Longfellow to pass a day with him at his beautiful Nahant cottage in order to discuss certain candidates and methods in literature. Nothing could be more delightful than his talk as we sat together on the veranda looking out over the sea, with the gilded dome of the State House, which he pointed out to me as "The Hub," in the dim distance. One question of his amused me much. We were discussing certain recent events in which Mr. Horace Greeley had played an important part, and after alluding to Mr. Greeley's course during the War, he turned his eyes fully but mildly upon me and said slowly and solemnly: "Mr. White, don't you think Mr. Greeley a very useless sort of man?" The question struck me at first as exceedingly comical; for, I thought, "Imagine Mr. Greeley, who thinks himself, and with reason, a useful man if there ever was one, and whose whole life has been devoted to what he has thought of the highest and most direct use to his fellow-men, hearing this question put in a dreamy way by a poet,—a writer of verse,—probably the last man in America whom Mr. Greeley would consider 'useful.' " But my old admiration for the great editor came back in a strong tide, and if I was ever eloquent it was in showing Mr. Longfellow how great, how real, how sincere, and in the highest degree how useful Mr. Greeley had been.

Another man of note whom I met in those days was Judge Rockwood Hoar, afterward named by General Grant Attorney-General of the United States, noted as a profound lawyer of pungent wit and charming humor, the delight of his friends and the terror of his enemies. I saw him first at Harvard during a competition for the Boylston prize at which we were fellow-judges. All the speaking was good, some of it admirable; but the especially remarkable pieces were two. First of these was a recital of Washington Irving's "Broken Heart," by an undergraduate from the British provinces, Robert Alder McLeod. Nothing could be more simple and perfect in its way; nothing more free from any effort at orating; all

was in the most quiet and natural manner possible. The second piece was a rendering of Poe's "Bells," and was a most amazing declamation, the different sorts of bells being indicated by changes of voice ranging from basso profondo to the highest falsetto, and the feelings aroused in the orator being indicated by modulations which must have cost him months of practice.

The contest being ended, and the committee having retired to make their award, various members expressed an opinion in favor of Mr. McLeod's quiet recital, when Judge Hoar, who had seemed up to that moment immersed in thought, seemed suddenly to awake, and said: "If I had a son who spoke that bell piece in that style I believe I 'd choke him." The vote was unanimously in favor of Mr. McLeod, and then came out a curious fact. Having noticed that he bore an empty sleeve, I learned from Professor Peabody that he had lost his arm while fighting on the Confederate side in our Civil War, and that he was a man of remarkably fine scholarship and noble character. He afterward became an instructor at Harvard, but died early.

During the following autumn, in spite of my absorption in university interests, I was elected a delegate to the State Convention, and in October made a few political speeches, the most important being at Clinton, the site of Hamilton College. This was done at the special request of Senator Conkling, and on my way I passed a day with him at Utica, taking a long drive through the adjacent country. Never was he more charming. The bitter and sarcastic mood seemed to have dropped off him; the overbearing manner had left no traces; he was full of delightful reminiscences and it was a day to be remembered.

I also spoke at various other places and, last of all, at Clifton Springs, but received there a rebuff which was not without its uses.

I had thought my speeches successful; but at the latter place, taking the cars next morning, I heard a dialogue between two railway employees, as follows:

"Bill, did you go to the meetin' last night?" "Yes." "How was it?" "It wa'n't no meetin', leastwise no *p'liti-cal* meetin'; there wa'n't nothin' in it fur the boys; it was only one of them scientific college purfessors lecturin'." And so I sped homeward, pondering on many things, but strengthened, by this homely criticism, in my determination to give my efforts henceforth to the new university.

CHAPTER IX

GENERAL GRANT AND SANTO DOMINGO—1868-1871

DURING the two or three years following my senatorial term, work in the founding and building of Cornell University was so engrossing that there was little time for any effort which could be called political. In the early spring of 1868 I went to Europe to examine institutions for scientific and technological instruction, and to secure professors and equipment, and during about six months I visited a great number of such schools, especially those in agriculture, mechanical, civil, and mining engineering and the like in England, France, Germany, and Italy; bought largely of books and apparatus, discussed the problems at issue with Europeans who seemed likely to know most about them, secured sundry professors, and returned in September just in time to take part in the opening of Cornell University and be inaugurated as its first president. Of all this I shall speak more in detail hereafter.

There was no especial temptation to activity in the political campaign of that year; for the election of General Grant was sure, and my main memory of the period is a visit to Auburn to hear Mr. Seward.

It had been his wont for many years, when he came home to cast his vote, to meet his neighbors on the eve of the election and give his views of the situation and of its resultant duties. These occasions had come to be anticipated with the deepest interest by the whole region round about, and what had begun as a little gathering of neigh-

bors had now become such an assembly that the largest hall in the place was crowded with voters of all parties.

But this year came a disappointment. Although the contest was between General Grant,—who on various decisive battle-fields had done everything to save the administration of which Mr. Seward had been a leading member, —and on the other side, Governor Horatio Seymour, who had done all in his power to wreck it, Mr. Seward devoted his speech to optimistic generalities, hardly alluding to the candidates, and leaving the general impression that one side was just as worthy of support as the other.

The speech was an unfortunate ending of Mr. Seward's career. It was not surprising that some of his old admirers bitterly resented it, and a remark by Mr. Cornell some time afterward indicated much. We were arranging together a program for the approaching annual commencement when I suggested for the main address Mr. Seward. Mr. Cornell had been one of Mr. Seward's lifelong supporters, but he received this proposal coldly, pondered it for a few moments silently, and then said dryly, "Perhaps you are right, but if you call him you will show to our students the deadest man that ain't buried in the State of New York." So, to my regret, was lost the last chance to bring the old statesman to Cornell. I have always regretted this loss; his presence would have given a true consecration to the new institution. A career like his should not be judged by its little defects and lapses, and this I felt even more deeply on receiving, some time after his death, the fifth volume of his published works, which was largely made up of his despatches and other papers written during the war. When they were first published in the newspapers, I often thought them long and was impatient at their optimism, but now, when I read them all together, saw in them the efforts made by the heroic old man to keep the hands of European powers off us while we were restoring the Union, and noted the desperation with which he fought, the encouragement which he infused into our diplomatic representatives

abroad, and his struggle, almost against fate, in the time of our reverses, I was fascinated. The book had arrived early in the evening, and next morning found me still seated in my library chair completely absorbed in it.

In the spring of the year 1870, while as usual in the thick of university work, I was again drawn for a moment into the current of New York politics. The long wished for amendment of the State constitution, putting our highest tribunal, the Court of Appeals, on a better footing than it had ever been before, making it more adequate, the term longer, and the salaries higher, had been passed, and judges were to be chosen at the next election. Each of the two great parties was entitled to an equal number of judges, and I was requested to go to the approaching nominating convention at Rochester in order to present the name of my old friend and neighbor, Charles Andrews.

It was a most honorable duty, no man could have desired a better candidate, and I gladly accepted the mandate. Although it was one of the most staid and dignified bodies of the sort which has ever met in the State, it had as a preface a pleasant farce.

As usual, the seething cauldron of New York City politics had thrown to the surface some troublesome delegates, and among them was one long famed as a "Tammany Republican."

Our first business was the choice of a president for the convention, and, as it had been decided by the State committee to present for that office the name of one of the most respected judges in the State, the Honorable Platt Potter, of Schenectady, it was naturally expected that some member of the regular organization would present his name in a dignified speech. But hardly had the chairman of the State committee called the convention to order when the aforesaid Tammany Republican, having heard that Judge Potter was to be elected, thought evidently that he could gain recognition and applause by being the first to present his name. He therefore rushed for-

ward, and almost before the chairman had declared the convention opened, cried out: "Mr. Chairman, I move you, sir, that the Honorable 'Pot Platter' be made president of this convention." A scream of laughter went up from all parts of the house, and in an instant a gentleman rose and moved to amend by making the name "Platt Potter." This was carried, and the proposer of the original motion retired crestfallen to his seat.

I had the honor of presenting Mr. Andrews's name. He was nominated and elected triumphantly, and so began the career of one of the best judges that New York has ever had on its highest court, who has also for many years occupied, with the respect and esteem of the State, the position of chief justice.

The convention then went on to nominate other judges, —nomination being equivalent to election,—but when the last name was reached there came a close contest. An old friend informed me that Judge Folger, my former colleague in the Senate and since that assistant treasurer of the United States in the city of New York, was exceedingly anxious to escape from this latter position, and desired greatly the nomination to a judgeship on the Court of Appeals.

I decided at once to do what was possible to secure Judge Folger's nomination, though our personal relations were very unsatisfactory. Owing to our two conflicts at the close of our senatorial term above referred to, and to another case where I thought he had treated me unjustly, we had never exchanged a word since I had left the State Senate; and though we met each other from time to time on the board of Cornell University trustees, we passed each other in silence. Our old friendship, which had been very dear to me, seemed forever broken, but I felt deeply that the fault was not mine. At the same time I recognized the fact that Judge Folger was not especially adapted to the position of assistant treasurer of the United States, and was admirably fitted for the position of judge in the Court of Appeals. I therefore did everything pos-

sible to induce one or two of the delegations with which I had some influence to vote for him, dwelling especially upon his former judgeship, his long acquaintance with the legislation of the State, and his high character, and at last he was elected by a slight majority.

The convention having adjourned, I was on my way to the train when I was met by Judge Folger, who had just arrived. He put out his hand and greeted me most heartily, showing very deep feeling as he expressed his regret over our estrangement. Of course I was glad that bygones were to be bygones, and that our old relations were restored. He became a most excellent judge, and finally chief justice of the State, which position he left to become Secretary of the Treasury.

To the political cataclysm which ended his public activity and doubtless hastened his death, I refer elsewhere. As long as he lived our friendly relations continued, and this has been to me ever since a great satisfaction.

In this same year, 1870, occurred my first extended conversation with General Grant. At my earlier meeting with him when he was with President Johnson in Albany, I had merely been stiffly presented to him, and we had exchanged a few commonplaces; but I was now invited to his cottage at Long Branch and enjoyed a long and pleasant talk with him. Its main subject was the Franco-German War then going on, and his sympathies were evidently with Germany. His comments on the war were prophetic. There was nothing dogmatic in them; nothing could be more simple and modest than his manner and utterance, but there was a clearness and quiet force in them which impressed me greatly. He was the first great general I had ever seen, and I was strongly reminded of his mingled diffidence and mastery when, some years afterward, I talked with Moltke in Berlin.

Another experience of that summer dwells in my memory. I was staying, during the first week of September, with my dear old friend, Dr. Henry M. Field, at Stockbridge, in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts, and

had the good fortune, at the house of his brother, the eminent jurist, David Dudley Field, to pass a rainy evening in company with Mr. Burton Harrison, who, after a distinguished career at Yale, had been the private secretary of Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy. On that evening a storm had kept away all but a few of us, and Mr. Harrison yielded to our entreaties to give us an account of Mr. Davis's flight at the surrender of Richmond, from the time when he quietly left his pew in St. Paul's Church to that of his arrest by United States soldiers. The story was most vivid, and Mr. Harrison, as an eye witness, told it simply and admirably. There had already grown out of this flight of Mr. Davis a most luxuriant tangle of myth and legend, and it had come to be generally believed that the Confederate president had at last endeavored to shield himself behind the women of his household; that when arrested he was trying to escape in the attire of his wife, including a hooped skirt and a bonnet, and that he was betrayed by an incautious display of his military boots beneath his wife's flounces. The simple fact was that, having separated from his family party, and seeking escape to the coast or mountains, he was again and again led by his affection for his family to return to them, his fears for them overcoming all care for himself; and that, as he was suffering from neuralgia, he wore over his clothing, to guard him from the incessant rain, Mrs. Davis' waterproof cloak. Out of this grew the legend which found expression in jubilant newspaper articles, songs, and caricatures.

This reminds me that some years later, my old college friend, Colonel William Preston Johnston, president of Tulane University, told me a story which throws light upon that collapse of the Confederacy. Colonel Johnston was at that period the military secretary of President Davis, and, as the catastrophe approached, was much vexed at the interminable debates in the Confederate Congress. Among the subjects of these discussions was the great seal of the Confederacy. It had been decided to

adopt for this purpose a relief representing Crawford's statue of Washington at Richmond, with the Southern statesmen and soldiers surrounding it; but though all agreed that Washington, in his Continental costume, and holding in his hand his cocked hat, should retain the central position, there were many differences of opinion as to the surrounding portraits, the result being that motions were made to strike out this or that revolutionary hero from one State and to replace him by another from another State, thus giving rise to lengthy eulogies of these various personages, so that the whole thing resembled the discussions in metaphysical theology by the Byzantines at the time when the Turks were forcing their way through the walls of Constantinople. One day, just before the final catastrophe, Mr. Judah Benjamin, formerly United States senator, but at that time the Confederate secretary of state, passed through Colonel Johnston's office, and the following dialogue took place.

Colonel Johnston: "What are they doing in the Senate and House, Mr. Secretary?"

Mr. Benjamin: "Oh, simply debating the Confederate seal, moving to strike out this man and to insert that."

Colonel Johnston: "Do you know what motion I would make if I were a member?"

Mr. Benjamin: "No, what would you move?"

Colonel Johnston: "I would move to strike out from the seal everything except the cocked hat."

Colonel Johnston was right; the Confederacy was "knocked into a cocked hat" a few days afterward.

In the autumn of that year, September, 1870, I was sent as a delegate to the State Republican Convention, and presented as a candidate for the lieutenant-governorship a man who had served the State admirably in the National Congress and in the State legislature as well as in great business operations, Mr. DeWitt Littlejohn of Oswego. I did this on the part of sundry gentlemen who were anxious to save the Republican ticket, which had at its head my old friend General Woodford, but though I was successful

CHAPTER X

THE GREELEY CAMPAIGN—1872

HAVING finished my duties on the Santo Domingo Commission, I returned to the University in May of 1871, devoted myself again to my duties as president and professor, and, in the mass of arrears which had accumulated, found ample occupation. I also delivered various addresses at universities, colleges, and elsewhere, keeping as remote from politics as possible.

In June, visiting New York in order to take part in a dinner given by various journalists and others to my classmate and old friend, George Washburne Smalley, at that time the London correspondent of the "New York Tribune," I met, for the first time, Colonel John Hay, who was in the full tide of his brilliant literary career and who is, as I write this, Secretary of State of the United States. His clear, thoughtful talk strongly impressed me, but the most curious circumstance connected with the affair was that several of us on the way to Delmonico's stopped for a time to observe the public reception given to Mr. Horace Greeley on his return from a tour through the Southern States. Mr. Greeley, undoubtedly from the purest personal and patriotic motives, had, with other men of high standing, including Gerrit Smith, attached his name to the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, which released the ex-president of the Confederacy from prison, and, in fact, freed him entirely from anything like punishment for treason. I have always admired Mr. Greeley's honesty and courage in doing this. Doubtless, too, an

equally patriotic and honest desire to aid in bringing North and South together after the war led him to take an extensive tour through sundry Southern States. He had just returned from this tour and this reception was given him in consequence.

It had already been noised abroad that there was a movement on foot to make him a candidate for the Presidency, and many who knew the characteristics of the man, even those who, like myself, had been greatly influenced by him and regarded him as by far the foremost editorial writer that our country had ever produced, looked upon this idea with incredulity. For of all patriotic men in the entire country who had touched public affairs Horace Greeley seemed the most eminently unfit for executive duties. He was notoriously, in business matters, the easy prey of many who happened to get access to him;—the "long-haired men and short-haired women" of the country seemed at times to have him entirely under their sway; his hard-earned money, greatly needed by himself and his family, was lavished upon ne'er-do-weels and cast into all sorts of impracticable schemes. He made loans to the discarded son of the richest man whom the United States had at that time produced, and in every way showed himself an utterly incompetent judge of men. It was a curious fact that lofty as were his purposes, and noble as were his main characteristics, the best men of the State—men like Seward, Weed, Judge Folger, Senator Andrews, General Leavenworth, Elbridge Spaulding, and other really thoughtful, solid, substantial advisers of the Republican party—were disliked by him, and yet no other reason could be assigned than this:—that while they all admired him as a writer, they could not be induced to pretend that they considered him fit for high executive office, either in the State or Nation. On the other hand, so far as politics were concerned, his affections seemed to be lavished on politicians who flattered and coddled him. Of this the rise of Governor Fenton was a striking example. Doubtless there were exceptions to this rule, but

it was the rule nevertheless. This was clearly and indeed comically shown at the reception given him in Union Square on the evening referred to. Mr. Greeley appeared at a front window of a house on the Broadway side and came out upon a temporary platform. His appearance is deeply stamped upon my memory. He was in a rather slouchy evening dress, his white hair thrown back off his splendid forehead, and his broad, smooth, kindly features as serene as the face of a big, well-washed baby.

There was in his appearance something at the same time naïve and impressive, and the simplicity of it was increased by a bouquet, huge and gorgeous, which some admirer had attached to his coat, and which forced upon the mind of a reflective observer the idea of a victim adorned for sacrifice.

He gave scant attention to his audience in the way of ceremonial greeting, and plunged at once into his subject; —beginning in a high, piping, falsetto voice which, for a few moments, was almost painful. But the value of his matter soon overcame the defects of his manner; the speech was in his best vein; it struck me as the best, on the whole, I had ever heard him make, and that is saying much. Holding in his hands a little package of cards on which notes were jotted down, he occasionally cast his eyes upon them, but he evidently trusted to the inspiration of the hour for his phrasing, and his trust was not misplaced. I never heard a more simple, strong, lucid use of the English language than was his on that occasion. The speech was a very noble plea for the restoration of good feeling between North and South, with an effort to show that the distrust felt by the South toward the North was natural. In the course of it he said in substance:

. "Fellow Citizens: The people of the South have much reason to distrust us. We have sent among them during the war and since the war, to govern them, to hold office among them, and to eat out their substance, a number of worthless adventurers whom they call "carpet-baggers."

These emissaries of ours pretend to be patriotic and pious; they pull long faces and say 'Let us pray'; but they spell it p-r-*e*-y. The people of the South hate them, and they ought to hate them."

At this we in the audience looked at each other in amazement; for, standing close beside Mr. Greeley, at that very moment, most obsequiously, was perhaps the worst "carpet-bagger" ever sent into the South; a man who had literally been sloughed off by both parties;—who, having been become an unbearable nuisance in New York politics, had been "unloaded" by Mr. Lincoln, in an ill-inspired moment, upon the hapless South, and who was now trying to find new pasture.

But this was not the most comical thing; for Mr. Greeley in substance continued as follows:

"Fellow Citizens: You know how it is yourselves. There are men who go to your own State Capitol, nominally as legislators or advisers, but really to plunder and steal. These men in the Northern States correspond to the 'carpet-baggers' in the Southern States, and you hate them and you ought to hate them." Thus speaking, Mr. Greeley poured out the vials of his wrath against all this class of people; blissfully unconscious of the fact that on the other side of him stood the most notorious and corrupt lobbyist who had been known in Albany for years;—a man who had been chased out of that city by the sheriff for attempted bribery, had been obliged to remain for a considerable time in hiding to avoid criminal charges of exerting corrupt influence on legislation, and whom both political parties naturally disowned. Comical as all this was, it was pathetic to see a man like Greeley in such a cave of Adullam.

During this summer of 1871 occurred the death of one of my dearest friends, a man who had exercised a most happy influence over my opinions and who had contributed much to the progress of anti-slavery ideas in New England and New York. This was the Rev. Samuel Joseph May, pastor of the Unitarian Church in

Syracuse, a friend and associate of Emerson, Garrison, Phillips, Gerrit Smith, and one of the noblest, truest, and most beautiful characters I have ever known.

Having seen the end of slavery, and being about eighty years of age, he felt deeply that his work was done, and thenceforward declared that he was happy in the idea that his life on this planet was soon to end. I have never seen, save in the case of the Hicksite Quaker at Ann Arbor, referred to elsewhere, such a living faith in the reality of another world. Again and again Mr. May said to me in the most cheerful way imaginable, "I am as much convinced of the existence of a future state as of these scenes about me, and, to tell you the truth, now that my work here is ended, I am becoming very curious to know what the next stage of existence is like." On the afternoon of the 1st of July I paid him a visit, found him much wearied by a troublesome chronic complaint, but contented, cheerful, peaceful as ever.

Above him as he lay in his bed was a portrait which I had formerly seen in his parlor. Thereby hung a curious tale. Years before, at the very beginning of Mr. May's career, he had been a teacher in the town of Canterbury, Connecticut, when Miss Prudence Crandall was persecuted, arrested, and imprisoned for teaching colored children. Mr. May had taken up her case earnestly, and, with the aid of Mr. Lafayette Foster, afterward president of the United States Senate, had fought it out until the enemies of Miss Crandall were beaten. As a memorial of this activity of his, Mr. May received this large, well painted portrait of Miss Crandall, and it was one of his most valued possessions.

On the afternoon referred to, after talking about various other matters most cheerfully, and after I had told him that we could not spare him yet, that we needed him at least ten years longer, he laughingly said, "Can't you compromise on one year?" "No," I said, "nothing less than ten years." Thereupon he laughed pleasantly, called his daughter, Mrs. Wilkinson, and said, "Remember;

when I am gone this portrait of Prudence Crandall is to go to Andrew White for Cornell University, where my anti-slavery books already are." As I left him, both of us were in the most cheerful mood, he appearing better than during some weeks previous. Next morning I learned that he had died during the night. The portrait of Miss Crandall now hangs in the Cornell University Library.

My summer was given up partly to recreation mingled with duties of various sorts, including an address in honor of President Woolsey at the Alumni dinner at Yale and another at the laying of the corner stone of Syracuse University.

Noteworthy at this period was a dinner with Longfellow at Cambridge, and I recall vividly his showing me various places in the Craigie house connected with interesting passages in the life of Washington when he occupied it.

Early in the autumn, while thus engrossed in everything but political matters, I received a letter from my friend Mr. A. B. Cornell, a most energetic and efficient man in State and national politics, a devoted supporter of General Grant and Senator Conkling, and afterward governor of the State of New York, asking me if I would go to the approaching State convention and accept its presidency. I wrote him in return expressing my reluctance, dwelling upon the duties pressing upon me in connection with the university, and asking to be excused. In return came a very earnest letter insisting on the importance of the convention in keeping the Republican party together, and in preventing its being split into factions before the approaching presidential election. I had, on all occasions, and especially at various social gatherings at which political leaders were present, in New York and elsewhere, urged the importance of throwing aside all factious spirit and harmonizing the party in view of the coming election, and to this Mr. Cornell referred very earnestly. As a consequence I wrote him that if the dele-

gates from New York opposed to General Grant could be admitted to the convention on equal terms with those who favored him, and if he, Mr. Cornell, and the other managers of the Grant wing of the party would agree that the anti-Grant forces should receive full and fair representation on the various committees, I would accept the presidency of the convention in the interest of peace between the factions, and would do my best to harmonize the differing interests in the party, but that otherwise I would not consent to be a member of the convention. In his answer Mr. Cornell fully agreed to this, and I have every reason to believe, indeed to know, that his agreement was kept. The day of the convention having arrived (September 27, 1871), Mr. Cornell, as chairman of the Republican State committee, called the assemblage to order, and after a somewhat angry clash with the opponents of the administration, nominated me to the chairmanship of the convention.

By a freak of political fortune I was separated in this contest from my old friend Chauncey M. Depew; but though on different sides of the question at issue, we sat together chatting pleasantly as the vote went on, neither of us, I think, very anxious regarding it, and when the election was decided in my favor he was one of those who, under instructions from the temporary chairman, very courteously conducted me to the chair. It was an immense assemblage, and from the first it was evident that there were very turbulent elements in it. Hardly, indeed, had I taken my seat, when the chief of the Syracuse police informed me that there were gathered near the platform a large body of Tammany roughs who had come from New York expressly to interfere with the convention, just as a few years before they had interfered in the same place with the convention of their own party, seriously wounding its regular chairman; but that I need have no alarm at any demonstration they might make; that the police were fully warned and able to meet the adversary.

In my opening speech I made an earnest plea for peace

among the various factions of the party, and especially between those who favored and those who opposed the administration; this plea was received with kindness, and shortly afterward came the appointment of committees. Of course, like every other president of such a body, I had to rely on the standing State committee. Hardly one man in a thousand coming to the presidency of a State convention knows enough of the individual leaders of politics in all the various localities to distinguish between their shades of opinion. It was certainly impossible for me to know all those who, in the various counties of the State, favored General Grant and those who disliked him. Like every other president of a convention, probably without an exception, from the beginning to the present hour, I received the list of the convention committees from the State committee which represented the party, and I received this list, not only with implied, but express assurances that the agreement under which I had taken the chairmanship had been complied with;—namely, that the list represented fairly the two wings of the party in convention, and that both the Grant and the anti-Grant delegations from New York city were to be admitted on equal terms.

I had no reason then, and have no reason now, to believe that the State committee abused my confidence. I feel sure now, as I felt sure then, that the committee named by me fairly represented the two wings of the party; but after their appointment it was perfectly evident that this did not propitiate the anti-administration wing. They were deeply angered against the administration by the fact that General Grant had taken as his adviser in regard to New York patronage and politics Senator Conkling rather than Senator Fenton. Doubtless Senator Conkling's manner in dealing with those opposed to him had made many enemies who, by milder methods, might have been brought to the support of the administration. At any rate, it was soon clear that the anti-administration forces, recognizing their inferiority in point of numbers, were determined to

secede. This, indeed, was soon formally announced by one of their leaders; but as they still continued after this declaration to take part in the discussions, the point of order was raised that, having formally declared their intention of leaving the convention, they were no longer entitled to take part in its deliberations. This point I ruled out, declaring that I could not consider the anti-administration wing as outside the convention until they had left it. The debates grew more and more bitter, Mr. Conkling making, late at night, a powerful speech which rallied the forces of the administration and brought them victory. The anti-administration delegates now left the convention, but before they did so one of them rose and eloquently tendered to me as president the thanks of his associates for my impartiality, saying that it contrasted most honorably with the treatment they had received from certain other members of the convention. But shortly after leaving they held a meeting in another place, and, having evidently made up their minds that they must declare war against everybody who remained in the convention, they denounced us all alike, and the same gentleman who had made the speech thanking me for my fairness, and who was very eminent among those who were known as "Tammany Republicans," now made a most violent harangue in which he declared that a man who conducted himself as I had done, and who remained in such an infamous convention, or had anything to do with it, was "utterly unfit to be an instructor of youth."

Similar attacks continued to appear in the anti-administration papers for a considerable time afterward, and at first they were rather trying to me. I felt that nothing could be more unjust, for I had strained to the last degree my influence with my associates who supported General Grant in securing concessions to those who differed from us. Had these attacks been made by organs of the opposite political party, I would not have minded them; but being made in sundry journals which had represented the Republican party and were constantly read by my old

friends, neighbors, and students, they naturally, for a time, disquieted me. One of the charges then made has often amused me as I have looked back upon it since, and is worth referring to as an example of the looseness of statement common among the best of American political journals during exciting political contests. This charge was that I had "sought to bribe people to support the administration by offering them consulates." This was echoed in various parts of the State.

The facts were as follows: An individual who had made some money as a sutler in connection with the army had obtained control of a local paper at Syracuse, and, through the influence thus gained, an election to the lower house of the State legislature. During the winter which he passed at Albany he was one of three or four Republicans who voted with the Democrats in behalf of the measures proposed by Tweed, the municipal arch-robber afterward convicted and punished for his crimes against the city of New York. Just at this particular time Tweed was at the height of his power, and at a previous session of the legislature he had carried his measures through the Assembly by the votes of three or four Republicans who were needed in addition to the Democratic votes in order to give him the required majority. Many leading Republican journals had published the names of these three or four men with black lines around them, charging them, apparently justly, with having sold themselves to Tweed for money, and among them the person above referred to. Though he controlled a newspaper in Syracuse, he had been unable to secure renomination to the legislature, and, shortly afterward, in order to secure rehabilitation as well as pelf, sought an appointment to the Syracuse postmastership. Senator Conkling, mindful of the man's record, having opposed the appointment, and the President having declined to make it, the local paper under control of this person turned most bitterly against the administration, and day after day poured forth diatribes against the policy and the persons of all connected with

the actual government at Washington, and especially against President Grant and Senator Conkling.

The editor of the paper at that time was a very gifted young writer, an old schoolmate and friend of mine, who, acting under instructions from the managers of the paper, took a very bitter line against the administration and its supporters.

About the time of the meeting of the convention this old friend came to me, expressed his regret at the line he was obliged to take, said that both he and his wife were sick of the whole thing and anxious to get out of it, and added: "The only way out, that I can see, is some appointment that will at once relieve me of all these duties, and in fact take me out of the country. Cannot you aid me by application to the senator or the President in obtaining a consulate?" I answered him laughingly, "My dear ——, I will gladly do all I can for you, not only for friendship's sake, but because I think you admirably fitted for the place you name; but don't you think that, for a few days at least, while you are applying for such a position, you might as well stop your outrageous attacks against the very men from whom you hope to receive the appointment?"

Having said this, half in jest and half in earnest, I thought no more on the subject, save as to the best way of aiding my friend to secure the relief he desired.

So rose the charge that I was "bribing persons to support the administration by offering them consulates."

But strong friends rallied to my support. Mr. George William Curtis in "Harper's Weekly," Mr. Godkin in "The Nation," Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and others in various other journals took up the cudgels in my behalf, and I soon discovered that the attacks rather helped than hurt me. They did much, indeed, to disgust me for a time with political life; but I soon found that my friends, my students, and the country at large understood the charges, and that they seemed to think more rather than less of me on account of them. In those days the air was full of that

sort of onslaught upon every one supposed to be friendly to General Grant, and the effect in one case was revealed to me rather curiously. Matthew Carpenter, of Wisconsin, was then one of the most brilliant members of the United States Senate, a public servant of whom his State was proud; but he had cordially supported the administration and was consequently made the mark for bitter attack, day after day and week after week, by the opposing journals, and these attacks finally culminated in an attempt to base a very ugly scandal against him upon what was known among his friends to be a simple courtesy publicly rendered to a very worthy lady. The attacks and the scandal resounded throughout the anti-administration papers, their evident purpose being to defeat his reëlection to the United States Senate.

But just before the time for the senatorial election in Wisconsin, meeting a very bright and active-minded student of my senior class who came from that State, I asked him, "What is the feeling among your people regarding the reëlection of Senator Carpenter?" My student immediately burst into a torrent of wrath and answered: "The people of Wisconsin will send Mr. Carpenter back to the Senate by an enormous majority. We will see if a gang of newspaper blackguards can slander one of our senators out of public life." The result was as my young friend had foretold: Mr. Carpenter was finally reëlected.

While I am on this subject I may refer, as a comfort to those who have found themselves unjustly attacked in political matters, to two other notable cases within my remembrance.

Probably no such virulence has ever been known day after day, year after year, as was shown by sundry presses of large circulation in their attacks on William H. Seward. They represented him as shady and tricky; as the lowest of demagogues; as utterly without conscience or ability; as pretending a hostility to slavery which was simply a craving for popularity; they refused to report his speeches, or, if they did report them, distorted them. He

had also incurred the displeasure of very many leaders of his own party, and of some of its most powerful presses, yet he advanced steadily from high position to high position, and won a lasting and most honorable place in the history of his country.

The same may be said of Senator Conkling. The attacks on him in the press were bitter and almost universal; yet the only visible result was that he was reëlected to the national Senate by an increased majority. To the catastrophe which some years later ended his political career, the onslaught by the newspapers contributed nothing; it resulted directly from the defects of his own great qualities and not at all from attacks made upon him from outside.

Almost from the first moment of my acquaintance with Mr. Conkling, I had endeavored to interest him in the reform of the civil service, and at least, if this was not possible, to prevent his actively opposing it. In this sense I wrote him various letters. For a time they seemed successful; but at last, under these attacks, he broke all bounds and became the bitter opponent of the movement. In his powerful manner and sonorous voice he from time to time expressed his contempt for it. The most striking of his utterances on the subject was in one of the State conventions, which, being given in his deep, sonorous tones, ran much as follows: "When Doctor-r-r Ja-a-awnson said that patr-r-riotism-m was the l-a-w-s-t r-r-refuge of a scoundr-r-rel, he ignor-r-red the enor-r-rmous possibilities of the word r-refa-awr-r-rm!"

The following spring (June 5, 1872) I attended the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia as a substitute delegate. It was very interesting and, unlike the enormous assemblages since of twelve or fifteen thousand people at Chicago and elsewhere, was a really deliberative body. As it was held in the Academy of Music, there was room for a sufficient audience, while there was not room for a vast mob overpowering completely the members of the convention and preventing any real discussion at some

most important junctures, as has been the case in so many conventions of both parties in these latter years.

The most noteworthy features of this convention were the speeches of sundry colored delegates from the South. Very remarkable they were, and a great revelation as to the ability of some, at least, of their race in the former slave States.

General Grant was renominated for the Presidency, and for the Vice-Presidency Mr. Henry Wilson of Massachusetts in place of Schuyler Colfax, who had held the position during General Grant's first term.

The only speeches I made during the campaign were one from the balcony of the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia and one from the steps of the Delavan House at Albany, but they were perfunctory and formal. There was really no need of speeches, and I was longing to go at my proper university work. Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, had arrived from England to deliver his lectures before our students; and, besides this, the university had encountered various difficulties which engrossed all my thoughts.

General Grant's reëlection was a great victory. Mr. Greeley had not one Northern electoral vote; worst of all, he had, during the contest, become utterly broken in body and mind, and shortly after the election he died.

His death was a sad ending of a career which, as a whole, had been so beneficent. As to General Grant, I believe now, as I believed then, that his election was a great blessing, and that he was one of the noblest, purest, and most capable men who have ever sat in the Presidency. The cheap, clap-trap antithesis which has at times been made between Grant the soldier and Grant the statesman is, I am convinced, utterly without foundation. The qualities which made him a great soldier made him an effective statesman. This fact was clearly recognized by the American people at various times during the war, and especially when, at the surrender of Appomattox, he declined to deprive General Lee of his sword,

and quietly took the responsibility of allowing the soldiers of the Southern army to return with their horses to their fields to resume peaceful industry. These statesmanlike qualities were developed more and more by the great duties and responsibilities of the Presidency. His triumph over financial demagogy in his vetoes of the Inflation Bill, and his triumph over political demagogy in securing the treaty of Washington and the Alabama indemnity, prove him a statesman worthy to rank with the best of his predecessors. In view of these evidences of complete integrity and high capacity, and bearing in mind various conversations which I had with him during his public life down to a period just before his death, I feel sure that history will pronounce him not only a general but a statesman in the best sense of the word.

The renomination of General Grant at the Philadelphia convention was the result of gratitude, respect, and conviction of his fitness. Although Mr. Greeley had the support of the most influential presses of the United States, and was widely beloved and respected as one who had borne the burden and heat of the day, he was defeated in obedience to a healthy national instinct.

Years afterward I was asked in London by one of the most eminent of English journalists how such a thing could have taken place. Said he, "The leading papers of the United States, almost without exception, were in favor of Mr. Greeley; how, then, did it happen that he was in such a hopeless minority?" I explained the matter as best I could, whereupon he said, "Whatever the explanation may be, it proves that the American press, by its wild statements in political campaigns, and especially by its reckless attacks upon individuals, has lost that hold upon American opinion which it ought to have; and, depend upon it, this is a great misfortune for your country." I did not attempt to disprove this statement, for I knew but too well that there was great truth in it.

Of my political experiences at that period I recall two: the first of these was making the acquaintance at Sara-

toga of Mr. Samuel J. Tilden. His political fortunes were then at their lowest point. With Mr. Dean Richmond of Buffalo, he had been one of the managers of the Democratic party in the State, but, Mr. Richmond having died, the Tweed wing of the party, supported by the canal contractors, had declared war against Mr. Tilden, treated him with contempt, showed their aversion to him in every way, and, it was fully understood, had made up their minds to depose him. I remember walking and talking again and again with him under the colonnade at Congress Hall, and, without referring to any person by name, he dwelt upon the necessity of more earnest work in redeeming American politics from the management of men utterly unfit for leadership. Little did he or I foresee that soon afterward his arch-enemy, Tweed, then in the same hotel and apparently all-powerful, was to be a fugitive from justice, and finally to die in prison, and that he, Mr. Tilden himself, was to be elected governor of the State of New York, and to come within a hair's-breadth of the presidential chair at Washington.

The other circumstance of a political character was my attendance as an elector at the meeting of the Electoral College at Albany, which cast the vote of New York for General Grant. I had never before sat in such a body, and its proceedings interested me. As president we elected General Stewart L. Woodford, and as the body, after the formal election of General Grant to the Presidency, was obliged to send certificates to the governor of the State, properly signed and sealed, and as it had no seal of its own, General Woodford asked if any member had a seal which he would lend to the secretary for that purpose. Thereupon a seal-ring which Goldwin Smith had brought from Rome and given me was used for that purpose. It was an ancient intaglio. Very suitably, it bore the figure of a "Winged Victory," and it was again publicly used, many years later, when it was affixed to the American signature of the international agreement made at the Peace Conference of The Hague.

The following winter I had my first experience of "Reconstruction" in the South. Being somewhat worn with work, I made a visit to Florida, passing leisurely through the southern seaboard States, and finding at Columbia an old Yale friend, Governor Chamberlain, from whom I learned much. But the simple use of my eyes and ears during the journey gave me more than all else. A visit to the State legislature of South Carolina revealed vividly the new order of things. The State Capitol was a beautiful marble building, but unfinished without and dirty within. Approaching the hall of the House of Representatives, I found the door guarded by a negro, squalid and filthy. He evidently reveled in his new citizenship; his chair was tilted back against the wall, his feet were high in the air, and he was making everything nauseous about him with tobacco; but he soon became obsequious and admitted us to one of the most singular deliberative bodies ever known—a body composed of former landed proprietors and slave-owners mixed up pell-mell with their former slaves and with Northern adventurers then known as "carpet-baggers." The Southern gentlemen of the Assembly were gentlemen still, and one of them, Mr. Memminger, formerly Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States, was especially courteous to us. But soon all other things were lost in contemplation of "Mr. Speaker." He was a bright, nimble, voluble mulatto who, as one of the Southern gentlemen informed me, was "the smartest nigger God ever made." Having been elevated to the speakership, he magnified his office. While we were observing him, a gentleman of one of the most historic families of South Carolina, a family which had given to the State a long line of military commanders, governors, senators, and ambassadors, rose to make a motion. The speaker, a former slave, at once declared him out of order. On the member persisting in his effort, the speaker called out, "De genlemun frum Bufert has no right to de floh; de genlemun from Bufert will take his seat," and the former aristocrat obeyed. To this it had come at last.

In the presence of this assembly, in this hall where disunion really had its birth, where secession first shone out in all its glory, a former slave ordered a former master to sit down, and was obeyed.

In Charleston the same state of things was to be seen, and for the first time I began to feel sympathy for the South. This feeling was deepened by what I saw in Georgia and Florida; and yet, below it all I seemed to see the hand of God in history, and in the midst of it all I seemed to hear a deep voice from the dead. To me, seeing these things, there came, reverberating out of the last century, that prediction of Thomas Jefferson,—himself a slaveholder,—who, after depicting the offenses of slavery, ended with these words, worthy of Isaiah,—divinely inspired if any ever were:—"I tremble when I remember that God is just."



CHAPTER XI

GRANT, HAYES, AND GARFIELD—1871-1881

AT various times after the death of Mr. Lincoln I visited Washington, meeting many men especially influential, and, first of all, President Grant. Of all personages whom I then met he impressed me most strongly. At various times I talked with him at the White House, dining with him and seeing him occasionally in his lighter mood, but at no time was there the slightest diminution of his unaffected dignity. Now and then he would make some dry remark which showed a strong sense of humor, but in everything there was the same quiet, simple strength. On one occasion, when going to the White House, I met Professor Agassiz of Cambridge, and took him with me: we were received cordially, General Grant offering us cigars, as was his wont with visitors, and Agassiz genially smoking with him: when we had come away the great naturalist spoke with honest admiration of the President, evidently impressed by the same qualities which had always impressed me—his modesty, simplicity, and quiet force.

I also visited him at various times in his summer cottage at Long Branch, and on one of these occasions he gave a bit of history which specially interested me. As we were taking coffee after dinner, a card was brought in, and the President, having glanced at it, said, "Tell him that I cannot see him." The servant departed with the message, but soon returned and said, "The gentleman

wishes to know when he can see the President." "Tell him *never*," said Grant.

It turned out that the person whose name the card bore was the correspondent of a newspaper especially noted for sensation-mongering, and the conversation drifted to the subject of newspapers and newspaper correspondents, when the President told the following story, which I give as nearly as possible in his own words:

"During the hottest period of the final struggle in Virginia, we suffered very much from the reports of newspaper correspondents who prowled about our camps and then put on the wires the information they had gained, which of course went South as rapidly as it went North. It became really serious and embarrassed us greatly. On this account, one night, when I had decided to make an important movement with a portion of the army early next day, I gave orders that a tent should be pitched in an out-of-the-way place, at the earliest possible moment in the morning, and notified the generals who were to take part in the movement to meet me there.

"It happened that on the previous day there had come to the camp a newspaper correspondent named ——, and, as he bore a letter from Mr. Washburne, I treated him as civilly as possible.

"At daylight next morning, while we were assembled in the tent making final arrangements, one of my aides, Colonel ——, heard a noise just outside, and, going out, saw this correspondent lying down at full length, his ear under the edge of the tent, and a note-book in his hand. Thereupon Colonel —— took the correspondent by his other ear, lifted him to his feet, and swore to him a solemn oath that if he was visible in any part of the camp more than five minutes longer, a detachment of troops would be ordered out to shoot him and bury him there in the swamp, so that no one would ever know his name or burial-place.

"The correspondent left at once," said the President,

"and he took his revenge by writing a history of the war from which he left me out."

The same characteristic which I had found at other meetings with Grant came out even more strongly when, just before the close of his term, he made me a visit at Cornell, where one of his sons was a student. To meet him I invited several of our professors and others who were especially prejudiced against him, and, without exception, they afterward expressed the very feeling which had come over me after my first conversation with him—surprise at the revelation of his quiet strength and his knowledge of public questions then before the country.

During a walk on the university grounds he spoke to me of the Santo Domingo matter.[1] He said: "The annexation question is doubtless laid aside for the present, but the time will come when the country will have occasion to regret that it was disposed of without adequate discussion. As I am so soon to leave the presidency, I may say to you now that one of my main thoughts in regard to the annexation of the island has been that it might afford a refuge for the negroes of the South in case anything like a war of races should ever arise in the old slave States." He then alluded to the bitter feeling between the two races which was then shown in the South, and which was leading many of the blacks to take refuge in Kansas and other northwestern States, and said, "If such a refuge as Santo Domingo were open to them, their former masters would soon find that they have not the colored population entirely at their mercy, and would be obliged to compromise with them on far more just terms than would otherwise be likely."

The President said this with evidently deep conviction, and it seemed to me a very thoughtful and far-sighted view of the possibilities and even probabilities involved.

During another walk, in speaking of the approaching close of his second presidential term, he said that he found himself looking forward to it with the same longing which

[1] See my chapter on Santo Domingo experiences.

he had formerly had as a cadet at West Point when looking forward to a furlough.

I have never believed that the earnest effort made by his friends at Chicago to nominate him for a third term was really prompted by him, or that he originally desired it. It always seemed to me due to the devotion of friends who admired his noble qualities, and thought that the United States ought not to be deprived of them in obedience to a tradition, in this case, more honored in the breach than in the observance.

I may add here that, having seen him on several convivial occasions, and under circumstances when, if ever, he would be likely to indulge in what was understood to have been, in his early life, an unfortunate habit, I never saw him betray the influence of alcohol in the slightest degree.

Shortly after General Grant laid down his high office, he made his well-known journey to Europe and the East, and I had the pleasure of meeting him at Cologne and traveling up the Rhine with him. We discussed American affairs all day long. He had during the previous week been welcomed most cordially to the hospitalities of two leading sovereigns of Europe, and had received endless attentions from the most distinguished men of England and Belgium, but in conversation he never, in the slightest degree, referred to any of these experiences. He seemed not to think of them; his heart was in matters pertaining to his own country. He told me much regarding his administration, and especially spoke with the greatest respect and affection of his Secretary of State, Mr. Hamilton Fish.

Somewhat later I again met him in Paris, had several walks and talks with him in which he discussed American affairs, and I remember that he dwelt with especial admiration, and even affection, upon his colleagues Sherman and Sheridan.

I trust that it may not be considered out of place if, in this retrospect, which is intended, first of all, for my

children and grandchildren, I state that a personal fact, which was known to many from other sources, was confirmed to me in one of these conversations: General Grant informing me, as he had previously informed my wife, that he had fully purposed to name me as Secretary of State had Mr. Fish carried out his intention of resigning. When he told me this, my answer was that I considered it a very fortunate escape for us both; that my training had not fitted me for such duties; that my experience in the diplomatic service had then been slight; that I had no proper training as a lawyer; that my knowledge of international law was derived far more from the reading of books than from its application; and that I doubted my physical ability to bear the pressure for patronage which converged upon the head of the President's cabinet.

In the Washington of those days my memory also recalls vividly a dinner with Senator Conkling at which I met a number of interesting men, and among them Governor Seymour, who had been the candidate opposed to Grant during his first presidential campaign; Senator Anthony, Senator Edmunds, the former Vice-President Mr. Hamlin, Senator Carpenter, and others. Many good stories were told, and one amused me especially, as it was given with admirable mimicry by Senator Carpenter. He described an old friend of his, a lawyer, who, coming before one of the higher courts with a very doubtful case, began his plea as follows: "May it please the court, there is only one point in this case favorable to my client, but that, may it please the court, is a chink in the common law which has been worn smooth by the multitude of scoundrels who have escaped through it."

During the year 1878 I was sent as an honorary commissioner from the State of New York to the Paris Exposition, and shall give a more full account of this period in another chapter. Suffice it that, having on my return prepared my official report on the provision for political education made by the different governments of Europe, I became more absorbed than ever in university affairs,

keeping aloof as much as possible from politics. But in the political campaign of 1878 I could not but be interested. It was different from any other that I had known, for the "Greenback Craze" bloomed out as never before and seemed likely to poison the whole country. Great hardships had arisen from the fact that debts which had been made under a depreciated currency had to be paid in money of greater value. Men who, in what were known as "flush times," had bought farms, paid down half the price, and mortgaged them for the other half, found now, when their mortgages became due, that they could not sell the property for enough to cover the lien upon it. Besides this, the great army of speculators throughout the country found the constant depreciation of prices bringing them to bankruptcy. In the cry for more greenbacks,—that is, for continued issues of paper money,—demagogism undoubtedly had a large part; but there were many excellent men who were influenced by it, and among them Peter Cooper of New York, founder of the great institution which bears his name, one of the purest and best men I have ever known.

This cry for more currency was echoed from one end of the country to the other. In various States, and especially in Ohio, it seemed to carry everything before it, nearly all the public men of note, including nearly all the leading Democrats and very many of the foremost Republicans, bowing down to it, the main exceptions being John Sherman and Garfield.

In central New York the mania seemed, early in the summer, to take strong hold. In Syracuse John Wieting, an amazingly fluent speaker with much popular humor, who had never before shown any interest in politics, took the stump for an unlimited issue of government paper currency, received the nomination to Congress from the Democrats and sundry independent organizations, and for a time seemed to carry everything before him. A similar state of things prevailed at Ithaca and the region round about Cayuga Lake. Two or three people much

respected in the community came out for this doctrine, and, having a press under their control, their influence seemed likely to be serious. Managers of the Republican organization in the State seemed at first apathetic; but at last they became alarmed and sent two speakers through these disaffected districts—only two, but each, in his way, a master. The first of them, in order of time, was Senator Roscoe Conkling, and he took as his subject the National Banking System. This had been for a considerable time one of the objects of special attack by uneasy and unsuccessful people throughout the entire country. As a matter of fact, the national banking system, created during the Civil War by Secretary Chase and his advisers, was one of the most admirable expedients ever devised in any country. Up to the time of its establishment the whole country had suffered enormously from the wretched currency supplied from the State banks. Even in those States where the greatest precaution was taken to insure its redemption, all of it was, in time of crisis or panic, fluctuating and much of it worthless. But in other States the case was even worse. I can recall perfectly that through my boyhood and young manhood every merchant and shopkeeper kept on his table what was called a "bank-note detector," which, when any money was tendered him, he was obliged to consult in order to know, first, whether the bill was a counterfeit, as it frequently was; secondly, whether it was on a solvent bank; and thirdly, if good, what discount should be deducted from the face of it. Under this system bank-notes varied in value from week to week, and even from day to day, with the result that all buying and selling became a sort of gambling.

When, then, Mr. Chase established the new system of national banks so based that every bill-holder had security for the entire amount which his note represented, so controlled that a bill issued from any little bank in the remotest State, or even in the remotest corner of a Territory, was equal to one issued by the richest bank in Wall Street, so engraved that counterfeiting was practically im-

possible, there was an immense gain to every man, woman, and child in the country.

To appreciate this gain one must have had experience of the older system. I remember well the panic of 1857, which arose while I was traveling in eastern and northern New England, and that, arriving in the city of Salem, Massachusetts, having tendered, in payment of my hotel bill, notes issued by a leading New York city bank, guaranteed under what was known as the "Safety Fund System," they were refused. The result was that I had to leave my wife at the hotel, go to Boston, and there manage to get Massachusetts money.

But this was far short of the worst. Professor Roberts of Cornell University once told me that, having in those days collected a considerable debt in one of the Western States, he found the currency so worthless that he attempted to secure New York funds, but that the rate of exchange was so enormous that, as the only way of saving anything, he bought a large quantity of cheap clothing, shipped it to the East, and sold it for what it would bring.

As to the way in which the older banking operations were carried on in some of the Western States, Governor Felch of Michigan once gave me some of his experiences as a bank examiner, and one of them especially amused me. He said that he and a brother examiner made an excursion through the State in a sleigh with a pair of good horses in order to inspect the various banks established in remote villages and hamlets which had the power of issuing currency based upon the specie contained in their vaults. After visiting a few of these, and finding that each had the amount of specie required by law, the examiners began to note a curious similarity between the specie packages in these different banks, and before long their attention was drawn to another curious fact, which was that wherever they went they were preceded by a sleigh drawn by especially fleet horses. On making a careful examination, they found that this sleigh bore from bank to bank a number of kegs of specie sufficient to enable

each bank in its turn to show the examiners a temporary basis in hard money for its output of paper.

Such was the state of things which the national banks remedied, and the system had the additional advantage of being elastic, so that any little community which needed currency had only to combine its surplus capital and establish a bank of issue.

But throughout the country there were, as there will doubtless always be, a considerable number of men who, not being able to succeed themselves, distrusted and disliked the successful. There was also a plentiful supply of demagogues skilful in appealing to the prejudices of the ignorant, envious, or perverse, and as a result came a cry against the national banks.

In Mr. Conkling's Ithaca speech (1878), he argued the question with great ability and force. He had a sledge-hammer way which broke down all opposition, and he exulted in it. One of his favorite tactics, which greatly amused his auditors, was to lead some prominent gainsayer in his audience to interrupt him, whereupon, in the blandest way possible, he would invite him to come forward, urge him to present his views, even help him to do so, and then, having gradually entangled him in his own sophistries and made him ridiculous, the senator would come down upon him with arguments—cogent, pithy, sarcastic—much like the fist of a giant upon a mosquito.

In whatever town Mr. Conkling argued the question of the national banks, that subject ceased to be a factor in politics: it was settled; his attacks upon the anti-bank demagogues annihilated their arguments among thinking men, and his sarcasm made them ridiculous among unthinking men. This was the sort of thing which he did best. While utterly deficient in constructive power, his destructive force was great indeed, and in this campaign it was applied, as it was not always applied, for the advantage of the country.

The other great speaker in the campaign was General James A. Garfield, then a member of the House of Repre-

sentatives. My acquaintance with him had begun several years before at Syracuse, when my old school friend, his college mate, Charles Elliot Fitch, brought him into my library. My collection of books was even at that date very large, and Garfield, being delighted with it, soon revealed his scholarly qualities. It happened that not long before this I had bought in London several hundred volumes from the library left by the historian Buckle, very many of them bearing copious annotations in his own hand. Garfield had read Buckle's "History of Civilization in England" with especial interest, and when I presented to him and discussed with him some of these annotated volumes, there began a friendly relation between us which ended only with his life.

I also met him under less favorable circumstances. Happening to be in Washington at the revelation of the Crédit Mobilier operations, I found him in the House of Representatives, and evidently in the depths of suffering. An effort was making to connect him with the scandal, and while everything I know of him convinces me that he was not dishonest, he had certainly been imprudent. This he felt, and he asked me, in an almost heart-broken tone, if I really believed that this had forever destroyed his influence in the country. I answered that I believed nothing of the kind; that if he came out in a straightforward, manly way, without any of the prevarication which had so greatly harmed some others, he would not be injured, and the result showed that this advice was good.

On our arrival at the great hall in Ithaca (October 28, 1878), we found floor and stage packed in every part. Never had a speaker a better audience. There were present very many men of all parties anxious to hear the currency question honestly discussed, and among them many of the more thoughtful sort misled by the idea that a wrong had been done to the country in the restoration of the currency to a sound basis; and there was an enormous attendance of students from the university.

As Garfield began he showed the effects of fatigue from

the many speeches he had been making for weeks,—morning, noon, and night; but soon he threw himself heartily into the subject, and of all the thousands of political speeches I have heard it was the most effective. It was eloquent, but it was far more than that; it was *honestly* argumentative; there was no sophistry of any sort; every subject was taken up fairly and every point dealt with thoroughly. One could see the supports of the Greenback party vanishing as he went on. His manner was the very opposite of Mr. Conkling's: it was kindly, hearty, as of neighbor with neighbor,—indeed, every person present, even if greenbacker or demagogue, must have said within himself, "This man is a friend arguing with friends; he makes me his friend, and now speaks to me as such."

The main line of his argument finished, there came something even finer; for, inspired by the presence of the great mass of students, he ended his speech with an especial appeal to them. Taking as his text the noted passage in the letter written by Macaulay to Henry Randall, the biographer of Jefferson,—the letter in which Macaulay prophesied destruction to the American Republic when poverty should pinch and discontent be wide-spread in the country,—he appealed to these young men to see to it that this prophecy should not come true; he asked them to follow in this, as in similar questions, their reason and not their prejudices, and from this he went on with a statement of the motives which ought to govern them and the line they ought to pursue in the effort to redeem their country.

Never was speech more successful. It carried the entire audience, and left in that region hardly a shred of the greenback theory. When the election took place it was observed that in those districts where Conkling and Garfield had spoken, the greenback heresy was annihilated, while in other districts which had been counted as absolutely sure for the Republican party, and to which, therefore, these orators had not been sent, there was a great increase in the vote for currency inflation.

I have often alluded to this result as an answer to those

who say that speaking produces no real effect on the convictions of men regarding party matters. Some speaking does not, but there is a kind of speaking which does, and of this were these two masterpieces, so different from each other in matter and manner, and yet converging upon the same points, intellectual and moral.

Before I close regarding Garfield, it may be well to give a few more recollections of him. The meeting ended, we drove to my house on the university grounds, and shortly before our arrival he asked me, "How did you like my speech?" I answered: "Garfield, I have known you too long and think too highly of you to flatter you; but I will simply say what I would say under oath: it was the best speech I ever heard." This utterance of mine was deliberate, expressing my conviction, and he was evidently pleased with it.

Having settled down in front of the fire in my library, we began to discuss the political situation, and his talk remains to me among the most interesting things of my life. He said much regarding the history of the currency question and his relations to it, and from this ran rapidly and suggestively through a multitude of other questions and the relations of public men to them. One thing which struck me was his judicially fair and even kindly estimates of men who differed from him. Very rarely did he speak harshly or sharply of any one, differing in this greatly from Mr. Conkling, who, in all his conversations, and especially in one at that same house not long before, seemed to consider men who differed from him as enemies of the human race.

Under Mr. Hayes, the successor of General Grant in the Presidency, I served first as a commissioner at the Paris Exposition, and then as minister to Germany. Both these services will be discussed in the chapters relating to my diplomatic life, but I may refer briefly to my acquaintance with him at this period.

I had met him but once previously, and that was during his membership of Congress when he came to enter his son

at Cornell. I had then been most favorably impressed by his large, sincere, manly way. On visiting Washington to receive my instructions before going to Berlin, I saw him several times, and at each meeting my respect for him was increased. Driving to Arlington, walking among the soldiers' graves there, standing in the portico of General Lee's former residence, and viewing from the terrace the Capitol in the distance, he spoke very nobly of the history we had both personally known, of the sacrifices it had required, and of the duties which it now imposed. At his dinner-table I heard him discuss with his Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, a very interesting question—the advisability of giving members of the cabinet seats in the Senate and House of Representatives, as had been arranged in the constitution of the so-called Confederate States; but of this I shall speak in another chapter.

It should further be said regarding Mr. Hayes that, while hardly any President was ever so systematically denounced and depreciated, he was one of the truest and best men who has ever held our Chief Magistracy. I remember, just at the close of his administration, dining with an eminent German statesman who said to me: "I have watched the course of your President with more and more surprise. We have been seeing constantly in our German newspapers extracts from American journals holding up your President to contempt as an ignoramus, but more and more I have seen that he is one of the most substantial, honest, and capable Presidents that you have had."

This opinion was amply justified by what I saw of Mr. Hayes after the close of his Presidency. Twice I met him during conferences at Lake Mohonk, at which matters relating to the improvement of the freedmen and Indians were discussed, and in each he took broad, strong, and statesmanlike views based on thoughtful experience and permeated by honesty.

I also met him at a great public meeting at Cleveland, where we addressed some four thousand people from the

same platform, and again I was impressed by his manly, far-seeing grasp of public questions.

As to my after relations with Garfield, I might speak of various pleasant interviews, but will allude to just one incident which has a pathetic side. During my first residence in Germany as minister of the United States, I one day received a letter from him asking me to secure for him the best editions of certain leading Greek and Latin classics, adding that it had long been his earnest desire to re-read them, and that now, as he had been elected to the United States Senate, he should have leisure to carry out his purpose. I had hardly sent him what he desired when the news came that he had been nominated to the Presidency, and so all his dream of literary leisure vanished. A few months later came the news of his assassination.

My term of service as minister in Berlin being ended, I arrived in America in September, 1881, and, in accordance with custom, went to present my respects to the new President and his Secretary of State. They were both at Long Branch. Mr. Blaine I saw and had with him a very interesting conversation, but President Garfield I could not see. His life was fast ebbing out, and a week later, on Sunday morning, I heard the bells tolling and knew that his last struggle was over.

So closed a career which, in spite of some defects, was beautiful and noble. Great hopes had been formed regarding his Presidency, and yet, on looking back over his life, I have a strong feeling that his assassination was a service rendered to his reputation. I know from those who had full information that during his campaign for the Presidency he had been forced to make concessions and pledges which would have brought great trouble upon him had he lived through his official term. Gifted and good as he was, advantage had been taken of his kindly qualities, and he would have had to pay the penalty.

It costs me a pang to confess my opinion that the administration of Mr. Arthur, a man infinitely his inferior in nearly all the qualities which men most justly admire, was

far better than the administration which Mr. Garfield would have been allowed to give to the country.

Upon my return to the university I was asked by my fellow-citizens of Ithaca in general, as also by the university faculty and students, to give the public address at the celebration of President Garfield's funeral. This I did, and never with a deeper feeling of loss.

One thing in the various tributes to him had struck me painfully: Throughout the whole country his career was constantly referred to in funeral addresses as showing how a young American under all the disadvantages of poverty could rise to the highest possible position. I have always thought that such statements, as they are usually presented, are injurious to the character and lowering to the aspirations of young men. I took pains, therefore, to show that while Garfield had risen under the most discouraging circumstances from complete poverty, his rise was due to something other than mere talent and exertion —that it was the result of talent and exertion originating in noble instincts and directed to worthy ends. Garfield's life proves this abundantly, and whatever may have been his temporary weakness under the fearful pressure brought upon him toward the end of his career, these instincts and purposes remained his main guiding influences from first to last.

CHAPTER XII

ARTHUR, CLEVELAND, AND BLAINE—1881-1884

THE successor of Garfield, President Arthur, I had met frequently in my old days at Albany. He was able, and there never was the slightest spot upon his integrity; but in those early days nobody dreamed that he was to attain any high distinction. He was at that time charged with the main military duties under the governor; later he became collector of the port of New York, and in both positions showed himself honest and capable. He was lively, jocose, easy-going, with little appearance of devotion to work, dashing off whatever he had to do with ease and accuracy. At various dinner-parties and social gatherings, and indeed at sundry State conventions, where I met him, he seemed, more than anything else, a *bon vivant*, facile and good-natured.

His nomination to the Vice-Presidency, which on the death of Garfield led him to the Presidency, was very curious, and an account of it given me by an old friend who had previously been a member of the Garfield cabinet and later an ambassador in Europe, was as follows:

After the defeat of the "Stalwarts," who had fought so desperately for the renomination of General Grant at the Chicago Convention of 1880, the victorious side of the convention determined to concede to them, as an olive-branch, the Vice-Presidency, and with this intent my informant and a number of other delegates who had been especially active in preventing Grant's renomination went to the room of the New York delegation, which had

taken the leading part in his support, knocked at the door, and called for Mr. Levi P. Morton, previously a member of Congress, and, several years later, Vice-President of the United States and Governor of New York. Mr. Morton came out into the corridor, and thereupon the visitors said to him, "We wish to give the Vice-Presidency to New York as a token of good will, and you are the man who should take it; don't fail to accept it." Mr. Morton answered that he had but a moment before, in this conference of his delegation, declined the nomination. At this the visitors said, "Go back instantly and tell them that you have reconsidered and will accept; we will see that the convention nominates you." Mr. Morton started to follow this advice, but was just too late: while he was outside the door he had been taken at his word, the place which he had declined had been offered to General Arthur, he had accepted it, and so the latter and not Mr. Morton became President of the United States.

Up to the time when the Presidency devolved upon him, General Arthur had shown no qualities which would have suggested him for that high office, and I remember vividly that when the news of Garfield's assassination arrived in Berlin, where I was then living as minister, my first overwhelming feeling was not, as I should have expected, horror at the death of Garfield, but stupefaction at the elevation of Arthur. It was a common saying of that time among those who knew him best, " 'Chet' Arthur President of the United States! Good God!" But the change in him on taking the Presidency was amazing. Up to that time he had been known as one of Mr. Conkling's henchmen, though of the better sort. As such he had held the collectorship of the port of New York, and as such, during his occupancy of the Vice-Presidency, he had visited Albany and done his best, though in vain, to secure Mr. Conkling's renomination; but immediately on his elevation to the Presidency all this was changed, and there is excellent authority for the statement that when Mr. Conkling wished him to continue, as President, in the subservi-

ent position which he had taken as Vice-President, Mr. Arthur had refused, and when taxed with ingratitude he said: "No. For the Vice-Presidency I was indebted to Mr. Conkling, but for the Presidency of the United States my debt is to the Almighty."

The new President certainly showed this spirit in his actions. Rarely has there been a better or more dignified administration; the new Secretary of State, Mr. Frelinghuysen, was in every respect fitted for his office, and the other men whom Mr. Arthur summoned about him were satisfactory.

Although I had met him frequently, and indeed was on cordial terms with him before his elevation to the Presidency, I never met him afterward. During his whole administration my duties in connection with Cornell University completely absorbed me. I was one of the last university presidents who endeavored to unite professorial with executive duties, and the burden was heavy. The university had made at that period its first great sale of lands, and this involved a large extension of its activity; the famous Fiske lawsuit, involving nearly two millions of dollars, had come on; there was every sort of detail requiring attention at the university itself, and addresses must be given in various parts of the country, more especially before alumni associations, to keep them in proper relations with the institution; so that I was kept completely out of politics, was hardly ever in Washington during this period, and never at the White House.

The only matter which connected me with politics at all was my conviction, which deepened more and more, as to the necessity of reform in the civil service; and on this subject I conferred with Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, Mr. John Jay, and others at various times, and prepared an article for the "North American Review" in which I presented not only the general advantages of civil service reform, but its claims upon men holding public office. My main effort was to show, what I believed then and believe still

more strongly now, that, evil as the whole spoils system was in its effects on the country, it was quite as vexatious and fertile in miseries and disappointments to political leaders. In the natural order of things, where there is no spoils system, and where the bestowal of offices is not in the hands of senators, representatives, and the like, these senators and representatives, when once elected, have time to discharge their duties, and with very little pains can maintain their hold upon their constituents as long as they please. The average man, when he has cast his vote for a candidate and sees that candidate elected, takes an interest in him; the voter, feeling that he has, in a certain sense, made an investment in the man thus elected, is naturally inclined to regard him favorably and to continue him in office. But with the spoils system, no sooner is a candidate elected than, as has been well observed, for every office which he bestows he makes "ninety-nine enemies and one ingrate." The result is that the unsuccessful candidates for appointment return home bent on taking revenge by electing another person at the end of the present incumbent's term, and hence comes mainly the wretched system of rapid rotation in office, which has been in so many ways injurious to our country.

This and other points I urged, but the evil was too deeply seated. Time was required to remove all doubts which were raised. I found with regret that my article had especially incurred the bitter dislike of my old adviser, Thurlow Weed, the great friend of Mr. Seward and former autocrat of Whig and Republican parties in the State of NewYork. Being entirely of the old school, he could not imagine the government carried on without the spoils system.

On one of my visits to New York in the interest of this reform, I met at dinner Mr. William M. Evarts, then at the head of the American bar, who had been Secretary of State under Mr. Hayes, and who was afterward senator from the State of New York. I had met him frequently before and heard much of his brilliant talk, and especially his admirable stories of all sorts.

But on this occasion Mr. Evarts surpassed himself. I recall a series of witty repartees and charming illustrations, but will give merely one of the latter. Something was said of people's hobbies, whereupon Mr. Evarts said that a gentleman visiting a lunatic asylum went into a room where several patients were assembled, and saw one of them astride a great dressing-trunk, holding fast to a rope drawn through the handle, seesawing and urging it forward as if it were a horse at full speed. The visitor, to humor the patient, said, "That 's a fine horse you are riding." "Why, no," said the patient, "this is not a horse." "What is it, then?" asked the visitor. The patient answered, "It 's a hobby." "But," said the visitor, "what 's the difference between a horse and a hobby?" "Why," said the patient, "there 's an enormous difference; a horse you can get off from, a hobby you can't."

As to civil-service reform, my efforts to convert leading Republicans by personal appeals were continued, and in some cases with good results; but I found it very difficult to induce party leaders to give up the immediate and direct exercise of power which the spoils system gave them. Especially was it difficult with sundry editors of leading papers and party managers; but time has wrought upon them, and some of those who were most obdurate in those days are doing admirable work in these. The most serious effort I ever made was to convert my old friend and classmate, Thomas C. Platt, the main manager and, as he was called, the "boss" of the Republican party in the State of New York, a man of great influence throughout the Union. He treated me civilly, but evidently considered me a "crank." He, like Mr. Thurlow Weed, was unable to understand how a party could be conducted without the promise of spoils for the victors; but I have lived to see him take a better view. As I write these lines word comes that his influence is thrown in favor of the bill for reforming the civil service of the State of New York, championed by my nephew, Mr. Horace White, a member

of the present State Senate, and favored by Colonel Roosevelt, the governor.

It was upon a civil-service errand in Philadelphia that I met, after a long separation, my old friend and classmate Wayne MacVeagh. He had been minister to Constantinople, Attorney-General in the Garfield cabinet, and, at a later period, ambassador at Rome. At this period he had returned to practise his profession in Philadelphia, and at his hospitable table I met a number of interesting men, and on one occasion sat next an eminent member of the Philadelphia bar, Judge Biddle. A subject happened to come up in which I had taken great interest, namely, American laxity in the punishment of crime, and especially the crime of murder, whereupon Judge Biddle dryly remarked: "The taking of life, after due process of law, as a penalty for murder, seems to be the only form of taking life to which the average American has any objection."

In the autumn of 1882 came a tremendous reverse for the Republican party. There was very wide-spread disgust at the apparent carelessness of those in power regarding the redemption of pledges for reforms. Judge Folger, who had been nominated to the governorship of New York, had every qualification for the place, but an opinion had widely gained ground that President Arthur, who had called Judge Folger into his cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, was endeavoring to interfere with the politics of the State, and to put Judge Folger into the governor's chair. There was a suspicion that "the machine" was working too easily and that some of its wheels were of a very bad sort. All this, coupled with slowness in redeeming platform pledges, brought on the greatest disaster the Republican party had ever experienced. In November, 1882, Mr. Cleveland was elected governor by the most enormous majority ever known, and the defeat extended not only through the State of New York, but through a number of other States. It was bitter medicine, but, as it afterward turned out, very salutary.

Just after this election, being in New York to deliver an

address before the Geographical Society on the subject of "The New Germany" (December 27, 1882), I met a number of distinguished men in politics at the table of General Cullom, formerly the head of the West Point Academy. There was much interesting talk, and some significant political facts were brought out; but the man who interested me most was my next neighbor at table, General McDowell.

He was an old West Pointer, and had planned the first battle of Bull Run, when our troops were overwhelmingly defeated, the capital put in peril, and the nation humiliated at home and abroad. There is no doubt now that McDowell's plans were excellent, but the troops were raw volunteers, with little knowledge of their officers and less confidence in them; and, as a result, when, like the men in the "Biglow Papers," they found "why baggonets is peaked," there was a panic, just as there was in the first battles of the French Revolution. Every man distrusted every other man; there was a general outcry, and all took flight. I remember doing what I could in those days to encourage those who looked with despair on the flight from the battle-field of Bull Run, by pointing out to them exactly similar panics and flights in the first battles of the soldiers who afterward became the Grande Armée and marched triumphantly over Europe.

But of one thing the American people felt certain in those days, and that was that at Bull Run "General McDowell was drunk." This assertion was loudly made, widely spread, never contradicted, and generally believed. I must confess now with shame that I was one of those who were so simple-minded as to take this newspaper story as true. On this occasion, sitting next General McDowell, I noticed that he drank only water, taking no wine of any sort; and on my calling his attention to the wines of our host as famous, he answered, "No doubt; but I never take anything but water." I answered, "General, how long has that been your rule?" He replied, "Always since my boy-

hood. At that time I was sent to a military school at Troyes in France, and they gave us so much sour wine that I vowed that if I ever reached America again no drink but water should ever pass my lips, and I have kept to that resolution."

Of course this was an enormous surprise to me, but shortly afterward I asked various army officers regarding the matter, and their general answer was: "Why, of course; all of us know that McDowell is the only officer in the army who never takes anything but water."

And this was the man who was widely believed by the American people to have lost the battle of Bull Run because he was drunk!

Another remembrance of this period is a dinner with Mr. George Jones, of the "New York Times," who gave me a full account of the way in which his paper came into possession of the documents revealing the Tammany frauds, and how, despite enormous bribes and bitter threats, the "Times" persisted in publishing the papers, and so brought the Tweed régime to destruction.

Of political men, the most noted whom I met in those days was Governor Cleveland. He was little known, but those of us who had been observant of public affairs knew that he had shown sturdy honesty and courage, first as sheriff of the county of Erie, and next as mayor of Buffalo, and that, most wonderful of all, he had risen above party ties and had appointed to office the best men he could find, even when some of them were earnest Republicans.

In June of 1883 he visited the university as an ex-officio trustee, laid the corner-stone of the chapel above the remains of Ezra Cornell, and gave a brief address. It was short, but surprised me by its lucidity and force. This being done, I conducted him to the opening of the new chemical laboratory. He was greatly interested in it, and it was almost pathetic to note his evident regret that he had never had the advantage of such instruction. I learned afterward that he was classically prepared to enter college, but that his father, a poor country clergyman,

being unable to defray his expenses, the young man determined to strike out for himself, and so began one of the best careers known in the history of American politics.

At this same commencement of Cornell University appeared another statesman, Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, author of the Morrill Bill of 1862, which, by a grant of public lands, established a college for scientific, technical, military, and general education in every State and Territory in the Union. It was one of the most beneficent measures ever proposed in any country. Mr. Morrill had made a desperate struggle for his bill, first as representative and afterward as senator. It was twice vetoed by President Buchanan, who had at his back all the pro-slavery doctrinaires of his time. They distrusted, on various accounts, any system for promoting advanced education, and especially for its promotion by the government; but he won the day, and on this occasion our trustees, at my suggestion, invited him to be present at the unveiling of his portrait by Huntington, which had been painted by order of the trustees for the library.

He was evidently gratified at the tribute, and all who met him were pleased with him. The time will come, I trust, when his statue will stand in the capital of the Union as a memorial of one of the most useful and far-seeing statesmen our country has known.

A week later I addressed my class at Yale on "The Message of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth." In this address my endeavor was to indicate the lines on which reforms of various sorts must be instituted, and along which a better future for the country could be developed, and it proved a far greater success than I had expected. It was widely circulated in various forms, first in the newspapers, then as a pamphlet, and finally as a kind of campaign document.

From July to September of that year (1883) I was obliged to be in Europe looking after matters pertaining to the university lawsuit, and, on returning, was called upon to address a large meeting of Germans at the funeral

of a member of the German parliament who had died suddenly while on a visit to our country—Edward Lasker. I had known him well in Berlin as a man of great ability and high character, and felt it a duty to accept the invitation to give one of the addresses at his funeral. The other address was given by my friend of many years, Carl Schurz; and these addresses, with some others made at the time, did, I suppose, something to bring to me the favor of my German fellow-citizens in New York.

Still, my main thoughts were given to Cornell University. This was so evident that on one occasion a newspaper of my own party, in an article hostile to those who spoke of nominating me for the governorship, declared: "Mr. White's politics and religion are Cornell University." But suddenly, in 1884, I was plunged into politics most unexpectedly.

As has been usual with every party in the State of New York from the beginning of the government, the Republicans were divided between two factions, one supporting Mr. Arthur for the Presidency, the other hoping to nominate Mr. Blaine. These two factions thus standing opposed to each other, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, with a few others in various parts of the State, started an independent movement, with the result that the two main divisions of the party, detesting each other more than they detested the independents, supported the latter and elected independent candidates as delegates at large to the approaching Republican Convention at Chicago. Without any previous notice, I was made one of these delegates. My position was therefore perfectly independent; I was at liberty to vote for whom I pleased. Although my acquaintance with Mr. Blaine was but slight, I had always felt strong admiration and deep attachment for him. As Secretary of State, during a part of my residence in Berlin, he had stood by me in a contest regarding the double standard of value in which I had feared that he might waver; and, far more than all this, his general political course had caused me,

as it had caused myriads of others, to feel grateful to him.

But I had learned some things regarding his vulnerability in a presidential campaign which made me sure that it would be impossible to elect him. An impartial but kindly judge had, some months before, while expressing great admiration for Mr. Blaine, informed me of some transactions which, while they showed no turpitude, revealed a carelessness in doing business which would certainly be brought to bear upon him with great effect in a heated political campaign. It was clear to me that, if nominated, he would be dragged through the mire, the Republican party defeated, and the country at large besmirched in the eyes of the whole world.

Arrived at Chicago June 2, 1884, I found the political caldron seething and bubbling. Various candidates were earnestly supported, and foremost of all, President Arthur and Mr. Blaine. The independent delegates, led by Theodore Roosevelt and George William Curtis, and the Massachusetts delegation, headed by Governor Long, Senator Hoar, and Henry Cabot Lodge, decided to support Senator Edmunds of Vermont. No man stood higher than he for integrity as well as for statesmanlike qualities and legal abilities; no one had more thoroughly the respect of thinking men from one end of the country to the other.

The delegates having arrived in the great hall where the convention was sitting, a number of skirmishes took place, and a momentary victory was gained by the Independents in electing, as temporary chairman, a colored delegate of great ability from one of the Southern States, over Mr. Powell Clayton of Arkansas, who, though he had suffered bitterly and struggled bravely to maintain the Union during the Civil War, was supposed to be identified with doubtful methods in Southern politics.

But as it soon became evident that the main tide was for Mr. Blaine, various efforts were made to concentrate the forces opposed to him upon some candidate who could

command more popular support than Mr. Edmunds. An earnest effort was made in favor of John Sherman of Ohio, and his claims were presented most sympathetically to me by my old Cornell student, Governor Foraker. Of all the candidates before the convention I would have preferred to vote for Mr. Sherman. He had borne the stress of the whole anti-slavery combat, and splendidly; he had rendered great services to the nation as a statesman and financier, and was in every respect capable and worthy. Unfortunately there were too many old enmities against him, and it was clear that the anti-Blaine vote could not be concentrated on him. My college classmate, Mr. Knevals of New York, then urged me to vote for President Arthur. This, too, would have been a fairly satisfactory solution of the question, for President Arthur had surprised every one by the excellence of his administration. Still there was a difficulty in his case: the Massachusetts delegates could not be brought to support him; it was said that he had given some of their leaders mortal offense by his hostility to the River and Harbor Bill. A final effort was then made by the Independents to induce General Sherman to serve, but he utterly refused, and so the only thing left was to let matters take their course. All chance of finding any one to maintain the desired standard of American political life against the supporters of Mr. Blaine had failed.

As we came into the convention on the morning of the day fixed for making the nominations, I noticed that the painted portraits of Washington and Lincoln, previously on either side of the president's chair, had been removed. Owing to the tumultuous conduct of the crowd in the galleries, it had been found best to remove things of an ornamental nature from the walls, for some of these ornaments had been thrown down, to the injury of those sitting below.

On my calling Curtis's attention to this removal of the two portraits, he said: "Yes, I have noticed it, and I am glad of it. Those weary eyes of Lincoln have been upon

us here during our whole stay, and I am glad that they are not to see the work that is to be done here to-day." It was a curious exhibition of sentiment, a revelation of the deep poetic feeling which was so essential an element in Curtis's noble character.

The various candidates were presented by prominent speakers, and most of the speeches were thoroughly good; but unquestionably the best, from an oratorical point of view, was made on the nomination of Mr. Edmunds by Governor Long of Massachusetts. Both as to matter and manner it was perfection; was felt to be so by the convention; and was sincerely applauded even by the majority of those who intended to vote for Mr. Blaine.

There was one revelation here, as there had been at many conventions previously, which could not fail to produce a discouraging impression upon every thoughtful American. The number of delegates and substitutes sent to the convention amounted in all to a few hundreds, but these were almost entirely lost in the immense crowd of spectators, numbering, it was said, from twelve to fifteen thousand. In the only conventions which I had ever before seen, including those at Baltimore and Philadelphia and various State conventions of New York, the delegates had formed the majority of those in the hall; but in this great "wigwam" there were times in which the most important part was played by the spectators. At some moments this overwhelming mob, which encircled the seats of the delegates on the floor and rose above them on all sides in the galleries, endeavored to sweep the convention in the direction of its own whims and fancies. From time to time the convention ceased entirely to be a deliberative body. As the names of certain favorite candidates were called, or as certain popular allusions were made in speeches, this mob really took possession of the convention and became almost frantic. I saw many women jumping up and down, dishevelled and hysterical, and some men acting in much the same way. It was absolutely unworthy of a convention of any party, a disgrace to decency, and a blot upon

the reputation of our country. I am not alone in this opinion. More than once during my official life in Europe I have heard the whole thing lamented by leading liberal statesmen as bringing discredit on all democratic government.

There were times indeed when the galleries sought to howl down those who were taking part in the convention, and this was notably the case during a very courageous speech by Mr. Roosevelt.

I may mention, in passing, that the country then received the first revelation of that immense pluck and vigor which have since carried Mr. Roosevelt through so many political conflicts, borne him through all the dangers of the Santiago campaign, placed him in the governor's chair of the State of New York and in the Vice-Presidency of the United States, leading to the Presidency, which he holds as I revise these lines. At the Chicago Convention, though he was in a small minority, nothing daunted him. As he stood upon a bench and addressed the president, there came from the galleries on all sides a howl and yell, "Sit down! sit down!" with whistling and cat-calls. All to no purpose; the mob might as well have tried to whistle down a bronze statue. Roosevelt, slight in build as he then was, was greater than all that crowd combined. He stood quietly through it all, defied the mob, and finally obliged them to listen to him.

Toward the end of the convention this mob showed itself even worse than before. It became evident that large parts of the galleries were packed in the interest of the local candidate for the Vice-Presidency, General Logan, and this mass of onlookers did their best to put down all delegates supporting any other.

No more undemocratic system was ever devised. The tendency of this "wigwam" plan of holding great meetings or conventions is to station a vast mob of sensation-seeking men and women in the galleries between the delegates and the country at large. The inevitable consequence is that the "fog-horns" of a convention play the most ef-

fective part, and that they seek mainly the applause of the galleries. The country at large is for the moment forgotten. The controlling influence is the mob, mainly from the city where the convention is held. The whole thing is a monstrous abuse. Attention has been called to it by thinking Democrats as well as by Republicans, who have seen in it a sign of deterioration which has produced many unfortunate consequences and will produce more. It is the old story of the French Convention overawed by a gallery mob and mistaking the mob whimsies of a city for the sober judgment of the country. One result of it the whole nation saw when, in more recent years, a youthful member of Congress, with no training to fit him for executive duties, was suddenly, by the applause of such a mob, imposed upon the Democratic National Convention as a candidate for the Presidency. Those who recall the way in which "the boy orator of the Platte" became the Democratic candidate for the Chief Magistracy over seventy millions of people, on account of a few half-mawkish, half-blasphemous phrases in a convention speech, can bear witness to the necessity of a reform in this particular—a reform which will forbid a sensation-seeking city mob to usurp the function of the whole people of our Republic.

In spite of these mob hysterics, the Independents persisted to the last in supporting Mr. Edmunds for the first place, but in voting for the second place they separated. For the Vice-Presidency I cast the only vote which was thrown for my old Cornell student, Mr. Foraker, previously governor of Ohio, and since that time senator from that State.

In spite of sundry "defects of his qualities," which I freely recognized, I regarded him as a fearless, upright, downright, straightforward man of the sort who must always play a great part in American politics.

It was at this convention that I saw for the first time Mr. McKinley of Ohio, and his quiet self-possession in the midst of the various whirls and eddies and storms caused me to admire him greatly. Calm, substantial, quick

to see a good point, strong to maintain it, he was evidently a born leader of men. His speeches were simple, clear, forcible, and aided at times in rescuing the self-respect of the body.

This Republican convention having adjourned, the National Democratic Convention met soon afterward in the same place and nominated Grover Cleveland of New York. He was a man whom I greatly respected. As already stated, his career as sheriff of Erie County, as mayor of Buffalo, and as governor of the State of New York had led me to admire him. He had seemed utterly incapable of making any bid for mob support; there had appeared not the slightest germ of demagogism in him; he had refused to be a mere partizan tool and had steadily stood for the best ideals of government. As governor he showed the same qualities which had won admiration during his previous career as sheriff and mayor. He made as many appointments as he could without regard to political considerations, and it was remarked with wonder that when a number of leading Democratic "workers" and "wheel-horses" came to the executive chamber in Albany in order to dictate purely partizan appointments, he virtually turned them out of the room. Most amazing thing of all, he had vetoed a bill reducing the fare on the elevated railroads of New York, in the face of the earnest advice of partizans who assured him that by doing so he would surely array against him the working-classes of that city and virtually annihilate his political future. To this his answer was that whatever his sympathies for the working-people might be, he could not, as an honest man, allow such a bill to pass, and, come what might, he would not. He had also dared, quietly but firmly, to resist the chief "boss" of his party in New York City, and he had consequently to brave the vials of Celtic wrath. The scenes at the convention which nominated him were stirring, and an eminent Western delegate struck a chord in the hearts of thousands of Republicans as well as Democrats when he said, "We love him for the enemies he has

made." Had it been a question simply between men, great numbers of us who voted for Mr. Blaine would have voted for Mr. Cleveland; but whatever temptation I might be subjected to in the matter was overcome by one fact: Mr. Cleveland was too much like the Trojan horse, for he bore with him a number of men who, when once brought into power, were sure to labor hard to undo everything that he would endeavor to accomplish, and his predestined successor in the governorship of the State of New York was one of those whom I looked upon as especially dangerous.

Therefore it was, that, after looking over the ground, I wrote an open letter to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and other Independents, giving the reasons why those of us who had supported Mr. Edmunds should now support Mr. Blaine, and in this view Mr. Roosevelt, with a large number of our Independent friends, agreed.

I had, however, small hopes. It was clear to me that Mr. Blaine had little chance of being elected; that, in fact, he was too heavily weighted with the transactions which Mr. Pullman had revealed to me some months before the beginning of the convention.

But I made an effort to commit him to the only policy which could save him. For, having returned to the university, I wrote William Walter Phelps, an old friend, who had been his chief representative at Chicago, an earnest letter stating that there seemed to me but one chance of rallying to Mr. Blaine's support the very considerable body of disaffected Republicans in the State of New York; that, almost without exception, they were ardent believers in a reform of the civil service; and that an out-and-out earnest declaration in favor of it by our presidential candidate might do much to propitiate them. I reminded Mr. Phelps of the unquestioned evils of the "spoils system," and said that Mr. Blaine must surely have often observed them, suffered under pressure from them, and felt that something should be done to remedy them; and that if he would now express his conviction to this effect, taking strong ground in favor of the reform and basing

his utterances on his experiences as a statesman, it would, in my mind, do much to save the State of New York for the Republicans.

After writing this letter, feeling that it might seem to Mr. Phelps and to Mr. Blaine himself very presuming for a man who had steadily opposed them at Chicago thus to volunteer advice, I laid it aside. But it happened that I had been chosen one of the committee of delegates to go to Maine to apprise Mr. Blaine formally of his nomination, and it also happened that my old student and friend, Judge Foraker, was another member of the committee. It was impossible for me to go to Maine, since the commencement of the university, at which I was bound to preside, came on the day appointed for Mr. Blaine's reception of the committee at Augusta; but Judge Foraker having stopped over at the university to attend a meeting of the trustees as an alumni member of that body, I mentioned this letter to him. He asked to see it, and, having read it, asked to be allowed to take it with him. I consented, and heard nothing more from him on the subject; but the following week, at the Yale commencement, while sitting with Mr. Evarts and Judge Shipman to award prizes in the law department, I saw, looking toward me over the heads of the audience in the old Centre Church, my friend Frederick William Holls of New York, and it was evident from his steady gaze that he had something to say. The award of prizes having been made and the audience dismissed, Mr. Holls met me and said: "Mr. Blaine will adopt your suggestion in his letter of acceptance." Both of us were overjoyed. It looked like a point scored not only for the Republican party, but for the cause which we both had so deeply at heart.

But as the campaign went on it was more and more evident that this concession, which I believe he would have adhered to had he been elected, was to be in vain.

It was perhaps, on the whole, and on both sides, the vilest political campaign ever waged. Accusations were made against both candidates which should have forever brought

contempt on the men who made them. Nothing could have been further from the wish of either candidate than that such accusations should be made against his opponent, but each was powerless: the vile flood of slander raged on. But I am glad here to recall the fact that when, at a later period, one of the worst inventors of slander against Mr. Blaine sought reward in the shape of office from President Cleveland, he was indignantly spurned.

In politics I took very little part. During the summer my main thoughts were directed toward a controversy before the Board of Regents, in regard to the system of higher education in the State of New York, with my old friend President Anderson of Rochester, who had vigorously attacked some ideas which seemed to me essential to any proper development of university education in America; and this was hardly finished when I was asked to take part in organizing the American Historical Association at Saratoga, and to give the opening address. This, with other pursuits of an academic nature, left me little time for the political campaign.

But there occurred one little incident to which I still look back with amusement. My old friends and constituents in Syracuse had sent me a general invitation to come over from the university and preside at some one of their Republican mass-meetings. My answer was that as to the "hack speakers" of the campaign, with their venerable gags, stale jokes, and nauseating slanders, I had no desire to hear them, and did not care to sit on the platform with them; but that when they had a speaker to whom I cared to listen I would gladly come. The result was that one day I received a letter inviting me to preside over a mass-meeting at Syracuse, at which Mr. McKinley was to make the speech. I accepted gladly and on the appointed evening arrived at the Syracuse railway station. There I found the mayor of the city ready to take me in his carriage to the hall where the meeting was to be held; but we had hardly left the station when he said to me: "Mr. White, I am very sorry, but Mr. McKinley has been de-

layed and we have had to get another speaker." I was greatly disappointed, and expressed my feelings somewhat energetically, when the mayor said: "But this speaker is really splendid; he carries all before him; he is a thorough Kentucky orator." My answer was that I knew the breed but too well, and that if I had known that Mr. McKinley was not to come I certainly would not have left my work at the university. By this time we had arrived at the door of the Globe Hotel, whence the speaker entered the carriage. He was a tall, sturdy Kentuckian, and his appearance and manner showed that he had passed a very convivial day with the younger members of the committee appointed to receive him.

His first words on entering the carriage were not very reassuring. No sooner had I been introduced to him than he asked where he could get a glass of brandy. "For," said he, "without a good drink just before I go on the platform I can't make a speech." I attempted to quiet him and to show him the difficulties in the case. I said: "Colonel ——, you have been with our young men here all day, and no doubt have had a fairly good time; but in our meetings here there is just now need of especial care. You will have in your audience to-night a large number of the more sedate and conservative citizens of Syracuse, church members, men active in the various temperance societies, and the like. There never was a campaign when men were in greater doubt; great numbers of these people have not yet made up their minds how they will vote, and the slightest exhilaration on your part may cost us hundreds of votes." He answered: "That 's all very well, but the simple fact is that I am here to make a speech, and I can't make it unless I have a good drink beforehand." I said nothing more, but, as he still pressed the subject on the mayor and the other member of the committee, I quietly said to them as I left the carriage: "If that man drinks anything more before speaking, I will not go on the stage with him, and the reason why I don't will speedily be made known." The mayor reassured me, and we all went

together into the large room adjoining the stage, I keeping close watch over the orator, taking pains to hold him steadily in conversation, introducing as many leading men of the town to him as possible, thus preventing any opportunity to carry out his purpose of taking more strong drink, and to my great satisfaction he had no opportunity to do so before we were summoned into the hall.

Arrived there, I made my speech, and then the orator of the evening arose. But just before he began to speak he filled from a water-pitcher a large glass, and drank it off. My thought at the moment was that this would dilute some of the stronger fluids he had absorbed during the day and cool him down somewhat. He then went on in a perfectly self-possessed way, betrayed not the slightest effect of drinking, and made a most convincing and effective speech, replete with wit and humor; yet, embedded in his wit and humor and rollicking fun, were arguments appealing to the best sentiments of his hearers. The speech was in every way a success; at its close I congratulated him upon it, and was about to remind him that he had done very well on his glass of cold water, when he suddenly said to me: "Mr. White, you see that it was just as I told you: if I had n't taken that big glass of gin from the pitcher just before I started, I could not have made any speech."

"All 's well that ends well," and, though the laugh was at my expense, the result was not such as to make me especially unhappy.

But this campaign of 1884 ended as I had expected. Mr. Cleveland was elected to the Presidency.

CHAPTER XIII

HENDRICKS, JOHN SHERMAN, BANCROFT, AND OTHERS—1884-1891

THE following spring, visiting Washington, I met President Cleveland again.

Of the favorable impression made upon me by his career as Governor of New York I have already spoken, and shall have occasion to speak presently of his Presidency. The renewal of our acquaintance even increased my respect for him. He was evidently a strong, honest man, trying to do his duty under difficulties.

I also met again Mr. Cleveland's opponent in the previous campaign—Mr. Blaine. Calling on Mr. William Walter Phelps, then in Congress, whom I had known as minister of the United States at Vienna, and who was afterward my successor at Berlin, I made some reference to Mr. Blaine, when Mr. Phelps said: "Why don't you go and call upon him?" I answered that it might be embarrassing to both of us, to which he replied: "I don't think so. In spite of your opposition to him at Chicago, were I in your place I would certainly go to his house and call upon him." That afternoon I took this advice, and when I returned to the hotel Mr. Blaine came with me, talking in a most interesting way. He spoke of my proposed journey to Virginia, and discussed Jefferson and Hamilton, admiring both, but Jefferson the most. As to his own working habits, he said that he rose early, did his main work in the morning, and never did any work in the evening; that, having been

brought up in strongly Sabbatarian notions during his boyhood in Pennsylvania, he had ever since, from the force of habit, reserved Sunday as a day of complete rest. Speaking of the customs in Pennsylvania at that time, he said that not even a walk for exercise was allowed, and nothing was ever cooked on the sacred day.

I met him afterward on various occasions, and could not but admire him. At a dinner-party he was vexatiously badgered by a very bumptious professor, who allowed himself to speak in a rather offensive manner of ideas which Mr. Blaine represented; and the quiet but decisive way in which the latter disposed of his pestering interlocutor was worthy of all praise.

Mr. Blaine was certainly the most fascinating man I have ever known in politics. No wonder that so many Republicans in all parts of the country seemed ready to give their lives to elect him. The only other public man in the United States whose personality had ever elicited such sympathy and devotion was Henry Clay. Perhaps his nearest friend was Mr. Phelps, to whom I have referred above,—one of the best, truest, and most winning men I have ever known. He had been especially devoted to Mr. Blaine, with whom he had served in Congress, and it was understood that if the latter had been elected Mr. Phelps would have been his Secretary of State.

Mr. Phelps complained to me, half seriously, half jocosely, of what is really a crying abuse in the United States —namely, that there is no proper reporting of the proceedings of the Houses of Congress in the main journals of the country which can enable the people at large to form any just idea as to how their representatives are conducting the public business. He said: "I may make a most careful speech on any important subject before Congress and it will not be mentioned in the New York papers, but let me make a joke and it will be published all over the United States. Yesterday, on a wager, I tried an experiment: I made two poor little jokes during a short

talk in the House, and here they are in the New York papers of this morning."

During this visit to Washington I met at the house of my classmate and dear friend, Randall Gibson, then a senator from Louisiana, a number of distinguished men, among them the Vice-President, Mr. Hendricks, and General Butler, senator from South Carolina.

Vice-President Hendricks seemed sick and sore. He had expected to be a candidate for the Presidency, with a strong probability of election, but had accepted the Vice-Presidency; and the subject which seemed to elicit his most vitriolic ill will was reform in the civil service. As we sat one evening in the smoking-room at Senator Gibson's, he was very bitter against the system, when, to my surprise, General Butler took up the cudgels against him and made a most admirable argument. At that moment, for the first time, I felt that the war between North and South was over; for all the old issues seemed virtually settled, and here, as regarded this new issue, on which I felt very deeply, was one of the most ardent of Confederate soldiers, a most bitter pro-slavery man before the Civil War, one who, during the war, had lost a leg in battle, nearer me politically than were many of my friends and neighbors in the North.

Senator Jones of Florida, who was present, gave us some character sketches, and among others delineated admirably General Williams, known in the Mexican War as "Cerro Gordo Williams," who was for a time senator from Kentucky. He said that Williams had a wonderful gift of spread-eagle oratory, but that, finding no listeners for it among his colleagues, he became utterly disgusted and went about saying that the Senate was a "d—d frigid, respectable body that chilled his intellect." This led my fellow-guests to discuss the characteristics of the Senate somewhat, and I was struck by one remark in which all agreed—namely, that "there are no politics in executive session."

Gibson remarked that the best speech he had ever heard in the Senate was made by John Sherman.

As regards civil-service matters, I found on all sides an opinion that Mr. Cleveland was, just as far as possible, basing his appointments upon merit. Gibson mentioned the fact that a candidate for an important office in his State, who had committed three murders, had secured very strong backing, but that President Cleveland utterly refused to appoint him.

With President Cleveland I had a very interesting interview. He referred to his visit to Cornell University, said that he would have liked nothing so well as to go more thoroughly through its various departments, and, as when I formerly saw him, expressed his regret at the loss of such opportunities as an institution of that kind affords.

At this time I learned from him and from those near him something regarding his power for hard work. It was generally understood that he insisted on writing out all important papers and conducting his correspondence in his own hand, and the result was that during a considerable period of the congressional sessions he sat at his desk until three o'clock in the morning.

It was evident that his up-and-down, curt, independent way did not at all please some of the leading members of his party; in fact, there were signs of a serious estrangement caused by the President's refusals to yield to senators and other leaders of the party in the matter of appointments to office. To illustrate this feeling, a plain, bluff Western senator, Mr. Sawyer of Wisconsin, told me a story.

Senator Sawyer had built up a fortune and gained a great influence in his State by a very large and extensive business in pine lumber, and he had a sort of rough, quaint woodman's wit which was at times very amusing. He told me that, some days before, two of his most eminent Democratic colleagues in the Senate were just leaving the Capitol, and from something they said he saw that they

were going to call upon the President. He therefore asked them, "How do you like this new President of yours?" "Oh," answered the senators in chorus, "he is a very good man—a very good man indeed." "Yes," said Senator Sawyer, "but how do you *like* him?" "Oh," answered the senators, "we like him very much—very much indeed." "Well," said Sawyer, "I will tell you a story before you go to the White House if you will agree, when you get back, to tell me—'honest Injun'—whether it suits your case." Both laughingly agreed, and Mr. Sawyer then told them the following story: When he was a young man with very small means, he and two or three other young wood-choppers made up an expedition for lumber-cutting. As they were too poor to employ a cook for their camp, they agreed to draw lots, and that the one on whom the lot fell should be cook, but only until some one of the company found fault; then the fault-finder should become cook in his turn. Lots being drawn, one of them, much to his disgust, was thus chosen cook, and toward the close of the day he returned to camp, before the others, to get supper ready. Having taken from the camp stores a large quantity of beans, he put them into a pot boiling over the fire, as he had seen his mother do in his boyhood, and then proceeded to pour in salt. Unfortunately the salt-box slipped in his hand, and he poured in much more than he had intended—in fact, the whole contents of the box. On the return of the woodmen to the cabin, ravenously hungry, they proceeded to dish out the boiled beans, but the first one who put a spoonful in his mouth instantly cried out with a loud objurgation, "Thunder and lightning! this dish is all salt"; but, in a moment, remembering that if he found fault he must himself become cook, he said very gently, "*But I like salt.*" Both senators laughed and agreed that they would give an honest report of their feelings to Senator Sawyer when they had seen the President. On their return, Sawyer met them and said, "Well, honest Injun, how was it?" They both laughed and said, "Well, we like salt."

Among many interesting experiences I recall especially a dinner at the house of Mr. Fairchild, Secretary of the Treasury. He spoke of the civil service, and said that a short time previously President Cleveland had said to him, regarding the crowd pressing for office: "A suggestion to these office-seekers as to the good of the country would make them faint."

During this dinner I happened to be seated between Senators John Sherman of Ohio and Vance of North Carolina and presently Mr. Vance—one of the jolliest mortals I have ever met—turned toward his colleague, Senator Sherman, and said, very blandly: "Senator, I am glad to see you back from Ohio; I hope you found your fences in good condition." There was a general laugh, and when it was finished Senator Sherman told me in a pleasant way how the well-known joke about his "looking after his fences" arose. He said that he was the owner of a large farm in Ohio, and that some years previously his tenant wrote urging him most earnestly to improve its fences, so that finally he went to Ohio to look into the matter. On arriving there, he found a great crowd awaiting him and calling for a speech, when he excused himself by saying that he had not come to Ohio on political business, but had merely come "to look after his fences." The phrase caught the popular fancy, and "to look after one's fences" became synonymous with minding one's political safeguards.

I remember also an interesting talk with Mr. Bayard, who had been one of the most eminent senators in his time, who was then Secretary of State, and who became, at a later period, ambassador of the United States to Great Britain. Speaking of office-seeking, he gave a comical account of the developing claims of sundry applicants for foreign missions, who, he said, "are at first willing to go, next anxious to go, and finally angry because they cannot go."

On another social occasion, the possibility of another attempt at secession by States being discussed, General

Butler of South Carolina said: "No more secession for me." To this, Senator Gibson, who also had been a brigadier-general in the Confederate service, and had seen much hard fighting, said, "And no more for me." Butler rejoined, "We may have to help in preventing others from seceding one of these days." I was glad to note that both Butler and Gibson spoke thoroughly well of their former arch-enemy, General Grant.

Very interesting was it to meet again Mr. George Bancroft. He referred to his long service as minister at Berlin, expressed his surprise that Bismarck, whom he remembered as fat, had become bony, and was very severe against both clericals and liberals who had voted against allowing aid to Bismarck in the time of his country's greatest necessity.

I also met my Cornell colleague Goldwin Smith, the former Oxford professor and historian, who expressed his surprise and delight at the perfect order and decorum of the crowd, numbering nearly five thousand persons, at the presidential levee the night before. In order to understand what an American crowd was like, instead of going into the White House by the easier way, as he was entitled by his invitation to do, he had taken his place in the long procession far outside the gate and gradually moved through the grounds into the presidential presence, taking about an hour for the purpose. He said that there was never any pressing, crowding, or impatience, and he compared the crowd most favorably with any similar body in a London street.

Chief Justice Waite I also found a very substantial, interesting man; but especially fascinating was General Sheridan, who, at a dinner given by my Berlin predecessor, Mr. Bancroft Davis, described the scene at the battle of Gravelotte when, owing to a rush by the French, the Emperor of Germany was for a time in real danger and was reluctantly obliged to fall back. He said that during the panic and retreat toward Thionville he saw the Emperor halt from time to time to scold soldiers who threw

away their muskets; that very many German soldiers, during this panic, cast aside everything except the clothes they wore—not only their guns, but their helmets; that afterward the highways and fields were strewn thickly with these, and that wagons were sent out to collect them. He also said that Bismarck spoke highly to him regarding the martial and civil qualities of the crown prince, afterward the Emperor Frederick, but that regarding the Red Prince, Frederick Charles, he expressed a very different opinion.

Speaking of a statement that some one had invented armor which would ward off a rifle-ball, Sheridan said that during the Civil War an officer who wore a steel vest beneath his coat was driven out of decent society by general contempt; and at this Goldwin Smith told a story of the Duke of Wellington, who, when troubled by an inventor of armor, nearly scared him to death by ordering him to wear his own armor and allow a platoon of soldiers to fire at him.

During the course of the conversation Sheridan said that soldiers were braver now than ever before—braver, indeed, than the crusaders, as was proved by the fact that in these days they wear no armor. To this Goldwin Smith answered that he thought war in the middle ages was more destructive than even in our time. Sheridan said that breech-loading rifles kill more than all the cannon.

At a breakfast given by Goldwin Smith at Wormley's, Bancroft, speaking of Berlin matters, said that the Emperor William did not know that Germany was the second power in the world so far as a mercantile navy was concerned until he himself told him; and on the ignorance of monarchs regarding their own domains, Goldwin Smith said that Lord Malmesbury, when assured by Napoleon III that in the plebiscite he would have the vote of the army, which was five hundred thousand, answered, "But, your majesty, your army numbers seven hundred thousand," whereupon the Emperor was silent. The in-

ference was that his majesty knew a large part of his army to be merely on paper.

At this Mr. John Field, of Philadelphia, said that on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War he went to General Grant at Long Branch, and asked him how the war was likely to turn out, to which the general answered, "As I am President of the United States, I am unable to answer." "But," said Field, "I am a citizen sovereign and ask an opinion." "Well," said General Grant, "confidentially, the Germans will beat the French thoroughly and march on Paris. The French army is a mere shell." This reminded me that General Grant, on my own visit to him some weeks before, had foretold to me sundry difficulties of Lord Wolseley in Egypt just as they afterward occurred.

At a dinner with Senator Morrill of Vermont I met General Schenck, formerly a leading member of Congress and minister to Brazil and to England. He was very interesting in his sketches of English orators; thought Bright the best, Gladstone admirable, and Sir Stafford Northcote, with his everlasting hawing and humming, intolerable. He gave interesting reminiscences of Tom Corwin, his old preceptor, and said that Corwin's power over an audience was magical. He added that he once attended a public dinner in Boston, and, sitting near Everett, who was the chief speaker, noticed that when the waiters sought to clear the table and were about to remove a bouquet containing two small flags, Everett would not allow them to do it, and that later in the evening, during his speech, just at the proper point, he caught up these flags, as if accidentally, and waved them. He said that everything with Everett and Choate seemed to be cut and dried; that even the interruptions seemed prepared beforehand.

Senator Morrill then told a story regarding Everett's great speech at the opening of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, which I had heard at the time of its delivery. In this speech Everett said: "Last night, crossing the

Connecticut River, I saw mirrored in its waters Arcturus, then fully at the zenith, and I thought," etc., etc.; "but," said Morrill, "some one looked into the matter and found that Everett, before leaving home, had evidently turned the globe in his study wrong side up, for at that time Arcturus was not at the zenith, but at the nadir."

At the Cornell commencement of this year (1885) I resigned my presidency of the university. It had nominally lasted eighteen years, but really more than twenty, since I had taken the lead in the work of the university even before its charter was granted, twenty years previously, and from that day the main charge of its organization and of everything except providing funds had been intrusted to me. Regarding this part of my life I shall speak more fully in another chapter.

Shortly after this resignation two opportunities were offered me which caused me considerable thought.

As to the first, President Cleveland was kind enough to write me an autograph letter asking whether I would accept one of the positions on the new Interstate Railway Commission. I felt it a great honor to be asked to act as colleague with such men as Chief Justice Cooley, Mr. Morrison, and others already upon that board, but I recognized my own incompetence to discharge the duties of such a position properly. Though I had been, some years before, a director in two of the largest railway corporations in the United States, my heart was never in that duty, and I never prepared myself to discharge it. Thinking the matter over fully, I felt obliged to decline the place. My heart was set on finishing the book which I had so long wished to publish,—my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology,"—and in order to cut myself off from other work and get some needed rest I sailed for Europe on October 3, 1885, but while engaged most delightfully in visits to Oxford, Cambridge, and various places on the Continent, I received by cable an offer which had also a very tempting side. It was sent by my old friend Mr. Henry Sage of Ithaca,

urged me to accept the nomination to Congress from that district, and assured me that the nomination was equivalent to an election. There were some reasons why such a position was attractive to me, but the more I thought of it the more it seemed to me that to discharge these duties properly would take me from other work to which I was pledged. Before deciding the question, however, I determined to consult two old friends who were then living in London hotels adjacent to my own. The first of these was my dear old instructor, with whom my relations had been of the kindest ever since my first year at Yale—President Porter.

On my laying the matter before him, he said, "Accept by all means"; but as I showed him the reasons on both sides, he at last reluctantly agreed with me that probably it was best to send a declination.

The other person consulted was Mr. James Belden of Syracuse, afterward a member of Congress from the Onondaga district, a politician who had a most intimate knowledge of men and affairs in our State. We had been, during a long period, political adversaries, but I had come to respect sundry qualities he had more lately exhibited, and therefore went to him as a practical man and laid the case before him. He expressed his great surprise that I should advise with him, my old political adversary, but he said, "Since you do come, I will give you the very best advice I can."

We then went over the case together, and I feel sure that he advised me as well as the oldest of my friends could have done, and with a shrewdness and foresight all his own.

One of his arguments ran somewhat as follows: "To be successful in politics a man must really think of nothing else; it must be his first thought in the morning and his last at night; everything else must yield to it. Heretofore you have quietly gone on your way, sought nothing, and taken what has been freely tendered you in the interest of the party and of the public. I know the Elmira

district, and you can have the nomination and the election without trouble; but the question is whether you could ever be happy in the sort of work which you must do in order to take a proper place in the House of Representatives. First of all, you must give up everything else and devote yourself to that alone; and even then, when you have succeeded, you have only to look about you and see the men who have achieved success in that way, and who, after all, have found in it nothing but disappointment." In saying this he expressed the conclusion at which I had already arrived.

I cabled my absolute declination of the nomination, and was reproved by my friends for not availing myself of this opportunity to take part in political affairs, but have nevertheless always felt that my decision was wise.

To tell the truth, I never had, and never desired to have, any capacity for the rough-and-tumble of politics. I greatly respect many of the men who have gifts of that sort, but have recognized the fact that my influence in and on politics must be of a different kind. I have indeed taken part in some stormy scenes in conventions, meetings, and legislatures, but always with regret. My true rôle has been a more quiet one. My ambition, whether I have succeeded in it or not, has been to set young men in trains of fruitful thought, to bring mature men into the line of right reason, and to aid in devising and urging needed reforms, in developing and supporting wise policies, and in building up institutions which shall strengthen what is best in American life.

Early in 1891 I was asked by Mr. Sherman Rogers of Buffalo, one of the best and truest men in political life that I have ever known, to accompany him and certain other gentlemen to Washington, in order to present to Mr. Harrison, who had now become President of the United States, an argument for the extension of the civil-service rules. Accompanied by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Senator Cabot Lodge, our delegation reached the Executive Mansion at the time fixed by the President,

and were received in a way which surprised me. Mr. Harrison seemed, to say the least, not in good humor. He stood leaning on the corner of his desk, and he asked none of us to sit. All of us had voted for him, and had come to him in his own interest as well as in the interest of the country; but he seemed to like us none the better for all that. The first speech was made by Mr. Rogers. Dwelling on the disappointment of thoughtful Republicans throughout the country at the delay in redeeming pledges made by the Republican National Convention as to the extension of the civil service, and reiterated in the President's own speeches in the United States Senate, he in a playful way referred to the conduct of certain officials in Buffalo, when the President interrupted him, as it seemed to me at the time very brusquely and even rudely, saying: "Mr. Rogers, you have no right to impute evil motives to any man. The motives of these gentlemen to whom you refer are presumably as good as your own. An argument based upon such imputations cannot advance the cause you support in the slightest degree." Mr. Rogers was somewhat disconcerted for a moment, but, having resumed his speech, he presented, in a very dignified and convincing way, the remainder of his argument. He was followed by the other members from various States, giving different sides of the case, each showing the importance which Republicans in his own part of the country attributed to an extension of the civil-service rules.

My own turn came last. I said: "Mr. President: I will make no speech, but will simply state two facts.

"First: Down to a comparatively recent period every high school, college, and university in the Northern States has been a center of Republican ideas: no one will gainsay this for a moment. But recently there has come a change. During nearly twenty years it has been my duty to nominate to the trustees of Cornell University candidates for various positions in its faculty; the fundamental charter of the institution absolutely forbids any consideration, in such cases, of the party or sect to which any candidate

belongs, and I have always faithfully carried out that injunction, never, in any one of the multitude of nominations that I have made, allowing the question of politics to enter in the slightest degree. But still it has happened that, almost without exception, the candidates have proved to be Republicans, and this to such an extent that at times I have regretted it; for the university has been obliged frequently to ask for legislation from a Democratic legislature, and I have always feared that this large preponderance of Republican professors would be brought up against us as an evidence that we were not true to the principles of our charter. As a matter of fact, down to two or three years since, there were, as I casually learned, out of a faculty of about fifty members, not over eight or ten Democrats. But during these recent years all this has been changed, and at the State election, when Judge Folger was defeated for the governorship, I found to my surprise that, almost without exception, my colleagues in the faculty had voted the Democratic ticket; so far as I could learn, but three besides myself had voted for the Republican candidate." President Harrison immediately said: "Mr. White, was that not chiefly due to the free-trade tendencies of college-men?" I answered: "No, Mr. President; the great majority of these men who voted with the Democrats were protectionists, and you will yourself see that they must have been so if they had continued to vote for the Republican ticket down to that election. All that I hear leads me to the conviction that the real cause is disappointment at the delay of the Republican party in making good its promises to improve the public service. In this question the faculties of our colleges and universities, especially in the Eastern, Middle, and Northern States, take a deep interest. In fact, it is with them the question of all questions; and I think this is one of the things which, at that election in New York, caused the most overwhelming defeat that a candidate for governor had ever experienced." To this the President listened attentively, and I then said: "Mr.

President, my second point is this: The State of New York is, of course, of immense importance to the Republican party, and it has been carried in recent years by a majority of a few hundred votes. There are more than fourteen thousand school districts in the State, and in nearly every one of these school districts there are a certain number of earnest men—anywhere from a handful to a houseful—who believe that since the slavery question is removed from national politics, the only burning question which remains is the 'spoils system' and the reform of the civil service. Now, you have only to multiply the fourteen thousand school districts by a very small figure, and you will see the importance of this question as regards the vote of the State of New York. I know whereof I speak, for I have myself addressed meetings in many of these districts in favor of a reform of the civil service, have had correspondence with other districts in all parts of the State, and am sure that there is a deep-seated feeling on the subject in great numbers of them,—a feeling akin to what used to be called in the anti-slavery days 'fanaticism,'—that is, a deep-seated conviction that this is now the most important question before the American people, and that it must be settled in precedence to all others."

The President received what I had to say courteously, and then began a reply to us all. He took at first rather a bitter tone, saying that he had a right to find fault with all of us; that the Civil Service League had denounced his administration most unjustly for its relation to the spoils system; that he was moving as rapidly in the matter as circumstances permitted; that he was anxious to redeem the promises made by the party and by himself; that he had already done something and purposed to do more; and that the glorifications of the progress made by the previous administration in this respect, at the expense of his own, had been grossly unjust.

To this we made a short rejoinder on one point, stating that his complaint against us was without foundation;

that not one of us was a member of the Civil Service League; that not one of us had taken any part in its deliberations; and that we could not, therefore, be made responsible in any way for its utterances. The President now became somewhat more genial, though he did not ask us to be seated, alluding in a pungent but good-natured way to the zeal for reform shown by Mr. Roosevelt, who was standing by, and closing in considerably better humor than he had begun. Although I cannot say that I was greatly pleased with his treatment of the committee, I remembered that, although courtesy was not generally considered his strong point, he was known to possess many sterling qualities, and I felt bound to allow that his speech revealed a man of strength and honest purpose. All of us, even Mr. Roosevelt and Senator Lodge, came away believing that good had been done, and that the President, before his term of office had expired, would do what he could in the right direction; and I am glad to say that this expectation was fulfilled.

CHAPTER XIV

McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT—1891-1904

DURING the summer of 1891 came a curious episode in my life, to which, as it was considerably discussed in the newspapers at the time, and as various sensational news-makers have dwelt upon it since, I may be permitted to refer. During several years before,—in fact, ever since my two terms in the State Senate,—various people, and especially my old Cornell students throughout the State, had written to me and published articles in my behalf as a candidate for governor. I had never encouraged these, and whenever I referred to them deprecated them, since I preferred a very different line of life, and felt that the grapple with spoilsmen which every governor must make would wear me out very rapidly. But the election which was that year approaching was felt to be very important, and old friends from various parts of the State thought that, in the severe contest which was expected, I stood a better chance of election than any other who could be named at that particular time, their theory being that the German vote of the State would come to me, and that it would probably come to no other Republican.

The reason for this theory was that I had received part of my education in Germany; had shown especial interest in German history and literature, lecturing upon them at the University of Michigan and at Cornell; had resided in Berlin as minister; had, on my return, delivered in New York and elsewhere an address on the "New Germany,"

wherein were shown some points in German life which Americans might study to advantage; had also delivered an address on the "Contributions of Germany to American Civilization"; and had, at various times, formed pleasant relations with leading Germans of both parties. The fact was perfectly well known, also, that I was opposed to the sumptuary laws which had so largely driven Germans out of the Republican party, and had declared that these were not only unjust to those immediately affected by them, but injurious to the very interests of temperance, which they were designed to promote.

I was passing the summer at Magnolia, on the east coast of Massachusetts, when an old friend, the son of an eminent German-American, came from New York and asked me to become a candidate for the governorship. I was very reluctant, for special as well as general reasons. My first wish was to devote myself wholly to certain long-deferred historical work; my health was not strong; I felt utterly unfitted for the duties of the campaign, and the position of governor, highly honorable as it is, presented no especial attractions to me, my ambition not being in that line. Therefore it was that at first I urged my friends to combine upon some other person; but as they came back and insisted that they could agree on no one else, and that I could bring to the support of the party men who would otherwise oppose it, I reluctantly agreed to discuss the subject with some of the leading Republicans in New York, and among them Mr. Thomas C. Platt, who was at the head of the organized management of the party.

In our two or three conversations Mr. Platt impressed me curiously. I had known him slightly for many years; indeed, we had belonged to the same class at Yale, but as he had left it and I had entered it at the beginning of the sophomore year we did not know each other at that period. We had met occasionally when we were both supporting Mr. Conkling, but had broken from each other at the time when he was supporting Mr. Blaine, and I, Mr. Edmunds,

for the nomination at Chicago. Our discussion now took a form which somewhat surprised me. The general belief throughout the State was, I think, that Mr. Platt's first question, or, at any rate, his main question, in any such discussion, would be, necessarily, as to the attitude of the candidate toward Mr. Platt's own interests and aspirations. But I feel bound to say that in the discussions between us no such questions were ever asked, approached, or even hinted at. Mr. Platt never asked me a question regarding my attitude toward him or toward his friends; he never even hinted at my making any pledge or promise to do anything or not to do anything with reference to his own interests or to those of any other person; his whole effort was directed to finding what strength my nomination would attract to the party and what it would repel. He had been informed regarding one or two unpopular votes of mine when I was in the State Senate—as, for example, that I had opposed the efforts of a powerful sectarian organization to secure the gift of certain valuable landed property from the city of New York; he had also been informed regarding certain review and magazine articles in which I had spoken my mind somewhat freely against certain influences in the State which were still powerful, and it had been hinted to him that my "Warfare of Science" chapters might have alienated a considerable number of the more narrow-minded clergymen and their flocks.

I told Mr. Platt frankly that these fears seemed quite likely to be well founded, and that there were some other difficulties which I could myself suggest to him: that I had, in the course of my life, made many opponents in supporting Cornell University, and in expressing my mind on various questions, political and religious, and that these seemed to me likely to cost the party very many votes. I therefore suggested that he consult certain persons in various parts of the State who were entitled to have an opinion, and especially two men of the highest judgment in such matters—Chief Justice Andrews of

Syracuse, and Carroll Earl Smith, editor of the leading Republican journal in central New York. The result was that telegrams and letters were exchanged, these gentlemen declaring their decided opinion that the matters referred to were bygones, and could not be resuscitated in the coming contest; that they would be lost sight of in the real questions sure to arise; and that even in the election immediately following the vote which I had cast against giving a large tract of Ward's Island to a Roman Catholic institution, I had lost no votes, but had held my own with the other candidates, and even gained upon some of them.

Mr. Platt also discussed my relations to the Germans and to the graduates of Cornell University who were scattered all over the State; and as these, without exception, so far as could be learned, were my warm personal friends, it was felt by those who had presented my name, and finally, I think, by Mr. Platt, that these two elements in my support might prove valuable.

Still, in spite of this, I advised steadily against my own nomination, and asked Mr. Platt: "Why don't you support your friend Senator Fassett of Elmira? He is a young man; he has very decided abilities; he is popular; his course in the legislature has been admirable; you have made him collector of the port of New York, and he is known to be worthy of the place. Why don't you ask him?" Mr. Platt's frankness in reply increased my respect for him. He said: "I need not confess to you that, personally, I would prefer Mr. Fassett to yourself; but if he were a candidate he would have to carry the entire weight of my unpopularity."

Mr. Platt was from first to last perfectly straightforward. He owed me nothing, for I had steadily voted against him and his candidate in the National Convention at Chicago. He had made no pledges to me, for I had allowed him to make none—even if he had been disposed to do so; moreover, many of my ideas were opposed to his own. I think the heaviest piece of work I ever undertook was when, some months before, I had endeavored to con-

vert him to the civil-service-reform forces; but while I had succeeded in converting a good many others, he remained intractable, and on that subject we were at opposite poles.

It therefore seems to me altogether to his credit that, in spite of this personal and theoretical antagonism between us, and in spite of the fact that I had made, and he knew that I would make, no pledges or promises whatever to him in view of an election, he had favored my nomination solely as the best chance of obtaining a Republican victory in the State; and I will again say that I do not believe that his own personal advantage entered into his thoughts on this occasion. His pride and his really sincere devotion to the interests of the Republican party, as he understood them, led him to desire, above all things, a triumph over the Democratic forces, and the only question in his mind was, Who could best secure the victory?

At the close of these conferences he was evidently in my favor, but on leaving the city I said to him: "Do not consider yourself as in any way pledged to my support. Go to the convention at Rochester, and decide what is best after you get there. I have no desire for the nomination—in fact, would prefer that some one else bear the burden and heat of the day. I have been long out of touch with the party managers in the State. I don't feel that they would support me as they would support some man like Mr. Fassett, whom they know and like personally, and I shall not consider you as pledged to me in the slightest degree. I don't ask it; I don't wish it; in fact, I prefer the contrary. Go to Rochester, be guided by circumstances, and decide as you see fit."

In the meantime various things seemed to strengthen my candidacy. Leading Germans who had been for some time voting with the Democratic party pledged themselves to my support if I were nominated, and one of them could bring over to my side one of the most powerful Democratic journals in the State; in fact, there were pledged to my support two leading journals which, as matters

turned out afterward, opposed the Republican nomination.

At the convention which met shortly afterward at Rochester (September, 1891), things went as I had anticipated, and indeed as I had preferred. Mr. Platt found the elements supporting Mr. Fassett even stronger than he had expected. The undercurrent was too powerful for him, and he was obliged to yield to it.

Of course sundry newspapers screamed that he had deceived and defeated me. I again do him the justice to say that this was utterly untrue. I am convinced that he went to Rochester believing my candidacy best for the party; that he really did what he could in my favor, but that he found, what I had foretold, that Mr. Fassett, young, energetic, known, and liked by the active political men in various parts of the State, naturally wished to lead the forces and was naturally the choice of the convention—a choice which it was not within Mr. Platt's power to change.

Mr. Fassett was nominated, and I do not know that I have ever received a message which gave me a greater sense of relief than the telegram which announced this fact to me.

As regards the inside history of the convention, Professor Jenks of Cornell University, a very thoughtful student of practical politics, who had gone to Rochester to see the working of a New York State convention, told me some time afterward that he had circulated very freely among the delegates from various rural districts; that they had no acquaintance with him, and therefore talked freely in his presence regarding the best policy of the convention. As a rule, the prevailing feeling among them was expressed as follows: "White don't know the boys; he don't know the men who do the work of the party; he supports civil-service reform, and that means that after doing the work of the campaign we shall have no better chance for the offices than men who have done nothing—in fact, not so good, perhaps, as those who have opposed

us." No doubt this feeling entered into the minds of a large number of delegates and conduced to the result.

A few weeks afterward Mr. Fassett came to Ithaca. I had the pleasure of presiding and speaking at the public meeting which he addressed, and of entertaining him at my house. He was in every way worthy of the position to which he had been nominated, but, unfortunately, was not elected.

Having made one or two speeches in this campaign, I turned to more congenial work, and in the early spring of the following year (February 12 to May 16, 1892) accepted an election as non-resident professor at Stanford University in California, my duty being to deliver a course of twenty lectures upon "The Causes of the French Revolution." Just as I was about to start, Mr. Andrew Carnegie very kindly invited me to go as his guest in his own car and with a delightful party. There were eight of us—four ladies and four gentlemen. We went by way of Washington, Chattanooga, and New Orleans, stopping at each place, and meeting many leading men; then to the city of Mexico, where we were presented to Porfirio Diaz, the president of that republic, who seemed to be a man of great shrewdness and strength. I recall here the fact that the room in which he received us was hung round with satin coverings, on which, as the only ornament, were the crown and cipher of Diaz' unfortunate predecessor, the Emperor Maximilian. Thence we went to California, and zigzag along the Pacific coast to Tacoma and Seattle; then through the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City, meeting everywhere interesting men and things, until at Denver I left the party and went back to give my lectures at Stanford.

Returning to Cornell University in the early summer, I found myself in the midst of my books and happy in resuming my work. But now, July 21, 1892, came my nomination by President Harrison to the position of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg. On thinking the matter over, it seemed to me

that it would be instructive and agreeable to have a second diplomatic experience in Russia after my absence of nearly forty years. I therefore accepted, and in the autumn of 1892 left America for St. Petersburg.

While in Washington to receive my instructions before leaving, I again met Mr. Harrison, and must say that he showed a much more kindly and genial side than that which had formerly been revealed to me, when I had discussed shortcomings of his administration as regarded the civil service.

My occupancy of this new position lasted until the autumn of 1894, and there was one thing in it which I have always regarded as a great honor. Mr. Harrison had appointed me at about the close of the third year of his term of office; I therefore naturally looked forward to a stay of but one year in Russia, and, when I left America, certainly desired no more. A little of Russian life goes very far. It is brilliant and attractive in many ways; but for a man who feels that he has duties and interests in America it soon becomes a sort of exile. At the close of Mr. Harrison's administration, therefore, I tendered my resignation, as is customary with ministers abroad at such times, so that it would arrive in Washington on the fourth day of March, and then come under the hand of the new President, Mr. Cleveland. I had taken its acceptance as a matter of course, and had made all my arrangements to leave Russia on the arrival of my successor. But soon I heard that President Cleveland preferred that I should remain, and that so long as I would consent to remain no new appointment would be made. In view of the fact that I had steadily voted against him, and that he knew this, I felt his conduct to be a mark of confidence for which I ought to be grateful, and the result was that I continued at the post another year, toward the close of which I wrote a private letter to him, stating that under no circumstances could I remain longer than the 1st of October, 1894. The fact was that the book which I considered the main work of my life was very nearly finished. I was anxious to have leisure to

give it thorough revision, and this leisure I could not have in a diplomatic position. Therefore it was that I insisted on terminating my career at St. Petersburg, and that the President finally accepted my declination in a letter which I shall always prize.

During the following winter (1894–1895), at Florence, Sorrento, and Palermo, my time was steadily given to my historical work; and having returned home and seen it through the press, I turned to another historical treatise which had been long deferred, and never did a man more thoroughly enjoy his leisure. I was at last apparently my own master, and could work in the midst of my books and in the library of the university to my heart's content.

But this fair dream was soon brought to naught. In December, 1895, I was appointed by President Cleveland a member of the commission to decide upon the boundary line between the British possessions in South America and Venezuela. The circumstances of the case, with the manner in which he tendered me the position, forbade me to decline it, and I saw no more literary leisure during the following year.

As the presidential campaign of 1896 approached I had given up all thoughts of politics, and had again resumed the historical work to which I proposed to devote, mainly, the rest of my life—the preparation of a biographical history of modern Germany, for which I had brought together a large amount of material and had prepared much manuscript. I also hoped to live long enough to put into shape for publication a series of lectures, on which I had obtained a mass of original material in France, upon "The Causes of the French Revolution"; and had the new campaign been like any of those during the previous twenty years, it would not have interested me. But suddenly news came of the nomination by the Democrats of Mr. Bryan. The circumstances attending this showed clearly that the coming contest involved, distinctly, the question between the forces of virtual repudiation, supporting a policy which meant not merely national disaster but generations of dis-

honor on the one side, and, on the other, Mr. McKinley, supporting a policy of financial honesty. Having then been called upon to preside over a Republican meeting at Ithaca, I made a speech which was published and widely circulated, giving the reasons why all thinking men of both parties ought to rally in support of the Republican candidate, and this I followed with an open letter to many leading Democrats in the State. It was begun as a private letter to a valued Democratic friend, Mr. Oscar S. Straus, who has twice proved himself a most useful and patriotic minister of the United States at Constantinople. But, as my pen was moving, another Democratic friend came into my mind, then another, and again another, until finally my views were given in an open letter to them all; and this having been submitted to a friend in New York, with permission to use it as he thought best, he published it. The result seemed fortunate. It was at once caught up by the press and republished in all parts of the country. I cannot claim that the gentlemen to whom I wrote were influenced by it, but certain it is that in spite of their earnest differences from President McKinley on very important questions, their feeling that this campaign involved issues superior to any of those which had hitherto existed, led all of them, either directly or indirectly, to support him.

At the suggestion of various friends, I also republished in a more extended form my pamphlet on "Paper Money Inflation in France: How it Came, What it Brought, and How it Ended," which had first been published at the suggestion of General Garfield and others, as throwing light on the results of a debased currency, and it was now widely circulated in all parts of the country.

Mr. McKinley was elected, and thus, in my judgment, was averted the greatest peril which our Republic has encountered since the beginning of the Civil War. Having now some time for myself, I accepted sundry invitations to address the students of two of the greater State universities of the West. It gave me pleasure to visit them, on

many accounts, and above all for the purpose of realizing the magnificent advance that has been made by them in becoming universities worthy of our country.

My anticipations were far more than met. My old student and successor at the University of Michigan as professor and at Cornell University as president, Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, welcomed me to the institution over which he so worthily presided—the State University of Wisconsin; and having visited it a quarter of a century before, I was now amazed at its progress. The subject of my address, in the presence of the whole body of students, was "Evolution versus Revolution in Politics," and never have I spoken with more faith and hope. Looking into the faces of that immense assembly of students, in training for the best work of their time, lifted me above all doubts as the future of that commonwealth.

From Madison I went to Minneapolis under an invitation to address the students at the State University of Minnesota, and again my faith and hope were renewed as I looked into the faces of those great audiences of young men and young women. They filled me with confidence in the future of the country. At Minneapolis I also met various notable men, among them Archbishop Ireland, who had interested me much at a former meeting in Philadelphia. I became sure that whatever ecclesiastics of his church generally might feel toward the United States, he was truly patriotic. Alas for both church and state that such prelates as Gibbons, Ireland, Keane, Spalding, and the like, should be in a minority!

But my most curious experience was due to another citizen of Minnesota. Having been taken to the State House, I was introduced, in the lower branch of the legislature, to no less a personage than Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, so widely known by his publications regarding the authorship of Shakspere's writings; and on my asking him whether he was now engaged on any literary work, he informed me that he was about to publish a book which would leave no particle of doubt, in the mind of any thinking man, that

the writings attributed to Shakspere were really due to Francis Bacon. During this conversation the house was droning on in committee of the whole, and the proceedings fell upon my ear much like the steady rumble of a mill; but suddenly the mill seemed to stop, my own name was called, and immediately afterward came the words: "Mr. —— of —— and Mr. —— of —— will escort Mr. White to the chair." It was a very sudden awakening from my talk with Mr. Donnelly on literature, but there was no help for it. "Accoutred as I was, I plunged in," and, in a long fur-lined coat much the worse for wear and bespattered with mud, was conducted to the speaker, who, after formal greetings, turned me loose on the audience. Naturally my speech revealed what was uppermost in my mind—wonder at the progress made by the State, admiration for its institutions, confidence in its future, pride in its relation to the Union. At the close of this brief talk a few members set up a call for Mr. Donnelly to respond, whereupon he promptly arose, and of all the speeches I have ever heard his was certainly the most surprising. It had seemed to me that my own remarks had glorified Minnesota up to the highest point; but they were tame indeed compared to his. Having first dosed me with blarney, he proceeded to deluge the legislature with balderdash. One part of his speech ran substantially on this wise:

"Mr. Speaker, I ask the gentleman, when he returns to his home, to tell his fellow-citizens of the East what he has seen during his visit to this great State; and, sir, we also wish him to tell them that Minnesota and the great Northwest will no longer consent to be trodden under the feet of the East. The strength of the United States and the future center of American greatness is here in Minnesota. Mr. Speaker, not far from this place I own a farm." (Here I began to wonder what was coming next.) "From that farm, on one side, the waters trickle down until they reach the rivulets, and then the streams, and finally the great rivers which empty into Hudson Bay. And from the other side of that farm, sir, the waters trickle down into

the rivulets, thence pass into the streams, and finally into the great Father of Waters, until they reach the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Speaker, on this plateau are now raised the great men of the Republic. Formerly Virginia was the mother of statesmen; that is so no longer. The mother of statesmen in these days, and of the men who are to control the destinies of this Republic, is Minnesota."

Never before had I any conception of the height to which "tall talk" might attain. It was the apotheosis of blather; but as my eye wandered over the assemblage, I noticed that many faces wore smiles, and it was clear to me that the members had merely wished to exhibit their most amusing specimen.

I felt that if they could stand it I could, and so, having bidden the Speaker and Mr. Donnelly good-bye, passed out and made the acquaintance of the neighboring city of St. Paul, which struck me as even more beautiful than Edinburgh in the views from its principal streets over hills, valleys, and mountains.

At the University of Michigan, in view of my recent visit, I did not again stop, but at Harvard and Yale I addressed the students, and returned home from the excursion with new faith in the future of the country. James Bryce is right when he declares that in our universities lie the best hopes of the United States.

Early in the year following the election I was appointed by the President ambassador to Germany. I had not sought the position; indeed, I had distinctly declined to speak of the matter to any of those who were supposed to have the management of political affairs in the State. It came to me, directly and unsought, from President McKinley; I therefore prized it, and shall ever prize the remembrance of it.

While it was announced as pending, I was urged by various friends to speak of the subject to Mr. Platt, who, as the only Republican senator from New York and the head of the Republican organization, was supposed to have large rights in the matter. It was hinted to me that

some statement to Mr. Platt on the subject was required by political etiquette and would smooth the President's way. My answer was that I felt respect and friendship for Mr. Platt; that I called at his rooms from time to time socially, and discussed various public matters with him; but that I could never make a request to him in the premises; that I could not put myself in the attitude of a suppliant, even in the slightest degree, to him or even to the President.

The result was that the President himself spoke to Mr. Platt on the subject, and, as I was afterward informed, the senator replied that he would make no objection, but that the appointment ought not to be charged against the claims of the State of New York.

The presidential campaign of 1900, in which Mr. McKinley was presented for reëlection, touched me but slightly. There came various letters urging me to become a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and sundry newspapers presented reasons for my nomination, the main argument being the same which had been formerly used as regarded the governorship of New York—that the German-Americans were estranged from the Republican party by the high tariff, and that I was the only Republican who could draw them to the ticket. All this I deprecated, and refused to take any part in the matter, meantime writing my nephew, who had become my successor in the State Senate, my friend Dr. Holls, and others, to urge the name of Theodore Roosevelt. I had known him for many years and greatly admired him. His integrity was proof against all attack, his courage undoubted, and his vigor amazing. It was clear that he desired renomination for the place he already held—the governorship of New York—partly because he was devoted to certain reforms, which he could carry out only in that position, and partly because he preferred activity as governor of a great State to the usually passive condition of a Vice-President of the United States. Moreover, he undoubtedly had aspirations to the Presidency. These were perfectly legitimate, and indeed hon-

orable, in him, as they are in any man who feels that he has the qualities needed in that high office. He and his friends clearly felt that the transition from the governorship of New York to the Presidency four years later would be more natural than that from the Vice-Presidency; but in my letters I insisted that his name would greatly strengthen the national ticket, and that his road to the Presidency seemed to me more easy from the Vice-Presidency than from the governorship; that, although during recent years Vice-Presidents had not been nominated to the higher office, during former years they had been; and that I could see no reason why he might not bring about a return to the earlier custom. As to myself, at my age, I greatly preferred the duties of ambassador to those of Vice-President. The Republican party was wise enough to take this view, and at the National Convention he was nominated by acclamation.

Early in August, having taken a leave of absence for sixty days, I arrived in New York, and on landing received an invitation from Mr. Roosevelt to pass the day with him at his house in the country. I found him the same earnest, energetic, straightforward man as of old. Though nominated to the Vice-Presidency against his will, he had thrown himself heartily into the campaign, and the discussion at his house turned mainly on the securing of a proper candidate for the governorship of the State of New York. I recommended Charles Andrews, who, although in the fullest vigor of mind and body, had been retired from the chief-justiceship of the State on his arrival at the age of seventy years. This recommendation Mr. Roosevelt received favorably; but later it was found impossible to carry it out, the Republican organization in the State having decided in favor of Mr. Odell.

During my entire stay in the United States I was constantly occupied with arrears of personal business which had been too long neglected; but, at the request of various friends, wrote sundry open letters and articles, which were widely circulated among German-Americans,

showing the injustice of the charge so constantly made against President McKinley, of hostility to Germany and German interests. Nothing could be more absurd than such an imputation. The very opposite was the case.

I also gave a farewell address to a great assemblage of students at Cornell University, my topic being "The True Conduct of Student Life"; but in the course of my speech, having alluded to the importance of sobriety of judgment, I tested by it sundry political contentions which were strongly made on both sides, alluding especially to Goldwin Smith's very earnest declaration that one of the greatest dangers to our nation arises from plutocracy. I took pains to show that the whole spirit of our laws is in favor of the rapid dispersion of great properties, and that, within the remembrance of many present, a large number of the greatest fortunes in the United States had been widely dispersed. As to other declarations regarding dangers arising from the acquisition of foreign territory and the like, I insisted that all these dangers were as nothing compared to one of which we were then having a striking illustration—namely, demagogism; and I urged, what I have long deeply felt, that the main source of danger to republican institutions is now, and always has been, the demagogism which seeks to array labor against capital, employee against employer, profession against profession, class against class, section against section. I mentioned the name of no one; but it must have been clear to all present how deeply I felt regarding the issues which each party represented, and especially regarding the resort to the lowest form of demagogism which Mr. Bryan was then making, in the desperate attempt to save his falling fortunes.

During this stay in America I made two visits to Washington to confer with the President and the State Department. The first of these was during the hottest weather I have ever known. There were few people at the capital who could leave it, and at the Arlington Hotel there were not more than a dozen guests. All were distressed

by the heat. Moreover, there was an amazing complication of political matters at this time, calculated to prostrate the Washington officials, even if the heat had not done so; and, among these, those relating to American control in the Philippine Islands; the bitter struggle then going on in China between the representatives of foreign powers, including our own, and the Chinese insurrectionists; the difficulties arising out of the successful result of the Spanish War in Cuba; complications in the new administration of Porto Rico; and the myriad of questions arising in a heated political campaign, which was then running fast and furious.

Arriving at the White House, I passed an hour with the President, and found him, of all men in Washington, the only one who seemed not at all troubled by the heat, by the complications in China, by the difficulties in Cuba and Porto Rico, or by the rush and whirl of the campaign. He calmly discussed with me the draft of a political note which was to be issued next day in answer to the Russian communications regarding the mode of procedure in China, which had started some very trying questions; and then showed me a letter from ex-President Cleveland declining a position on the International Arbitration Tribunal at the Hague, and accepted my suggestion not to consider it a final answer, but to make another effort for Mr. Cleveland's acceptance. During this first visit of mine, the Secretary of State and the First Assistant Secretary were both absent, having been almost prostrated by the extreme heat. At a second visit in October, I again saw the President, found him in the same equable frame of mind, not allowing anything to trouble him, quietly discharging his duties in the calm faith that all would turn out well. Dining with Secretary Hay, I mentioned this equanimity of the President, when he said: "Yes; it is a source of perpetual amazement to us all. He allows no question, no matter how complicated or vexatious, to disturb him. Some time since, at a meeting of the cabinet, one of its members burst out into a bitter speech against

I noticed on the table a German book which he had just been reading, its author being my old friend Professor Hans Delbrück of the Berlin University. At the close of the message, which referred to sundry matters of current business, came a playful postlude. "Tell his Majesty," said the President, "that I am a hunter and, as such, envy him one thing especially: he has done what I have never yet been able to do—he has killed a whale. But say to him that if he will come to the United States, I will take him to the Rocky Mountains to hunt the mountain lions, which is no bad sport,—and that if he kills one, as he doubtless will, he will be the first monarch who has killed a lion since Tiglath-Pileser." I need hardly add that when, a few weeks later, I delivered the message to the Emperor at Potsdam, it pleased him. Many people on both sides of the Atlantic have noted a similarity in qualities between these two rulers, and, from close observation, I must confess that this is better founded than are most such attributed resemblances. The Emperor has indeed several accomplishments, more especially in artistic matters, which, so far as I can learn, the President has not; but both are ambitious in the noblest sense; both are young men of deep beliefs and high aims; earnest, vigorous, straightforward, clear-sighted; good speakers, yet sturdy workers, and anxious for the prosperity, but above all things jealous for the honor of the people whose affairs they are called to administer. The President's accounts of difficulties in finding men for responsible positions in various branches of the service, and his clear statements of the proper line to be observed in political dealings between the United States and Europe where South American interests were concerned, showed him to be a broad-minded statesman. During my stay with him, we also discussed one or two points in his forthcoming message to Congress, and in due time it was received at Berlin, attracting general respect and admiration in Germany, as throughout Europe generally.

PART III

AS UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

CHAPTER XV

LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN—1857-1864

AS I looked out upon the world during my childhood, there loomed up within my little horizon certain personages as ideals. Foremost of these was the surpliced clergyman of the parish. So strong was my admiration for him that my dear mother, during her entire life, never relinquished the hope, and indeed the expectation, that I would adopt the clerical profession.

Another object of my admiration—to whose profession I aspired—was the village carpenter. He "did things," and from that day to this I have most admired the men who "do things."

Yet another of these personages was the principal of Cortland Academy. As I saw him addressing his students, or sitting in the midst of them observing with a telescope the satellites of Jupiter, I was overawed. A sense of my littleness overcame me, and I hardly dared think of aspiring to duties so exalted.

But at the age of seven a new ideal appeared. The family had removed from the little town where I was born to Syracuse, then a rising village of about five thousand inhabitants. The railways, east and west, had just been created,—the beginnings of what is now the New York Central Railroad,—and every day, so far as possible, I went down-town "to see the cars go out." During a large part of the year there was but one passenger-train in each direction, and this was made up of but three or four small compartment-cars drawn by a locomotive which would

now be considered ridiculously small, at the rate of twelve to fifteen miles an hour.

Yet I doubt whether the express trains on the New York Central, drawn by hundred-ton locomotives at a speed of sixty miles an hour, produce on the youth of the present generation anything like the impression made by those simple beginnings. The new personage who now attracted my homage was the locomotive-driver. To me his profession transcended all others. As he mounted the locomotive, and especially as he pulled the starting-bar, all other functions seemed insignificant. Every day I contemplated him; often I dreamed of him; saw him in my mind's eye dashing through the dark night, through the rain and hail, through drifting snow, through perils of "washouts" and "snake-heads," and no child in the middle ages ever thought with more awe of a crusading knight leading his troops to the Holy City than did I think of this hero standing at his post in all weathers, conducting his train to its destination beyond the distant hills. It was indeed the day of small things. The traveler passing from New York to Buffalo in those days changed from the steamer at Albany to the train for Schenectady, there changed to the train for Utica, thence took the train for Syracuse, there stayed overnight, then took a train for Auburn, where he found the train for Rochester, and after two more changes arrived in Buffalo after a journey of two days and a night, which is now made in from eight to ten hours.

But the locomotive-driver was none the less a personage, and I must confess that my old feeling of respect for him clings to me still. To this hour I never see him controlling his fiery steed without investing him with some of the attributes which I discerned in him during my childhood. It is evident to me that the next heroes whom poets will exploit will be the drivers of our railway trains and the pilots of our ocean steamers. One poet has, indeed, made a beginning already,—and this poet the Secretary of State of the United States under whom I am now serving, the Hon. John Hay. Still another poet, honored throughout the

world, has also found a hero in the engine-driver, and Rudyard Kipling will no doubt be followed by others.

But my dream of becoming a locomotive-driver faded, and while in college I speculated not a little as to what, after all, should be my profession. The idea of becoming a clergyman had long since left my mind. The medical profession had never attracted me. For the legal profession I sought to prepare myself somewhat, but as I saw it practised by the vast majority of lawyers, it seemed a waste of all that was best in human life. Politics were from an early period repulsive to me, and, after my first sight of Washington in its shabby, sleazy, dirty, unkempt condition under the old slave oligarchy, political life became absolutely repugnant to my tastes and desires. At times a longing came over me to settle down in the country, to make an honest living from a farm—a longing which took its origin in a visit which I had made as a child to the farm of an uncle who lived upon the shores of Seneca Lake. He was a man of culture, who, by the aid of a practical farmer and an income from other sources, got along very well. His roomy, old-fashioned house, his pleasant library, his grounds sloping to the lake, his peach-orchard, which at my visit was filled with delicious fruit, and the pleasant paths through the neighboring woods captivated me, and for several years the agricultural profession lingered in my visions as the most attractive of all.

As I now look back to my early manhood, it seems that my natural inclination should have been toward journalism; but although such a career proves attractive to many of our best university-bred men now, it was not so then. In those days men did not prepare for it; they drifted into it. I do not think that at my graduation there was one out of the one hundred and eight members of my class who had the slightest expectation of permanently connecting himself with a newspaper. This seems all the more singular since that class has since produced a large number of prominent journalists, and among these George

Washburne Smalley, the most eminent, by far, among American newspaper correspondents of our time; Evarts Greene, a leading editor of Worcester; Delano Goddard, late editor of the "Boston Advertiser"; Kinsley Twining, for a considerable time an editor of the "Independent"; Isaac Bromley, who for years delighted the Republican party with his contributions to the editorial page of the "Tribune"; Dr. James Morris Whiton, a leading writer for the "Outlook"; and others. Yet in those days probably not one of these ever thought of turning to journalism as a career. There were indeed at that time eminent editors, like Weed, Croswell, Greeley, Raymond, and Webb, but few college-bred men thought of journalism as a profession. Looking back upon all this, I feel certain that, were I to begin life again with my present experience, that would be the career for which I would endeavor to fit myself. It has in it at present many admirable men, but far more who are manifestly unfit. Its capacities for good or evil are enormous, yet the majority of those at present in it seem to me like savages who have found a watch. I can think of no profession in which young men properly fitted—gifted with ideas and inspired by a real wish to do something for their land and time—can more certainly do good work and win distinction. To supplant the present race of journalistic prostitutes, who are making many of our newspapers as foul in morals, as low in tone, and as vile in utterance as even the worst of the French press, might well be the ambition of leading thinkers in any of our universities. There is nothing so greatly needed in our country as an uplifting of the daily press, and there is no work promising better returns.

But during my student life in Paris and Berlin another vista began to open before me. I had never lost that respect for the teaching profession which had been aroused in my childhood by the sight of Principal Woolworth enthroned among the students of Cortland Academy, and this early impression was now greatly deepened by my experience at the Sorbonne, the College of France, and the

University of Berlin. My favorite studies at Yale had been history and kindred subjects, but these had been taught mainly from text-books. Lectures were few and dry. Even those of President Woolsey were not inspiring; he seemed paralyzed by the system of which he formed a part. But men like Arnould, St. Marc Girardin, and Laboulaye in France, and Lepsius, Ritter, von Raumer, and Curtius in Germany, lecturing to large bodies of attentive students on the most interesting and instructive periods of human history, aroused in me a new current of ideas. Gradually I began to ask myself the question: Why not help the beginnings of this system in the United States? I had long felt deeply the shortcomings of our American universities, and had tried hard to devise something better; yet my ideas as to what could really be done to improve them had been crude and vague. But now, in these great foreign universities, one means of making a reform became evident, and this was, first of all, the substitution of lectures for recitations, and the creation of an interest in history by treating it as a living subject having relations to present questions. Upon this I reflected much, and day by day the idea grew upon me. So far as I can remember, there was not at that time a professor of history pure and simple in any American university. There had been courses of historical lectures at a few institutions, but they were, as a rule, spasmodic and perfunctory. How history was taught at Yale is shown in another chapter of these reminiscences. The lectures of President Sparks had evidently trained up no school of historical professors at Harvard. There had been a noted professor at William and Mary College, Virginia,—doubtless, in his time, the best historical lecturer in the United States,—Dr. William Dew, the notes of whose lectures, as afterward published, were admirable; but he had left no successor. Francis Lieber, at the University of South Carolina, had taught political philosophy with much depth of thought and wealth of historical illustration; but neither there nor elsewhere did there exist anything like systematic courses in

history such as have now been developed in so many of our universities and colleges.

During my stay as resident graduate at Yale after my return from Europe in 1856, I often discussed the subject with my old friend and companion Gilman, now president of the Carnegie Institution, and with my beloved instructor, Professor Porter. Both were kind enough to urge me to remain at New Haven, assuring me that in time a professorship would be established. To promote this I wrote an article on "German Instruction in General History," which was well received when published in the "New Englander," and prepared sundry lectures, which were received by the university people and by the New York press more favorably than I now think they deserved. But there seemed, after all, no chance for a professorship devoted to this line of study. More and more, too, I felt that even if I were called to a historical professorship at Yale, the old-fashioned orthodoxy which then prevailed must fetter me: I could not utter the shibboleths then demanded, and the future seemed dark indeed. Yet my belief in the value of better historical instruction in our universities grew more and more, and a most happy impulse was now given to my thinking by a book which I read and reread—Stanley's "Life of Arnold." It showed me much, but especially two things: first, how effective history might be made in bringing young men into fruitful trains of thought regarding present politics; and, secondly, how real an influence an earnest teacher might thus exercise upon his country.

While in this state of mind I met my class assembled at the Yale commencement of 1856 to take the master's degree in course, after the manner of those days. This was the turning-point with me. I had been for some time more and more uneasy and unhappy because my way did not seem to clear; but at this commencement of 1856, while lounging among my classmates in the college yard, I heard some one say that President Wayland of Brown University was addressing the graduates in the Hall of the Alumni.

Going to the door, I looked in, and saw at the high table an old man, strong-featured, heavy-browed, with spectacles resting on the top of his head, and just at that moment he spoke very impressively as follows: "The best field of work for graduates is now in the *West;* our country is shortly to arrive at a switching-off place for good or evil; our Western States are to hold the balance of power in the Union, and to determine whether the country shall become a blessing or a curse in human history."

I had never seen him before; I never saw him afterward. His speech lasted less than ten minutes, but it settled a great question for me. I went home and wrote to sundry friends that I was a candidate for the professorship of history in any Western college where there was a chance to get at students, and as a result received two calls—one to a Southern university, which I could not accept on account of my anti-slavery opinions; the other to the University of Michigan, which I accepted. My old college friends were kind enough to tender me later the professorship in the new School of Art at Yale, but my belief was firm in the value of historical studies. The words of Wayland rang in my ears, and I went gladly into the new field.

On arriving at the University of Michigan in October, 1857, although I had much to do with other students, I took especial charge of the sophomore class. It included many young men of ability and force, but had the reputation of being the most unmanageable body which had been known there in years. Thus far it had been under the charge of tutors, and it had made life a burden to them. Its preparation for the work I sought to do was wretchedly imperfect. Among my duties was the examination of entrance classes in modern geography as a preliminary to their admission to my course in history, and I soon discovered a serious weakness in the public-school system. In her preparatory schools the State of Michigan took especial pride, but certainly at that time they were far below their reputation. If any subject was supposed to be thoroughly taught in them it was geography, but I soon

found that in the great majority of my students there was not a trace of real knowledge of physical geography and very little of political. With this state of things I at once grappled, and immediately "conditioned" in these studies about nine tenths of the entering class. At first there were many protests; but I said to my ingenuous youths that no pedantic study was needed, that all I required was a preparation such as would enable any one of them to read intelligently his morning newspaper, and to this end I advised each one of them to accept his conditions, to abjure all learning by rote from text-books, to take up simply any convenient atlas which came to hand, studying first the map of our own country, with its main divisions, physical and political, its water communications, trend of coasts, spurring of mountains, positions of leading cities, etc., and then to do the same thing with each of the leading countries of Europe, and finally with the other main divisions of the world. To stimulate their interest and show them what was meant, I gave a short course of lectures on physical geography, showing some of its more striking effects on history; then another course on political geography, with a similar purpose; and finally notified my young men that they were admitted to my classes in history only under condition that, six weeks later, they should pass an examination in geography, full, satisfactory, and final. The young fellows now took their conditions very kindly, for they clearly saw the justice of them. One young man said to me: "Professor, you are entirely right in conditioning me, but I was never so surprised in my life; if there was anything which I supposed I knew well it was geography; why, I have taught it, and very successfully, in a large public school." On my asking him how he taught a subject in which he was so deficient, he answered that he had taught his pupils to "sing" it. I replied that if he would sing the answers to my questions, I would admit him at once; but this he declined, saying that he much preferred to accept the conditions. In about six weeks I held the final examinations, and their success amazed us all.

Not a man failed, and some really distinguished themselves. They had all gone at the work cordially and heartily, arranging themselves in squads and clubs for mutual study and examination on each physical and political map; and it is certain that by this simple, common-sense method they learned more in six weeks than they had previously learned in years of plodding along by rote, day after day, through text-books.

Nor was this mere "cram." Their geographical knowledge lasted and was increased, as was proved at my historical examinations afterward.

I soon became intensely interested in my work, and looked forward to it every day with pleasure. The first part of it was instruction in modern history as a basis for my lectures which were to follow, and for this purpose I used with the sophomores two text-books. The first of these was Robertson's "Philosophical View of the Middle Ages," which forms the introduction to his "Life of Charles the Fifth." Although superseded in many of its parts by modern investigation, very defective in several important matters, and in some things—as, for example, in its appreciation of medieval literature—entirely mistaken, it was, when written one hundred years ago, recognized as a classic, and it remains so to this day. It was a work of genius. Supplemented by elucidations and extensions, it served an admirable purpose in introducing my students to the things really worth knowing in modern history, without confusing them with masses of pedantic detail.

The next text-book which I took up was Dr. John Lord's "Modern History," the same which President Woolsey had used with my class during its senior year at Yale. It was imperfect in every respect, with no end of gaps and errors, but it had one real merit—it interested its readers. It was, as every such work ought to be, largely biographic. There was enthusiasm, a sort of "go," in Dr. Lord, and this quality he had communicated to his book, so that, with all its faults, it formed the best basis then obtainable for

further instruction. Its omissions and errors I sought to rectify—as Woolsey, I am sorry to say, had never done to any extent—by offhand talks and by pointing out supplementary reading, such as sundry chapters of Gibbon and Hallam, essays by Macaulay, extracts from Lingard, Ranke, Prescott, Motley, and others. Once a fortnight through the winter, the class assembled at my house "socially," the more attractive young women of the little city being invited to meet them; but the social part was always preceded by an hour and a half's reading of short passages from eminent historians or travelers, bearing on our classroom work during the previous fortnight. These passages were read by students whom I selected for the purpose, and they proved useful from the historical, literary, and social point of view.

For the class next above, the juniors, I took for textbook preparation Guizot's "History of Civilization in Europe"—a book tinged with the doctrinairism of its author, but a work of genius; a *great* work, stimulating new trains of thought, and opening new vistas of knowledge. This, with sundry supplementary talks, and with short readings from Gibbon, Thierry, Guizot's "History of Civilization in France," and Sir James Stephen's "Lectures on French History," served an excellent purpose.

Nor was the use of Guizot's book entirely confined to historical purposes. Calling attention to the Abbé Bautain's little book on extemporaneous speaking, as the best treatise on the subject I had ever seen, I reminded my students that these famous lectures of Guizot, which had opened a new epoch in modern historical investigation and instruction, were given, as regards phrasing, extemporaneously, but that, as regards matter, they were carefully prepared beforehand, having what Bautain calls a "self-developing order"; and I stated that I would allow any member of my class who might volunteer for the purpose to give, in his own phrasing, the substance of an entire lecture. For a young man thus to stand up and virtually

deliver one of Guizot's lectures required great concentration of thought and considerable facility in expression; but several students availed themselves of the permission, and acquitted themselves admirably. This seemed to me an excellent training for effective public speaking, and several of my old students, who have since distinguished themselves in public life, have confessed to me that they found it so.

My next and highest duty was giving lectures to the senior class and students from the law school. Into this I threw myself heartily, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing my large lecture-room constantly full. The first of these courses was on the "Development of Civilization during the Middle Ages"; and, as I followed the logical rather than the chronological order,—taking up the subject, not by a recital of events, but by a discussion of epochs and subjects,—I thought it best to lecture without manuscript or even notes. This was, for me, a bold venture. I had never before attempted anything in the way of extended extemporaneous speaking; and, as I entered the old chapel of the university for my first lecture, and saw it full of students of all classes, I avowed my trepidation to President Tappan, who, having come to introduce me, was seated by my side. He was an admirable extemporaneous speaker in the best sense, and he then and there gave me a bit of advice which proved of real value. He said: "Let me, as an old hand, tell you one thing: never stop dead; keep saying something." This course of lectures was followed by others on modern history, one of these being on "German History from the Revival of Learning and the Reformation to Modern Times," another on "French History from the Consolidation of the Monarchy to the French Revolution," and still another on the "French Revolution." To this latter course I gave special attention, the foundation having been laid for it in France, where I had visited various interesting places and talked with interesting men who recalled events and people of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods. For

a text-book foundation I read with my lower classes Mignet's "History of the Revolution," which still remained what Carlyle pronounced it—the best short summary of that great period.

To further the work of my students in the lecture-room, I published an interleaved syllabus of each course, and was, I think, the first person in our country who ever did this in connection with historical lectures. It is a matter of wonder to me that so few professors in these days resort to this simple means of strengthening their instruction. It ought to be required by university statutes. It seems to me indispensable to anything like thorough work. A syllabus, properly interleaved, furnishes to a student by far the best means of taking notes on each lecture, as well as of reviewing the whole course afterward, and to a professor the best means of testing the faithfulness of his students. As regards myself personally, there came to me from my syllabus an especial advantage; for, as I have shown in my political experiences, it gained for me the friendship of Charles Sumner.

I have stated elsewhere that my zeal in teaching history was by no means the result of a mere liking for that field of thought. Great as was my love for historical studies, there was something I prized far more—and that was the opportunity to promote a better training in thought regarding our great national problems then rapidly approaching solution, the greatest of all being the question between the supporters and opponents of slavery.

In order that my work might be fairly well based, I had, during my college days and my first stay abroad, begun collecting the private library which has added certainly to the pleasures, and probably to the usefulness, of my life. Books which are now costly rarities could then be bought in the European capitals for petty sums. There is hardly any old European city which has not been, at some time, one of my happy hunting-grounds in the chase for rare books bearing upon history; even now, when my collection, of which the greater part has been trans-

ferred to Cornell University, numbers not far short of forty thousand volumes, the old passion still flames up at times; and during the inditing of this chapter I have secured two series of manuscripts of very great value in illustrating the evolution of modern civilization. My reason for securing such original material was not the desire to possess rarities and curiosities. I found that passages actually read from important originals during my lectures gave a reality and vividness to my instruction which were otherwise unattainable. A citation of the *ipsissima verba* of Erasmus, or Luther, or Melanchthon, or Peter Canisius, or Louis XIV, or Robespierre, or Marat, interested my students far more than any quotation at second hand could do. No rhetoric could impress on a class the real spirit and strength of the middle ages as could one of my illuminated psalters or missals; no declamation upon the boldness of Luther could impress thinking young men as did citations from his "Erfurt Sermon," which, by weakening his safe-conduct, put him virtually at the mercy of his enemies at the Diet of Worms; no statements as to the fatuity of Robespierre could equal citations from an original copy of his "Report on the Moral and Religious Considerations which Ought to Govern the Republic"; all specifications of the folly of Marat paled before the ravings in the original copies of his newspaper, "L'Ami du Peuple"; no statistics regarding the paper-money craze in France could so impress its actuality on students as did the seeing and handling of French revolutionary assignats and mandats, many of them with registration numbers clearly showing the enormous quantities of this currency then issued; no illustration, at second hand, of the methods of the French generals during the Revolutionary period could produce the impression given by a simple exhibition of the broadsides issued by the proconsuls of that period; no description of the collapse of the triumvirate and the Reign of Terror could equal a half-hour's reading from the "Moniteur"; and all accounts of the Empire were dim compared

to grandiose statements read from the original bulletins of Napoleon.

In this way alone can history be made real to students. Both at my lectures and in the social gatherings at my house, I laid out for my classes the most important originals bearing upon their current work; and it was no small pleasure to point out the relations of these to the events which had formed the subject of our studies together. I say "our studies together," because no one of my students studied more hours than myself. They stimulated me greatly. Most of them were very near my own age; several were older. As a rule, they were bright, inquiring, zealous, and among them were some of the best minds I have ever known. From among them have since come senators, members of Congress, judges, professors, lawyers, heads of great business enterprises, and foreign ministers. One of them became my successor in the professorship in the University of Michigan and the presidency of Cornell, and, in one field, the leading American historian of his time. Another became my predecessor in the embassy to Germany. Though I had what might be fairly called "a good start" of these men, it was necessary to work hard to maintain my position; but such labor was then pleasure.

Nor was my work confined to historical teaching. After the fashion of that time, I was called upon to hear the essays and discussions of certain divisions of the upper classes. This demanded two evenings a week through two terms in each year, and on these evenings I joyfully went to my lecture-room, not infrequently through drifts of snow, and, having myself kindled the fire and lighted the lamps, awaited the discussion. This subsidiary work, which in these degenerate days is done by janitors, is mentioned here as showing the simplicity of a bygone period. The discussions thus held were of a higher range than any I had known at Yale, and some were decidedly original. One deserves especial mention. A controversy having arisen in Massachusetts and spread throughout the

country regarding the erection of a statue of Daniel Webster in front of the State House at Boston, and bitter opposition having been aroused by his seventh-of-March speech, two groups of my student-disputants agreed to take up this subject and model their speeches upon those of Demosthenes and Æschines on the crown, which they were then reading in the original. It was a happy thought, and well carried out.

CHAPTER XVI

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE WEST — 1857-1864

IT must be confessed that all was not plain sailing in my new position. One difficulty arose from my very youthful, not to say boyish, appearance. I was, indeed, the youngest member of the faculty; but at twenty-four years one has the right to be taken for a man, and it was vexatious to be taken for a youth of seventeen. At my first arrival in the university town I noticed, as the train drew up to the station, a number of students, evidently awaiting the coming of such freshmen as might be eligible to the various fraternities; and, on landing, I was at once approached by a sophomore, who asked if I was about to enter the university. For an instant I was grievously abashed, but pulling myself together, answered in a sort of affirmative way; and at this he became exceedingly courteous, taking pains to pilot me to a hotel, giving me much excellent advice, and even insisting on carrying a considerable amount of my baggage. Other members of fraternities joined us, all most courteous and kind, and the dénouement came only at the registration of my name in the hotel book, when they recognized in me "the new professor." I must say to their credit that, although they were for a time laughed at throughout the university, they remained my warm personal friends.

But after I had discharged the duties of my professorship for a considerable period, this same difficulty existed. On a shooting excursion, an old friend and myself came,

during the middle of the afternoon, upon a farm-house, and, being very hungry, asked for bread and milk. My companion being delayed outside, cleaning the guns, the farmer's wife left me and went out to talk with him. I continued eating my bread and milk voraciously, and shortly afterward they entered, he laughing heartily and she looking rather shamefaced. On my asking the cause, he declined for a time to state it, but at length said that she had come out to warn him that if he did not come in pretty soon "that boy would eat up all the bread and milk in the house." This story leaked out, and even appeared in a local paper, but never, I think, did me any harm.

Another occurrence, shortly afterward, seemed likely for a time to be more serious. The sophomore class, exuberant and inventive as ever, were evidently determined to "try it on" their young professor—in fact, to treat me as they had treated their tutors. Any mistake made by a student at a quiz elicited from sundry benches expressions of regret much too plaintive, or ejaculations of contempt much too explosive; and from these and various similar demonstrations which grew every day among a certain set in my class-room, it was easy to see that a trial of strength must soon come, and it seemed to me best to force the fighting. Looking over these obstreperous youths I noticed one tall, black-bearded man with a keen twinkle in his eye, who was evidently the leader. There was nothing in him especially demonstrative. He would occasionally nod in this direction, or wink in that, or smile in the other; but he was solemn when others were hilarious, unconcerned when others applauded. It was soon clear to me that in him lay the key to the situation, and one day, at the close of the examination, I asked him to remain. When we were alone I said to him, in an easy-going way, "So, F—, I see that either you or I must leave the university." He at once bristled up, feigned indignation, and said that he could not understand me. This I pooh-poohed, saying that we understood each other perfectly; that I had been only recently a student myself; that, if the growing trouble in

the class continued, either he or I must give it up, and added, "I believe the trustees will prefer your departure to mine." At this he protested that he had made no demonstrations, to which I answered that if I put him on his honor he would not deny that he was the real center of the difficulty; that the others were, comparatively, men of small account; and that, with him gone, the backbone of the whole difficulty would be broken. He seemed impressed by this view—possibly he was not wholly displeased at the importance it gave him; and finally he acknowledged that perhaps he had been rather foolish, and suggested that we try to live together a little longer. I answered cordially, we shook hands at parting, and there was never any trouble afterward. I soon found what sort of questions interested him most, took especial pains to adapt points in my lectures to his needs, and soon had no stronger friend in the university.

But his activity finally found a less fortunate outcome. A year or two afterward came news of a terrible affair in the university town. A student was lying dead at the coroner's rooms, and on inquiry it was found that his death was the result of a carousal in which my friend F—— was a leading spirit. Eight men were concerned, of whom four were expelled—F—— being one—and four suspended. On leaving, he came to me and thanked me most heartily for what I had done for him, said that the action of the faculty was perfectly just, that no other course was open to us, but that he hoped yet to show us all that he could make a man of himself. He succeeded. Five years later he fell as a general at the head of his brigade at Gettysburg.

In addition to my regular work at the university, I lectured frequently in various cities throughout Michigan and the neighboring States. It was the culminating period of the popular-lecture system, and through the winter months my Friday and Saturday evenings were generally given to this sort of duty. It was, after its fashion, what in these days is called "university extension"; indeed, the

main purpose of those members of the faculty thus invited to lecture was to spread the influence of the university. But I received from the system more than I gave to it; for it gave me not only many valuable acquaintances throughout the West, but it brought to Ann Arbor the best men then in the field, among them such as Emerson, Curtis, Whipple, Wendell Phillips, Carl Schurz, Moncure Conway, Bayard Taylor, and others noted then, but, alas, how few of them remembered now! To have them by my fireside and at my table was one of the greatest pleasures of a professorial life. It was at the beginning of my housekeeping; and under my roof on the university grounds we felt it a privilege to welcome these wise men from the East, and to bring the faculty and students into closer relations with them.

As regards the popular-lecture pulpit, my main wish was to set people thinking on various subjects, and especially regarding slavery and "protection." This presently brought a storm upon me. Some years before there had settled in the university town a thin, vociferous lawyer, past his prime, but not without ideas and force. He had for many years been a department subordinate at Washington; but, having accumulated some money, he had donned what was then known as senatorial costume—namely, a blue swallow-tailed coat, and a buff vest, with brass buttons—and coming to this little Michigan town, he had established a Whig paper, which afterward became Republican. He was generally credited, no doubt justly, with a determination to push himself into the United States Senate; but this determination was so obvious that people made light of it, and he never received the honor of a nomination to that or any other position. The main burden of his editorials was the greatness of Henry Clay, and the beauties of a protective tariff, his material being largely drawn from a book he had published some years before; and, on account of the usual form of his arguments, he was generally referred to, in the offhand Western way, as "Old Statistics."

In a public lecture based upon my Russian experiences, I had incidentally attacked paternal government, and especially such developments of it as tariffs for protection. The immediate result was a broadside from this gentleman's paper, and this I answered in an article which was extensively copied throughout the State. At this he evidently determined to crush this intruder upon his domain. That an "upstart"—a "mere school-teacher"—should presume to reply to a man like himself, who had sat at the feet of Henry Clay, and was old enough to be my father, was monstrous presumption; but that a professor in the State university of a commonwealth largely Republican should avow free-trade opinions was akin to treason, and through twelve successive issues of his paper he lashed me in all the moods and tenses. As these attacks soon became scurrilous, I made no reply to any after the first; but his wrath was increased when he saw my reply quoted by the press throughout the State and his own diatribes neglected. Among his more serious charges I remember but one, and this was that I had evidently come into the State as a secret emissary of Van Burenism. But I recalled the remark of my enemy's idol, Henry Clay, to the effect that no one should ever reply to an attack by an editor, a priest, or a woman, since each of them is sure to have the last word. This feeling was soon succeeded by indifference; for my lecture-rooms, both at the university and throughout the State, were more and more frequented, and it became clear that my opponent's attacks simply advertised me. The following year I had my revenge. From time to time debates on current topics were held at the city hall, the participants being generally young professional men; but, the subject of a tariff for protection having been announced, my old enemy declared, several weeks beforehand, his intention of taking part in the discussion. Among my students that winter was one of the most gifted young scholars and speakers I have ever known. Not long after his graduation he was sent to the United States Senate from one of the more impor-

tant Western States, and nothing but his early death prevented his attaining a national reputation. He was a man of convictions, strong and skilful in impressing them upon his hearers, of fine personal appearance, with a pleasing voice, and in every way fitted to captivate an audience. Him I selected as the David who was to punish the protectionist Goliath. He had been himself a protectionist, having read Greeley's arguments in the "New York Tribune," but he had become a convert to my views, and day after day and week after week I kept him in training on the best expositions of free trade, and, above all, on Bastiat's "Sophisms of Protection." On the appointed evening the city hall was crowded, and my young David having modestly taken a back seat, the great Goliath appeared at the front in full senatorial costume, furbished up for the occasion, with an enormous collection of books and documents; and, the subject being announced, he arose, assumed his most imposing senatorial attitude, and began a dry, statistical oration. His manner was harsh, his matter wearisome; but he plodded on through an hour —and then my David arose. He was at his best. In five minutes he had the audience fully with him. Every point told. From time to time the house shook with applause; and at the close of the debate, a vote of the meeting being taken after the usual fashion in such assemblies, my old enemy was left in a ridiculous minority. Not only free-traders, but even protectionists voted against him. As he took himself very seriously, he was intensely mortified, and all the more so when he learned from one of my students that I now considered that we were "even."[1]

The more I threw myself into the work of the university the more I came to believe in the ideas on which it was founded, and to see that it was a reality embodying many things of which I had previously only dreamed. Up to that time the highest institutions of learning in the United States were almost entirely under sectarian control. Even

[1] The causes of my change of views on the question of "protection" are given in my political reminiscences.

the University of Virginia, which Thomas Jefferson had founded as a center of liberal thought, had fallen under the direction of sectarians, and among the great majority of the Northern colleges an unwritten law seemed to require that a university president should be a clergyman. The instruction in the best of these institutions was, as I have shown elsewhere, narrow, their methods outworn, and the students, as a rule, confined to one simple, single, cast-iron course, in which the great majority of them took no interest. The University of Michigan had made a beginning of something better. The president was Dr. Henry Philip Tappan, formerly a Presbyterian clergyman, a writer of repute on philosophical subjects, a strong thinker, an impressive orator, and a born leader of men, who, during a visit to Europe, had been greatly impressed by the large and liberal system of the German universities, and had devoted himself to urging a similar system in our own country. On the Eastern institutions—save, possibly, Brown—he made no impression. Each of them was as stagnant as a Spanish convent, and as self-satisfied as a Bourbon duchy; but in the West he attracted supporters, and soon his ideas began to show themselves effective in the State university over which he had been called to preside.

The men he summoned about him were, in the main, admirably fitted to aid him. Dearest of all to me, though several years my senior, was Henry Simmons Frieze, professor of Latin. I had first met him at the University of Berlin, had then traveled with him through Germany and Italy, and had found him one of the most charming men I had ever met—simple, modest, retiring to a fault, yet a delightful companion and a most inspiring teacher. There was in him a combination which at first seemed singular; but experience has since shown me that it is by no means unnatural, for he was not only an ideal professor of Latin, but a gifted musician. The first revelation of this latter quality was made to me in a manner which showed his modesty. One evening during our student days at Berlin,

at a reception given by the American minister of that period,—Governor Vroom of New Jersey,—I heard the sound of music coming from one of the more distant apartments. It was a sonata of Beethoven, wonderfully interpreted, showing not only skill but deep feeling. On my asking my neighbors who the performer might be, no one seemed to know, until, at last, some one suggested that it might be Professor Frieze. I made my way through the crowd toward the room from which the sounds came, but before arriving there the music had ended; and when I met the professor shortly afterward, and asked him if he had been the musician, his reply was so modest and evasive that I thought the whole thing a mistake and said nothing more about it. On our way to Italy some months later, I observed that, as we were passing through Bohemia, he jotted down in his note-book the quaint songs of the peasants and soldiers, and a few weeks later still he gave an exhibition of his genius. Sitting down one evening at the piano on the little coasting steamer between Genoa and Cività Vecchia, he began playing, and though it has been my good fortune to hear all the leading pianists of my time, I have never heard one who seemed to interpret the masterpieces of music more worthily. At Ann Arbor I now came to know him intimately. Once or twice a week he came to my house, and, as mine was the only grand piano in the town, he enjoyed playing upon it. His extemporizations were flights of genius. At these gatherings he was inspired by two other admirable musicians, one being my dear wife, and the other Professor Brunnow, the astrónomer. Nothing could be more delightful than their interpretations together of the main works of Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, and other masters. On one of these evenings, when I happened to speak of the impression made upon me at my first hearing of a choral in a German church, Frieze began playing Luther's hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," throwing it into all forms and keys, until we listened to his improvisations in a sort of daze which continued until nearly midnight.

Next day, at St. Andrew's Church, he, as usual, had charge of the organ. Into his opening voluntary he wove the music of the preceding evening, the "Feste Burg"; it ran through all the chants of the morning service; it pervaded the accompaniment to the hymns; it formed the undertone of all the interludes; it was not relinquished until the close of the postlude. And the same was true of the afternoon service. I have always insisted that, had he lived in Germany, he would have been a second Beethoven. This will seem a grossly exaggerated tribute, but I do not hesitate to maintain it. So passionately was he devoted to music that at times he sent his piano away from his house in order to shun temptation to abridge his professorial work, and especially was this the case when he was preparing his edition of Vergil. A more lovely spirit never abode in mortal frame. No man was ever more generally beloved in a community; none, more lamented at his death. The splendid organ erected as a memorial to him in the great auditorium of the university; the noble monument which his students have placed over his grave; his portrait, which hangs in one of the principal rooms; the society which commemorates his name—all combine to show how deeply he was respected and beloved.

Entwined also with my happiest recollections is Brunnow, professor of astronomy and director of the observatory. His eminence in his department was widely recognized, as was shown when he was afterward made director of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N. Y., and, finally, astronomer royal of Ireland. His musical abilities, in connection with those of Frieze, aided to give a delightful side to this period of my life. There was in him a quiet simplicity which led those who knew him best to love him most, but it occasionally provoked much fun among the students. On one occasion, President Tappan, being suddenly called out of town, requested Brunnow, who had married his daughter and was an inmate of his family, to find some member of the faculty to take his place at morning prayers next day. Thereupon Brunnow visited sev-

eral professors, his first question to each of them being, with his German use of the consonants, "Professor, can you *bray*?" and henceforward this was added to the many standing jokes upon him in the student world.

I also found at the university other admirable men, and among those to whom I became specially attached was Thomas M. Cooley. When he had become chief justice of the State, and the most eminent writer of his time on the Constitution of the United States, he was still the same man, gentle, simple, and kindly. Besides these were such well-known professors as Fasquelle in modern literature; Williams, Douglass, and Winchell in science; Boise in Greek; Palmer, Sager, and Gunn in medicine and surgery; Campbell and Walker in law. Of these Judge Campbell was to me one of the main attractions of the place—a profound lawyer, yet with a kindly humor which lighted up all about him. He was especially interested in the early French history of the State, to which he had been drawn by his study of the titles to landed property in Detroit and its neighborhood, and some of his discoveries were curious. One of these had reference to an island in the straits near Detroit known as "Skillagalee," which had puzzled him a long time. The name seemed to be Irish, and the question was how an Irish name could have been thus applied. Finally he found on an old map an earlier name. It was Île aux Galets, or Pebble Island, which, in the mouths of Yankee sailors, had taken this apparently Celtic form. Another case was that of a river in Canada emptying into the straits not far from Detroit. It was known as "Yellow Dog River"; but, on rummaging through the older maps, he discovered that the earlier name was River St. John. To account for the transformation was at first difficult, but the mystery was finally unraveled: the Rivière St. Jean became, in the Canadian patois, Rivière Saan Jawne, and gradually Rivière Chien Jaune; recent geographers had simply translated it into English.

The features which mainly distinguished the University

of Michigan from the leading institutions of the East were that it was utterly unsectarian, that various courses of instruction were established, and that options were allowed between them. On these accounts that university holds a most important place in the history of American higher education; for it stands practically at the beginning of the transition from the old sectarian college to the modern university, and from the simple, single, cast-iron course to the form which we now know, in which various courses are presented, with free choice between them. The number of students was about five hundred, and the faculty corresponded to these in numbers. Now that the university includes over four thousand students, with a faculty in proportion, those seem the days of small things; but to me at that period it was all very grand. It seemed marvelous that there were then very nearly as many students at the University of Michigan as at Yale; and, as a rule, they were students worth teaching—hardy, vigorous, shrewd, broad, with faith in the greatness of the country and enthusiasm regarding the nation's future. It may be granted that there was, in many of them, a lack of elegance, but there was neither languor nor cynicism. One seemed, among them, to breathe a purer, stronger air. Over the whole institution Dr. Tappan presided, and his influence, both upon faculty and students, was, in the main, excellent. He sympathized heartily with the work of every professor, allowed to each great liberty, yet conducted the whole toward the one great end of developing a university more and more worthy of our country. His main qualities were of the best. Nothing could be better than his discussions of great questions of public policy and of education. One of the noblest orations I have ever heard was an offhand speech of his on receiving for the university museum a cast of the Laocoön from the senior class; yet this speech was made without preparation, and in the midst of engrossing labor. He often showed, not only the higher qualities required in a position like his, but a remarkable shrewdness and tact in

dealing with lesser questions. Typical was one example, which taught me much when, in after years, I was called to similar duties at Cornell. The present tower and chime of the University of Michigan did not then exist; between the two main buildings on the university grounds there was simply a wooden column, bearing a bell of moderate size, which was rung at every lecture-hour by the principal janitor. One cold winter night those of us living in the immediate neighborhood heard the sound of axe-strokes. Presently there came a crash, and all was still. Next morning, at the hour for chapel, no bell was rung; it was found that the column had been cut down and the bell carried off. A president of less shrewdness would have declaimed to the students on the enormity of such a procedure, and have accentuated his eloquence with threats. Not so Dr. Tappan. At the close of the morning prayers he addressed the students humorously. There was a great attendance, for all wished to know how he would deal with the affair. Nothing could be better than his matter and manner. He spoke somewhat on this wise: "Gentlemen, there has doubtless been a mistake in the theory of some of you regarding the college bell. It would seem that some have believed that if the bell were destroyed, time would cease, and university exercises would be suspended. But, my friends, time goes on as ever, without the bell as with it; lectures and exercises of every sort continue, of course, as usual. The only thing which has occurred is that some of you have thought it best to dispense with the aid in keeping time which the regents of the university have so kindly given you. Knowing that large numbers of you were not yet provided with watches, the regents very thoughtfully provided the bell, and a man to ring it for you at the proper hours; and they will doubtless be pleased to learn that you at last feel able to dispense with it, and save them the expense of maintaining it. You are trying an interesting experiment. In most of the leading European universities, students get along perfectly without a bell; why should we not? In the in-

terests of the finances of the university, I am glad to see you trying this experiment, and will only suggest that it be tried thoroughly. Of course the rolls will be called in the lecture-rooms promptly, as usual, and you will, of course, be present. If the experiment succeeds, it will enable us to dispense with a university bell forever; but if, after a suitable time, you decide that it is better to have the bell back again to remind you of the hours, and if you will make a proper request to the regents through me, I trust that they will allow you to restore it to its former position."

The students were greatly amused to see the matter taken in this way. They laughingly acknowledged themselves outwitted, and greeted the doctor's speech with applause. All of the faculty entered into the spirit of the matter; rolls were called perhaps rather more promptly than formerly, and students not present were marked rather more mercilessly than of old. There was evidently much reluctance on their part to ask for excuses, in view of the fact that they had themselves abolished the bell which had enabled them to keep the time; and one morning, about a month or six weeks later, after chapel, a big jolly student rose and asked permission to make a motion. This motion was that the president of the university be requested to allow the students to restore the bell to its former position. The proposal was graciously received by the doctor, put by him after the usual parliamentary manner, carried unanimously, and, a few mornings later, the bell was found in its old place on a new column, was rung as usual, and matters went on after the old fashion.

Every winter Dr. Tappan went before the legislature to plead the cause of the university, and to ask for appropriations. He was always heard with pleasure, since he was an excellent speaker; but certain things militated against him. First of all, he had much to say of the excellent models furnished by the great German universities, and especially by those of Prussia. This gave demagogues in the legislature, anxious to make a reputation in buncombe, a great chance. They orated to the effect that

we wanted an American and not a Prussian system. Moreover, some unfortunate legends were developed. Mrs. Tappan, a noble and lovely woman belonging to the Livingston family, had been brought up in New York and New England, and could hardly suppress her natural preference for her old home and friends. A story grew that in an assembly of Michigan ladies she once remarked that the doctor and herself considered themselves as "missionaries to the West." This legend spread far and wide. It was resented, and undoubtedly cost the doctor dear.

The worst difficulty by far which he had to meet was the steady opposition of the small sectarian colleges scattered throughout the State. Each, in its own petty interest, dreaded the growth of any institution better than itself; each stirred the members of the legislature from its locality to oppose all aid to the State university; each, in its religious assemblages, its synods, conferences, and the like, sought to stir prejudice against the State institution as "godless." The result was that the doctor, in spite of his eloquent speeches, became the butt of various wretched demagogues in the legislature, and he very rarely secured anything in the way of effective appropriations. The university had been founded by a grant of public lands from the United States to Michigan; and one of his arguments was based on the fact that an immensely valuable tract, on which a considerable part of the city of Toledo now stands, had been taken away from the university without any suitable remuneration. But even this availed little, and it became quite a pastime among demagogues at the State Capitol to bait the doctor. On one of these occasions he was inspired to make a prophecy. Disgusted at the poor, cheap blackguardism, he shook the dust of the legislature off his feet, and said: "The day will come when my students will take your places, and then something will be done." That prophecy was fulfilled. In a decade the leading men in the legislature began to be the graduates of the State university; and now these graduates are

largely in control, and they have dealt nobly with their alma mater. The State has justly become proud of it, and has wisely developed it.

Dr. Tappan's work was great, indeed. He stood not only at the beginning of the institution at Ann Arbor, but really at the beginning of the other universities of the Western States, from which the country is gaining so much at present, and is sure to gain vastly more in the future. The day will come when his statue will commemorate his services.

But there was another feature in his administration to which I refer with extreme reluctance. He had certain "defects of his qualities." Big, hearty, frank, and generous, he easily became the prey of those who wrought upon his feelings; and, in an evil hour, he was drawn into a quarrel not his own, between two scientific professors. This quarrel became exceedingly virulent; at times it almost paralyzed the university, and finally it convulsed the State. It became the main object of the doctor's thoughts. The men who had drawn him into it quietly retired under cover, and left him to fight their battle in the open. He did this powerfully, but his victories were no less calamitous than his defeats; for one of the professors, when overcome, fell back upon the church to which he belonged, and its conference was led to pass resolutions warning Christian people against the university. The forces of those hostile to the institution were marshaled to the sound of the sectarian drum. The quarrel at last became political; and when the doctor unwisely entered the political field in hopes of defeating the candidates put forward by his opponents, he was beaten at the polls, and his resignation followed. A small number of us, including Judge Cooley and Professors Frieze, Fasquelle, Boise, and myself, simply maintained an "armed neutrality," standing by the university, and refusing to be drawn into this whirlpool of intrigue and objurgation. Personally, we loved the doctor. Every one of us besought him to give up the quarrel, but in vain. He would not; he could not. It

went on till the crash came. He was virtually driven from the State, retired to Europe, and never returned.

Years afterward, the citizens of Michigan in all parts of the State sought to make amends to him. The great body of the graduates, who loved and respected him, with leading men throughout the commonwealth, joined in a letter inviting him to return as a public guest; but he declined, and never again saw his native land. His first main place of residence was Basel, where, at the university, he superintended the education of his grandson, who, at a later period, became a professor at Heidelberg. Finally, he retired to a beautiful villa on the shores of Lake Leman, and there, with his family about him, peacefully followed his chosen studies. At his death he was buried amid the vineyards and orchards of Vevey.

Though I absolutely refused to be drawn into any of his quarrels, my relations with the doctor remained kindly, and not a single feeling was left which marred my visit to him in after years at Basel, or my later pilgrimage to his grave on the shores of Lake Leman. To no man is any success I may have afterward had in the administration of Cornell University so greatly due as to him.

In this summary I have hardly touched upon the most important part of my duty,—namely, the purpose of my lecture-courses, with their relations to that period in the history of our country, and to the questions which thinking men, and especially thinking young men, were then endeavoring to solve,—since all this has been given in my political reminiscences.

So much for my main work at the University of Michigan. But I had one recreation which was not without its uses. The little city of Ann Arbor is a beautiful place on the Huron River, and from the outset interested me. Even its origin had a peculiar charm. About a quarter of a century before my arrival, three families came from the East to take up the land which they had bought of the United States; and, as their three holdings touched each other at one corner, they brought boughs of trees

to that spot and erected a sort of hut, or arbor, in which to live until their log houses were finished. On coming together in this arbor they discovered that the Christian name of each of the three wives was Ann: hence the name of the place; and this fact gave a poetic coloring to it which was a permanent pleasure to me. It was an unending satisfaction to reflect that no misguided patriot had been allowed to inflict upon that charming university town the name of "Athens," or "Oxford," or "Socratopolis," or "Anacreonsburg," or "Platoville," or "Emporium," or "Eudaimonia." What, but for those three good women, the name might have been, may be judged from the fact that one of the founders of the university did his best to have it called a "Katholoëpistemiad"!

But there was one drawback. The "campus," on which stood the four buildings then devoted to instruction, greatly disappointed me. It was a flat, square inclosure of forty acres, unkempt and wretched. Throughout its whole space there were not more than a score of trees outside the building sites allotted to professors; unsightly plank walks connected the buildings, and in every direction were meandering paths, which in dry weather were dusty and in wet weather muddy. Coming, as I did, from the glorious elms of Yale, all this distressed me, and one of my first questions was why no trees had been planted. The answer was that the soil was so hard and dry that none would grow. But on examining the territory in the neighborhood, especially the little inclosures about the pretty cottages of the town, I found fine large trees, and among them elms. At this, without permission from any one, I began planting trees within the university inclosure; established, on my own account, several avenues; and set out elms to overshadow them. Choosing my trees with care, carefully protecting and watering them during the first two years, and gradually adding to them a considerable number of evergreens, I preached practically the doctrine of adorning the campus.

Gradually some of my students joined me; one class after another aided in securing trees and in planting them, others became interested, until, finally, the university authorities made me "superintendent of the grounds," and appropriated to my work the munificent sum of seventy-five dollars a year. So began the splendid growth which now surrounds those buildings. These trees became to me as my own children. Whenever I revisit Ann Arbor my first care is to go among them, to see how they prosper, and especially how certain peculiar examples are flourishing; and at my recent visit, forty-six years after their planting, I found one of the most beautiful academic groves to be seen in any part of the world.

The most saddening thing during my connection with the university I have touched upon in my political reminiscences. Three years after my arrival the Civil War broke out, and there came a great exodus of students into the armies, the vast majority taking up arms for the Union, and a few for the Confederate States. The very noblest of them thus went forth—many of them, alas! never to return, and among them not a few whom I loved as brothers and even as my own children. Of all the experiences of my life, this was among the most saddening.

My immediate connection with the University of Michigan as resident professor of history lasted about six years; and then, on account partly of business interests which resulted from the death of my father, partly of my election to the New York State Senate, and partly of my election to the presidency of Cornell University, I resided in central New York, but retained a lectureship at the Western institution. I left the work and the friends who had become so dear to me with the greatest reluctance, and as long as possible I continued to revisit the old scenes, and to give courses of lectures. But at last my duties at Cornell absolutely forbade this, and so ended a connection which was to me one of the most fruitful in useful experiences and pregnant thoughts that I have ever known.

PART IV

AS UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

CHAPTER XVII

EVOLUTION OF "THE CORNELL IDEA"—1850-1865

TO Trinity Hall at Hobart College may be assigned whatever honor that shadowy personage, the future historian, shall think due the place where was conceived and quickened the germ idea of Cornell University. In that little stone barrack on the shore of Seneca Lake, rude in its architecture but lovely in its surroundings, a room was assigned me during my first year at college; and in a neighboring apartment, with charming views over the lake and distant hills, was the library of the Hermean Society. It was the largest collection of books I had ever seen,—four thousand volumes,—embracing a mass of literature from "The Pirate's Own Book" to the works of Lord Bacon. In this paradise I reveled, browsing through it at my will. This privilege was of questionable value, since it drew me somewhat from closer study; but it was not without its uses. One day I discovered in it Huber and Newman's book on the English universities. What a new world it opened! My mind was sensitive to any impression it might make, on two accounts: first, because, on the intellectual side, I was woefully disappointed at the inadequacy of the little college as regarded its teaching force and equipment; and next, because, on the esthetic side, I lamented the absence of everything like beauty or fitness in its architecture.

As I read in this new-found book of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and pored over the engraved views of quadrangles, halls, libraries, chapels,—of all the

noble and dignified belongings of a great seat of learning, —my heart sank within me. Every feature of the little American college seemed all the more sordid. But gradually I began consoling myself by building air-castles. These took the form of structures suited to a great university:—with distinguished professors in every field, with libraries as rich as the Bodleian, halls as lordly as that of Christ Church or of Trinity, chapels as inspiring as that of King's, towers as dignified as those of Magdalen and Merton, quadrangles as beautiful as those of Jesus and St. John's. In the midst of all other occupations I was constantly rearing these structures on that queenly site above the finest of the New York lakes, and dreaming of a university worthy of the commonwealth and of the nation. This dream became a sort of obsession. It came upon me during my working hours, in the class-rooms, in rambles along the lake shore, in the evenings, when I paced up and down the walks in front of the college buildings, and saw rising in their place and extending to the pretty knoll behind them, the worthy home of a great university. But this university, though beautiful and dignified, like those at Oxford and Cambridge, was in two important respects very unlike them. First, I made provision for other studies beside classics and mathematics. There should be professors in the great modern literatures—above all, in our own; there should also be a professor of modern history and a lecturer on architecture. And next, my university should be under control of no single religious organization; it should be free from all sectarian or party trammels; in electing its trustees and professors no questions should be asked as to their belief or their attachment to this or that sect or party. So far, at least, I went in those days along the road toward the founding of Cornell.

The academic year of 1849–1850 having been passed at this little college in western New York, I entered Yale. This was nearer my ideal; for its professors were more distinguished, its equipment more adequate, its students

more numerous, its general scope more extended. But it was still far below my dreams. Its single course in classics and mathematics, through which all students were forced alike, regardless of their tastes, powers, or aims; its substitution of gerund-grinding for ancient literature; its want of all instruction in modern literature; its substitution of recitals from text-books for instruction in history—all this was far short of my ideal. Moreover, Yale was then far more under denominational control than at present—its president, of necessity, as was then supposed, a Congregational minister; its professors, as a rule, members of the same sect; and its tutors, to whom our instruction during the first two years was almost entirely confined, students in the Congregational Divinity School.

Then, too, its outward representation was sordid and poor. The long line of brick barracks, the cheapest which could be built for money, repelled me. What a contrast to Oxford and Cambridge, and, above all, to my air-castles! There were, indeed, two architectural consolations: one, the library building, which had been built just before my arrival; and the other, the Alumni Hall, begun shortly afterward. These were of stone, and I snatched an especial joy from the grotesque Gothic heads in the cornices of the library towers and from the little latticed windows at the rear of the Alumni Hall. Both seemed to me features worthy of "colleges and halls of ancient days."

The redeeming feature of the whole was its setting, the "green," with superb avenues overarched by elms; and a further charm was added by East and West Rock, and by the views over New Haven Harbor into Long Island Sound. Among these scenes I erected new air-castles. First of all, a great quadrangle, not unlike that which is now developing at Yale, and, as a leading feature, a gate-tower like that since erected in memory of William Walter Phelps, but, unlike that, adorned with statues in niches and on corbels, like those on the

entrance tower of Trinity at Cambridge—statues of old Yalensian worthies, such as Elihu Yale in his costume of the Georgian period, Bishop Berkeley in his robes, President Dwight in his Geneva gown, and Nathan Hale in fetters. There was also in my dream another special feature, which no one has as yet attempted to realize—a lofty campanile, which I placed sometimes at the intersection of College and Chapel, and sometimes at the intersection of College and Elm streets—a clock-tower looking proudly down the slope, over the traffic of the town, and bearing a deep-toned peal of bells.

My general ideas on the subject were further developed by Charles Astor Bristed's book, "Five Years in an English University," and by sundry publications regarding student life in Germany. Still, my opinions regarding education were wretchedly imperfect, as may be judged from one circumstance. The newly established Sheffield Scientific School had just begun its career in the old president's house in front of the former Divinity Hall on the college green; and, one day in my senior year, looking toward it from my window in North College, I saw a student examining a colored liquid in a test-tube. A feeling of wonder came over me! What could it all be about? Probably not a man of us in the whole senior class had any idea of a chemical laboratory save as a sort of small kitchen back of a lecture-desk, like that in which an assistant and a colored servant prepared oxygen, hydrogen, and carbonic acid for the lectures of Professor Silliman. I was told that this new laboratory was intended for experiment, and my wonder was succeeded by disgust that any human being should give his time to pursuits so futile.

The next period in the formation of my ideas regarding a university began, after my graduation at Yale, during my first visit to Oxford. Then and at later visits, both to Oxford and Cambridge, I not only reveled in the architectural glories of those great seats of learning, but learned the advantages of college life in common—of the "halls," and the general social life which they promote; of

the "commons" and "combination rooms," which give a still closer relation between those most directly concerned in university work; of the quadrangles, which give a sense of scholarly seclusion, even in the midst of crowded cities; and of all the surroundings which give a dignity befitting these vast establishments. Still more marked progress in my ideas was made during my attendance at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France. In those institutions, during the years 1853–1854, I became acquainted with the French university-lecture system, with its clearness, breadth, wealth of illustration, and its hold upon large audiences of students; and I was seized with the desire to transfer something like it to our own country. My castles in the air were now reared more loftily and broadly; for they began to include laboratories, museums, and even galleries of art.

Even St. Petersburg, during my attachéship in 1854–1855, contributed to these airy structures. In my diary for that period, I find it jotted down that I observed and studied at various times the Michael Palace in that city as a very suitable structure for a university. Twenty years afterward, when I visited, as minister of the United States, the Grand Duchess Catherine, the aunt of the Emperor Alexander III, in that same palace, and mentioned to her my old admiration for it, she gave me a most interesting account of the building of it, and of the laying out of the beautiful park about it by her father, the old Grand Duke Michael, and agreed with me that it would be a noble home for an institution of learning.

My student life at Berlin, during the year following, further intensified my desire to do something for university education in the United States. There I saw my ideal of a university not only realized, but extended and glorified—with renowned professors, with ample lecture-halls, with everything possible in the way of illustrative materials, with laboratories, museums, and a concourse of youth from all parts of the world.

I have already spoken, in the chapter on my professor-

ship at the University of Michigan, regarding the influence on my ideas of its president, Henry Philip Tappan, and of the whole work in that institution. Though many good things may be justly said for the University of Virginia, the real beginning of a university in the United States, in the modern sense, was made by Dr. Tappan and his colleagues at Ann Arbor. Its only defects seemed to me that it included no technical side, and did not yet admit women. As to the first of these defects, the State had separated the agricultural college from the university, placing it in what, at that period, was a remote swamp near the State Capitol, and had as yet done nothing toward providing for other technical branches. As to the second, though a few of us favored the admission of women, President Tappan opposed it; and, probably, in view of the condition of the university and of public opinion at that time, his opposition was wise.

Recalled to Syracuse after five years in Michigan, my old desire to see a university rising in the State of New York was stronger than ever. Michigan had shown me some of my ideals made real; why might not our own much greater commonwealth be similarly blessed?

The first thing was to devise a plan for a suitable faculty. As I felt that this must not demand too large an outlay, I drew up a scheme providing for a few resident teachers supported by endowments, and for a body of non-resident professors or lecturers supported by fees. These lecturers were to be chosen from the most eminent professors in the existing colleges and from the best men then in the public-lecture field; and my confidant in the matter was George William Curtis, who entered into it heartily, and who afterward, in his speech at my inauguration as president of Cornell, referred to it in a way which touched me deeply.[1]

The next thing was to decide upon a site. It must naturally be in the central part of the State; and, rather

[1] See Mr. Curtis's speech, September 8, 1868, published by the university.

curiously, that which I then most coveted, frequently visited, walked about, and inspected was the rising ground southeast of Syracuse since selected by the Methodists for their institution which takes its name from that city.

My next effort was to make a beginning of an endowment, and for this purpose I sought to convert Gerrit Smith. He was, for those days, enormously wealthy. His property, which was estimated at from two to three millions of dollars, he used munificently; and his dear friend and mine, Samuel Joseph May, had told me that it was not too much to hope that Mr. Smith might do something for the improvement of higher instruction. To him, therefore, I wrote, proposing that if he would contribute an equal sum to a university at Syracuse, I would give to it one half of my own property. In his answer he gave reasons why he could not join in the plan, and my scheme seemed no nearer reality than my former air-castles. It seemed, indeed, to have faded away like

"The baseless fabric of a vision"

and to have left

"Not a wrack behind"—

when all its main features were made real in a way and by means utterly unexpected; for now began the train of events which led to my acquaintance, friendship, and close alliance with the man through whom my plans became a reality, larger and better than any ever seen in my dreams —Ezra Cornell.

CHAPTER XVIII

EZRA CORNELL—1864-1874

ON the first day of the year 1864, taking my seat for the first time in the State Senate at Albany, I found among my associates a tall, spare man, apparently very reserved and austere, and soon learned his name—Ezra Cornell.

Though his chair was near mine, there was at first little intercourse between us, and there seemed small chance of more. He was steadily occupied, and seemed to have no desire for new acquaintances. He was, perhaps, the oldest man in the Senate; I, the youngest: he was a man of business; I was fresh from a university professorship: and, upon the announcement of committees, our paths seemed separated entirely; for he was made chairman of the committee on agriculture, while to me fell the chairmanship of the committee on education.

Yet it was this last difference which drew us together; for among the first things referred to my committee was a bill to incorporate a public library which he proposed to found in Ithaca.

On reading this bill I was struck, not merely by his gift of one hundred thousand dollars to his townsmen, but even more by a certain breadth and largeness in his way of making it. The most striking sign of this was his mode of forming a board of trustees; for, instead of the usual effort to tie up the organization forever in some sect, party, or clique, he had named the best men of his town—his political opponents as well as his friends; and had

added to them the pastors of all the principal churches, Catholic and Protestant. This breadth of mind, even more than his munificence, drew me to him. We met several times, discussed his bill, and finally I reported it substantially as introduced, and supported it until it became a law.

Our next relations were not, at first, so pleasant. The great Land Grant of 1862, from the General Government to the State, for industrial and technical education, had been turned over, at a previous session of the legislature, to an institution called the People's College, in Schuyler County; but the Agricultural College, twenty miles distant from it, was seeking to take away from it a portion of this endowment; and among the trustees of this Agricultural College was Mr. Cornell, who now introduced a bill to divide the fund between the two institutions.

On this I at once took ground against him, declaring that the fund ought to be kept together at some one institution; that on no account should it be divided; that the policy for higher education in the State of New York should be concentration; that we had already suffered sufficiently from scattering our resources; that there were already over twenty colleges in the State, and not one of them doing anything which could justly be called university work.

Mr. Cornell's first effort was to have his bill referred, not to my committee, but to his; here I resisted him, and, as a solution of the difficulty, it was finally referred to a joint committee made up of both. On this double-headed committee I deliberately thwarted his purpose throughout the entire session, delaying action and preventing any report upon his bill.

Most men would have been vexed by this; but he took my course calmly, and even kindly. He never expostulated, and always listened attentively to my arguments against his view; meanwhile I omitted no opportunity to make these arguments as strong as possible, and especially

to impress upon him the importance of keeping the fund together.

After the close of the session, during the following summer, as it had become evident that the trustees of the People's College had no intention of raising the additional endowment and providing the equipment required by the act which gave them the land grant, there was great danger that the whole fund might be lost to the State by the lapsing of the time allowed in the congressional act for its acceptance. Just at this period Mr. Cornell invited me to attend a meeting of the State Agricultural Society, of which he was the president, at Rochester; and, when the meeting had assembled, he quietly proposed to remove the difficulty I had raised, by drawing a new bill giving the State Agricultural College half of the fund, and by inserting a clause requiring the college to provide an additional sum of three hundred thousand dollars. This sum he pledged himself to give, and, as the comptroller of the State had estimated the value of the land grant at six hundred thousand dollars, Mr. Cornell supposed that this would obviate my objection, since the fund of the Agricultural College would thus be made equal to the whole original land-grant fund as estimated, which would be equivalent to keeping the whole fund together.

The entire audience applauded, as well they might: it was a noble proposal. But, much to the disgust of the meeting, I persisted in my refusal to sanction any bill dividing the fund, declared myself now more opposed to such a division than ever; but promised that if Mr. Cornell and his friends would ask for the *whole* grant—keeping it together, and adding his three hundred thousand dollars, as proposed—I would support such a bill with all my might.

I was led to make this proposal by a course of circumstances which might, perhaps, be called "providential." For some years I had been dreaming of a university; had looked into the questions involved, at home and abroad; had approached sundry wealthy and influential men on the

subject; but had obtained no encouragement, until this strange and unexpected combination of circumstances—a great land grant, the use of which was to be determined largely by the committee of which I was chairman, and this noble pledge by Mr. Cornell.

Yet for some months nothing seemed to come of our conference. At the assembling of the legislature in the following year, it was more evident than ever that the trustees of the People's College intended to do nothing. During the previous session they had promised through their agents to supply the endowment required by their charter; but, though this charter obliged them, as a condition of taking the grant, to have an estate of two hundred acres, buildings for the accommodation of two hundred students, and a faculty of not less than six professors, with a sufficient library and other apparatus, yet our committee, on again taking up the subject, found hardly the faintest pretense of complying with these conditions. Moreover, their charter required that their property should be free from all encumbrance; and yet the so-called donor of it, Mr. Charles Cook, could not be induced to cancel a small mortgage which he held upon it. Still worse, before the legislature had been in session many days, it was found that his agent had introduced a bill to relieve the People's College of all conditions, and to give it, without any pledge whatever, the whole land grant, amounting to very nearly a million of acres.

But even worse than this was another difficulty. In addition to the strong lobby sent by Mr. Cook to Albany in behalf of the People's College, there came representatives of nearly all the smaller denominational colleges in the State, men eminent and influential, clamoring for a division of the fund among their various institutions, though the fragment which would have fallen to each would not have sufficed to endow even a single professorship.

While all this was uncertain, and the fund seemed likely to be utterly frittered away, I was one day going down from the State Capitol, when Mr. Cornell joined me

and began conversation. He was, as usual, austere and reserved in appearance; but I had already found that below this appearance there was a warm heart and noble purpose. No observant associate could fail to notice that the only measures in the legislature which he cared for were those proposing some substantial good to the State or nation, and that he despised all political wrangling and partizan jugglery.

On this occasion, after some little general talk, he quietly said, "I have about half a million dollars more than my family will need: what is the best thing I can do with it for the State?" I answered: "Mr. Cornell, the two things most worthy of aid in any country are charity and education; but, in our country, the charities appeal to everybody. Any one can understand the importance of them, and the worthy poor or unfortunate are sure to be taken care of. As to education, the lower grades will always be cared for in the public schools by the State; but the institutions of the highest grade, without which the lower can never be thoroughly good, can be appreciated by only a few. The policy of our State is to leave this part of the system to individuals; it seems to me, then, that if you have half a million to give, the best thing you can do with it is to establish or strengthen some institution for higher instruction." I then went on to show him the need of a larger institution for such instruction than the State then had; that such a college or university worthy of the State would require far more in the way of faculty and equipment than most men supposed; that the time had come when scientific and technical education must be provided for in such an institution; and that education in history and literature should be the bloom of the whole growth.

He listened attentively, but said little. The matter seemed to end there; but not long afterward he came to me and said: "I agree with you that the land-grant fund ought to be kept together, and that there should be a new institution fitted to the present needs of the State and the country. I am ready to pledge to such an institution a site

and five hundred thousand dollars as an addition to the land-grant endowment, instead of three hundred thousand, as I proposed at Rochester."

As may well be imagined, I hailed this proposal joyfully, and soon sketched out a bill embodying his purpose so far as education was concerned. But here I wish to say that, while Mr. Cornell urged Ithaca as the site of the proposed institution, he never showed any wish to give his own name to it. The suggestion to that effect was mine. He at first doubted the policy of it; but, on my insisting that it was in accordance with time-honored American usage, as shown by the names of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Williams, and the like, he yielded.

We now held frequent conferences as to the leading features of the institution to be created. In these I was more and more impressed by his sagacity and largeness of view; and, when the sketch of the bill was fully developed,—its financial features by him, and its educational features by me,—it was put into shape by Charles J. Folger of Geneva, then chairman of the judiciary committee of the Senate, afterward chief judge of the Court of Appeals, and finally Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The provision forbidding any sectarian or partizan predominance in the board of trustees or faculty was proposed by me, heartily acquiesced in by Mr. Cornell, and put into shape by Judge Folger. The State-scholarship feature and the system of alumni representation on the board of trustees were also accepted by Mr. Cornell at my suggestion.

I refer to these things especially because they show one striking characteristic of the man—namely, his readiness to be advised largely by others in matters which he felt to be outside his own province, and his willingness to give the largest measure of confidence when he gave any confidence at all.

On the other hand, the whole provision for the endowment, the part relating to the land grant, and, above all,

the supplementary legislation allowing him to make a contract with the State for "locating" the lands, were thought out entirely by himself; and in all these matters he showed, not only a public spirit far beyond that displayed by any other benefactor of education in his time, but a foresight which seemed to me then, and seems to me now, almost miraculous. He alone, of all men in the United States, was able to foresee what might be done by an individual to develop the land-grant fund, and he alone was willing to make the great personal sacrifice thereby required.

But, while he thus left the general educational features to me, he uttered, during one of our conversations, words which showed that he had arrived at the true conception of a university. He expressed the hope that in the proposed institution every student might find instruction in whatever study interested him. Hence came the legend now surrounding his medallion portrait upon the university seal: "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study."

The introduction of this new bill into the legislature was a signal for war. Nearly all the denominational colleges girded themselves for the fray, and sent their agents to fight us at Albany; they also stirred up the secular press, without distinction of party, in the regions where they were situated, and the religious organs of their various sects in the great cities.

At the center of the movement against us was the People's College; it had rallied in force and won over the chairman of the educational committee in the Assembly, so that under various pretexts he delayed considering the bill. Worst of all, there appeared against us, late in the session, a professor from the Genesee College—a man of high character and great ability; and he did his work most vigorously. He brought the whole force of his sect to bear upon the legislature, and insisted that every other college in the State had received something from the public funds, while his had received none.

As a first result came a proposal from some of his associates that twenty-five thousand dollars of the land-grant fund be paid to Genesee College; but this the friends of the Cornell bill resisted, on the ground that, if the fund were broken into in one case, it would be in others.

It was next proposed that Mr. Cornell should agree to give twenty-five thousand dollars to Genesee College on the passage of the bill. This Mr. Cornell utterly refused, saying that not for the passage of any bill would he make any private offer or have any private understanding; that every condition must be put into the bill, where all men could see it; and that he would then accept or reject it as he might think best. The result was that our opponents forced into the bill a clause requiring him to give twenty-five thousand dollars to Genesee College, before he could be allowed to give five hundred thousand dollars to the proposed university; and the friends of the bill, not feeling strong enough to resist this clause, and not being willing to see the enterprise wrecked for the want of it, allowed it to go unopposed. The whole matter was vexatious to the last degree. A man of less firmness and earnestness, thus treated, would have thrown up his munificent purpose in disgust; but Mr. Cornell quietly persevered.

Yet the troubles of the proposed university had only begun. Mr. Charles Cook, who, during his senatorship, had secured the United States land grant of 1862 for the People's College, was a man of great force, a born leader of men, anxious to build up his part of the State, and especially the town from which he came, though he had no special desire to put any considerable part of his own wealth into a public institution. He had seen the opportunities afforded by the land grant, had captured it, and was now determined to fight for it. The struggle became bitter. His emissaries, including the members of the Senate and Assembly from his part of the State, made common cause with the sectarian colleges, and with various corporations and persons who, having bills of their own

in the legislature, were ready to exchange services and votes.

The coalition of all these forces against the Cornell University bill soon became very formidable, and the committee on education in the Assembly, to which the bill had been referred, seemed more and more controlled by them. Our only hope now was to enlighten the great body of the senators and assemblymen. To this end Mr. Cornell invited them by squads, sometimes to his rooms at Congress Hall, sometimes to mine at the Delavan House. There he laid before them his general proposal and the financial side of the plan, while I dwelt upon the need of a university in the true sense of the word; upon the opportunity now offered by this great fund; upon the necessity of keeping it together; upon the need of large means to carry out any scheme of technical and general education such as was contemplated by the congressional act of 1862; showed the proofs that the People's College would and could do nothing to meet this want; that division of the fund among the existing colleges was simply the annihilation of it; and, in general, did my best to enlighten the reason and arouse the patriotism of the members on the subject of a worthy university in our State. These points and others were finally embodied in my speech before the Senate, and this having been published in the "Albany Journal," Mr. Cornell provided for its circulation broadcast over the State and thus aroused public opinion.

In this way we won to our support several strong friends in both Houses, among them some men of great natural force of character who had never enjoyed the privilege of much early education, but who were none the less anxious that those who came after them should have the best opportunities. Of these I may name especially Senators Cook of Saratoga and Ames of Oswego. Men of high education and culture also aided us, especially Mr. Andrews, Mr. Havens, and, finally, Judge Folger in the Senate, with Mr. Lord and Mr. Weaver in the Assembly.

While we were thus laboring with the legislature as a whole, serious work had to be done with the Assembly committee; and Mr. Cornell employed a very eminent lawyer to present his case, while Mr. Cook employed one no less noted to take the opposite side. The session of the committee was held in the Assembly chamber, and there was a large attendance of spectators; but, unfortunately, the lawyer employed by Mr. Cornell having taken little pains with the case, his speech was cold, labored, perfunctory, and fell flat. The speech on the other side was much more effective; it was thin and demagogical, but the speaker knew well the best tricks for catching the average man. He indulged in eloquent tirades against the Cornell bill as a "monopoly," a "wild project," a "selfish scheme," a "job," a "grab," and the like; denounced Mr. Cornell as "seeking to erect a monument to himself"; hinted that he was "planning to rob the State"; and, before he had finished, had pictured Mr. Cornell as a swindler and the rest of us as dupes or knaves.

I can never forget the quiet dignity with which Mr. Cornell took this abuse. Mrs. Cornell sat at his right, I at his left. In one of the worst tirades against him, he turned to me and said quietly, and without the slightest anger or excitement: "If I could think of any other way in which half a million of dollars would do as much good to the State, I would give the legislature no more trouble." Shortly afterward, when the invective was again especially bitter, he turned to me and said: "I am not sure but that it would be a good thing for me to give the half a million to old Harvard College in Massachusetts, to educate the descendants of the men who hanged my forefathers."

There was more than his usual quaint humor in this—there was that deep reverence which he always bore toward his Quaker ancestry, and which seemed to have become part of him. I admired Mr. Cornell on many occasions, but never more than during that hour when he sat, without the slightest anger, mildly taking the abuse of

that prostituted pettifogger, the indifference of the committee, and the laughter of the audience. It was a scene for a painter, and I trust that some day it will be fitly perpetuated for the university.

This struggle being ended, the Assembly committee could not be induced to report the bill. It was easy, after such a speech, for its members to pose as protectors of the State against a swindler and a monopoly; the chairman, who, shortly after the close of the session, was mysteriously given a position in the New York custom-house, made pretext after pretext without reporting, until it became evident that we must have a struggle in the Assembly and drag the bill out of the committee in spite of him. To do this required a two-thirds vote. All our friends were set to work, and some pains taken to scare the corporations which had allied themselves with the enemy, in regard to the fate of their own bills, by making them understand that, unless they stopped their interested opposition to the university bill in the House, a feeling would be created in the Senate very unfortunate for them. In this way their clutch upon sundry members of the Assembly was somewhat relaxed, and these were allowed to vote according to their consciences.

The Cornell bill was advocated most earnestly in the House by Mr. Henry B. Lord: in his unpretentious way he marshaled the university forces, and moved that the bill be taken from the committee and referred to the Committee of the Whole. Now came a struggle. Most of the best men in the Assembly stood by us; but the waverers —men who feared local pressure, sectarian hostility, or the opposition of Mr. Cook to measures of their own— attempted, if not to oppose the Cornell bill, at least to evade a vote upon it. In order to give them a little tone and strength, Mr. Cornell went with me to various leading editors in the city of New York, and we explained the whole matter to them, securing editorial articles favorable to the university, the most prominent among these gentlemen being Horace Greeley of the "Tribune," Eras-

tus Brooks of the "Express," and Manton Marble of the "World." This did much for us, yet when the vote was taken the old cowardice was again shown; but several of us stood in the cloak-room and fairly shamed the waverers back into their places. As a result, to the surprise and disgust of the chairman of the Assembly committee, the bill was taken out of his control, and referred to the Committee of the Whole House.

Another long struggle now ensued, but the bill was finally passed in the Assembly and came back to the Senate. There the struggle was renewed, all kinds of delaying tactics were resorted to, but the bill was finally carried, and received the signature of Governor Fenton.

Now came a new danger. During their struggle against the bill, our enemies had been strong enough to force into it a clause enabling the People's College to retain the land fund, provided that institution should be shown, within six months of the passage of the bill, to be in possession of a sum such as the Board of Regents should declare would enable it to comply with the conditions on which it had originally received the grant. The Board of Regents now reported that the possession of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars would be sufficient for such a compliance, and would insure the fund to the People's College. Naturally we watched, in much uneasy suspense, during those six months, to see whether Mr. Cook and the People's College authorities would raise this sum of money, so small in comparison with that which Mr. Cornell was willing to give, in order to secure the grant. But our fears were baseless; and on the fifth day of September, 1865, the trustees of Cornell University were assembled for the first time at Ithaca.

Then came to them a revelation of a quality in Mr. Cornell unknown to most of them before. In one of the petitions forwarded from Ithaca to the legislature by his fellow-citizens it had been stated that "he never did less than he promised, but generally more." So it was found in this case. He turned over to the trustees, not only the

securities for the five hundred thousand dollars required by the charter, but also gave two hundred acres of land as a site. Thus came into being Cornell University.

Yet the services of Mr. Cornell had only begun: he at once submitted to us a plan for doing what no other citizen had done for any other State. In the other commonwealths which had received the land grant, the authorities had taken the scrip representing the land, sold it at the market price, and, as the market was thus glutted, had realized but a small sum; but Mr. Cornell, with that foresight which was his most striking characteristic, saw clearly what could be done by using the scrip to take up land for the institution. To do this he sought aid in various ways; but no one dared join him, and at last he determined to bear the whole burden himself. Scrip representing over seven hundred thousand acres still remained in the hands of the comptroller. The trustees received Mr. Cornell's plan for dealing with the scrip somewhat doubtfully, but the enabling act was passed, by which he was permitted to "locate" this land for the benefit of the university. So earnest was he in this matter that he was anxious to take up the entire amount, but here his near friends interposed: we saw too well what a crushing load the taxes and other expenses on such a vast tract of land would become before it could be sold to advantage. Finally he yielded somewhat: it was agreed that he should take up five hundred thousand acres, and he now gave himself day and night to this great part of the enterprise, which was to provide a proper financial basis for a university such as we hoped to found.

Meanwhile, at Mr. Cornell's suggestion, I devoted myself to a more careful plan of the new institution; and, at the next meeting of the board, presented a "plan of organization," which sketched out the purpose and constitution of such a university as seemed needed in a great commonwealth like ours. Mr. Cornell studied it carefully, gave it his approval, and a copy of it with marginal notes in his own hand is still preserved.

I had supposed that this was to end my relations with Mr. Cornell, so far as the university was concerned. A multitude of matters seemed to forbid my taking any further care for it, and a call to another position very attractive to me drew me away from all thought of connection with it, save, perhaps, such as was involved in meeting the trustees once or twice a year.

Mr. Cornell had asked me, from time to time, whether I could suggest any person for the presidency of the university. I mentioned various persons, and presented the arguments in their favor. One day he said to me quietly that he also had a candidate; I asked him who it was, and he said that he preferred to keep the matter to himself until the next meeting of the trustees. Nothing more passed between us on that subject. I had no inkling of his purpose, but thought it most likely that his candidate was a Western gentleman whose claims had been strongly pressed upon him. When the trustees came together, and the subject was brought up, I presented the merits of various gentlemen, especially of one already at the head of an important college in the State, who, I thought, would give us success. Upon this, Mr. Cornell rose, and, in a very simple but earnest speech, presented my name. It was entirely unexpected by me, and I endeavored to show the trustees that it was impossible for me to take the place in view of other duties; that it needed a man of more robust health, of greater age, and of wider reputation in the State. But Mr. Cornell quietly persisted, our colleagues declared themselves unanimously of his opinion, and, with many misgivings, I gave a provisional acceptance.

The relation thus begun ended only with Mr. Cornell's life, and from first to last it grew more and more interesting to me. We were thrown much together at Albany, at Ithaca, and on various journeys undertaken for the university; and, the more I saw of him, the deeper became my respect for him. There were, indeed, toward the end of his life, some things trying to one of my temperament, and among these things I may mention his exceeding reti-

cence, and his willingness not only to labor but to wait; but these stood not at all in the way of my respect and affection for him.

His liberality was unstinted. While using his fortune in taking up the lands, he was constantly doing generous things for the university and those connected with it. One of the first of these was his gift of the library in classical literature collected by Dr. Charles Anthon of Columbia College. Nothing could apparently be more outside his sympathy than the department needing these seven thousand volumes; but he recognized its importance in the general plan of the new institution, bought the library for over twelve thousand dollars, and gave it to the university.

Then came the Jewett collection in geology, which he gave at a cost of ten thousand dollars; the Ward collection of casts, at a cost of three thousand; the Newcomb collection in conchology, at a cost of sixteen thousand; an addition to the university grounds, valued at many thousands more; and it was only the claims of a multitude of minor university matters upon his purse which prevented his carrying out a favorite plan of giving a great telescope, at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. At a later period, to extinguish the university debt, to increase the equipment, and eventually to provide free scholarships and fellowships, he made an additional gift of about eighty thousand dollars.

While doing these things, he was constantly advancing large sums in locating the university lands, and in paying university salaries, for which our funds were not yet available; while from time to time he made many gifts which, though smaller, were no less striking evidences of the largeness of his view. I may mention a few among these as typical.

Having found, in the catalogue of a London bookseller, a set of Piranesi's great work on the "Antiquities of Rome,"—a superb copy, the gift of a pope to a royal duke,—I showed it to him, when he at once ordered it for our library at a cost of about a thousand dollars. At

another time, seeing the need of some costly works to illustrate agriculture, he gave them to us at a somewhat greater cost; and, having heard Professor Tyndall's lectures in New York, he bought additional physical apparatus to enable our resident professor to repeat the lectures at Ithaca, and this cost him fifteen hundred dollars.

Characteristic of him, too, was another piece of quiet munificence. When the clause forced into the university charter, requiring him to give twenty-five thousand dollars to another institution before he could be allowed to give half a million to his own, was noised abroad through the State, there was a general feeling of disgust; and at the next session of the legislature a bill was brought in to refund the twenty-five thousand dollars to him. Upon this, he remarked that what he once gave he never took back, but that if the university trustees would accept it he had no objection. The bill was modified to this effect, and thus the wrong was righted.

During my stay in Europe, through the summer of 1868, under instructions to study various institutions for technical education, to make large purchases of books, and to secure one or two men greatly needed in special departments not then much cultivated in this country, his generosity was unfailing. Large as were the purchases which I was authorized to make, the number of desirable things outside this limit steadily grew larger; but my letters to him invariably brought back the commission to secure this additional material.

During this occupation of mine in Europe, he was quite as busy in the woods of the upper Mississippi and on the plains of Kansas, selecting university lands. No fatigue or expenditure deterred him.

At various periods I passed much time with Mr. Cornell on his home farm. He lived generously, in a kind of patriarchal simplicity, and many of his conversations interested me intensely. His reticence gradually yielded, and he gave me much information regarding his earlier years: they had been full of toil and struggle, but through the whole there

was clear evidence of a noble purpose. Whatever worthy work his hand had found to do, he had done it with his might: the steamers of Cayuga Lake; the tunnel which carries the waters of Fall Creek to the mills below; the mills themselves; the dams against that turbulent stream, which he built after others had failed, and which stand firmly to this day; the calendar clocks for which Ithaca has become famous, and of which he furnished the original hint—all these he touched upon, though so modestly that I never found out his full agency in them until a later period, when I had made the acquaintance of many of his townsmen.

Especially interesting were his references to the beginnings of American telegraphic enterprise, with which he had so much to do.

His connection with it began in a curious way. Traveling in northern New England to dispose of a plow which he had invented, he entered the office of a gentleman who had taken the contract for laying the first telegraphic wires underground between Washington and Baltimore, and found him in much doubt and trouble: the difficulty was to lay the leaden pipe containing the two insulated wires at a cost within the terms of the contract. Hearing this, Mr. Cornell said: "I will build you a machine which will dig the trench, lay the pipe and wires, and cover them with earth rapidly and cheaply."

This proposal was at first derided; but, as Mr. Cornell insisted upon it, he was at last allowed to show what he could do. The machine having been constructed, he exhibited it to a committee; but when the long line of horses attached to it were started, it was so thrown about by the inequalities of the surface that the committee declared it a failure. Presently Mr. Cornell took them to the ground over which the machine had just passed, and, showing them a line of newly turned earth, asked them to dig in it. Having done this, they found the pipe incasing the wires, acknowledged his triumph, and immediately gave him and his machine permanent employment.

But before long he became convinced that this was not the best way. Having studied all the books on electricity that he could find in the Congressional Library, he had satisfied himself that it would be far better and cheaper to string the wires through the open air between poles. This idea the men controlling the scheme for a time resisted. Some of them regarded such interference in a scientific matter by one whom they considered a plain working-man as altogether too presuming. But one day Professor Morse came out to decide the matter. Finding Mr. Cornell at his machine, the professor explained the difficulties in the case, especially the danger of shaking the confidence of Congress, and so losing the necessary appropriation, should any change in plan be adopted, and then asked him if he could see any way out of the difficulty. Mr. Cornell answered that he could, whereupon Professor Morse expressed a wish that it might be taken. At this Mr. Cornell gave the word to his men, started up the long line of horses dragging the ponderous machine, guided it with his own hands into a boulder lying near, and thus deranged the whole machinery.

As a natural result it was announced by various journals at the national capital that the machinery for laying the wires had been broken by the carelessness of an employee, but that it would doubtless soon be repaired and the work resumed. Thanks to this stratagem, the necessary time was gained without shaking the confidence of Congress, and Mr. Cornell at once began stringing the wires upon poles: the insulation was found far better than in the underground system, and there was no more trouble.

The confidence of the promoters of the enterprise being thus gained, Mr. Cornell was employed to do their work in all parts of the country; and his sturdy honesty, energy, and persistence justified their confidence and laid the foundations of his fortune.

Very striking were the accounts of his troubles and trials during the prosecution of this telegraphic work—

troubles from men of pretended science, from selfish men, from stupid men—all chronicled by him without the slightest bitterness against any human being, yet with a quaint humor which made the story very enjoyable.

Through his personal history, as I then began to learn it, ran a thread, or rather a strong cord, of stoicism. He had clung with such desperate tenacity to his faith in the future of the telegraphic system, that, sooner than part with his interest in it, even when its stock was utterly discredited, he suffered from poverty, and almost from want. While pressing on his telegraphic construction, he had been terribly wounded in a Western railroad accident, but had extricated himself from the dead and dying, and, as I learned from others, had borne his sufferings without a murmur. At another time, overtaken by ship-fever at Montreal, and thought to be beyond help, he had quietly made up his mind that, if he could reach a certain hydropathic establishment in New York, he would recover; and had dragged himself through that long journey, desperately ill as he was, in railway cars, steamers, and stages, until he reached his desired haven; and there he finally recovered, though nearly every other person attacked by the disease at his Montreal hotel had died.

Pursuing his telegraphic enterprise, he had been obliged at times to fight many strong men and great combinations of capital; but this same stoicism carried him through: he used to say laughingly that his way was to "tire them out."

When, at last, fortune had begun to smile upon him, his public spirit began to show itself in more striking forms, though not in forms more real, than in his earlier days. Evidences of this met the eye of his visitors at once, and among these were the fine cattle, sheep, fruit-trees, and the like, which he had brought back from the London Exposition of 1851. His observations of the agricultural experiments of Lawes and Gilbert at Rothamstead in England, and his visits to various agricultural exhibitions, led him to attempt similar work at home. Everything

that could improve the community in which he lived was matter of concern to him. He took the lead in establishing "Cascadilla Place," in order to give a very gifted woman an opportunity to show her abilities in administering hydropathic treatment to disease; his public library, when I first visited Ithaca, was just completed.

He never showed the slightest approach to display or vanity regarding any of these things, and most of them I heard of first, at a later period, from others.

Although his religious ideas were very far from those generally considered orthodox, he had a deep sympathy with every good effort for religion and morality, no matter by whom made; and he contributed freely to churches of every name and to good purposes of every sort. He had quaint ways at times in making such gifts, and from the many stories showing these I select one as characteristic. During the Civil War, the young women of the village held large sewing-circles, doing work for the soldiers. When Mr. Cornell was asked to contribute to their funds, he declined, to the great surprise of those who asked him, and said dryly: "Of course these women don't really come together to sew for the soldiers; they come together to gossip." This was said, no doubt, with that peculiar twinkle of the eye which his old friends can well remember; but, on the young ladies protesting that he did them injustice, he answered: "If you can prove that I am wrong, I will gladly contribute; if you will only sew together all one afternoon, and no one of you speak a word, I will give you a hundred dollars." The society met, and complete silence reigned. The young men of the community, hearing of this, and seeing an admirable chance to tease their fair friends, came in large numbers to the sewing-circle, and tried to engage them in conversation. At first their attempts were in vain; but, finally, to a question skilfully put, one of the young ladies made a reply. This broke the spell. Of course, the whole assembly were very unhappy; but, when all was told to Mr. Cornell, he said:

"They shall have their hundred dollars, for they have done better than any other women ever did."

But I ought to say here that this little episode would be grossly misunderstood were it supposed to indicate any tendency in his heart or mind toward a cynical view of womankind. Nothing could be more manly and noble than his reference to her who had stood at his side courageously, hopefully, and cheerily during his years of struggle and want of appreciation. Well might he speak of her, as he did once in my hearing, as "the best woman that ever lived." And his gentle courtliness and thoughtful kindness were also deeply appreciated in other households. His earnestness, too, in behalf of the higher education of women, and of their fair treatment in various professions and occupations, showed something far deeper than conventional politeness.

From the time when I began to know him best, his main thought was concentrated upon the university. His own business interests were freely sacrificed; his time, wealth, and effort were all yielded to his work in taking up its lands, to say nothing of supplementary work which became in many ways a heavy burden to him.

During the summer preceding the opening of the university, this labor and care began to wear upon him, and he was attacked by an old malady which gave him great pain; yet his stoicism asserted itself. Through night after night, as I lay in the room next his at his farm-house, I could hear him groan, and to my natural sympathy was added a fear lest he might not live through this most critical period in the history of the new institution; but, invariably, when I met him next morning and asked how he felt, his answer was, "All right," or "Very well." I cannot remember ever hearing him make any complaint of his sufferings or even any reference to them.

Nor did pain diminish his steady serenity or generosity. I remember that on one hot afternoon of that summer, when he had come into the house thoroughly weary, a young man called upon him to ask for aid in securing

school-books. Mr. Cornell questioned him closely, and then rose, walked with him down the hill into the town, and bought the books which were needed.

As the day approached for the formal opening of the university, he was obliged to remain in bed. Care and toil had prostrated me also; and both of us, a sorry couple indeed, had to be taken from our beds to be carried to the opening exercises.

A great crowd had assembled from all parts of the State:—many enthusiastic, more doubtful, and some decidedly inclined to scoff.

Some who were expected were not present. The Governor of the State, though he had been in Ithaca the day before, quietly left town on the eve of the opening exercises. His Excellency was a very wise man in his generation, and evidently felt that it was not best for him to have too much to do with an institution which the sectarian press had so generally condemned. I shall not soon forget the way in which Mr. Cornell broke the news to me, and the accent of calm contempt in his voice. Fortunately there remained with us the lieutenant-governor, General Stewart Lyndon Woodford. He came to the front nobly, and stood by us firmly and munificently ever afterward.

Mr. Cornell's speech on that occasion was very simple and noble; his whole position, to one who knew what he had gone through in the way of obloquy, hard work, and self-sacrifice, was touching. Worn down by illness, he was unable to stand, and he therefore read his address in a low tone from his chair. It was very impressive, almost incapacitating me from speaking after him, and I saw tears in the eyes of many in the audience. Nothing could be more simple than this speech of his; it was mainly devoted to a plain assertion of the true university theory in its most elementary form, and to a plea that women should have equal privileges with men in advanced education. In the midst of it came a touch of his quaint shrewdness; for, in replying to a recent charge that everything at the university was unfinished, he remarked in substance, "We

have not invited you to see a university finished, but to see one begun."

The opening day seemed a success, but this very success stirred up the enemy. A bitter letter from Ithaca to a leading denominational organ in New York gave the signal, and soon the whole sectarian press was in full cry, steadily pressing upon Mr. Cornell and those who stood near him. Very many of the secular presses also thought it wise to join in the attack, and it was quickly extended from his ideas to his honor, and even to his honesty. It seemed beyond the conception of many of these gentlemen that a Hicksite Quaker, who, if he gave any thought at all to this or that creed, or this or that "plan of salvation," passed it all by as utterly irrelevant and inadequate, could be a religious man; and a far greater number seemed to find it just as difficult to believe that a man could sacrifice his comfort and risk his fortune in managing so great a landed property for the public interest without any concealed scheme of plunder.

But he bore all this with his usual stoicism. It seemed to increase his devotion to the institution, rather than to diminish it. When the receipts from the endowment fell short or were delayed, he continued to advance money freely to meet the salaries of the professors; and for apparatus, books, and equipment of every sort his purse was constantly opened.

Yet, in those days of toil and care and obloquy, there were some things which encouraged him much. At that period all patriotic Americans felt deep gratitude to Goldwin Smith for his courage and eloquence in standing by our country during the Civil War, and great admiration for his profound and brilliant historical lectures at Oxford. Naturally, on arriving in London, I sought to engage him for the new university, and was authorized by Mr. Cornell to make him large pecuniary offers. Professor Smith entered at once into our plans heartily; wrote to encourage us; came to us; lived with us amid what, to him, must have been great privations; lectured for us year after year as

brilliantly as he had ever lectured at Oxford; gave his library to the university, with a large sum for its increase; lent his aid very quietly, but none the less effectually, to needy and meritorious students; and steadily refused then, as he has ever since done, and now does, to accept a dollar of compensation. Nothing ever gave Mr. Cornell more encouragement than this. For "Goldwin," as he called him in his Quaker way, there was always a very warm corner in his heart.

He also found especial pleasure in many of the lecture-courses established at the opening of the university. For Professor Agassiz he formed a warm friendship; and their discussions regarding geological questions were very interesting, eliciting from Agassiz a striking tribute to Mr. Cornell's closeness of observation and sagacity in reasoning. The lectures on history by Goldwin Smith, and on literature by James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, and Bayard Taylor, he also enjoyed greatly.

The scientific collections and apparatus of various sorts gave him constant pleasure. I had sent from England, France, and Germany a large number of charts, models, and pieces of philosophical apparatus, and regarding some of them had thought it best to make careful explanations to him, in order to justify so large an expenditure; but I soon found this unnecessary. His shrewd mind enabled him to understand any piece of apparatus quickly, and to appreciate it fully. I have never had to deal with any man whose instinct in such matters was more true. If a book or scientific specimen or piece of apparatus was necessary to the proper work of a department, he could easily be made to see it; and then it *must* come to us, no matter at what cost. Like the great prince of navigators in the fifteenth century, he was a man "who had the taste for great things"—"*qui tenia gusto en cosas grandes.*" He felt that the university was to be great, and he took his measures accordingly. His colleagues generally thought him over-sanguine; and when he declared that the university should yet have an endow-

ment of three millions, most of them regarded him as a dreamer.

I have never known a man more entirely unselfish. I have seen him, when his wealth was counted in millions, devote it so generously to university objects that he felt it necessary to stint himself in some matters of personal comfort. When urged to sell a portion of the university land at a sacrifice, in order to better our foundations, he answered in substance, "Don't let us do that yet; I will wear my old hat and coat a little longer, and let you have a little more money from my own pocket."

This feeling seemed never diminished, even under the worst opposition. He "kept the faith," no matter who opposed him.

An eminent and justly respected president of one of the oldest Eastern universities published a treatise, which was widely circulated, to prove that the main ideas on which the new university was based were utterly impracticable; and especially that the presentation of various courses of instruction suited to young men of various aims and tastes, with liberty of choice between them, was preposterous. It is interesting to note that this same eminent gentleman was afterward led to adopt this same "impracticable" policy at his own university. Others of almost equal eminence insisted that to give advanced scientific and technical instruction in the same institution with classical instruction was folly; and these gentlemen were probably not converted until the plan was adopted at English Cambridge. Others still insisted that an institution not belonging to any one religious sect must be "godless," would not be patronized, and could not succeed. Their eyes were opened later by the sight of men and women of different Christian denominations pressing forward at Cornell University to contribute sums which, in the aggregate, amounted to much more than the original endowment.

He earned the blessing of those who, not having seen, have yet believed. Though he did not live long enough to see the fundamental principles of the university thus

force their way to recognition and adoption by those who had most strongly opposed them, his faith remained undiminished to the end of his life.

But the opposition to his work developed into worse shapes; many leading journals in the State, when not openly hostile to him, were cold and indifferent, and some of them were steadily abusive. This led to a rather widespread feeling that "where there is smoke, there must be fire"; and we who knew the purity of his purpose, his unselfishness, his sturdy honesty, labored long against this feeling.

I regret to say that some eminent men connected with important universities in the country showed far too much readiness to acquiesce in this unfavorable view of our founder. From very few of our sister institutions came any word of cheer; and from some of them came most bitter attacks, not only upon the system adopted in the new university, but upon Mr. Cornell himself. But his friends were more afflicted, by far, than he; all this opposition only served to strengthen his faith. As to this effect upon him, I recall one or two quaint examples. At the darkest period in the history of the university, I mentioned to him that a fine collection of mathematical books was offered us for five thousand dollars. Under ordinary circumstances he would have bought it for us at once; but at that moment, when any addition to his burdens would not have been advised by any of his friends, he quietly said, "Somewhere there is a man walking about who wants to give us that five thousand dollars." I am glad to say that his faith was soon justified; such a man appeared,—a man who was glad to give the required sum as a testimony to his belief in Mr. Cornell's integrity: William Kelly of Rhinebeck.

Another example may be given as typical. Near the close of the first celebration of Founder's Day at one of the college buildings, a pleasant social dance sprang up among the younger people—students from the university and young ladies from the village. This brought a very

severe protest from sundry clergymen of the place, declaring dancing to be "destructive of vital godliness." Though this was solemnly laid before the faculty, no answer was ever made to it; but we noticed that, at every social gathering on Founder's Day afterward, as long as Mr. Cornell lived, he had arrangements made for dancing. I never knew a man more open to right reason, and never one less influenced by cant or dogmatism.

To most attacks upon him in the newspapers he neither made nor suggested any reply; but one or two which were especially misleading he answered simply and conclusively. This had no effect, of course, in stopping the attacks; but it had one effect, at which the friends of the university rejoiced: it bound his old associates to him all the more closely, and led them to support him all the more vigorously. When a paper in one of the largest cities in western New York had been especially abusive, one of Mr. Cornell's old friends living in that city wrote: "I know that the charges recently published are utterly untrue; but I am not skilled in newspaper controversy, so I will simply add to what I have already given to the university a special gift of thirty thousand dollars, which will testify to my townsmen here, and perhaps to the public at large, my confidence in Mr. Cornell."

Such was the way of Hiram Sibley. Upon another attack, especially violent, from the organ of one of the denominational colleges, another old friend of Mr. Cornell in the eastern part of the State, a prominent member of the religious body which this paper represented, sent his check for several thousand dollars, to be used for the purchase of books for the library, and to show confidence in Mr. Cornell by deeds as well as words.

Vile as these attacks were, worse remained behind. A local politician, who had been sent to the legislature from the district where the "People's College" had lived its short life, prepared, with pettifogging ability, a long speech to show that the foundation of Cornell University, Mr. Cornell's endowment of it, and his contract to locate the

lands for it were parts of a great cheat and swindle. This thesis, developed in all the moods and tenses of abuse before the legislature, was next day published at length in the leading journals of the metropolis, and echoed throughout the Union. The time for these attacks was skilfully chosen; the Crédit Mobilier and other schemes had been revealed at Washington, and everybody was only too ready to believe any charge against anybody. That Mr. Cornell had been known for forty years as an honest man seemed to go for nothing.

The enemies of the university were prompt to support the charges, and they found some echoes even among those who were benefited by his generosity—even among the students themselves. At this I felt it my duty to call the whole student body together, and, in a careful speech, to explain Mr. Cornell's transactions, answering the charges fully. This speech, though spread through the State, could evidently do but little toward righting the wrong; but it brought to me what I shall always feel a great honor—a share in the abuse showered mainly on him.

Very characteristic was Mr. Cornell's conduct under this outrage. That same faith in justice, that same patience under wrong, which he always showed, was more evident than ever.

On the morning after the attack in the legislature had been blazoned in all the leading newspapers—in the early hours, and after a sleepless night—I heard the rattle of gravel against my window-panes. On rising, I found Mr. Cornell standing below. He was serene and cheerful, and had evidently taken the long walk up the hill to quiet my irritation. His first words were a jocose prelude. The bells of the university, which were then chimed at six o'clock, were ringing merrily, and he called out, "Come down here and listen to the chimes; I have found a spot where you can hear them directly with one ear, and their echo with the other."

When I had come down, we first investigated the echo

of the chime, which had really aroused his interest; then he said seriously: "Don't make yourself unhappy over this matter; it will turn out to be a good thing for the university. I have long foreseen that this attack must come, but have feared that it would come after my death, when the facts would be forgotten, and the transactions little understood. I am glad that the charges are made now, while I am here to answer them." We then discussed the matter, and it was agreed that he should telegraph and write Governor Dix, asking him to appoint an investigating committee, of which the majority should be from the political party opposed to his own. This was done. The committee was composed of Horatio Seymour, formerly governor of the State and Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States; William A. Wheeler, Vice-President of the United States; and John D. Van Buren, all three men of the highest standing, and two of them politically opposed to Mr. Cornell.

During the long investigation which ensued in New York and at Ithaca, he never lost his patience, though at times sorely tried. Various disappointed schemers, among these one person who had not been allowed to make an undue profit out of the university lands, and another who had been allowed to depart from a professorship on account of hopeless incompetency, were the main witnesses. The onslaught was led by the person who made the attack in the legislature, and he had raked together a mass of half-truths and surmises; but the evidence on Mr. Cornell's side consisted of a complete exhibition of all the facts and documents. The unanimous report of the committee was all that his warmest friends could desire; and its recommendations regarding the management of the fund were such as Mr. Cornell had long wished, but which he had hardly dared ask. The result was a complete triumph for him.

Yet the attacks continued. The same paper which had been so prominent in sounding them through the western part of the State continued them as before, and, almost

to the very day of his death, assailed him periodically as a "land jobber," "land grabber," and "land thief." But he took these foul attacks by tricky declaimers and his vindication by three of his most eminent fellow-citizens with the same serenity. That there was in him a profound contempt for the wretched creatures who assailed him and imputed to him motives as vile as their own can hardly be doubted; yet, though I was with him constantly during this period, I never heard him speak harshly of them; nor could I ever see that this injustice diminished his good will toward his fellow-men and his desire to benefit them.

At the very time when these attacks were at their worst, he was giving especial thought to the problem of bringing education at the university within reach of young men of good ability and small means. I am quite within bounds in saying that he gave an hour to thought upon this for every minute he gave to thought upon the attacks of his enemies.

It was during this period that he began building his beautiful house near the university, and in this he showed some of his peculiarities. He took much pains to secure a tasteful plan, and some of the ideas embodied in it evidently resulted from his study of beautiful country-houses in England. Characteristic of him also was his way of carrying on the work. Having visited several quarries in various parts of the State, in order to choose the best possible building-stone, he employed some German stone-carvers who had recently left work upon the Cathedral of Cologne, brought them to Ithaca, and allowed them to work on with no interference save from the architect. If they gave a month or more to the carving of a single capital or corbel, he made no remonstrance. When he had thus secured the best stone-work, he selected the best seasoned oak and walnut and called skilful carpenters from England.

In thus going abroad for artisans there was no want of loyalty to his countrymen, nor was there any alloy

of vanity in his motives. His purpose evidently was to erect a house which should be as perfect a specimen of the builder's art as he could make it, and therefore useful, as an example of thoroughly good work, to the local workmen.

In connection with this, another incident throws light upon his characteristics. Above the front entrance of the house was a scroll, or ribbon, in stone, evidently intended for a name or motto. The words carved there were, "True and Firm." It is a curious evidence of the petty criticism which beset him in those days, that this motto was at times cited as a proof of his vainglory. It gives me pleasure to relieve any mind sensitive on this point, and to vindicate the truth of history, by saying that it was I who placed the motto there. Calling his attention one day to the scroll and to the need of an inscription, I suggested a translation of the old German motto, "*Treu und Fest*"; and, as he made no objection, I wrote it out for the stonecutters, but told Mr. Cornell that there were people, perhaps, who might translate the last word "obstinate."

The point of this lay in the fact, which Mr. Cornell knew very well, that he was frequently charged with obstinacy. Yet an obstinate man, in the evil sense of that word, he was not. For several years it fell to my lot to discuss a multitude of questions with him, and reasonableness was one of his most striking characteristics. He was one of those very rare strong men who recognize adequately their own limitations. True, when he had finally made up his mind in a matter fully within his own province, he remained firm; but I have known very few men, wealthy, strong, successful, as he was, so free from the fault of thinking that, because they are good judges of one class of questions, they are equally good in all others. One mark of an obstinate man is the announcement of opinions upon subjects regarding which his experience and previous training give him little or no means of judging. This was not at all the case with Mr. Cornell. When questions arose regarding internal university management, or courses of

study, or the choice of professors, or plans for their accommodation, he was never quick in announcing or tenacious in holding an opinion. There was no purse pride about him. He evidently did not believe that his success in building up a fortune had made him an expert or judge in questions to which he had never paid special attention.

During the last year or two of his life, I saw not so much of him as during several previous years. He had become greatly interested in various railway projects having as their purpose the connection of Ithaca, as a university town, with the State at large; and he threw himself into these plans with great energy. His course in this was prompted by a public spirit as large and pure as that which had led him to found the university. When, at the suggestion of sundry friends, I ventured to remonstrate with him against going so largely into these railway enterprises at his time of life, he said: "I shall live twenty years longer, and make a million of dollars more for the university endowment." Alas! within six months from that day he lay dead in the midst of many broken hopes. His plans, which, under other circumstances, would have been judged wise, seemed for a time wrecked by the financial crisis which had just come upon the country.

In his last hours I visited him frequently. His mind remained clear, and he showed his old freedom from any fault-finding spirit, though evidently oppressed by business cares and bodily suffering. His serenity was especially evident as I sat with him the night before his death; and I can never forget the placidity of his countenance, both then and on the next morning, when all was ended.

Something should be said regarding Mr. Cornell's political ideas. In the legislature he was a firm Republican, but as free as possible from anything like partizan bigotry. Party ties in local matters sat lightly upon him. He spoke in public very little, and took far greater interest in public improvement than in party advantage. With many of his political opponents his relations were

most friendly. For such Democrats as Hiram Sibley, Erastus Brooks, and William Kelly he had the deepest respect and admiration. He cared little for popular clamor on any subject, braving it more than once by his votes in the legislature. He was evidently willing to take any risk involved in waiting for the sober second thought of the people. He was as free from ordinary ambition as from selfishness: when there was a call from several parts of the State for his nomination as governor, he said quietly, "I prefer work for which I am better fitted."

There was in his ordinary bearing a certain austerity and in his conversation an abruptness which interfered somewhat with his popularity. A student once said to me, "If Mr. Cornell would simply stand upon his pedestal as our 'Honored Founder,' and let us hurrah for him, that would please us mightily; but when he comes into the laboratory and asks us gruffly, 'What are you wasting your time at now?' we don't like him so well." The fact on which this remark was based was that Mr. Cornell liked greatly to walk quietly through the laboratories and drafting-rooms, to note the work. Now and then, when he saw a student doing something which especially interested him, he was evidently anxious, as he was wont to say, "to see what the fellow is made of," and he would frequently put some provoking question, liking nothing better than to receive a pithy answer. Of his kind feelings toward students I could say much. He was not inclined to coddle them, but was ever ready to help any who were deserving.

Despite his apparent austerity, he was singularly free from harshness in his judgments. There were times when he would have been justified in outbursts of bitterness against those who attacked him in ways so foul and maligned him in ways so vile; but I never heard any bitter reply from him. In his politics there was never a drop of bitterness. Only once or twice did I hear him allude to any conduct which displeased him, and then

his comments were rather playful than otherwise. On one occasion, when he had written to a gentleman of great wealth and deserved repute as a philanthropist, asking him to join in carrying the burden of the land locations, and had received an unfavorable answer, he made a remark which seemed to me rather harsh. To this I replied: "Mr. Cornell, Mr. —— is not at all in fault; he does not understand the question as you do; everybody knows that he is a very liberal man." "Oh," said Mr. Cornell, "it 's easy enough to be liberal; the only hard part is drawing the check."

Of his intellectual characteristics, foresight was the most remarkable. Of all men in the country who had to do with the college land grant of 1862, he alone discerned the possibilities involved and had courage to make them actual.

Clearness of thought on all matters to which he gave his attention was another striking characteristic; hence, whenever he put anything on paper, it was lucid and cogent. There seems at times in his writings some of the clear, quaint shrewdness so well known in Abraham Lincoln. Very striking examples of this are to be found in his legislative speeches, in his address at the opening of the university, and in his letters.

Among his moral characteristics, his truthfulness, persistence, courage, and fortitude were most strongly marked. These qualities made him a man of peace. He regarded life as too short to be wasted in quarrels; his steady rule was never to begin a lawsuit or have anything to do with one, if it could be avoided. The joy in litigation and squabble, which has been the weakness of so many men claiming to be strong, and the especial curse of so many American churches, colleges, universities, and other public organizations, had no place in his strong, tolerant nature. He never sought to publish the sins of any one in the courts or to win the repute of an uncompromising fighter. In this peaceable disposition he was prompted not only by his greatest moral quality,—his charity toward his fellow-men, but by his greatest intel-

lectual quality:—his foresight; for he knew well "the glorious uncertainty of the law." He was a builder, not a gladiator.

There resulted from these qualities an equanimity which I have never seen equaled. When his eldest son had been elected to the highest office in the gift of the State Assembly, and had been placed, evidently, on the way to the governor's chair,—afterward attained,—though it must have gratified such a father, he never made any reference to it in my hearing; and when the body of his favorite grandson, a most winning and promising boy, killed instantly by a terrible accident, was brought into his presence, though his heart must have bled, his calmness seemed almost superhuman.

His religious ideas were such as many excellent people would hardly approve. He had been born into the Society of Friends; and their quietness, simplicity, freedom from noisy activity, and devotion to the public good attached him to them. But his was not a bigoted attachment; he went freely to various churches, aiding them without distinction of sect, though finally he settled into a steady attendance at the Unitarian Church in Ithaca, for the pastor of which he conceived a great respect and liking. He was never inclined to say much about religion; but, in our talks, he was wont to quote with approval from Pope's "Universal Prayer"—and especially the lines:

> "Teach me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the fault I see;
> The mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me."

On the mere letter of Scripture he dwelt little; and, while he never obtruded opinions that might shock any person, and was far removed from scoffing or irreverence, he did not hesitate to discriminate between parts of our Sacred Books which he considered as simply legendary and parts which were to him pregnant with eternal truth.

His religion seemed to take shape in a deeply reverent feeling toward his Creator, and in a constant desire to improve the condition of his fellow-creatures. He was never surprised or troubled by anything which any other human being believed or did not believe; of intolerance he was utterly incapable. He sought no reputation as a philanthropist, cared little for approval, and nothing for applause; but I can say of him, without reserve, that, during all the years I knew him, "he went about doing good."

CHAPTER XIX

ORGANIZATION OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY—1865–1868

ALTHOUGH my formal election to the university presidency did not take place until 1867, the duties implied by that office had already been discharged by me during two years.

While Mr. Cornell devoted himself to the financial questions arising from the new foundation, he intrusted all other questions to me. Indeed, my duties may be said to have begun when, as chairman of the Committee on Education in the State Senate, I resisted all efforts to divide the land-grant fund between the People's College and the State Agricultural College; to have been continued when I opposed the frittering away of the entire grant among more than twenty small sectarian colleges; and to have taken a more direct form when I drafted the educational clauses of the university charter and advocated it before the legislature and in the press. This advocacy was by no means a light task. The influential men who flocked to Albany, seeking to divide the fund among various sects and localities, used arguments often plausible and sometimes forcible. These I dealt with on various occasions, but especially in a speech before the State Senate in 1865, in which was shown the character of the interested opposition, the farcical equipment of the People's College, the failure of the State Agricultural College, the inadequacy of the sectarian colleges, even though they called themselves universities; and I did all in my power to communicate to my colleagues

something of my own enthusiasm for a university suitably endowed, free from sectarian trammels, centrally situated, and organized to meet fully the wants of the State as regarded advanced education, general and technical.

Three points I endeavored especially to impress upon them in this speech. First, that while, as regards primary education, the policy of the State should be diffusion of resources, it should be, as regards university education, concentration of resources. Secondly, that sectarian colleges could not do the work required. Thirdly, that any institution for higher education in the State must form an integral part of the whole system of public instruction; that the university should not be isolated from the school system, as were the existing colleges, but that it should have a living connection with the system, should push its roots down into it and through it, drawing life from it and sending life back into it. Mr. Cornell accepted this view at once. Mr. Horace Greeley, who, up to that time, had supported the People's College, was favorably impressed by it, and, more than anything else, it won for us his support. To insure this vital connection of the proposed university with the school system, I provided in the charter for four "State scholarships" in each of the one hundred and twenty-eight Assembly districts. These scholarships were to be awarded to the best scholars in the public schools of each district, after due examination, one each year; each scholarship entitling the holder to free instruction in the university for four years. Thus the university and the schools were bound closely together by the constant and living tie of five hundred and twelve students. As the number of Assembly districts under the new constitution was made, some years later, one hundred and fifty, the number of these competitive free scholarships is now six hundred. They have served their purpose well. Thirty years of this connection have greatly uplifted the whole school system of the State, and made the university a life-giving power in it; while this

uplifting of the school system has enabled the university steadily to raise and improve its own standard of instruction.

But during the earlier period of our plans there was one serious obstacle—Charles James Folger. He was the most powerful member of the Senate, its president, and chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He had already won wide respect as a county judge, had been longer in the Senate than any other member, and had already given ample evidence of the qualities which later in life raised him to some of the highest positions, State and National. His instincts would have brought him to our side; for he was broad-minded, enlightened, and earnestly in favor of all good legislation. He was also my personal friend, and when I privately presented my views to him he acquiesced in them. But there were two difficulties. First, he had in his own city a denominational college, his own alma mater, which, though small, was influential. Still worse for us, he had in his district the State Agricultural College, which the founding of Cornell University must necessarily wipe out of existence. He might rise above the first of these difficulties, but the second seemed insurmountable. No matter how much in sympathy with our main aim, he could not sacrifice a possession so dear to his constituency as the State College of Agriculture. He felt that he had no right to do so; he knew also that to do so would be to sacrifice his political future, and we felt, as he did, that he had no right to do this.

But here came in to help us the culmination of a series of events as unexpected as that which had placed the land-grant fund at our disposal just at the time when Mr. Cornell and myself met in the State Senate. For years a considerable body of thoughtful men throughout the State, more especially of the medical profession, had sought to remedy a great evil in the treatment of the insane. As far back as the middle of the century, Senator Bradford of Cortland had taken the lead in an investigation of the system then existing, and his report was a frightful ex-

posure. Throughout the State, lunatics whose families were unable to support them at the State or private asylums were huddled together in the poorhouses of the various counties. Their condition was heartrending. They were constantly exposed to neglect, frequently to extremes of cold and hunger, and sometimes to brutality: thus mild lunacy often became raving madness. For some years before my election to the Senate the need of a reform had been urged upon the legislative committees by a physician —Dr. Willard of Albany. He had taken this evil condition of things much to heart, and year after year had come before the legislature urging the creation of a new institution, which he wished named after an eminent physician of Albany who had in his day done what was possible to remedy the evil—Dr. Beck. But year after year Dr. Willard's efforts, like those of Dr. Beck before him, had been in vain. Session after session the "Bill to establish the Beck Asylum for the Chronic Insane" was rejected,—the legislature shrinking from the cost of it. But one day, as we were sitting in the Senate, appalling news came from the Assembly: Dr. Willard, while making one more passionate appeal for the asylum, had fallen dead in the presence of the committee. The result was a deep and widespread feeling of compunction, and while we were under the influence of this I sought Judge Folger and showed him his opportunity to do two great things. I said: "It rests with you to remedy this cruel evil which has now cost Dr. Willard his life, and at the same time to join us in carrying the Cornell University Bill. Let the legislature create a new asylum for the chronic insane of the State. Now is the time of all times. Instead of calling it the Beck Asylum, give it the name of Willard—the man who died in advocating it. Place it upon the Agricultural College property on the shores of Seneca Lake in your district. Your constituents are sure to prefer a living State asylum to a dying Agricultural College, and will thoroughly support you in both the proposed measures." This suggestion Judge Folger received with favor. The

Willard Asylum was created, and he became one of our strongest supporters.

Both Mr. Cornell's financial plans and my educational plans in the new university charter were wrought into final shape by him. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee he reported our bill to the Senate, and at various critical periods gave us his earnest support. Quite likely doctrinaires will stigmatize our conduct in this matter as "log-rolling"; the men who always criticize but never construct may even call it a "bargain." There was no "bargain" and no "log-rolling," but they may call it what they like; I believe that we were both of us thoroughly in the right. For our coming together in this way gave to the State the Willard Asylum and the Cornell University, and without our thus coming together neither of these would have been created.

But in spite of this happy compromise, the struggle for our university charter, as has already been seen, was long and severe. The opposition of over twenty sectarian colleges, and of active politicians from every quarter of the State where these colleges had been established, made our work difficult; but at last it was accomplished. Preparations for the new institution were now earnestly pressed on, and for a year I gave up very much of my time to them, keeping in constant communication with Mr. Cornell, frequently visiting Ithaca, and corresponding with trustees in various parts of the State and with all others at home or abroad who seemed able to throw light on any of the problems we had to solve.

The question now arose as to the presidency of the institution; and, as time passed on and duties increased, this became more and more pressing. In the previous chapter I have given some account of the circumstances attending my election and of Mr. Cornell's relation to it; but this is perhaps the place for stating one of the difficulties which stood in the way of my acceptance, and which, indeed, greatly increased my cares during all the first years of my presidency. The death of my father and uncle, who had

for many years carried on a large and wide-spread business, threw upon me new responsibilities. It was during the Civil War, when panic after panic ran through the American business world, making the interests now devolving upon me all the more burdensome. I had no education for business and no liking for it, but, under the pressure of necessity, decided to do the best I could, yet determining that just as soon as these business affairs could be turned over to others it should be done. Several years elapsed, and those the busiest so far as the university was concerned, before such a release became possible. So it happened that during the first and most trying years of the new institution of Ithaca, I was obliged to do duty as senator of the State of New York, president of Cornell University, lecturer at the University of Michigan, president of the National Bank of Syracuse and director in two other banks,—one being at Oswego,—director in the New York Central and Lake Shore railways, director in the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal,—to say nothing of positions on boards of various similar corporations and the executorship of two widely extended estates. It was a trying time for me. There was, however, some advantage; for this epoch in my life put me in relations with some of the foremost business men in the United States, among them Cornelius Vanderbilt, William H. Vanderbilt, Dean Richmond, Daniel Drew, and various other men accustomed to prompt and decisive dealing with large business affairs. I recognized the value of such associations and endeavored to learn something from them, but was determined, none the less, to end this sort of general activity as early as it could be done consistently with justice to my family. Several years were required, and those the very years in which university cares were most pressing. But finally my intention was fully carried out. The bank over which my father had presided so many years I was able to wind up in a way satisfactory to all concerned, not only repaying the shareholders, but giving them a large surplus. From the other cor-

perations also I gradually escaped, turning my duties over to those better fitted for them. Still many outside cares remained, and in one way or another I was obliged to take part in affairs which I would have gladly shunned. Yet there was consolation in the idea that, as my main danger was that of drifting into a hermit life among professors and books, anything that took me out of this for a limited length of time was not without compensating advantages.

Just previously to my election to the university presidency I had presented a "plan of organization," which, having been accepted and printed by the trustees, formed the mold for the main features of the new institution; and early among my duties came the selection and nomination of professors. In these days one is able to choose from a large body of young men holding fellowships in the various larger universities of the United States; but then, with the possible exception of two or three at Harvard, there was not a fellowship, so far as I can remember, in the whole country. The choosing of professors was immeasurably more difficult than at present. With reference to this point, a very eminent graduate of Harvard then volunteered to me some advice, which at first sight looked sound, but which I soon found to be inapplicable. He said: "You must secure at any cost the foremost men in the United States in every department. In this way alone can a real university be created." Trying the Socratic method upon him, I asked, in reply, "How are we to get such men? The foremost man in American science is undoubtedly Agassiz, but he has refused all offers of high position at Paris made him by the French Emperor. The main objects of his life are the creation of his great museum at Harvard and his investigations and instruction in connection with it; he has declared that he has 'no time to waste in making money!' What sum or what inducement of any sort can transfer him from Harvard to a new institution on the distant hills of central New York? So, too, with the most eminent men at the other universities. What sum will draw them

to us from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, the University of Virginia, and the University of Michigan? An endowment twice as large as ours would be unavailing." Therefore it was that I broached, as a practical measure, in my "plan of organization," the system which I had discussed tentatively with George William Curtis several years before, and to which he referred afterward in his speech at the opening of the university at Ithaca. This was to take into our confidence the leading professors in the more important institutions of learning, and to secure from them, not the ordinary, conventional paper testimonials, but confidential information as to their young men likely to do the best work in various fields, to call these young men to our resident professorships, and then to call the most eminent men we could obtain for non-resident professorships or lectureships. This idea was carried out to the letter. The most eminent men in various universities gave us confidential advice; and thus it was that I was enabled to secure a number of bright, active, energetic young men as our resident professors, mingling with them two or three older men, whose experience and developed judgment seemed necessary in the ordinary conduct of our affairs.

As to the other part of the plan, I secured Agassiz, Lowell, Curtis, Bayard Taylor, Goldwin Smith, Theodore Dwight, George W. Greene, John Stanton Gould, and at a later period Froude, Freeman, and others, as non-resident professors and lecturers. Of the final working of this system I shall speak later.

The question of buildings also arose; but, alas! I could not reproduce my air-castles. For our charter required us to have the university in operation in October, 1868, and there was no time for careful architectural preparation. Moreover, the means failed us. All that we could then do was to accept a fairly good plan for our main structures; to make them simple, substantial, and dignified; to build them of stone from our own quarries; and so to dispose them that future architects might so combine

other buildings with them as to form an impressive quadrangle on the upper part of the university property. To this plan Mr. Cornell gave his hearty assent. It was then arranged, with his full sanction, that the university buildings should ultimately consist of two great groups: the first or upper group to be a quadrangle of stone, and the second or lower group to be made up of buildings of brick more freely disposed, according to our future needs and means. Although this plan has unfortunately been departed from in some minor respects, it has in general turned out well.

Having called a number of professors and seen foundations laid for "Morrill Hall," I sailed in April of 1868 for Europe, in order to study technical institutions, to purchase needed equipment, and to secure certain professors such as could not then be found in our own country. Thus far my knowledge of higher education in Europe had been confined almost entirely to the universities; but now I went carefully through various technical institutions, among them the English Agricultural College at Cirencester, the Agricultural Experiment Station at Rothamstead, the French Agricultural College at Grignon, the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers at Paris, the Veterinary School at Alfort, the German Agricultural College at Hohenheim, the Technical School and Veterinary College at Berlin, and others. As to equipment, wherever I found valuable material I bought it. Thus were brought together for our library a very large collection of books in all the principal departments; physical and chemical apparatus from London, Paris, Heidelberg, and Berlin; chemicals from Berlin and Erfurt; the only duplicate of the royal collection of cereals and grasses and the great collection of British patent-office publications from the British imperial authorities; the Rau models of plows from Hohenheim; the Brendel plant models from Breslau; the models of machine movements from London, Darmstadt, and Berlin; the plastic models of Auzoux from Paris; and other apparatus and instruments

from all parts of Europe, with diagrams and drawings from every institution where I could find them. During three months, from funds furnished by the university, by Mr. Cornell personally, and, I may be allowed to add, from my own personal resources, I expended for these purposes over sixty thousand dollars, a sum which in those days represented much more than in these.

As to non-resident professors, I secured in London Goldwin Smith, who had recently distinguished himself by his works as a historian and as regius professor of history at Oxford; and I was successful in calling Dr. James Law, who, though a young man, had already made himself a name in veterinary science. It seemed to many a comical juxtaposition, and various witticisms were made at my expense over the statement that I had "brought back an Oxford professor and a Scotch horse-doctor." But never were selections more fortunate. Goldwin Smith, by his high character, his broad and deep scholarship, his devotion not only to his professorship but to the general university work, his self-denial in behalf of the university and its students, rendered priceless services. He bore all privations cheerfully and braved all discouragements manfully. Never were there better historical lectures than his. They inspired us all, and the impulse then given is still felt. So, too, Dr. Law, in his field, was invaluable, and this was soon felt throughout the State. Of him I shall speak later.

CHAPTER XX

THE FIRST YEARS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY—1868-1870

ON the 7th of October, 1868, came the formal opening of the university. The struggle for its charter had attracted much attention in all parts of the State, and a large body of spectators, with about four hundred students, assembled at the Cornell Library Hall in Ithaca. Though the charter had required us to begin in October, there had seemed for some time very little chance of it. Mr. Cornell had been absent in the woods of the upper Mississippi and on the plains of Kansas, selecting university lands; I had been absent for some months in Europe, securing plans and equipment; and as, during our absence, the contractor for the first main building, Morrill Hall, had failed, the work was wretchedly behindhand. The direct roads to the university site were as yet impracticable, for the Cascadilla ravine and the smaller one north of it were still unbridged. The grounds were unkempt, with heaps of earth and piles of material in all directions. The great quantities of furniture, apparatus, and books which I had sent from Europe had been deposited wherever storage could be found. Typical was the case of the large Holtz electrical machine from Germany. It was in those days a novelty, and many were anxious to see it; but it could not be found, and it was only discovered several weeks later, when the last pots and pans were pulled out of the kitchen store-room in the cellar of the great stone barrack known as Cascadilla House. All sorts of greatly needed material had been delayed in steamships and on railways, or was

stuck fast in custom-houses and warehouses from Berlin and Paris to Ithaca. Our friends had toiled heroically during our absence, but the little town—then much less energetic than now—had been unable to furnish the work required in so short a time. The heating apparatus and even the doors for the students' rooms were not in place until weeks after winter weather had set in. To complicate matters still more, students began to come at a period much earlier and in numbers far greater than we had expected; and the first result of this was that, in getting ready for the opening, Mr. Cornell and myself were worn out. For two or three days before my inauguration both of us were in the hands of physicians and in bed, and on the morning of the day appointed we were taken in carriages to the hall where the ceremony was to take place. To Mr. Cornell's brief speech I have alluded elsewhere; my own presented my ideas more at length. They were grouped in four divisions. The first of these related to "Foundation Ideas," which were announced as follows: First, the close union of liberal and practical instruction; second, unsectarian control; third, a living union between the university and the whole school system of the State; fourth, concentration of revenues for advanced education. The second division was that of "Formative Ideas"; and under these—First, equality between different courses of study. In this I especially developed ideas which had occurred to me as far back as my observations after graduation at Yale, where the classical students belonging to the "college proper" were given a sort of supremacy, and scientific students relegated to a separate institution at considerable distance, and therefore deprived of much general, and even special, culture which would have greatly benefited them. Indeed, they seemed not considered as having any souls to be saved, since no provision was made for them at the college chapel. Second, increased development of scientific studies. The third main division was that of "Governmental Ideas"; and under these—First, "the regular and frequent infusion of new life into

the governing board." Here a system at that time entirely new in the United States was proposed. Instead of the usual life tenure of trustees, their term was made five years and they were to be chosen by ballot. Secondly, it was required that as soon as the graduates of the university numbered fifty they should select one trustee each year, thus giving the alumni one third of the whole number elected. Third, there was to be a system of self-government administered by the students themselves. As to this third point, I must frankly confess that my ideas were vague, unformed, and finally changed by the logic of events. As the fourth and final main division, I presented "Permeating Ideas"; and of these—First, the development of the individual man in all his nature, in all his powers, as a being intellectual, moral, and religious. Secondly, bringing the powers of the man thus developed to bear usefully upon society.

In conclusion, I alluded to two groups of "Eliminated Ideas," the first of these being the "Ideas of the Pedants," and the second the "Ideas of the Philistines." As to the former, I took pains to guard the institution from those who, in the higher education, substitute dates for history, gerund-grinding for literature, and formulas for science; as to the latter, I sought to guard it from the men to whom "Gain is God, and Gunnybags his Prophet."

At the close, referring to Mr. Cornell, who had been too weak to stand while delivering his speech, and who was at that moment sitting near me, I alluded to his noble plans and to the opposition, misrepresentation, and obloquy he had met thus far, and in doing so turned toward him. The sight of him, as he thus sat, looking so weak, so weary, so broken, for a few moments utterly incapacitated me. I was myself, at the time, in but little better condition than he; and as there rushed into my mind memories of the previous ten days at his house, when I had heard him groaning in pain through almost every night, it flashed upon me how utterly hopeless was the university without his support. My voice faltered; I could for a moment say no-

thing; then came a revulsion. I asked myself, "What will this great audience think of us?" How will our enemies, some of whom I see scattered about the audience, exult over this faltering at the outset! A feeling of shame came over me; but just at that moment I saw two or three strong men from different parts of the State, among them my old friend Mr. Sedgwick of Syracuse, in the audience, and Mr. Sage and Mr. McGraw among the trustees, evidently affected by my allusion to the obloquy and injustice which Mr. Cornell had met thus far. This roused me. But I could no longer read; I laid my manuscript aside and gave the ending in words which occurred to me as I stood then and there. They were faltering and inadequate; but I felt that the vast majority in that audience, representing all parts of our commonwealth, were with us, and I asked nothing more.

In the afternoon came exercises at the university grounds. The chime of nine bells which Miss Jenny McGraw had presented to us had been temporarily hung in a wooden tower placed very near the spot where now stands the porch of the library; and, before the bells were rung for the first time, a presentation address was delivered by Mr. Francis Miles Finch, since justice of the Court of Appeals of the State and dean of the University Law School; and this was followed by addresses from the superintendent of public instruction, and from our non-resident professors Agassiz and George William Curtis.

Having again been taken out of bed and wrapped up carefully, I was carried up the hill to hear them. All the speeches were fine; but, just at the close, Curtis burst into a peroration which, in my weak physical condition, utterly unmanned me. He compared the new university to a newly launched ship—"all its sails set, its rigging full and complete from stem to stern, its crew embarked, its passengers on board; and," he added, "even while I speak to you, even while this autumn sun sets in the west, the ship begins to glide over the waves, it goes forth rejoicing, every stitch of canvas spread, all its colors flying, its

bells ringing, its heart-strings beating with hope and joy; and I say, God bless the ship, God bless the builder, God bless the chosen captain, God bless the crew, and, gentlemen undergraduates, may God bless all the passengers!"

The audience applauded; the chimes burst merrily forth; but my heart sank within me. A feeling of "goneness" came over me. Curtis's simile was so perfect that I felt myself indeed on the deck of the ship, but not so much in the character of its "chosen captain" as of a seasick passenger. There was indeed reason for qualmish feelings. Had I drawn a picture of the ship at that moment, it would have been very different from that presented by Curtis. My mind was pervaded by our discouragements—by a realization of Mr. Cornell's condition and my own, the demands of our thoughtless friends, the attacks of our fanatical enemies, the inadequacy of our resources. The sense of all these things burst upon me, and the view about us was not reassuring. Not only were the university buildings unready and the grounds unkempt, but all that part of our domain which is now devoted to the beautiful lawns about the university chapel, Barnes Hall, Sage College, and other stately edifices, was then a ragged corn-field surrounded by rail fences. No one knew better than I the great difficulties which were sure to beset us. Probably no ship was ever launched in a condition so unfit to brave the storms. Even our lesser difficulties, though they may appear comical now, were by no means comical then. As a rule, Mr. Cornell had consulted me before making communications to the public; but during my absence in Europe he had written a letter to the "New York Tribune," announcing that students could support themselves, while pursuing their studies one half of each day in the university, by laboring the other half. In this he showed that sympathy with needy and meritorious young men which was one of his marked qualities, but his proclamation cost us dear. He measured the earnestness and endurance and self-sacrifice of others by his own; he did not

realize that not one man in a thousand was, in these respects, his equal. As a result of this "Tribune" letter, a multitude of eager young men pressed forward at the opening of the university and insisted on receiving self-supporting work. Nearly all of those who could offer skilled labor of any sort we were able to employ; and many graduates of whom Cornell University is now proud supported themselves then by working as carpenters, masons, printers, accountants, and shorthand-writers. But besides these were many who had never done any manual labor, and still more who had never done any labor requiring skill. An attempt was made to employ these in grading roads, laying out paths, helping on the farm, doing janitors' work, and the like. Some of them were successful; most were not. It was found that it would be cheaper to support many of the applicants at a hotel and to employ day-laborers in their places. Much of their work had to be done over again at a cost greater than the original outlay should have been. Typical was the husking of Indian corn upon the university farm by student labor: it was found to cost more than the resultant corn could be sold for in the market. The expectations of these youth were none the less exuberant. One of them, who had never done any sort of manual labor, asked whether, while learning to build machinery and supporting himself and his family, he could not lay up something against contingencies. Another, a teamster from a Western State, came to offer his services, and, on being asked what he wished to study, said that he wished to learn to read; on being told that the public school in his own district was the place for that, he was very indignant, and quoted Mr. Cornell's words, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." Others, fairly good scholars, but of delicate build, having applied for self-supporting employment, were assigned the lightest possible tasks upon the university grounds; but, finding even this work too severe, wrote bitterly to leading metropolitan journals denouncing Mr. Cornell's bad faith. One came all the way

from Russia, being able to make the last stages of his journey only by charity, and on arriving was found to be utterly incapable of sustained effort, physical or mental. The most definite part of his aims, as he announced them, was to convert the United States to the Russo-Greek Church.

Added to these were dreamers and schemers of more mature age. The mails were burdened with their letters and our offices with their presence. Some had plans for the regeneration of humanity by inventing machines which they wished us to build, some by devising philosophies which they wished us to teach, some by writing books which they wished us to print; most by taking professorships which they wished us to endow. The inevitable politician also appeared; and at the first meeting of the trustees two notorious party hacks came all the way from New York to tell us "what the people expected,"—which was the nomination of sundry friends of theirs to positions in the new institution. A severe strain was brought upon Mr. Cornell and myself in showing civility to these gentlemen; yet, as we were obliged to deny them, no suavity on our part could stay the inevitable result—their hostility. The attacks of the denominational and local presses in the interests of institutions which had failed to tear the fund in pieces and to secure scraps of it were thus largely reinforced. Ever and anon came onslaughts upon us personally and upon every feature of the institution, whether actual, probable, possible, or conceivable. One eminent editorial personage, having vainly sought to "unload" a member of his staff into one of our professorships, howled in a long article at the turpitude of Mr. Cornell in land matters, screamed for legislative investigation, and for years afterward never neglected an opportunity to strike a blow at the new institution.

Some difficulties also showed themselves in the first working of our university machinery. In my "plan of organization," as well as in various addresses and reports, I had insisted that the university should present various

courses of instruction, general and special, and that students should be allowed much liberty of choice between these. This at first caused serious friction. It has disappeared, now that the public schools of the State have adjusted themselves to the proper preparation of students for the various courses; but at that time these difficulties were in full force and vigor. One of the most troublesome signs of this was the changing and shifting by students from course to course, which both injured them and embarrassed their instructors. To meet this tendency I not only addressed the students to show that good, substantial, continuous work on any one course which any one of them was likely to choose was far better than indecision and shifting about between various courses, but also reprinted for their use John Foster's famous "Essay on Decision of Character." This tractate had done me much good in my student days and at various times since, when I had allowed myself to linger too long between different courses of action; and I now distributed it freely, the result being that students generally made their election between courses with increased care, and when they had made it stood by it.

Yet for these difficulties in getting the student body under way there were compensations, and best of these was the character and bearing of the students. There were, of course, sundry exhibitions of boyishness, but the spirit of the whole body was better than that of any similar collection of young men I had ever seen. One reason was that we were happily spared any large proportion of rich men's sons, but the main reason was clearly the permission of choice between various courses of study in accordance with individual aims and tastes. In this way a far larger number were interested than had ever been under the old system of forcing all alike through one simple, single course, regardless of aims and tastes; and thus it came that, even from the first, the tone at Cornell was given, not by men who affected to despise study, but by men who devoted themselves to study. It evidently

became disreputable for any student not to be really at work in some one of the many courses presented. There were few cases really calling for discipline. I prized this fact all the more because it justified a theory of mine. I had long felt that the greatest cause of student turbulence and dissipation was the absence of interest in study consequent upon the fact that only one course was provided, and I had arrived at the conclusion that providing various courses, suited to various aims and tastes, would diminish this evil.

As regards student discipline in the university, I had dwelt in my "plan of organization" upon the advisability of a departure from the system inherited from the English colleges, which was still widely prevailing. It had been developed in America probably beyond anything known in Great Britain and Germany, and was far less satisfactory than in these latter countries, for the simple reason that in them the university authorities have some legal power to secure testimony and administer punishment, while in America they have virtually none. The result had been most unfortunate, as I have shown in other parts of these chapters referring to various student escapades in the older American universities, some of them having cost human life. I had therefore taken the ground that, so far as possible, students should be treated as responsible citizens; that, as citizens, they should be left to be dealt with by the constituted authorities; and that members of the faculty should no longer be considered as policemen. I had, during my college life, known sundry college tutors seriously injured while thus doing police duty; I have seen a professor driven out of a room, through the panel of a door, with books, boots, and bootjacks hurled at his head; and even the respected president of a college, a doctor of divinity, while patrolling buildings with the janitors, subjected to outrageous indignity.

Fortunately the causes already named, to which may be added athletic sports, especially boating, so greatly diminished student mischief at Cornell, that cases of discipline

were reduced to a minimum—so much so, in fact, that there were hardly ever any of a serious character. I felt that then and there was the time to reiterate the doctrine laid down in my "plan of organization," that a professor should not be called upon to be a policeman, and that if the grounds were to be policed, proper men should be employed for that purpose. This doctrine was reasonable and it prevailed. The Cornell grounds and buildings, under the care of a patrol appointed for that purpose, have been carefully guarded, and never has a member of the faculty been called upon to perform police duty.

There were indeed some cases requiring discipline by the faculty, and one of these will provoke a smile on the part of all who took part in it as long as they shall live. There had come to us a stalwart, sturdy New Englander, somewhat above the usual student age, and showing considerable aptitude for studies in engineering. Various complaints were made against him; but finally he was summoned before the faculty for a very singular breach of good taste, if not of honesty. The entire instructing body of that day being gathered about the long table in the faculty room, and I being at the head of the table, the culprit was summoned, entered, and stood solemnly before us. Various questions were asked him, which he parried with great ingenuity. At last one was asked of a very peculiar sort, as follows: "Mr. ——, did you, last month, in the village of Dundee, Yates County, pass yourself off as Professor —— of this university, announcing a lecture and delivering it in his name?" He answered blandly, "Sir, I did go to Dundee in Yates County; I did deliver a lecture there; I did *not* announce myself as Professor —— of Cornell University; what others may have done I do not know; all I know is that at the close of my lecture several leading men of the town came forward and said that they had heard a good many lectures given by college professors from all parts of the State, and that they had never had one as good as mine." I think, of all the strains upon my risible faculties during

my life, this answer provoked the greatest, and the remainder of the faculty were clearly in the same condition. I dismissed the youth at once, and hardly was he outside the door when a burst of titanic laughter shook the court and the youth was troubled no more.

Far more serious was another case. The usual good-natured bickering between classes had gone on, and as a consequence certain sophomores determined to pay off some old scores against members of the junior class, at a junior exhibition. To do this they prepared a "mock programme," which, had it been merely comic, as some others had been, would have provoked no ill feeling. Unfortunately, some miscreant succeeded in introducing into it allusions of a decidedly Rabelaisian character. The evening arrived, a large audience of ladies and gentlemen were assembled, and this programme was freely distributed. The proceeding was felt to be an outrage; and I served notice on the class that the real offender or offenders, if they wished to prevent serious consequences to all concerned, must submit themselves to the faculty and take due punishment. Unfortunately, they were not manly enough to do this. Thereupon, to my own deep regret and in obedience to my sense of justice, I suspended indefinitely from the university the four officers of the class, its president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. They were among the very best men in the class, all of them friends of my own; and I knew to a certainty that they had had nothing directly to do with the articles concerned, that the utmost which could be said against them was that they had been careless as to what appeared in the programme, for which they were responsible. Most bitter feeling arose, and I summoned a meeting of the entire student body. As I entered the room hisses were heard; the time had evidently come for a grapple with the whole body. I stated the case as it was: that the four officers would be suspended and must leave the university town until their return was allowed by the faculty; that such an offense against decency could not be condoned;

that I had understood that the entire class proposed to make common cause with their officers and leave the university with them; that to this we interposed no objection; that it simply meant less work for the faculty during the remainder of the year; that it was far more important for the university to maintain a character for decency and good discipline than to have a large body of students; and that, if necessary to maintain such a character, we would certainly allow the whole student body in all the classes to go home and would begin anew. I then drew a picture. I sketched a member of the class who had left the university on account of this discipline entering the paternal door, encountering a question as to the cause of his unexpected home-coming, and replying that the cause was the outrageous tyranny of the president and faculty. I pictured, then, the father and mother of the home-coming student asking what the cause or pretext of this "tyranny" was, and I then said: "I defy any one of you to show your father and mother the 'mock programme' which has caused the trouble. There is not one of you here who dares do it; there is not one of you who would not be turned out of his father's door if he were thus to insult his mother." At this there came a round of applause. I then expressed my personal regret that the penalty must fall upon four men whom I greatly respected; but fall it must unless the offenders were manly enough to give themselves up. The result was that at the close I was greeted with a round of applause; and immediately afterward the four officers came to me, acknowledged the justice of the discipline, and expressed the hope that their suspension might not go beyond that term. It did not: at the close of the term they were allowed to return; and from that day "mock programmes" of the sort concerned, which in many American colleges had been a chronic evil, never reappeared at Cornell. The result of this action encouraged me greatly as to the reliance to be placed on the sense of justice in the great body of our students when directly and properly appealed to.

Still another thing which I sought to promote was a reasonable devotion to athletics. My own experience as a member of a boating-club at Yale had shown me what could be done, and I think one of the best investments I ever made was in giving a racing-boat to the Cornell crew on Cayuga Lake. The fact that there were so many students trained sturdily in rural homes in the bracing air of western New York, who on every working-day of college life tramped up the University Hill, and on other days explored the neighboring hills and vales, gave us a body of men sure to do well as athletes. At their first contest with the other universities on the Connecticut River at Springfield they were beaten, but they took their defeat manfully. Some time after this, General Grant, then President of the United States, on his visit to the university, remarked to me that he saw the race at Springfield; that our young men ought to have won it; and that, in his opinion, they would have won it if they had not been unfortunately placed in shallow water, where there were eddies making against them. This remark struck me forcibly, coming as it did from one who had so keen a judgment in every sort of contest. I bore it in mind, and was not surprised when, a year or two later (1875), the Cornell crews, having met at Saratoga Lake the crews from Harvard, Yale, and other leading universities, won both the freshman and university races. It was humorously charged against me that when the news of this reached Ithaca I rang the university bells. This was not the fact. The simple truth was that, being in the midst of a body of students when the news came, and seeing them rush toward the bell-tower, I went with them to prevent injury to the bells by careless ringing; the ringing was done by them. I will not deny that the victory pleased me, as many others since gained by the Cornell crews have done; but far more to me than the victory itself was a letter written me by a prominent graduate of Princeton who was at Saratoga during the contest. He wrote me, as he said, not merely to congratulate me on the victory, but

on the fine way in which our students took it, and the manly qualities which they showed in the hour of triumph and during their whole stay at Saratoga. This gave me courage. From that day I have never felt any fears as to the character of the student body. One leading cause of the success of Cornell University, in the midst of all its trials and struggles, has been the character of its students: working as they do under a system which gives them an interest in the studies they are pursuing, they have used the large liberty granted them in a way worthy of all praise.

Nor is this happy change seen at Cornell alone. The same causes,—mainly the increase in the range of studies and freedom of choice between them, have produced similar results in all the leading institutions. Recalling the student brawl at the Harvard commons which cost the historian Prescott his sight, and the riot at the Harvard commencement which blocked the way of President Everett and the British minister; recalling the fatal wounding of Tutor Dwight, the maiming of Tutor Goodrich, and the killing of two town rioters by students at Yale; and recalling the monstrous indignities to the president and faculty at Hobart of which I was myself witness, as well as the state of things at various other colleges in my own college days, I can testify, as can so many others, to the vast improvement in the conduct and aims of American students during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER XXI

DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS AT CORNELL — 1868-1872

THE first business after formally opening the university was to put in operation the various courses of instruction, and vitally connected with these were the lectures of our non-resident professors. From these I had hoped much and was not disappointed. It had long seemed to me that a great lack in our American universities was just that sort of impulse which non-resident professors or lecturers of a high order could give. At Yale there had been, in my time, very few lectures of any sort to undergraduates; the work in the various classes was carried on, as a rule, without the slightest enthusiasm, and was considered by the great body of students a bore to be abridged or avoided as far as possible. Hence such pranks as cutting out the tongue of the college bell, of which two or three tongues still preserved in university club-rooms are reminders; hence, also, the effort made by members of my own class to fill the college bell with cement, which would set in a short time, and make any call to morning prayers and recitations for a day or two impossible—a performance which caused a long suspension of several of the best young fellows that ever lived, some of them good scholars, and all of them men who would have walked miles to attend a really inspiring lecture.

And yet, one or two experiences showed me what might be done by arousing an interest in regular class work. Professor Thacher, the head of the department of Latin, who conducted my class through the "Germania" and

"Agricola" of Tacitus, was an excellent professor; but he yielded to the system then dominant at Yale, and the whole thing was but weary plodding. Hardly ever was there anything in the shape of explanation or comment; but at the end of his work with us he laid down the book, and gave us admirably the reasons why the study of Tacitus was of value, and why we might well recur to it in after years. Then came painfully into my mind the thought, "What a pity that he had not said this at the beginning of his instruction rather than at the end!"

Still worse was it with some of the tutors, who took us through various classical works, but never with a particle of appreciation for them as literature or philosophy. I have told elsewhere how my classmate Smalley fought it out with one of these. No instruction from outside lectures was provided; but in my senior year there came to New Haven John Lord and George William Curtis, the former giving a course on modern history, the latter one upon recent literature, and both arousing my earnest interest in their subjects. It was in view of these experiences that in my "plan of organization" I dwelt especially upon the value of non-resident professors in bringing to us fresh life from the outside, and in thus preventing a certain provincialism and woodenness which come when there are only resident professors, and these selected mainly from graduates of the institution itself.

The result of the work done by our non-resident professors more than answered my expectations. The twenty lectures of Agassiz drew large numbers of our brightest young men, gave them higher insight into various problems of natural science, and stimulated among many a zeal for special investigation. Thus resulted an enthusiasm which developed out of our student body several scholars in natural science who have since taken rank among the foremost teachers and investigators in the United States. So, too, the lectures of Lowell on early literature and of Curtis on later literature aroused great interest among students of a more literary turn; while

those of Theodore Dwight on the Constitution of the United States and of Bayard Taylor upon German literature awakened a large number of active minds to the beauties of these fields. The coming of Goldwin Smith was an especial help to us. He remained longer than the others; in fact, he became for two or three years a resident professor, exercising, both in his lecture-room and out of it, a great influence upon the whole life of the university. At a later period, the coming of George W. Greene as lecturer on American history, of Edward A. Freeman, regius professor at Oxford, as a lecturer on European history, and of James Anthony Froude in the same field, aroused new interest. Some of our experiences with the two gentlemen last named were curious. Freeman was a rough diamond—in his fits of gout very rough indeed. At some of his lectures he appeared clad in a shooting-jacket and spoke sitting, his foot swathed to mitigate his sufferings. From New Haven came a characteristic story of him. He had been invited to attend an evening gathering, after one of his lectures, at the house of one of the professors, perhaps the finest residence in the town. With the exception of himself, the gentlemen all arrived in evening dress; he appeared in a shooting-jacket. Presently two professors arrived; and one of them, glancing through the rooms, and seeing Freeman thus attired, asked the other, "What sort of a costume do you call that?" The answer came instantly, "I don't know, unless it is the costume of a Saxon swineherd before the Conquest." In view of Freeman's studies on the Saxon and Norman periods and the famous toast of the dean of Wells, "In honor of Professor Freeman, who has done so much to reveal to us the rude manners of our ancestors," the Yale professor's answer seemed much to the point.

The lectures of Froude were exceedingly interesting; but every day he began them with the words "Ladies and gentlemen," in the most comical falsetto imaginable,—a sort of Lord Dundreary manner,—so that, sitting beside him, I always noticed a ripple of laughter run-

ning over the whole audience, which instantly disappeared as he settled into his work. He had a way of giving color to his lectures by citing bits of humorous history. Thus it was that he threw a vivid light on the horrors of civil war in Ireland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when he gave the plea of an Irish chieftain on trial for high treason, one of the charges against him being that he had burned the Cathedral of Cashel. His plea was: "Me lords, I niver would have burned the cathaydral but that I supposed that his grace the lord archbishop was inside."

Speaking of the strength of the clan spirit, he told me a story of the late Duke of Argyll, as follows: At a banquet of the great clan of which the duke was chief, a splendid snuff-box belonging to one of the clansmen, having attracted attention, was passed round the long table for inspection. By and by it was missing. All attempts to trace it were in vain, and the party broke up in disgust and distress at the thought that one of their number must be a thief. Some days afterward, the duke, putting on his dress-coat, found the box in his pocket, and immediately sent for the owner and explained the matter. "I knew ye had it," said the owner. "How did ye know it?" said the duke. "Saw ye tak' it." "Then why did n't ye tell me?" asked the duke. "I thocht ye wanted it," was the answer.

Speaking of university life, Froude told the story of an Oxford undergraduate who, on being examined in Paley, was asked to name any instance which he had himself noticed of the goodness and forethought of the Almighty as evidenced in his works: to which the young man answered, "The formation of the head of a bulldog. Its nose is so drawn back that it can hang on the bull and yet breathe freely; but for this, the bulldog would soon have to let go for want of breath."

Walking one day with Froude, I spoke to him regarding his "Nemesis of Faith," which I had read during my attachéship at St. Petersburg, and which had been greatly objected to by various Oxford dons, one of whom is said to

have burned a copy of it publicly in one of the college quadrangles. He seemed somewhat dismayed at my question, and said, in a nervous sort of way, "That was a young man's book—a young man's folly," and passed rapidly to other subjects.

From the stimulus given by the non-resident professors the resident faculty reaped much advantage. It might well be said that the former shook the bush and the latter caught the birds. What is most truthfully stated on the tablet to Professor Agassiz in the Cornell Memorial Chapel of the university might, in great part, be said of all the others. It runs as follows:

"To the memory of Louis Agassiz, LL.D. In the midst of great labors for science, throughout the world, he aided in laying the foundations of instruction at Cornell University, and, by his teachings here, gave an impulse to scientific studies, which remains a precious heritage. The trustees, in gratitude for his counsels and teachings, erect this memorial. 1884."

An incidental benefit of the system was its happy influence upon the resident professors. Coming from abroad, and of recognized high position, the non-residents brought a very happy element to our social life. No veteran of our faculty is likely to forget the charm they diffused among us. To meet Agassiz socially was a delight; nor was it less a pleasure to sit at table with Lowell or Curtis. Of the many good stories told us by Lowell, I remember one especially. During a stay in Paris he dined with Sainte-Beuve, and took occasion to ask that most eminent of French critics which he thought the greater poet, Lamartine or Victor Hugo. Sainte-Beuve, shrugging his shoulders, replied: "Eh bien, charlatan pour charlatan, je prefère Lamartine." This provoked another story, which was that, being asked by an American professor whether in his opinion the Empire of Napoleon III was likely to endure, Sainte-Beuve, who was a salaried senator of the Empire, answered with a shrug, "Monsieur, je suis payé pour le croire." Agassiz also

interested me by showing me the friendly, confidential, and familiar letters which he was then constantly receiving from the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro—letters in which not only matters of science but of contemporary history were discussed. Bayard Taylor also delighted us all. Nothing could exceed, as a provocative to mirth, his recitations of sundry poems whose inspiration was inferior to their ambition. One especially brought down the house—"The Eonx of Ruby," by a poet who had read Poe and Browning until he never hesitated to coin any word, no matter how nonsensical, which seemed likely to help his jingle. In many respects the most charming of all the newcomers was Goldwin Smith, whose stories, observations, reflections, deeply suggestive, humorous, and witty, were especially grateful at the close of days full of work and care. His fund of anecdotes was large. One of them illustrated the fact that even those who are best acquainted with a language not their own are in constant danger of making themselves ridiculous in using it. The Duc d'Aumale, who had lived long in England, and was supposed to speak English like an Englishman, presiding at a dinner of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, gave a toast as follows: "De tree of science, may it shed down pease upon de nations."

Another story related to Sir Allan MacNab, who, while commander of the forces in Canada, having received a card inscribed, "The MacNab," immediately returned the call, and left a card on which was inscribed, "The other MacNab."

As I revise these lines, thirty-six years after his first coming, he is visiting me again to lay the corner-stone of the noble building which is to commemorate his services to Cornell. Though past his eightieth year, his memory constantly brings up new reminiscences. One of these I cannot forbear giving. He was at a party given by Lady Ashburton when Thomas Carlyle was present. During the evening, which was beautiful, the guests went out upon the lawn, and gazed at the starry heavens. All seemed

especially impressed by the beauty of the moon, which was at the full, when Carlyle, fastening his eyes upon it, was heard to croak out, solemnly and bitterly, "Puir auld creetur!"

The instruction of the university was at that time divided between sundry general courses and various technical departments, the whole being somewhat tentative. These general courses were mainly three: the arts course, which embraced both Latin and Greek; the course in literature, which embraced Latin and modern languages; and the course in science, which embraced more especially modern languages in connection with a somewhat extended range of scientific studies. Of these general divisions the one most in danger of shipwreck seemed to be the first. It had been provided for in the congressional act of 1862, evidently by an afterthought, and it was generally felt that if, in the storms besetting us, anything must be thrown overboard, it would be this; but an opportunity now arose for clenching it into our system. There was offered for sale the library of Professor Charles Anthon of Columbia, probably the largest and best collection in classical philology which had then been brought together in the United States. Discussing the situation with Mr. Cornell, I showed him the danger of restricting the institution to purely scientific and technical studies, and of thus departing from the university ideal. He saw the point, and purchased the Anthon library for us. Thenceforth it was felt that, with such a means of instruction, from such a source, the classical department must stand firm; that it must on no account be sacrificed; that, by accepting this gift, we had pledged ourselves to maintain it.

Yet, curiously, one of the most bitter charges constantly reiterated against us was that we were depreciating the study of ancient classical literature. Again and again it was repeated, especially in a leading daily journal of the metropolis under the influence of a sectarian college, that I was "degrading classical studies." No-

thing could be more unjust; I had greatly enjoyed such studies myself, had found pleasure in them since my graduation, and had steadily urged them upon those who had taste or capacity for them. But, as a student and as a university instructor, I had noticed two things in point, as many other observers had done: the first of these was that very many youths who go through their Latin and Greek Readers, and possibly one or two minor authors besides, exhaust the disciplinary value of such studies, and thenceforward pursue them listlessly and perfunctorily, merely droning over them. On their account it seemed certainly far better to present some other courses of study in which they could take an interest. As a matter of fact, I constantly found that many young men who had been doing half-way mental labor, which is perhaps worse than none, were at once brightened and strengthened by devoting themselves to other studies more in accordance with their tastes and aims.

But a second and very important point was that, in the two colleges of which I had been an undergraduate, classical studies were really hampered and discredited by the fact that the minority of students who loved them were constantly held back by a majority who disliked them; and I came to the conclusion that the true way to promote such studies in the United States was to take off this drag as much as possible, by presenting other courses of studies which would attract those who had no taste for Latin and Greek, thus leaving those who had a taste for them free to carry them much farther than had been customary in American universities up to that time. My expectations in this respect were fully met. A few years after the opening of the university, contests were arranged between several of the leading colleges and universities, the main subjects in the competition being Latin, Greek, and mathematics; and to the confusion of the gainsayers, Cornell took more first prizes in these subjects than did all the older competing institutions together. Thenceforward the talk of our "degrading clas-

sical studies'' was less serious. The history of such studies at Cornell since that time has fully justified the policy then pursued. Every competent observer will, I feel sure, say that at no other American institution have these studies been pursued with more earnestness or with better results. The Museum of Classical Archæology, which has since been founded by the generous gift of Mr. Sage, has stimulated an increased interest in them; and graduates of Cornell are now exercising a wide influence in classical teaching: any one adequately acquainted with the history of American education knows what the influence of Cornell has been in bettering classical instruction throughout the State of New York. There has been another incidental gain. Among the melancholy things of college life in the old days was the relation of students to classical professors. The majority of the average class looked on such a professor as generally a bore and, as examinations approached, an enemy; they usually sneered at him as a pedant, and frequently made his peculiarities a subject for derision. Since that day far better relations have grown up between teachers and taught, especially in those institutions where much is left to the option of the students. The students in each subject, being those who are really interested in it, as a rule admire and love their professor, and whatever little peculiarities he may have are to them but pleasing accompaniments of his deeper qualities. This is a perfectly simple and natural result, which will be understood fully by any one who has observed human nature to much purpose.

Besides this course in arts, in which classical studies were especially prominent, there were established courses in science, in literature, and in philosophy, differing from each other mainly in the proportion observed between ancient languages, modern languages, and studies in various sciences and other departments of thought. Each of these courses was laid down with much exactness for the first two years, with large opportunity for choice between subjects in the last two years. The system worked well,

and has, from time to time, been modified, as the improvement in the schools of the State, and other circumstances have required.

In proposing these courses I was much influenced by an idea broached in Herbert Spencer's "Treatise on Education." This idea was given in his discussion of the comparative values of different studies, when he arrived at the conclusion that a subject which ought to be among those taught at the beginning of every course is human physiology,—that is to say, an account of the structure, functions, and proper management of the human body, on which so much depends for every human being. It seemed to me that not only was there great force in Spencer's argument, but that there was an additional reason for placing physiology among the early studies of most of the courses; and this was that it formed a very good beginning for scientific study in general. An observation of my own strengthened me in this view. I remembered that, during my school life, while my tastes were in the direction of classical and historical studies, the weekly visits to the school by the surgeon who lectured upon the human eye, ear, and sundry other organs, using models and preparations, interested me intensely, and were a real relief from other studies. There was still another reason. For the professorship in this department Professor Agassiz had recommended to me Dr. Burt Wilder; and I soon found him, as Agassiz had foretold, not only a thorough investigator, but an admirable teacher. His lectures were not read, but were, as regards phrasing, extemporaneous; and it seemed to me that, mingled with other studies, a course of lectures given in so good a style, by so gifted a man, could not fail to be of great use in teaching our students, incidentally, the best way of using the English language in communicating their ideas to their fellowmen. I had long deplored the rhetorical fustian and oratorical tall-talk which so greatly afflict our country, and which had been, to a considerable extent, cultivated in our colleges and universities; I determined to try, at least,

to substitute for it clean, clear, straightforward statement and illustration; and it seemed to me that a course of lectures on a subject which admitted neither fustian nor tall-talk, by a clear-headed, clear-voiced, earnest, and honest man, was the best thing in the world for this purpose. So was adopted the plan of beginning most courses with an extended course of lectures upon human physiology, in which to real practice in investigation by the class is added the hearing of a first-rate lecturer.

As regards the course in literature, I determined that use should be made of this to promote the general culture of students, as had been done up to that time by very few of our American universities. At Yale in my day, there was never even a single lecture on any subject in literature, either ancient or modern: everything was done by means of "recitations" from text-books; and while young men read portions of masterpieces in Greek and Latin, their attention was hardly ever directed to these as literature. As regards the great fields of modern literature, nothing whatever was done. In the English literature and language, every man was left entirely to his own devices. One of the first professors I called to Cornell was Hiram Corson, who took charge of the department of English literature; and from that day to this he has been a center from which good culture has radiated among our students. Professor H. B. Sprague was also called; and he also did excellent work, though in a different way. I also added non-resident professors. My original scheme I still think a good one. It was to call James Russell Lowell for early English literature, Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe for the literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, Edwin Whipple for the literature of Queen Anne's time, and George William Curtis for recent and contemporary literature. Each of these men was admirable as a scholar and lecturer in the particular field named; but the restricted means of the university obliged me to cut the scheme down, so that it included simply Lowell for early and Curtis for recent literature. Other lectures

in connection with the instruction of the resident professors marked an epoch, and did much to remove anything like Philistinism from the student body. Bayard Taylor's lectures in German literature thus supplemented admirably the excellent work of the resident professors Hewett and Horatio White. To remove still further any danger of Philistinism, I called an eminent graduate of Harvard,—Charles Chauncey Shackford,—whose general lectures in various fields of literature were attractive and useful. In all this I was mainly influenced by the desire to prevent the atmosphere of the university becoming simply and purely that of a scientific and technical school. Highly as I prized the scientific spirit and technical training, I felt that the frame of mind engendered by them should be modified by an acquaintance with the best literature as literature. There were many evidences that my theory was correct. Some of our best students in the technical departments developed great love for literary studies. One of them attracted much attention by the literary excellence of his writings; and on my speaking to him about it, and saying that it seemed strange to me that a man devoted to engineering should show such a taste for literature, he said that there was no greater delight to him than passing from one of the studies to the other—that each was a recreation after the other.

The effort to promote that element in the general culture of the student body which comes from literature, ancient and modern, gained especial strength from a source usually unpromising—the mathematical department. Two professors highly gifted in this field exercised a wide and ennobling influence outside it. First of these was Evan William Evans, who had been known to me at Yale as not only one of the best scholars in the class of 1851, but also one of its two foremost writers. Later, he developed a passion for modern literature, and his influence was strongly felt in behalf of the humanities. His successor was James Edward Oliver, a graduate of Harvard, a genius in his chosen field, but always exercising a large

influence by virtue of his broad, liberal, tolerant views of life which were promoted by study of the best thoughts of the best thinkers of all times.

The work of organizing and developing the general courses was comparatively easy, and the stimulus given at the outset by the non-resident professors rendered it all the more so. But with the technical departments and special courses there were grave difficulties. The department of civil engineering, of course, went easily enough; there were plenty of precedents for it, and the admirable professor first elected was, at his death, succeeded by another who most vigorously and wisely developed it: Estevan Fuertes, drawn from the most attractive surroundings in the island of Porto Rico to the United States by a deep love of science, and retained here during the rest of his life by a love, no less sincere, for American liberty—a rare combination of the virtues and capabilities of the Latin races with the best results of an American environment. I may mention, in passing, that this combination came out curiously in his views of American citizenship. He was wont to marvel at the indifference of the average American to his privileges and duties, and especially at the lack of a proper estimate of his function at elections. I have heard him say: "When I vote, I put on my best clothes and my top hat, go to the polls, salute the officers, take off my hat, and cast my ballot."

It may be worth mentioning here that, at the election of the first professor in this department, a curious question arose. Among the candidates was one from Harvard, whose testimonials showed him to be an admirable acquisition; and among these testimonials was one from an eminent bishop, who spoke in high terms of the scientific qualifications of the candidate, but added that he felt it his duty to warn me that the young man was a Unitarian. At this I wrote the bishop, thanking him, and saying that the only question with me was as to the moral and intellectual qualifications of the candidate; and that if these were superior to those of other candidates, I would nomi-

nate him to the trustees even if he were a Buddhist. The good bishop at first took some offense at this; and, in one of the communications which ensued, expressed doubts whether laymen had any right to teach at all, since the command to teach was given to the apostles and their successors, and seemed therefore confined to those who had received holy orders; but he became most friendly later, and I look back to my meetings with him afterward as among the delightful episodes of my life.

The technical department which caused me the most anxiety was that of agriculture. It had been given the most prominent place in the Congressional act of 1862, and in our charter from the State in 1865. But how should agriculture be taught; what proportion should we observe between theory and practice; and what should the practice be? These questions elicited all sorts of answers. Some eminent agriculturists insisted that the farm should be conducted purely as a business operation; others that it should be a "model farm"—regardless of balance sheets; others still that it should be wholly experimental. Our decision was to combine what was best in all these views; and several men attempted this as resident professors, but with small success. One day, after a series of such failures, when we were almost desperate, there appeared a candidate from an agricultural college in Ireland. He bore a letter from an eminent clergyman in New York, was of pleasing appearance and manners, gave glowing accounts of the courses he had followed, expatiated on the means by which farming had been carried to a high point in Scotland, and ventured suggestions as to what might be done in America. I had many misgivings. His experience was very remote from ours, and he seemed to me altogether too elegant for the work in hand; but Mr. Cornell had visited English farms, was greatly impressed by their excellence, and urged a trial of the new-comer. He was duly called; and, that he might begin his courses of instruction, an order was given for a considerable collection of English agricultural implements and for the

erection of new farm-buildings after English patterns, Mr. Cornell generously advancing the required money.

All this took time—much time. At first great things were expected by the farmers of the State, but gradually their confidence waned. As they saw the new professor walking over the farm in a dilettantish way, superintending operations with gloved hands, and never touching any implement, doubts arose which soon ripened into skepticism. Typical were the utterances of our farm manager. He was a plain, practical farmer, who had taken the first prize of the State Agricultural Society for the excellence of his own farm; and, though he at first indulged in high hopes regarding the new professor, he soon had misgivings, and felt it his duty to warn me. He said: "Yew kin depend on 't, he ain't a-goin' to do nothin'; he don't know nothin' about corn, and he don't want to know nothin' about corn; *and he don't believe in punkins!* Depend on 't, as soon as his new barn is finished and all his new British tackle is brought together, he 'll quit the job." I reasoned that, to a farmer brought up among the glorious fields of Indian corn in western New York, and accustomed to rejoice in the sight of golden pumpkins, diffusion of other cultures must seem like treason; but, alas! he was right. As soon as the new buildings and arrangements were ready for our trial of British scientific agriculture, the young foreign professor notified me that he had accepted the headship of an agricultural college in Canada. Still, he met with no greater success there than with us; nor was his reputation increased when, after the foul attacks made upon Mr. Cornell in the legislature, he volunteered to come to the investigation and testify that Mr. Cornell was "not a practical man." In this the career of the young agriculturist culminated. Having lost his professorship in Canada, he undertook the management of a grocery in the oil-regions of western Pennsylvania; and scientific British agriculture still awaits among us a special representative. Happily, since that day, men trained practically in the agriculture of the

United States have studied the best British methods, and brought us much that has been of real use.

Fortunately I had found three men who enabled us to tide our agricultural department over those dark days, in which we seemed to be playing "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. The first of these was the Hon. John Stanton Gould, whom I called as a lecturer upon agriculture. He had been president of the State Agricultural Society, and was eminent, not only for his knowledge of his subject, but for his power of making it interesting. Men came away from Mr. Gould's lectures filled with intense desire to get hold of a spade or hoe and to begin turning the soil.

So, also, the steady work of Professor George C. Caldwell, whom I had called from the State College of Pennsylvania to take charge of the department of agricultural chemistry, won the respect of all leaders in agriculture throughout the State, and, indeed, throughout the country. And with especial gratitude should be named Dr. James Law of the British Royal Veterinary College, whom I had found in London, and called to our veterinary professorship. Never was there a more happy selection. From that day to this, thirty-six years, he has been a tower of strength to the university, and has rendered incalculable services to the State and Nation. His quiet, thorough work impressed every one most favorably. The rudest of the surrounding farmers learned more and more to regard him with respect and admiration, and the State has recently recognized his services by establishing in connection with the university a State veterinary college under his control.

The work of these three men saved us. Apart from it, the agricultural department long remained a sort of slough of despond; but at last a brighter day dawned. From the far-off State Agricultural College of Iowa came tidings of a professor—Mr. J. I. P. Roberts—who united the practical and theoretical qualities desired. I secured him, and thenceforward there was no more difficulty. For more than twenty years, as professor and lecturer, he has

largely aided in developing agriculture throughout the State and country; and when others were added to him, like Comstock and Bailey, the success of the department became even more brilliant. Still, its old reputation lasted for a time, even after a better era had been fully ushered in. About a year after the tide had thus turned a meeting of the State "Grange" was held at the neighboring city of Elmira; and the leading speakers made the university and its agricultural college an object of scoffing which culminated in a resolution denouncing both, and urging the legislature to revoke our charter. At this a bright young graduate of Cornell, an instructor in the agricultural department, who happened to be present, stood up manfully, put a few pertinent questions, found that none of the declaimers had visited the university, declared that they were false to their duty in not doing so, protested against their condemning the institution unheard and unseen, and then and there invited them all to visit the institution and its agricultural department without delay. Next day this whole body of farmers, with their wives, sons, and daughters, were upon us. Everything was shown them. Knowing next to nothing about modern appliances for instruction in science and technology, they were amazed at all they saw; the libraries, the laboratories, and, above all, the natural-science collections and models greatly impressed them. They were taken everywhere, and shown not only our successes but our failures; nothing was concealed from them, and, as a result, though they "came to scoff," they "remained to pray." They called a new session of their body, pledged to us their support, and passed resolutions commending our work and condemning the State legislature for not doing more in our behalf. That was the turning-point for the agricultural department; and from that day to this the legislature has dealt generously with us, and the influence of the department for good throughout the State has been more and more widely acknowledged.

Of the two technical departments referred to in the origi-

nal act of Congress, the second—specified under the vague name of "Mechanic Arts"—went better, though there was at first much groping to find just what ought to be done. First of all, there was a danger which demanded delicate handling. This danger lay in Mr. Cornell's wish to establish, in vital connection with the university, great factories for the production of articles for sale, especially chairs and shoes, thus giving large bodies of students opportunities for self-support. In discussing this matter with him, I pointed to the fact that, in becoming a manufacturing corporation we were making a business venture never contemplated by our charter; that it was exceedingly doubtful whether such a corporation could be combined with an educational institution without ruining both; that the men best fitted to manage a great factory were hardly likely to be the best managers of a great institution of learning; that under our charter we had duties, not merely to those who wished to support themselves by labor, but to others; and I finally pointed out to him many reasons for holding that such a scheme contravened the act of Congress and the legislation of the State. I insisted that the object of our charters from the State and Nation was not to enable a great number of young men to secure an elementary education while making shoes and chairs; that for these the public schools were provided; that our main purpose must be to send out into all parts of the State and Nation thoroughly trained graduates, who should develop and improve the main industries of the country, and, by their knowledge and example, train up skilful artisans of various sorts and in every locality. Mr. Cornell's conduct in this matter was admirable. Tenacious as he usually was when his opinion was formed, and much as it must have cost him to give up what had become a darling project, he yielded to this view.

New questions now opened as to this "Department of Mechanic Arts." It was clear to me, from what I had seen abroad, that not all the models I had sent from Europe would be sufficient to give the practical character

which such a department needed; that its graduates must have a direct, practical acquaintance with the construction and use of machinery before they could become leaders in great mechanical enterprises; that they must be made, not only mathematicians and draftsmen, but skilled workmen, practically trained in the best methods and processes. A very shrewd artisan said to me: "When a young mechanical engineer comes among us fresh from college, only able to make figures and pictures, we rarely have much respect for him: the trouble with the great majority of those who come from technical institutions is that they don't know as much about practical methods and processes as we know."

I felt that there was truth in this, but, as things were, hardly dared tell this to the trustees. It would have scared them, for it seemed to open the door to great expenditures demanded by a mere theory; but I laid my views before Mr. Cornell, and he agreed with me so far as to send to us from his agricultural works at Albany sundry large pieces of old machinery, which he thought might be rebuilt for our purposes. But this turned out to be hardly practicable. I dared not, at that stage of the proceedings, bring into the board of trustees a proposal to buy machinery and establish a machine-shop; the whole would have a chimerical look, and was sure to repel them. Therefore it was that, at my own expense, I bought a power-lathe and other pieces of machinery; and, through the active efforts of Professor John L. Morris, my steadfast supporter in the whole matter, these were set up in our temporary wooden laboratory. A few students began using them, and to good purpose. Mr. Cornell was greatly pleased. Other trustees of a practical turn visited the place, and the result was that opinion in the governing board soon favored a large practical equipment for the department.

On this I prepared a report, taking up the whole subject with great care, and brought it before them, my main suggestion being that a practical beginning of the department should be made by the erection and equipment of a

small building on the north side of the university grounds, near our main water-power. Then came a piece of great good fortune. Among the charter trustees of the university was Mr. Cornell's old friend and associate in telegraphic enterprise, Hiram Sibley of Rochester; and at the close of the meeting Mr. Sibley asked me if I could give him a little time on the university grounds after the adjournment of the meeting. I, of course, assented; and next morning, on our visiting the grounds together, he asked me to point out the spot where the proposed college of mechanic arts might best be placed. On my doing so, he looked over the ground carefully, and then said that he would himself erect and equip the building. So began Sibley College, which is to-day, probably, all things considered, the most successful department of this kind in our own country, and perhaps in any country. In the hands, first of Professors Morris and Sweet, and later under the direction of Dr. Thurston, it has become of the greatest value to every part of the United States, and indeed to other parts of the American continent.

At the outset a question arose, seemingly trivial, but really serious. Mr. Sibley had gone far beyond his original proposals; and when the lecture-rooms, drafting-rooms, modeling-rooms, foundries, shops for ironwork, woodwork, and the like, had been finished, the question came up: Shall our aim be to produce things having a pecuniary value, or shall we produce simply samples of the most highly finished workmanship, having, generally, no value? Fortunately, Professors Morris and Sweet were able to combine both these purposes, and to employ a considerable number of students in the very best of work which had a market value. The whole thing was thereby made a success, but it waited long for recognition. A result followed not unlike some which have occurred in other fields in our country. At the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, an exhibit was made of the work done by students in Sibley College, including a steam-engine, power-lathes, face-plates, and various tools of precision, admirably fin-

ished, each a model in its kind. But while many mechanics praised them, they attracted no special attention from New England authorities. On the other hand, an exhibit of samples of work from the School of Technology of Moscow, which had no merchantable value,—many of the pieces being of antiquated pattern, but of exquisite finish and showily arranged,—aroused great admiration among sundry New England theorists; even the head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in enthusiastic magazine articles, called the attention of the whole country to them, and urged the necessity of establishing machine-shops in connection with schools of science. The fact that this had already been done, and better done, at Cornell, was loftily ignored. Western New York seemed a Nazareth out of which no good could come. That same straining of the mind's eye toward the East, that same tendency to provincialism which had so often afflicted Massachusetts, evidently prevented her wise men in technology from recognizing any new departure west of them.

At a later period I had occasion to make a final comment on all this. Both as commissioner at the Paris Exhibition and as minister to Russia, I came to know intimately Wischniegradsky, who had been the head of the Moscow School of Technology and afterward Russian minister of finance. He spoke to me in the highest terms of what original American methods had done for railways; and the climax was reached when the Moscow methods, so highly praised by Boston critics, proved to be utterly inadequate in training mechanical engineers to furnish the machinery needed in Russia, and men from the American schools, trained in the methods of Cornell, sent over locomotives and machinery of all sorts for the new Trans-Siberian Railway, of which the eastern terminus was that very city of Moscow which enjoyed the privileges so lauded and magnified by the Boston critics! Time has reversed their judgment: the combination of the two systems, so ably and patiently developed by Director Thurston, is the one which has happily prevailed.

Few days in the history of Cornell University have been so fraught with good as that on which Thurston accepted my call to the headship of Sibley College. At the very outset he gained the confidence and gratitude of trustees, professors, students, and, indeed, of his profession throughout the country, by his amazing success as professor, as author, and as organizer and administrator of that department, which he made not only one of the largest, but one of the best of its kind in the world. The rapidity and wisdom of his decisions, the extent and excellence of his work, his skill in attracting the best men, his ability in quieting rivalries and animosities, and the kindly firmness of his whole policy were a source of wonder to all who knew him. And, at his lamented death in 1903, it was found that he had rendered another service of a sort which such strong men as he are often incapable of rendering—he had trained a body of assistants and students worthy to take up his work.

Another department which I had long wished to see established in our country now began to take shape. From my boyhood I had a love for architecture. In my young manhood this had been developed by readings in Ruskin, and later by architectural excursions in Europe; and the time had now arrived when it seemed possible to do something for it. I had collected what, at that period, was certainly one of the largest, if not the largest, of the architectural libraries in the United States, besides several thousand large architectural photographs, drawings, casts, models, and other material from every country in Europe. This had been, in fact, my pet extravagance; and a propitious time seeming now to arrive, I proposed to the trustees that if they would establish a department of architecture and call a professor to it, I would transfer to it my special library and collections. This offer was accepted; and thus was founded this additional department, which began its good career under Professor Charles Babcock, who, at this present writing, is enjoying, as professor emeritus, the respect and gratitude of a long

series of classes which have profited by his teachings, and the cordial companionship of his colleagues, who rejoice to profit by his humorous, but none the less profound, observations upon problems arising in the university and in the world in general.

As regards this illustrative material, I recall one curious experience. While on one of my architectural excursions through the great towns of eastern France, I arrived at Troyes. On visiting the government agent for photographing public monuments, I noticed in his rooms some admirably executed pieces of stone carving,—capitals, corbels, and the like,—and on my asking him whence these came, he told me that they had been recently taken out of the cathedral by the architect who was "restoring" it. After my purchases were made, he went with me to this great edifice, one of the finest in Europe; and there I found that, on each side of the high altar, the architect had taken out several brackets, or corbels, of the best mediæval work, and substituted new ones designed by himself. One of these corbels thus taken out the government photographer had in his possession. It was very striking, representing the grotesque face of a monk in the midst of a mass of foliage supporting the base of a statue, all being carved with great spirit. Apart from its architectural value, it had a historical interest, since it must have witnessed the famous betrothal of the son and daughter of the English and French kings mentioned in Shakspere, to say nothing of many other mediæval pageants.

On my making known to the photographer the fact that I was engaged in founding a school of architecture in the United States, and was especially anxious to secure a good specimen of French work, he sold me this example, which is now in the museum of the Architectural Department at Cornell. I allude to this, in passing, as showing what monstrous iniquities (and I could name many others) are committed in the great mediæval buildings of Europe under pretense of "restoration."

CHAPTER XXII

FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF UNIVERSITY COURSES—1870–1872

IN close connection with the technical departments were various laboratories. For these, place was at first made here and there in cellars and sheds; but at last we were able to erect for them buildings large and complete, and to the opening of the first of these came Mr. Cleveland, then Governor of New York, and later President of the United States. Having laid the corner-stone of the Memorial Chapel and made an excellent speech, which encouraged us all, he accompanied me to the new building devoted to chemistry and physics, which was then opened for the first time. On entering it, he expressed his surprise at its equipment, and showed that he had seen nothing of the kind before. I learned afterward that he had received a thorough preparation in classics and mathematics for college, but that, on account of the insufficient means of his father, he was obliged to give up his university course; and it was evident, from his utterances at this time, as well as when visiting other colleges and universities, that he lamented this.

Out of this laboratory thus opened was developed, later, a new technical department. Among my happiest hours were those spent in visiting the various buildings, collections, and lecture-rooms, after my morning's work, to see how all were going on; and, during various visits to the new laboratory I noticed that the majority of the students were, in one way or another, giving attention to matters connected with electricity. There had already

been built in the machine-shops, under the direction of Professor Anthony, a dynamo which was used in lighting our grounds, this being one of the first examples of electric lighting in the United States; and on one of my visits I said to him, "It looks much as if, with the rapid extension throughout the country of the telegraph, telephone, electric lighting, and electric railways, we shall be called on, before long, to train men for a new profession in connection with them." As he assented to this, I asked him to sketch out a plan for a "Department of Electrical Engineering," and in due time he appeared with it before the executive committee of the trustees. But it met much opposition from one of our oldest members, who was constitutionally averse to what he thought new-fangled education, partly from conservatism, partly from considerations of expense; and this opposition was so threatening that, in order to save the proposed department, I was obliged to pledge myself to become responsible for any extra expense caused by it during the first year. Upon this pledge it was established. Thus was created, as I believe, the first department of electrical engineering ever known in the United States, and, so far as I can learn, the first ever known in any country.

But while we thus strove to be loyal to those parts of our charter which established technical instruction, there were other parts in which I personally felt even a deeper interest. In my political reminiscences I have acknowledged the want of preparation in regard to practical matters of public concern which had hampered me as a member of the State Senate. Having revolved this subject in my mind for a considerable time, I made, while commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1878, a careful examination of the courses of study in political and economic science established in European universities, and on my return devoted to this subject my official report. Like such reports generally, it was delayed a long time in the Government Printing-office, was then damned with

faint praise, and nothing more came of it until the following year, when, being called to deliver the annual address at the Johns Hopkins University, I wrought its main points into a plea for education in relation to politics. This was widely circulated with some effect, and I now brought a modest proposal in the premises before our trustees. Its main feature was that Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, a graduate of Harvard, Secretary of the Board of Charities of the State of Massachusetts and of the Social Science Association of the United States, should be called to give a course of practical lectures before the senior class during at least one term,—his subjects to be such as pauperism, crime (incipient and chronic), inebriety, lunacy, and the best dealing of modern states with these; also that his instructions should be given, not only by lectures, but by actual visits with his classes to the great charitable and penal institutions of the State, of which there were many within easy distance of the university. For several years, and until the department took a different form, this plan was carried out with excellent results. Professor Sanborn and his students, beginning with the county almshouse and jail, visited the reformatories, the prisons, the penitentiaries, and the asylums of various sorts in the State; made careful examinations of them; drew up reports upon them, these reports forming the subject of discussions in which professor and students took earnest part; and a number of young men who have since taken influential places in the State legislature were thus instructed as to the best actual and possible dealings with all these subjects. I still think that more should be done in all our universities to train men by this method for the public service in this most important and interesting field, and also in matters pertaining generally to State, county, and city administration.

Closely connected with this instruction was that in political economy and history. As to the first of these, I had, some years before, seen reason to believe that my strong, and perhaps bigoted free-trade ideas were at least

not so universal in their application as I had supposed. Down to the time of our Civil War I had been very intolerant on this subject, practically holding a protectionist to be either a Pharisee or an idiot. I had convinced myself not only that the principles of free trade are axiomatic, but that they afford the only means of binding nations together in permanent peace; that Great Britain was our best friend; that, in desiring us to adopt her own system, she was moved by broad, philosophic, and philanthropic considerations. But as the war drew on and I saw the haughtiness and selfishness toward us shown by her ruling classes, there came in my mind a revulsion which led me to examine more closely the foundations of my economical belief. I began to attribute more importance to John Stuart Mill's famous "exception," to the effect that the building up of certain industries may be necessary to the very existence of a nation, and that perhaps the best way of building them up is to adopt an adequate system of protective duties. Down to this time I had been a disciple of Adam Smith and Bastiat; but now appeared the published lectures of Roscher of Leipsic, upon what he called "The Historical System" of political economy. Its fundamental idea was that political economy is indeed a science, to be wrought out by scientific methods; but that the question how far its conclusions are adapted to the circumstances of any nation at any time is for statesmen to determine. This impressed me much. Moreover, I was forced to acknowledge that the Morrill protective tariff, adopted at the Civil War period, was a necessity for revenue; so that my old theory of a tariff for revenue easily developed into a belief in a tariff for revenue with incidental protection. This idea has been developed in my mind as time has gone on, until at present I am a believer in protection as the only road to ultimate free trade. My process of reasoning on the subject I have given in another chapter.

At the opening of the university there was but little instruction in political economy, that little being mainly

given by our professor of moral philosophy, Dr. Wilson, a man broad in his views and strong in reasoning power, who had been greatly impressed by the ideas of Friedrich List, the German protectionist. But lectures were also given by free-traders, and I adopted the plan of having both sides as well represented as possible. This was, at first, complained of; sundry good people said it was like calling a professor of atheism into a theological seminary; but my answer was that our university was not, like a theological seminary, established to arrive at certain conclusions fixed beforehand, or to propagate an established creed; that, political economy not being an exact science, our best course was to call eminent lecturers to present both sides of the main questions in dispute. The result was good. It stimulated much thought, and doubtless did something to promote that charity to opposing economical opinions which in my own case had been, through my early manhood, so conspicuously lacking.

The second of these departments—history—was the one for which I cared most. I believed then, and later experience has strengthened my conviction, that the best of all methods in presenting every subject bearing on political and social life is the historical. My own studies had been mainly in this field, and I did what I could to establish historical courses in the university. The lectures which I had given at the University of Michigan were now developed more fully and again presented; but to these I constantly added new lectures and, indeed, new courses, though at a great disadvantage, since my administrative duties stood constantly in the way of my professorial work. At the same time I went on collecting my historical library until it became, in its way, probably the largest and most complete of its kind in the possession of any individual in the United States. Gradually strong men were drawn into the department, and finally there came one on whom I could lay a large portion of the work.

The story is somewhat curious. During the year 1877–1878, in Germany and France, I had prepared a short

course of lectures upon the historical development of criminal law; and while giving it to my senior class after my return, I noticed a student, two or three years below the average age of the class, carefully taking notes and apparently much interested. One day, going toward my house after the lecture, I found him going in the same direction, and, beginning conversation with him, learned that he was a member of the sophomore class; that he had corresponded with me, two or three years before, as to the best means of working his way through the university; had followed out a suggestion of mine, then made, in that he had learned the printer's trade; had supported himself through the preparatory school by means of it, and was then carrying himself through college by setting type for the university press. Making inquiries of professors and students, I found that the young man, both at school and at the university, was, as a rule, at the head of every class he had entered; and therefore it was that, when the examination papers came in at the close of the term, I first took up his papers to see how he had stood the test. They proved to be masterly. There were excellent scholars in the senior class, but not one had done so well as this young sophomore; in fact, I doubt whether I could have passed a better examination on my own lectures. There was in his answers a combination of accuracy with breadth which surprised me. Up to that time, passing judgment on the examination papers had been one of the most tedious of my burdens; for it involved wading through several hundred pages of crabbed manuscript, every term, and weighing carefully the statements therein embodied. A sudden light now flashed upon me. I sent for the young sophomore, cautioned him to secrecy, and then and there made him my examiner in history. He, a member of the sophomore class, took the papers of the seniors and resident graduates, and passed upon them carefully and admirably—better than I should have ever had the time and patience to do. Of course this was kept entirely secret; for had the seniors known that I had intrusted their papers

to the tender mercies of a sophomore, they would probably have mobbed me. This mode of examination continued until the young man's graduation, when he was openly appointed examiner in history, afterward becoming instructor in history, then assistant professor; and, finally, another university having called him to a full professorship, he was appointed full professor of history at Cornell, and has greatly distinguished himself both by his ability in research and his power in teaching. To him have been added others as professors, assistant professors, and instructors, so that the department is now on an excellent footing. In one respect its development has been unexpectedly satisfactory. At the opening of the university one of my strongest hopes had been to establish a professorship of American history. It seemed to me monstrous that there was not, in any American university, a course of lectures on the history of the United States; and that an American student, in order to secure such instruction in the history of his own country, must go to the lectures of Laboulaye at the Collège de France. Thither I had gone some years before, and had been greatly impressed by Laboulaye's admirable presentation of his subject, and awakened to the fact that American history is not only more instructive, but more interesting, than I had ever supposed it. My first venture was to call Professor George W. Greene of Brown University for a course of lectures on the history of our Revolutionary period, and Professor Dwight of Columbia College for a course upon the constitutional history of the United States. But finally my hope was more fully realized: I was enabled to call as resident professor my old friend Moses Coit Tyler, whose book on the "History of American Literature" is a classic, and who, in his new field, exerted a powerful influence for good upon several generations of students. More than once since, as I have heard him, it has been borne in upon me that I was born too soon. Remembering the utter want of any such instruction in my own college days, I have especially envied

those who have had the good fortune to be conducted by him, and men like him, through the history of our own country.[1]

In some of these departments to which I have referred there were occasionally difficulties requiring much tact in handling. During my professorial days at the University of Michigan I once heard an eminent divine deliver an admirable address on what he called "The Oscillatory Law of Human Progress"—that is, upon the tendency of human society, when reacting from one evil, to swing to another almost as serious in the opposite direction. In swinging away from the old cast-iron course of instruction, and from the text-book recitation of the mere dry bones of literature, there may be seen at this hour some tendency to excessive reaction. When I note in sundry university registers courses of instruction offered in some of the most evanescent and worthless developments of contemporary literature,—some of them, indeed, worse than worthless,—I think of a remark made to me by a college friend of mine who will be remembered by the Yale men of the fifties for his keen and pithy judgments of men and things. Being one day in New Haven looking for assistant professors and instructors, I met him; and, on my answering his question as to what had brought me, he said, "If at any time you want a professor of *horse sense,* call *me.*" I have often thought of this proposal since, and have at times regretted that some of our institutions of learning had not availed themselves of his services. The fact is that, under the new system, "horse sense" is especially called for to prevent a too extreme reaction from the evils which afflicted university instruction during my student days.

While it rejoices my heart to see the splendid courses in modern literature now offered at our larger universities, some of them arouse misgivings. Reflecting upon the shortness of human life and the vast mass of really *great* literature, I see with regret courses offered dealing

[1] To my great sorrow, he died in 1900.—A. D. W.

with the bubbles floating on the surface of sundry literatures—bubbles soon to break, some of them with ill odor. I would as soon think of endowing restaurants to enable young men to appreciate caviar, or old Gorgonzola, or game of a peculiarly "high" character, as of establishing courses dealing with Villon, Baudelaire, Swinburne, and the like; and when I hear of second-rate critics summoned across the ocean to present to universities which have heard Emerson, Longfellow, Henry Reed, Lowell, Whipple, and Curtis the coagulated nastiness of Verlaine, Mallarmé, and their compeers, I expect next to hear of courses introducing young men to the beauties of absinthe, Turkish cigarettes, and stimulants unspeakable. Doubtless these things are all due to the "oscillatory law of human progress," which professors of "horse sense" like my friend Joe Sheldon will gradually do away with.

As time went on, buildings of various sorts rose around the university grounds, and, almost without exception, as gifts from men attracted by the plan of the institution. At the annual commencement in 1869 was laid the corner-stone of an edifice devoted especially to lecture-rooms and museums of natural science. It was a noble gift by Mr. John McGraw; and amid the cares and discouragements of that period it gave us new heart, and strengthened the institution especially on the scientific side. In order to do honor to this occasion, it was decided to invite leading men from all parts of the State, and, above all, to request the governor, Mr. Fenton, to lay the corner-stone. But it was soon evident that his excellency's old fear of offending the sectarian schools still controlled him. He made excuse, and we then called on the Freemasons to take charge of the ceremony. They came in full regalia, bringing their own orators; and, on the appointed day, a great body of spectators was grouped about the foundations of the new building on the beautiful knoll in front of the upper quadrangle. It was an ideal afternoon in June, and the panorama before and around

us was superb. Immediately below us, in front, lay the beautiful valley in which nestles the little city of Ithaca; beyond, on the left, was the vast amphitheater, nearly surrounded by hills and distant mountains; and on the right, Cayuga Lake, stretching northward for forty miles. Few points in our country afford a nobler view of lake, mountain, hill, and valley. The speakers naturally expatiated in all the moods and tenses on the munificence of Mr. Cornell and Mr. McGraw; and when all was ended the great new bell, which had just been added to the university chime in the name of one most dear to me,—the largest bell then swinging in western New York, inscribed with the verse written for it by Lowell,—boomed grandly forth. As we came away I walked with Goldwin Smith, and noticed that he was convulsed with suppressed laughter. On my asking him the cause, he answered: "There is nothing more to be said; no one need ever praise the work of Mr. Cornell again." On my asking the professor what he meant, he asked me if I had not heard the last speech. I answered in the negative—that my mind was occupied with other things. He then quoted it substantially as follows: "Fellow-citizens, when Mr. Cornell found himself rich beyond the dreams of avarice, did he give himself up to a life of inglorious ease? No, fellow-citizens; he founded the beautiful public library in yonder valley. But did he then retire to a life of luxury? No, fellow-citizens; he came up to this height (and here came a great wave of the hand over the vast amphitheater below and around us) and he established this *universe!*"

In reference to this occasion I may put on record Lowell's quatrain above referred to, which is cast upon the great clock-bell of the university. It runs as follows:

> I call as fly the irrevocable hours
> Futile as air, or strong as fate to make
> Your lives of sand or granite. Awful powers,
> Even as men choose, they either give or take.

There was also cast upon it the following, from the Psalter version of Psalm xcii:

> To tell of thy loving-kindness early in the morning: and of thy truth in the night season.

While various departments were thus developed, there was going on a steady evolution in the general conception of the university. In the Congressional act of 1862 was a vague provision for military instruction in the institutions which might be created under it. The cause of this was evident. The bill was passed during one of the most critical periods in the history of the Civil War, and in my inaugural address I had alluded to this as most honorable to Senator Morrill and to the Congress which had adopted his proposals. It was at perhaps the darkest moment in the history of the United States that this provision was made, in this Morrill Act, for a great system of classical, scientific, and technical instruction in every State and Territory of the Union; and I compared this enactment, at so trying a period, to the conduct of the Romans in buying and selling the lands on which the Carthaginians were encamped after their victory at Cannæ. The provision for military instruction had been inserted in this act of 1862 because Senator Morrill and others saw clearly the advantage which had accrued to the States then in rebellion from their military schools; but the act had left military instruction optional with the institutions securing the national endowment, and, so far as I could learn, none of those already created had taken the clause very seriously. I proposed that we should accept it fully and fairly, not according to the letter of the act, but to the spirit of those who had passed it; indeed, that we should go further than any other institution had dreamed of going, so that every undergraduate not excused on the ground of conscientious scruples, or for some other adequate cause, should be required to take a thorough course of military drill; and to this end I supported a plan,

which was afterward carried out by law, that officers from the United States army should be detailed by the Secretary of War to each of the principal institutions as military professors. My reasons for this were based on my recollections of what took place at the University of Michigan during the Civil War. I had then seen large numbers of my best students go forth insufficiently trained, and in some cases led to destruction by incompetent officers. At a later period, I had heard the West Point officer whom I had secured from Detroit to train those Michigan students express his wonder at the rapidity with which they learned what was necessary to make them soldiers and even officers. Being young men of disciplined minds, they learned the drill far more quickly and intelligently than the average recruits could do. There was still another reason for taking the military clause in the Morrill Act seriously. I felt then, and feel now, that our Republic is not to escape serious internal troubles; that in these her reliance must be largely upon her citizen soldiery; that it will be a source of calamity, possibly of catastrophe, if the power of the sword in civil commotions shall fall into the hands of ignorant and brutal leaders, while the educated men of the country, not being versed in military matters, shall slink away from the scene of duty, cower in corners, and leave the conduct of military affairs to men intellectually and morally their inferiors. These views I embodied in a report to the trustees; and the result was the formation of a university battalion, which has been one of the best things at Cornell. A series of well-qualified officers, sent by the War Department, have developed the system admirably. Its good results to the university have been acknowledged by all who have watched its progress. Farmers' boys,—slouchy, careless, not accustomed to obey any word of command; city boys, sometimes pampered, often wayward, have thus been in a short time transformed: they stand erect; they look the world squarely in the face; the intensity of their American individualism is happily modified; they can take the word of command and they can

give it. I doubt whether any feature of instruction at Cornell University has produced more excellent results upon *character* than the training thus given. And this is not all. The effect on the State has been valuable. It has already been felt in the organization and maintenance of the State militia; and during the war with Spain, Cornellians, trained in the university battalion, rendered noble service.

Among the matters which our board of trustees and faculty had to decide upon at an early day was the conferring of degrees. It had become, and indeed has remained in many of our colleges down to the present day, an abuse, and a comical abuse. Almost more than any other thing, it tends to lower respect for many American colleges and universities among thinking men. The older and stronger universities are free from it; but many of the newer ones, especially various little sectarian colleges, some of them calling themselves "universities," have abused and are abusing beyond measure their privilege of conferring degrees. Every one knows individuals in the community whose degrees, so far from adorning them, really render them ridiculous; and every one knows colleges and "universities" made ridiculous by the conferring of such pretended honors.

At the outset I proposed to our trustees that Cornell University should confer no honorary degrees of any sort, and a law was passed to that effect. This was observed faithfully during my entire presidency; then the policy was temporarily changed, and two honorary doctorates were conferred; but this was immediately followed by a renewal of the old law, and Cornell has conferred no honorary degrees since.

But it is a question whether the time has not arrived for some relaxation of this policy. The argument I used in proposing the law that no honorary degree should be conferred was that we had not yet built up an institution whose degrees could be justly considered as of any value. That argument is no longer valid, and possibly some de-

parture from it would now be wise. Still, the policy of conferring no honorary degrees is infinitely better than the policy of lavishing them.

As to regular and ordinary degrees, I had, in my plan of organization, recommended that there should be but one degree for all courses, whether in arts, science, or literature. I argued that, as all our courses required an equal amount of intellectual exertion, one simple degree should be granted alike to all who had passed the required examination at the close of their chosen course. This view the faculty did not accept. They adopted the policy of establishing several degrees: as, for example, for the course in arts, the degree of A.B.; for the course in science, the degree of B.S.; for the course in literature, the degree of B.L.; and so on. The reason given for this was that it was important in each case to know what the training of the individual graduate had been; and that the true way to obviate invidious distinctions is so to perfect the newer courses that all the degrees shall finally be considered as of equal value and honor. This argument converted me: it seemed to me just, and my experience in calling men to professorships led me more and more to see that I had been wrong and that the faculty was right; for it was a matter of the greatest importance to me, in deciding on the qualifications of candidates for professorships, to know, not only their special fitness, but what their general education had been.

But, curiously enough, within the last few years the Cornell faculty, under the lead of its present admirable president, has reverted to my old argument, accepted it, and established a single degree for all courses. I bow respectfully to their judgment, but my conversion by the same faculty from my own original ideas was so complete that I cannot now agree to the wisdom of the change. It is a curious case of cross-conversion, I having been and remaining converted to the ideas of the faculty, and they having been converted to my original idea. As to the whole matter, I have the faith of an optimist that eventu-

ally, with the experience derived from both systems, a good result will be reached.

Another question which at that time occupied me much was that of scholarships and fellowships awarded by competitive examinations *versus* general gratuitous instruction. During the formation of my plans for the university, a number of excellent men urged upon me that all our instruction should be thrown open to all mankind free of charge; that there should be no payment of instruction fees of any kind; that the policy which prevails in the public schools of the State should be carried out in the new institution at the summit of the system. This demand was plausible, but the more I thought upon it the more illogical, fallacious, and injurious it seemed; and, in spite of some hard knocks in consequence, I have continued to dissent from it, and feel that events have justified me.

Since this view of mine largely influenced the plan of the university, this is perhaps as good a place as any to sketch its development. In the first place, I soon saw that the analogy between free education in the public schools and in the university is delusive, the conditions of the two being entirely dissimilar. In a republic like ours primary education of the voters is a practical necessity. No republic of real weight in the world, except Switzerland and the United States, has proved permanent; and the only difference between the many republics which have failed and these two, which, we hope, have succeeded, is that in the former the great body of the citizens were illiterate, while in the latter the great body of voters have had some general education. Without this education, sufficient for an understanding of the main questions involved, no real republic or democracy can endure. With general primary education up to a point necessary for the intelligent exercise of the suffrage, one may have hopes for the continuance and development of a democratic republic. On this account primary education should be made free: it is part of our political system; it is the essential condition of its existence.

The purpose of university education is totally different. The interest of the Republic is, indeed, that it should maintain the very highest and best provision for advanced instruction, general, scientific, and technical; and it is also in the highest interest of the Republic that its fittest young men and women should secure such instruction. No republic, no nation in fact, possesses any other treasure comparable to its young citizens of active mind and earnest purpose. This is felt at the present time by all the great nations of the world, and consequently provision is made in almost all of them for the highest education of such men and women. Next to the general primary education of all voters, the most important duty of our Republic is to develop the best minds it possesses for the best service in all its fields of high intellectual activity. To do this it must supply the best university education, and must smooth the way for those to acquire it who are best fitted for it, no matter how oppressive their poverty.

Now, my first objection to gratuitous university instruction to all students alike is that it stands in the way of this most important consummation; that it not only does not accomplish the end which is desirable, but that it does accomplish another which is exceedingly undesirable. For the real problem to be solved is this: How shall the higher education in different fields be brought within reach of the young men and women best fitted to acquire it, to profit by it, and to use it to best advantage? Any one acquainted with American schools and universities knows that the vast majority of these young people best fitted to profit by higher education come from the families of small means. What does gratuitous instruction in the university offer them? Merely a remission of instruction fees, which, after all, are but a small part of the necessary expenses of a university course. With many of these young persons—probably with most—a mere remission of instruction fees is utterly insufficient to enable them to secure advanced education. I have alluded to the case of President Cleveland, who, having been well fitted

for the university, could not enter. His father being a country clergyman with a large family and small means, the future Chief Executive of the United States was obliged to turn aside to a teacher's place and a clerkship which afforded him a bare support. At the Hamilton College commencement a few years since, Mr. Cleveland, pointing to one of the professors, was reported as saying in substance: "My old school friend by my side is, of all men, the one I have most envied: he was able to buy a good edition of Vergil; I was not."

It would not have been at all difficult for him to secure a remission of instruction fees at various American colleges and universities; but the great difficulty was that he could not secure the means necessary for his board, for his clothing, for his traveling expenses, for his books, for all the other things that go to make up the real cost of life at a university. I can think of but one way, and that is, as a rule, to charge instruction fees upon the great body of the students, but both to remit instruction fees and to give scholarships and fellowships to those who, in competitive examinations and otherwise, show themselves especially worthy of such privileges. This is in conformity to the system of nature; it is the survival of the fittest. This was the main reason which led me to insert in the charter of Cornell University the provision by which at present six hundred students from the State of New York are selected by competitive examinations out of the mass of scholars in the public schools, and to provide that each of these best scholars shall have free instruction for four years.

But this was only a part of the system. From the first I have urged the fact above mentioned, namely, that while remission of instruction fees is a step in the right direction, it is not sufficient; and I have always desired to see some university recognize the true and sound principle of free instruction in universities by *consecrating all moneys received from instruction fees to the creation of competitive scholarships and fellowships, each of which*

shall amount to a sum sufficient to meet, with economy, the living expenses of a student. This plan I was enabled, in considerable measure, to carry out by establishing the competitive scholarships in each Assembly district; and later, as will be seen in another chapter, I was enabled, by a curious transformation of a calamity into a blessing, to carry it still further by establishing endowed scholarships and fellowships. These latter scholarships, each, as a general rule, of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, were awarded to those who passed the best examinations and maintained the best standing in their classes; while the fellowships, each of the value of from four to five hundred dollars a year, were awarded to the seniors of our own or other universities who had been found most worthy of them. In the face of considerable opposition I set this system in motion at Cornell; and its success leads me to hope that it will be further developed, not only there, but elsewhere. Besides this, I favored arrangements for remitting instruction fees and giving aid to such students as really showed promising talent, and who were at the time needy. To this end a loan fund was created which has been carefully managed and has aided many excellent men through the university courses.[1] Free instruction, carried out in accordance with the principle and plan above sketched, will, I feel sure, prove of great value to our country. Its effect is to give to the best and brightest young men, no matter how poor, just the chance they need; and not as a matter of charity, but as a matter of wise policy. This is a system which I believe would be fraught with blessings to our country, securing advanced education to those who can profit by it, and strengthening their country by means of it.

On the other hand, the system of gratuitous remission of instruction fees to all students alike, whether rich or poor, I believe to be injurious to the country, for the following reasons: First, it generally cripples the insti-

[1] It has since been greatly increased by the bequest of a public-spirited New York merchant.

tution which gives it. Two or three large institutions which have thought themselves in possession of endowments sufficient to warrant giving gratuitous instruction have tried it, but as a rule have not been able to go on with it, and have at last come to the principle of charging moderate fees. Secondly, it simply makes a present of a small sum to a large number of young men, most of whom neither need nor appreciate it, and who would be better for regarding their university instruction as something worth paying for.

But my main objection to the system of indiscriminate gratuitous instruction is that it does the country a positive injury in drawing away from the farms, workshops, and stores large numbers of young persons who would better have been allowed to remain there; that it tends to crowd what have been called "the learned professions" with men not really fitted for them; that it draws masses of men whose good right arms would be of great value in the rural districts, and makes them parasites in the cities. The farmers and the artisans complain of the lack of young men and women for their work; the professional men complain that the cities are overstocked with young men calling themselves lawyers, doctors, engineers, and the like, but really unworthy to exercise either profession, who live on the body politic as parasites more or less hurtful. This has certainly become an evil in other countries: every enlightened traveler knows that the ranks of the anarchists in Russia are swollen by what are called "*fruits secs*"—that is, by young men and young women tempted away from manual labor and avocations for which they are fit into "professions" for which they are unfit. The more *first-rate* young men and young women our universities and technical schools educate the better; but the more young men and women of mediocre minds and weak purpose whom they push into the ranks of poor lawyers, poor doctors, poor engineers, and the like, the more injury they do to the country.

As I now approach the end of life and look back over

the development of Cornell University, this at least seems to me one piece of good fortune—namely, that I have aided to establish there the principle of using our means, so far as possible, not for indiscriminate gratuitous higher education of men unfit to receive it; not, as President Jordan has expressed it, in "trying to put a five-thousand-dollar education into a fifty-cent boy"; but in establishing a system which draws out from the community, even from its poorest and lowliest households, the best, brightest, strongest young men and women, and develops their best powers, thus adding to the greatest treasure which their country can possess.

CHAPTER XXIII

"COEDUCATION" AND AN UNSECTARIAN PULPIT—1871-1904

STILL another new departure was in some respects bolder than any of those already mentioned. For some years before the organization of Cornell, I had thought much upon the education of women, and had gradually arrived at the conclusion that they might well be admitted to some of the universities established for young men. Yet, at the same time, Herbert Spencer's argument as to the importance of avoiding everything like "mandarinism"—the attempt to force all educational institutions into the same mold—prevented my urging this admission of women upon all universities alike. I recognized obstacles to it in the older institutions which did not exist in the newer; but I had come to believe that where no special difficulties existed, women might well be admitted to university privileges. To this view I had been led by my own observation even in my boyhood. At Cortland Academy I had seen young men and women assembled in the classrooms without difficulty or embarrassment, and at Yale I had seen that the two or three lecture-rooms which admitted women were the most orderly and decent of all; but perhaps the strongest influence in this matter was exercised upon me by my mother. She was one of the most conservative of women, a High-church Episcopalian, and generally averse to modern reforms; but on my talking over with her some of my plans for Cornell University, she said: "I am not so sure about your other ideas, but as to the admission of women you are right. My main educa-

tion was derived partly from a boarding-school at Pittsfield considered one of the best in New England, and partly from Cortland Academy. In the boarding-school we had only young women, but in the academy we had both young men and young women; and I am sure that the results of the academy were much better than those of the boarding-school. The young men and young women learned to respect each other, not merely for physical, but for intellectual and moral qualities; so there came a healthful emulation in study, the men becoming more manly and the women more womanly; and never, so far as I have heard, did any of the evil consequences follow which some of your opponents are prophesying."

A conference with Dr. Woolworth, a teacher of the very largest experience, showed me that none of the evil results which were prophesied had resulted. He solemnly assured me that, during his long experiences as principal of two or three large academies, and, as secretary of the Board of Regents, in close contact with all the academies and high schools of the State, he had never known of a serious scandal arising between students of different sexes.

As I drafted the main features of the university charter these statements were in my mind, but I knew well that it would be premature to press the matter at the outset. It would certainly have cost us the support of the more conservative men in the legislature. All that I could do at that time I did; and this was to keep out of the charter anything which could embarrass us regarding the question in the future, steadily avoiding in every clause relating to students the word "man," and as steadily using the word "person." In conversations between Mr. Cornell and myself on this subject, I found that we agreed; and in our addresses at the opening of the university we both alluded to it, he favoring it in general terms, and I developing sundry arguments calculated to prepare the way for future action upon it. At the close of the exercises Mr. John McGraw, who was afterward so munificent toward us, came to me and said: "My old business partner, Henry

Sage, who sat next me during the exercises this morning, turned to me during your allusion to Mr. Cornell with tears in his eyes, and said: 'John, we are scoundrels to stand doing nothing while those men are killing themselves to establish this university.' " In the afternoon Mr. Sage himself came to me and said: "I believe you are right in regard to admitting women, but you are evidently carrying as many innovations just now as public opinion will bear; when you are ready to move in the matter, let me know."

The following year came the first application of a young woman for admission. Her case was strong, for she presented a certificate showing that she had passed the best examination for the State scholarship in Cortland County; and on this I admitted her. Under the scholarship clause in the charter I could not do otherwise. On reporting the case to the trustees, they supported me unanimously, though some of them reluctantly. The lady student proved excellent from every point of view, and her admission made a mere temporary ripple on the surface of our affairs; but soon came a peculiar difficulty. The only rooms for students in those days on the University Hill were in the barracks filled with young men; and therefore the young woman took rooms in town, coming up to lectures two or three times a day. It was a hard struggle; for the paths and roads leading to the university grounds, four hundred feet above the valley, were not as in these days, and the electric trolley had not been invented. She bore the fatigue patiently until winter set in; then she came to me, expressing regret at her inability to toil up the icy steep, and left us. On my reporting this to the trustees, Mr. Sage made his proposal. I had expected from him a professorship or a fellowship; but to my amazement he offered to erect and endow a separate college for young women in the university, and for this purpose to give us two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A committee of trustees having been appointed to examine and report upon this proposal, I was made its chairman; and,

in company with Mr. Sage, visited various Western institutions where experiments in the way of what was called "coeducation" had been tried. At Oberlin College in Ohio two serious doubts were removed from my mind. The first of these was regarding the health of the young women. I had feared that in the hard work and vigorous competitions of the university they would lose their physical strength; but here we found that, with wise precautions, the health of the young women had been quite equal to that of the young men. My other fear was that their education with young men might cost some sacrifice of the better general characteristics of both sexes; but on studying the facts I became satisfied that the men had been made more manly and the women more womanly. As to the manliness there could be little doubt; for the best of all tests had been applied only a few years before, when Oberlin College had poured forth large numbers of its young men, as volunteers, into the Union army. As to the good effect upon women, it was easy to satisfy myself when I met them, not only at the college, but in various beautiful Western homes.

Very striking testimony was also given at the University of Michigan. Ten years earlier I had known that institution well, and my professorship there, which lasted six years, had made me well acquainted with the character and spirit of its students; but, since my day, women had been admitted, and some of the results of this change surprised me much. Formerly a professor's lecture- or recitation-room had been decidedly a roughish place. The men had often been slouchy and unkempt. Now all was quiet and orderly, the dress of the students much neater; in fact, it was the usual difference between assemblages of men alone and of men and women together, or, as I afterward phrased it, "between the smoking-car and the car back of it." Perhaps the most convincing piece of testimony came from an old janitor. As I met him I said: "Well, J——, do the students still make life a burden to you?" "Oh, no," he answered; "that is all gone by. They can't rush each

other up and down the staircases or have boxing-matches in the lobbies any longer, for the girls are there."

My report went fully into the matter, favored the admission of women, and was adopted by the trustees unanimously—a thing which surprised me somewhat, since two of them, Judge Folger and Mr. Erastus Brooks, were among the most conservative men I have ever known. The general results were certainly fortunate; though one or two minor consequences were, for a year or two, somewhat disappointing. Two or three of the faculty and a considerable number of the students were greatly opposed to the admission of women, a main cause of this being the fear that it would discredit the institution in the eyes of members of other universities, and the number of the whole student body was consequently somewhat diminished; but that feeling died away, the numbers became larger than ever, and the system proved a blessing, not only to the university, but to the State at large. None of the prophecies of evil so freely made by the opponents of the measure have ever been fulfilled. Every arrangement was made in Mr. Sage's building to guard the health of the young women; and no one will say that the manliness of men or the womanliness of women has ever suffered in consequence of the meeting of the two sexes in class-rooms, laboratories, chapel, or elsewhere. From one evil which was freely prophesied the university has been singularly free. It was declared that a great deal of "spooning" would result. This has not been the case. Both sexes seem to have been on their guard against it; and, although pleasant receptions have, as a rule, taken place weekly at Sage College, and visits to its residents have been permitted at suitable times, no embarrassing attachments have resulted.

The main difficulties arose from a cause which proved very short-lived. Several of the young women who first applied for admission held high ideas as to their rights. To them Sage College was an offense. Its beautiful parlors, conservatories, library, lecture-rooms, and lawns,

with its lady warden who served as guide, philosopher, and friend, were all the result of a deep conspiracy against the rights of women. Again and again a committee of them came to me, insisting that young women should be treated exactly like young men; that there should be no lady warden; that every one of them should be free to go and come from Sage College at every hour in the twenty-four, as young men were free to go and come from their dormitories. My answer was that the cases were not the same; that when young women insisted on their right to come and go at all times of the day and night, as they saw fit, without permission, it was like their right to walk from the campus to the beautiful point opposite us on the lake: the right they undoubtedly had, but insurmountable obstacles were in the way; and I showed them that a firm public opinion was an invincible barrier to the liberties they claimed. Still, they were allowed advisory powers in the management of the college; the great majority made wise use of this right, and all difficulty was gradually overcome.

Closely connected with the erection of Sage College was the establishment of Sage Chapel. From the first I had desired to have every working-day begun with a simple religious service at which attendance should be voluntary, and was glad to see that in the cheerless lecture-room where this service was held there usually assembled a goodly number of professors and students, in spite of the early hour and long walk from town. But for Sunday there was no provision; and one day, on my discussing the matter with Mr. Sage, he said that he would be glad to establish a chapel on the university grounds for the general use of professors and students, if I saw no objection. This proposal I heartily welcomed, but on two conditions: first, that the chapel should never be delivered over to any one sect; secondly, that students should be attracted, but not coerced into it. To these conditions Mr. Sage agreed, and the building was erected.

As it approached completion there came a proposal which opened a new era in our university life. Mr. Dean

Sage, the eldest son of him who had given us the women's college and the chapel, proposed to add an endowment for a chaplaincy, and suggested that a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church be appointed to that office. This would have been personally pleasing to me; for, though my churchmanship was "exceeding broad," I was still attracted to the church in which I was brought up, and felt nowhere else so much at home. But it seemed to me that we had no right, under our charter, to give such prominence to any single religious organization; and I therefore proposed to the donor that the endowment be applied to a preachership to be filled by leading divines of all denominations. In making this proposal I had in view, not only the unsectarian feature embodied in our charter, but my observation of university chaplaincies generally. I had noticed that, at various institutions, excellent clergymen, good preachers, thorough scholars, charming men, when settled as chaplains, had, as a rule, been unable to retain their hold upon the great body of the students. The reason was not far to seek. The average parish clergyman, even though he be not a strong preacher or profound scholar or brilliant talker, if he be at all fit for his position, gradually wins the hearts of his congregation. He has baptized their children, married their young men and maidens, buried their dead, rejoiced with those who have rejoiced, and wept with those who have wept. A strong tie has thus grown up. But such a tie between a chaplain and bodies of students shifting from year to year, is, in the vast majority of cases, impossible. Hence it is that even the most brilliant preachers settled in universities have rapidly lost their prestige among the students. I remembered well how, at Geneva and at Yale, my collegemates joked at the peculiarities of clergymen connected with the college, who, before I entered it, had been objects of my veneration. I remembered that at Yale one of my class was wont to arouse shouts of laughter by his droll imitations of the prayers of the leading professors—imitations in which their gestures, intonations, and bits of

rhetoric and oratory were most ludicrously caricatured. I remembered, too, how a college pastor, a man greatly revered, was really driven out of the university pulpit by a squib in a students' paper, and how several of his successors had finally retreated into professorships in the Divinity School; and I felt that leading men coming from week to week from the outside world would be taken at the value which the outside world puts upon them, and that they would bring in a fresh atmosphere. My expectations were more than fulfilled. The preachership having been established, I sent invitations to eminent clergymen along the whole gamut of belief, from the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese to the most advanced Protestants. The bishop answered me most courteously; but, to my sincere regret, declined. One or two bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church also made some difficulties at first, but gradually they were glad to accept; for it was felt to be a privilege and a pleasure to preach to so large a body of open-minded young men, and the course of sermons has for years deepened and strengthened what is best in university life. The whole system was indeed at first attacked; and while we had formerly been charged with godlessness, we were now charged with "indifferentism" —whatever that might mean. But I have had the pleasure of living to see this system adopted at other leading universities of our country, and it is evidently on its way to become the prevailing system among all of them. I believe that no pulpit in the United States has exercised a more powerful influence for good. Strong men have been called to it from all the leading religious bodies; and they, knowing the character of their audience, have never advocated sectarianism, but have presented the great fundamental truths upon which all religion must be based.

The first of these university preachers was Phillips Brooks, and he made a very deep impression. An interesting material result of his first sermon was that Mr. William Sage, the second son of our benefactor, came forward at the close of the service, and authorized me to

secure a beautiful organ for the university chapel.[1] In my addresses to students I urged them to attend for various good reasons, and, if for none of these, because a man is but poorly educated who does not keep himself abreast of the religious thought of his country. Curious was it to see Japanese students, some of them Buddhists, very conscientious in their attendance, their eyes steadily fixed upon the preacher.

My selections for the preachership during the years of my presidency were made with great care. So far as possible, I kept out all "sensational preaching." I had no wish to make the chapel a place for amusement or for ground and lofty tumbling by clerical performers, and the result was that its ennobling influence was steadily maintained.

Some other pulpits in the university town were not so well guarded. A revivalist, having been admitted to one of them, attempted to make a sensation in various ways; and one evening laid great stress on the declaration that she was herself a brand plucked from the burning, and that her parents were undoubtedly lost. A few minutes afterward, one of the Cornell students present, thinking, doubtless, that his time would be better employed upon his studies, arose and walked down the aisle to the door. At this the preacher called out, "There goes a young man straight down to hell." Thereupon the student turned instantly toward the preacher and asked quietly, "Have you any message to send to your father and mother?"

Our list of university preachers, both from our own and other countries, as I look back upon it, is wonderful to me. Becoming acquainted with them, I have learned to love very many men whom I previously distrusted, and have come to see more and more the force of the saying, "The man I don't like is the man I don't know." Many of their arguments have not appealed to me, but some from which I have entirely dissented, have suggested trains of profitable thought; in fact, no services have ever

[1] Sunday, June 13, 1875.

done more for me, and, judging from the numbers who have thronged the chapel, there has been a constant good influence upon the faculty and students.

In connection with the chapel may be mentioned the development of various religious associations, the first of these being the Young Men's Christian Association. Feeling the importance of this, although never a member of it, I entered heartily into its plan, and fitted up a hall for its purposes. As this hall had to serve also, during certain evenings in the week, for literary societies, I took pains to secure a series of large and fine historical engravings from England, France, and Germany, among them some of a decidedly religious cast, brought together after a decidedly Broad-church fashion. Of these, two, adjoining each other, represented—the one, Luther discussing with his associates his translation of the Bible, and the other, St. Vincent de Paul comforting the poor and the afflicted; and it was my hope that the juxtaposition of these two pictures might suggest ideas of toleration in its best sense to the young men and women who were to sit beneath them. About the room, between these engravings, I placed some bronze statuettes, obtained in Europe, representing men who had done noble work in the world; so that it was for some years one of the attractions of the university.

Some years later came a gift very advantageous to this side of university life. A gentleman whom I had known but slightly—Mr. Alfred S. Barnes of Brooklyn, a trustee of the university—dropped in at my house one morning, and seemed to have something on his mind. By and by he very modestly asked what I thought of his putting up a building for the religious purposes of the students. I welcomed the idea joyfully; only expressing the hope that it would not be tied up in any way, but open to all forms of religious effort. In this idea he heartily concurred, and the beautiful building which bears his honored name was the result,—one of the most perfect for its purposes that can be imagined,—and as he asked me to write an inscription for the corner-stone, I placed on it the words: "For

the Promotion of God's Work among Men." This has seemed, ever since, to be the key-note of the work done in that building.

It has been, and is, a great pleasure to me to see young men joining in religious effort; and I feel proud of the fact that from this association at Cornell many strong and earnest men have gone forth to good work as clergymen in our own country and in others.

In the erection of the new group of buildings south of the upper university quadrangle, as well as in building the president's house hard by, an opportunity was offered for the development of some minor ideas regarding the evolution of university life at Cornell which I had deeply at heart. During my life at Yale, as well as during visits to various other American colleges, I had been painfully impressed by the lack of any development of that which may be called the commemorative or poetical element. In the long row of barracks at Yale one longed for some little bit of beauty, and hungered and thirsted for something which connected the present with the past; but, with the exception of the portraits in the Alumni Hall, there was little more to feed the sense of beauty or to meet one's craving for commemoration of the past than in a cotton-factory. One might frequent the buildings at Yale or Harvard or Brown, as they then were, for years, and see nothing of an architectural sort which had been put in its place for any other reason than bare utility.

Hence came an effort to promote at Cornell some development of a better kind. Among the first things I ordered were portraits by competent artists of the leading non-resident professors, Agassiz, Lowell, Curtis, and Goldwin Smith. This example was, from time to time, followed by the faculty and trustees, the former commemorating by portraits some of their more eminent members, and the latter ordering portraits of some of those who had connected their names with the university by benefactions or otherwise, such as Mr. Cornell, Senator Morrill, Mr. Sage, Mr. McGraw, and others. The alumni and undergradu-

ates also added portraits of professors. This custom has proved very satisfactory; and the line of portraits hanging in the library cannot fail to have an ennobling influence on many of those who, day after day, sit beneath them.

But the erection of these new buildings—Sage College, Sage Chapel, Barnes Hall, and, finally, the university library—afforded an opportunity to do something of a different sort. There was a chance for some effort to promote beauty of detail in construction, and, fortunately, the forethought of Goldwin Smith helped us greatly in this. On his arrival in Ithaca, just after the opening of the university, he had seen that we especially needed thoroughly trained artisans; and he had written to his friend Auberon Herbert, asking him to select and send from England a number of the best he could find. Nearly all proved of value, and one of them gave himself to the work in a way which won my heart. This was Robert Richardson, a stone-carver. I at first employed him to carve sundry capitals, corbels, and spandrels for the president's house, which I was then building on the university grounds; and this work was so beautifully done that, in the erection of Sage College, another opportunity was given him. Any one who, to-day, studies the capitals of the various columns, especially those in the porch, in the loggia of the northern tower, and in some of the front windows, will feel that he put his heart into the work. He wrought the flora of the region into these creations of his, and most beautifully. But best of all was his work in the chapel. The tracery of the windows, the capitals of the columns, and the corbels supporting the beams of the roof were masterpieces; and, in my opinion, no investment of equal amount has proved to be of more value to us, even for the moral and intellectual instruction of our students, than these examples of a conscientious devotion of genius and talent which he thus gave us.

The death of Mr. Cornell afforded an opportunity for a further development in the same direction. It was felt

that his remains ought to rest on that beautiful site, in the midst of the institution he loved so well; and I proposed that a memorial chapel be erected, beneath which his remains and those of other benefactors of the university might rest, and that it should be made beautiful. This was done. The stone vaulting, the tracery, and other decorative work, planned by our professor of architecture, and carried out as a labor of love by Richardson, were all that I could desire. The trustees, entering heartily into the plan, authorized me to make an arrangement with Story, the American sculptor at Rome, to execute a reclining statue of Mr. Cornell above the crypt where rest his remains; and citizens of Ithaca also authorized me to secure in London the memorial window beneath which the statue is placed. Other memorials followed, in the shape of statues, busts, and tablets, as others who had been loved and lost were laid to rest in the chapel crypt, until the little building has become a place of pilgrimage. In the larger chapel, also, tablets and windows were erected from time to time; and the mosaic and other decorations of the memorial apse, recently erected as a place of repose for the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sage, are a beautiful development of the same idea.

So, too, upon the grounds, some effort was made to connect the present with the past. Here, as elsewhere in our work, it seemed to me well to impress, upon the more thinking students at least, the idea that all they saw had not "happened so," without the earnest agency of human beings; but that it had been the result of the earnest life-work of men and women, and that no life-work to which a student might aspire could be more worthy. In carrying out this idea upon the "campus" Goldwin Smith took the lead by erecting the stone seat which has now stood there for over thirty years. Other memorials followed, among them a drinking-fountain, the stone bridge across the Cascadilla, the memorial seat back of the library, the entrance gateway, and the like; and, at the lamented death of Richardson, another English stone-

carver put his heart into some of the details of the newly erected library.

Meanwhile, the grounds themselves became more and more beautiful. There was indeed one sad mistake; and I feel bound, in self-defense, to state that it was made during an absence of mine in Europe: this was the erection of the chemical laboratory upon the promontory northwest of the upper quadrangle. That site afforded one of the most beautiful views in our own or any other country. A very eminent American man of letters, who had traveled much in other countries, said to me, as we stood upon it, "I have traveled hundreds of miles in Europe to obtain views not half so beautiful as this." It was the place to which Mr. Cornell took the trustees at their first meeting in Ithaca, when their view from it led them to choose the upper site for the university buildings rather than the lower. On this spot I remember once seeing Phillips Brooks evidently overawed by the amazing beauty of the scene spread out at his feet—the great amphitheater to the south and southwest, the hills beyond, and Cayuga Lake stretching to the north and northwest. But though this part of the grounds has been covered by a laboratory which might better have been placed elsewhere, much is still left, and this has been treated so as to add to the natural charm of the surroundings. With the exception of the grounds of the State University of Wisconsin and of the State University and Stanford University in California, I know of none approaching in beauty those of Cornell. I feel bound to say, however, that there is a danger. Thus far, though mistakes have been made here and there, little harm has been done which is irremediable. But this may not always be the case. In my view, one of the most important things to be done by the trustees is to have a general plan most carefully decided upon which shall be strictly conformed to in the erection of all future buildings, no matter what their size or character may be. This has been urged from time to time, but

deferred.[1] The experience of other universities in the United States is most instructive in this respect. Nearly every one of them has suffered greatly from the want of some such general plan. One has but to visit almost any one of them to see buildings of different materials and styles—classical, Renaissance, Gothic, and nondescript —thrown together in a way at times fairly ludicrous. Thomas Jefferson, in founding the University of Virginia, was wiser; and his beautiful plan was carried out so fully, under his own eyes, that it has never been seriously departed from. At Stanford University, thanks to the wisdom of its founders, a most beautiful plan was adopted, to which the buildings have been so conformed that nothing could be more satisfactory; and recently another noble Californian—Mrs. Hearst—has devoted a queenly gift to securing a plan worthy of the University of California. At the opening of Cornell, as I have already said, a general plan was determined upon, with an upper quadrangle of stone, plain but dignified, to be at some future time architecturally enriched, and with a freer treatment of buildings on other parts of the grounds; but there is always danger, and I trust that I may be allowed to remind my associates and successors in the board of trustees, of the necessity, in the future development of the university, for a satisfactory plan, suitable to the site, to be steadily kept in mind.

[1] It has now—1904—been very intelligently developed.

CHAPTER XXIV

ROCKS, STORMS, AND PERIL—1868-1874

THUS far I have dwelt especially upon the steady development of the university in its general system of instruction, its faculty, its equipment, and its daily life; but it must not be supposed that all was plain sailing. On the contrary, there were many difficulties, some discouragements, and at times we passed through very deep waters. There were periods when ruin stared us in the face—when I feared that my next move must be to close our doors and announce the suspension of instruction. The most serious of these difficulties were financial. Mr. Cornell had indeed endowed the institution munificently, and others followed his example: the number of men and women who came forward to do something for it was astonishing. In addition to the great endowments made by Mr. Cornell, Mr. Sage, Mr. McGraw, Mr. Sibley, and others, which aggregated millions, there were smaller gifts no less encouraging: Goldwin Smith's gift of his services, of his library, and of various sums to increase it, rejoiced us all; and many other evidences of confidence, in the shape of large collections of books and material, cheered us in that darkest period; and from that day to this such gifts have continued.

Some of the minor gifts were especially inspiring, as showing the breadth of interest in our work. One of them warmed my heart when it was made, and for many years afterward cheered me amid many cares. As Mr. Sage and myself were one day looking over matters upon the

grounds, there came along, in his rough wagon, a plain farmer from a distant part of the county, a hard-working man of very small means, who had clearly something upon his mind. Presently he said: "I would very much like to do something for the university if I could. I have no money to give; but I have thought that possibly some good elm-trees growing on my farm might be of use to you, and if you wish them I will put them in the best condition and bring them to you." This offer we gladly accepted; the farmer brought the trees; they were carefully planted; they have now, for over twenty years, given an increasing and ever more beautiful shade to one of the main university avenues; and in the line of them stands a stone on which are engraved the words, "Ostrander Elms."

But while all this encouraged us, there were things of a very different sort. Could the university have been developed gradually, normally, and in obedience to a policy determined solely by its president, trustees, and faculty, all would have gone easily. But our charter made this impossible. Many departments must be put into operation speedily, each one of them demanding large outlay for buildings, equipment, and instruction. From all parts of the State came demands—some from friends, some from enemies—urging us to do this, blaming us for not doing that, and these utterances were echoed in various presses, and reëchoed from the State legislature. Every nerve had to be strained to meet these demands. I remember well that when a committee of the Johns Hopkins trustees, just before the organization of that university, visited Cornell and looked over our work, one of them said to me: "We at least have this in our favor: we can follow out our own conceptions and convictions of what is best; we have no need of obeying the injunctions of any legislature, the beliefs of any religious body, or the clamors of any press; we are free to do what we really believe best, as slowly, and in such manner, as we see fit." As this was said a feeling of deep envy came over me: our condition was the

very opposite of that. In getting ready for the opening of the university in October, 1868, as required by our charter, large sums had to be expended on the site now so beautiful, but then so unpromising. Mr. Cornell's private affairs, as also the constant demands upon him in locating the university lands on the northern Mississippi, kept him a large part of the time far from the university; and my own university duties crowded every day. The president of a university in those days tilled a very broad field. He must give instruction, conduct examinations, preside over the faculty, correspond with the trustees, address the alumni in various parts of the country, respond to calls for popular lectures, address the legislature from time to time with reference to matters between the university and the State, and write for reviews and magazines; and all this left little time for careful control of financial matters.

In this condition of things Mr. Cornell had installed, as "business manager," a gentleman supposed to be of wide experience, who, in everything relating to the ordinary financial management of the institution, was all-powerful. But as months went on I became uneasy. Again and again I urged that a careful examination be made of our affairs, and that reports be laid before us which we could clearly understand; but Mr. Cornell, always optimistic, assured me that all was going well, and the matter was deferred. Finally, I succeeded in impressing upon my colleagues in the board the absolute necessity of an investigation. It was made, and a condition of things was revealed which at first seemed appalling. The charter of the university made the board of trustees personally liable for any debt over fifty thousand dollars, and we now discovered that we were owing more than three times that amount. At this Mr. Cornell made a characteristic proposal. He said: "I will pay half of this debt if you can raise the other half." It seemed impossible. Our friends had been called upon so constantly and for such considerable sums that it seemed vain to ask them for

more. But we brought together at Albany a few of the most devoted, and in fifteen minutes the whole amount was subscribed: four members of the board of trustees agreed to give each twenty thousand dollars; and this, with Mr. Cornell's additional subscription, furnished the sum needed.

Then took place one of the things which led me later in life, looking back over the history of the university, to say that what had seemed to be our worst calamities had generally proved to be our greatest blessings. Among these I have been accustomed to name the monstrous McGuire attack in the Assembly on Mr. Cornell, which greatly disheartened me for the moment, but which eventually led the investigation committee not only to show to the world Mr. Cornell's complete honesty and self-sacrifice, but to recommend the measures which finally transferred the endowment fund from the State to the trustees, thus strengthening the institution greatly. So now a piece of good luck came out of this unexpected debt. As soon as the subscription was made, Mr. George W. Schuyler, treasurer of the university, in drawing up the deed of gift, ended it with words to the following effect: "And it is hereby agreed by the said Ezra Cornell, Henry W. Sage, Hiram Sibley, John McGraw, and Andrew D. White, that in case the said university shall ever be in position to repay their said subscriptions, then and in that case the said entire sum of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars *shall be repaid into a university fund for the creation of fellowships and scholarships* in the said university." A general laugh arose among the subscribers, Mr. McGraw remarking that this was rather offhand dealing with us; but all took it in good part and signed the agreement. It is certain that not one of us then expected in his lifetime to see the university able to repay the money; but, within a few years, as our lands were sold at better prices than we expected, the university was in condition to make restitution. At first some of the trustees demurred to investing so large a sum in fellowships and scholarships,

and my first effort to carry through a plan to this effect failed; but at the next meeting I was successful; and so, in this apparently calamitous revelation of debt began that system of university fellowships and scholarships which has done so much for the development of higher instruction at Cornell.

So far as the university treasury was concerned, matters thenceforth went on well. Never again did the university incur any troublesome debt; from that day to this its finances have been so managed as to excite the admiration even of men connected with the most successful and best managed corporations of our country. But financial difficulties far more serious than the debt just referred to arose in a different quarter. In assuming the expenses of locating and managing the university lands, protecting them, paying taxes upon them, and the like, Mr. Cornell had taken upon himself a fearful load, and it pressed upon him heavily. But this was not all. It was, indeed, far from the worst; for, in his anxiety to bring the university town into easy connection with the railway system of the State, he had invested very largely in local railways leading into Ithaca. Under these circumstances, while he made heroic efforts and sacrifices, his relations to the comptroller of the State, who still had in his charge the land scrip of the university, became exceedingly difficult. At the very crisis of this difficulty Mr. Cornell's hard work proved too much for him, and he lay down to die. The university affairs, so far as the land-grant fund was concerned, seemed hopelessly entangled with his own and with those of the State: it seemed altogether likely that at his death the institution would be subjected to years of litigation, to having its endowment tied up in the courts, and to a suspension of its operations. Happily, we had as our adviser Francis Miles Finch, since justice of the Court of Appeals of the State, and now dean of the Law School—a man of noble character, of wonderfully varied gifts, an admirable legal adviser, devoted personally to Mr. Cornell, and no less devoted to the university.

He set at work to disentangle the business relations of Mr. Cornell with the university, and of both with the State. Every member of the board, every member of Mr. Cornell's family,—indeed, every member of the community,—knew him to be honest, faithful, and capable. He labored to excellent purpose, and in due time the principal financial members of the board were brought together at Ithaca to consider his solution of the problem. It was indeed a dark day; we were still under the shadow of "Black Friday," the worst financial calamity in the history of the nation. Mr. Finch showed us that the first thing needful was to raise about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which could be tendered to the comptroller of the State in cash, who, on receiving it, would immediately turn over to the trustees the land scrip, which it was all-important should be in our possession at the death of Mr. Cornell. He next pointed out the measures to be taken in separating the interests of the university from Mr. Cornell's estate, and these were provided for. The sum required for obtaining control of the land scrip was immediately subscribed as a loan, virtually without security, by members of the board then present; though at that depressing financial period of the country strong men went about with the best of securities, unable to borrow money upon them. In a few days Mr. Cornell was dead; but the university was safe. Mr. Finch's plan worked well in every particular; and this, which appeared likely to be a great calamity, resulted in the board of trustees obtaining control of the landed endowment of the institution, without which it must have failed. But the weeks while these negotiations were going on were gloomy indeed for me; rarely in my life have I been so unhappy. That crisis of our fate was the winter of 1874. The weather was cold and depressing, my family far off in Syracuse. My main refuge then, as at sundry other times of deep personal distress, was in work. In the little southwest room of the president's house, hardly yet finished and still unfurnished, I made my headquarters. Every morn-

ing a blazing fire was lighted on the hearth; every day I devoted myself to university work and to study for my lectures. Happily, my subject interested me deeply. It was "The Age of Discovery"; and, surrounded with my books, I worked on, forgetful, for the time, of the December storms howling about the house, and of the still more fearful storms beating against the university. Three new lectures having been thus added to my course on the Renaissance period, I delivered them to my class; and, just as I was finishing the last of them, a messenger came to tell me that Mr. Cornell was dying. Dismissing my students, I hurried to his house, but was just too late; a few minutes before my arrival his eyes had closed in death. But his work was done—nobly done. As I gazed upon his dead face on that 9th of December, 1874, I remember well that my first feeling was that he was happily out of the struggle; and that, wherever he might be, I could wish to be still with him. But there was no time for unavailing regrets.- We laid him reverently and affectionately to rest, in the midst of the scenes so dear to him, within the sound of the university chimes he so loved to hear, and pressed on with the work.

A few years later came another calamity, not, like the others, touching the foundations and threatening the existence of the university, yet hardly less crushing at the time; indeed, with two exceptions, it was the most depressing I have ever encountered. At the establishment of the university in Ithaca, one of the charter trustees who showed himself especially munificent to the new enterprise was Mr. John McGraw. One morning, while I was in the midst of the large collection of books sent by me from Europe, endeavoring to bring them into some order before the opening day, his daughter, Miss Jenny McGraw, came in, and I had the pleasure of showing her some of our more interesting treasures. She was a woman of kind and thoughtful nature, had traveled in her own country and abroad to good purpose, and was evidently deeply interested. Next day her father met me and said: "Well,

you are pressing us all into the service. Jenny came home yesterday, and said very earnestly, 'I wish that I could do something to help on the university'; to which I replied, 'Very well. Do anything you like; I shall be glad to see you join in the work.' " The result was the gift from her of the chime of bells which was rung at the opening of the university, and which, with the additions afterward made to it, have done beautiful service. On the bells she thus gave were inscribed the verses of the ninety-fifth chant of Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; and some weeks afterward I had the pleasure of placing in her hands what she considered an ample return for her gift—a friendly letter from Tennyson himself, containing some of the stanzas written out in his own hand. So began her interest in the university—an interest which never faltered.

A few years later she married one of our professors, an old friend of mine, and her marriage proved exceedingly happy; but, alas, its happiness was destined to be brief! Less than two years after her wedding day she was brought home from Europe to breathe her last in her husband's cottage on the university grounds, and was buried from the beautiful residence which she had built hard by, and had stored with works of art in every field.

At the opening of her will it was found that, while she had made ample provision for all who were near and dear to her, and for a multitude of charities, she had left to the university very nearly two millions of dollars, a portion of which was to be used for a student hospital, and the bulk of the remainder, amounting to more than a million and a half, for the university library. Her husband joined most heartily in her purpose, and all seemed ready for carrying it out in a way which would have made Cornell University, in that respect, unquestionably the foremost on the American continent. As soon as this munificent bequest was announced, I asked our leading lawyer, Judge Douglas Boardman, whether our charter allowed the university to take it, calling his attention to the

fact that, like most of its kind in the State of New York, it restricted the amount of property which the university could hold, and reminding him that we had already exceeded the limit thus allowed. To this he answered that the restriction was intended simply to prevent the endowment of corporations beyond what the legislature might think best for the commonwealth; that if the attorney-general did not begin proceedings against us to prevent our taking the property, no one else could; and that he would certainly never trouble us.

In view of the fact that Judge Boardman had long experience and was at the time judge of the Supreme Court of the State, I banished all thought of difficulty; though I could not but regret that, as he drew Mrs. Fiske's will, and at the same time knew the restrictions of our charter, he had not given us a hint, so that we could have had our powers of holding property enlarged. It would have been perfectly easy to have the restrictions removed, and, as a matter of fact, the legislature shortly afterward removed them entirely, without the slightest objection; but this action was too late to enable us to take the McGraw-Fiske bequest.

About a fortnight after these assurances that we were perfectly safe, Judge Boardman sent for me, and on meeting him I found that he had discovered a decision of the Court of Appeals—rendered a few years before—which might prevent our accepting the bequest.

But there was still much hope of inducing the main heirs to allow the purpose of Mrs. Fiske to be carried out. Without imputing any evil intentions to any person, I fully believe—indeed, I may say I *know*—that, had the matter been placed in my hands, this vast endowment would have been saved to us; but it was not so to be. Personal complications had arisen between the main heir and two of our trustees which increased the embarrassments of the situation. It is needless to go into them now; let all that be buried; but it may at least be said that day and night I labored to make some sort of arrangement between the

principal heir and the university, and finally took the steamer for Europe in order to meet him and see if some arrangement could be made. But personal bitterness had entered too largely into the contest, and my efforts were in vain. Though our legal advisers insisted that the university was sure of winning the case, we lost it in every court—first in the Supreme Court of the State, then in the Court of Appeals, and finally in the Supreme Court of the United States. To me all this was most distressing. The creation of such a library would have been the culmination of my work; I could then have sung my *Nunc dimittis*. But the calamity was not without its compensations. When the worst was known, Mr. Henry W. Sage, a lifelong friend of Mr. McGraw and of Mrs. Fiske, came to my house, evidently with the desire to console me. He said: "Don't allow this matter to prey upon you; Jenny shall have her library; it shall yet be built and well endowed." He was true to his promise. On the final decision against us, he added to his previous large gifts to the university a new donation of over six hundred thousand dollars, half of which went to the erection of the present library building, and the other half to an endowment fund. Professor Fiske also joined munificently in enlarging the library, adding various gifts which his practised eye showed him were needed, and, among these, two collections, one upon Dante and one in Romance literature, each the best of its kind in the United States. Mr. William Sage also added the noted library in German literature of Professor Zarncke of Leipsic; and various others contributed collections, larger or smaller, so that the library has become, as a whole, one of the best in the country. As I visit it, there often come back vividly to me remembrances of my college days, when I was wont to enter the Yale library and stand amazed in the midst of the sixty thousand volumes which had been brought together during one hundred and fifty years. They filled me with awe. But Cornell University has now, within forty years from its foundation, accumulated very nearly three hundred

thousand volumes, many among them of far greater value than anything contained in the Yale library of my day; and as I revise these lines comes news that the will of Professor Fiske, who recently died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, gives to the library all of his splendid collections in Italian history and literature at Florence, with the addition of nearly half a million of dollars.

Beside these financial and other troubles, another class of difficulties beset us, which were, at times, almost as vexatious. These were the continued attacks made by good men in various parts of the State and Nation, who thought they saw in Cornell a stronghold—first, of ideas in religion antagonistic to their own; and secondly, of ideas in education likely to injure their sectarian colleges. From the day when our charter was under consideration at Albany they never relented, and at times they were violent. The reports of my inauguration speech were, in sundry denominational newspapers, utterly distorted; far and wide was spread the story that Mr. Cornell and myself were attempting to establish an institution for the propagation of "atheism" and "infidelity." Certainly nothing could have been further from the purpose of either of us. He had aided, and loved to aid, every form of Christianity; I was myself a member of a Christian church and a trustee of a denominational college. Everything that we could do in the way of reasoning with our assailants was in vain. In talking with students from time to time, I learned that, in many cases, their pastors had earnestly besought them to go to any other institution rather than to Cornell; reports of hostile sermons reached us; bitter diatribes constantly appeared in denominational newspapers, and especially virulent were various addresses given on public occasions in the sectarian colleges which felt themselves injured by the creation of an unsectarian institution on so large a scale. Typical was the attack made by an eminent divine who, having been installed as president over one of the smaller colleges of the State, thought it his duty to denounce me as an "atheist," and to do this especially

in the city where I had formerly resided, and in the church which some of my family attended. I took no notice of the charge, and pursued the even tenor of my way; but the press took it up, and it recoiled upon the man who made it.

Perhaps the most comical of these attacks was one made by a clergyman of some repute before the Presbyterian Synod at Auburn in western New York. This gentleman, having attended one or two of the lectures by Agassiz before our scientific students, immediately rushed off to this meeting of his brethren, and insisted that the great naturalist was "preaching atheism and Darwinism" at the university. He seemed about to make a decided impression, when there arose a very dear old friend of mine, the Rev. Dr. Sherman Canfield, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Syracuse, who, fortunately, was a scholar abreast of current questions. Dr. Canfield quietly remarked that he was amazed to learn that Agassiz had, in so short a time, become an atheist, and not less astonished to hear that he had been converted to Darwinism; that up to that moment he had considered Agassiz a deeply religious man, and also the foremost—possibly, indeed, the last—great opponent of the Darwinian hypothesis. He therefore suggested that the resolution denouncing Cornell University brought in by his reverend brother be laid on the table to await further investigation. It was thus disposed of, and, in that region at least, it was never heard of more. Pleasing is it to me to chronicle the fact that, at Dr. Canfield's death, he left to the university a very important part of his library.

From another denominational college came an attack on Goldwin Smith. One of its professors published, in the Protestant Episcopal "Gospel Messenger," an attack upon the university for calling into its faculty a "Westminster Reviewer"; the fact being that Goldwin Smith was at that time a member of the Church of England, and had never written for the "Westminster Review" save in reply to one of its articles. So, too, when there were sculptured on the stone seat which he had ordered

carved for the university grounds the words, "Above all nations is humanity," there came an outburst. Sundry pastors, in their anxiety for the souls of the students, could not tell whether this inscription savored more of atheism or of pantheism. Its simple significance—that the claims of humanity are above those of nationality—entirely escaped them. Pulpit cushions were beaten in all parts of the State against us, and solemn warnings were renewed to students by their pastors to go anywhere for their education rather than to Cornell. Curiously, this fact became not only a gratuitous, but an effective, advertisement: many of the brightest men who came to us in those days confessed to me that these attacks first directed their attention to us.

We also owed some munificent gifts to this same cause. In two cases gentlemen came forward and made large additions to our endowment as their way of showing disbelief in these attacks or contempt for them.

Still, the attacks were vexatious even when impotent. Ingenious was the scheme carried out by a zealous young clergyman settled for a short time in Ithaca. Coming one day into my private library, he told me that he was very anxious to borrow some works showing the more recent tendencies of liberal thought. I took him to one of my book-cases, in which, by the side of the works of Bossuet and Fénelon and Thomas Arnold and Robertson of Brighton, he found those of Channing, Parker, Renan, Strauss, and the men who, in the middle years of the last century, were held to represent advanced thought. He looked them over for some time, made some excuse for not borrowing any of them just then, and I heard nothing more from him until there came, in a denominational newspaper, his eloquent denunciation of me for possessing such books. Impressive, too, must have been the utterances of an eminent "revivalist" who, in various Western cities, loudly asserted that Mr. Cornell had died lamenting his inability to base his university on atheism, and that I had fled to Europe declaring that in America an infidel university was, as yet, an impossibility.

For a long time I stood on the defensive, hoping that the provisions made for the growth of religious life among the students might show that we were not so wicked as we were represented; but, as all this seemed only to embitter our adversaries, I finally determined to take the offensive, and having been invited to deliver a lecture in the great hall of the Cooper Institute at New York, took as my subject "The Battle-fields of Science." In this my effort was to show how, in the supposed interest of religion, earnest and excellent men, for many ages and in many countries, had bitterly opposed various advances in science and in education, and that such opposition had resulted in most evil results, not only to science and education, but to religion. This lecture was published in full, next day, in the "New York Tribune"; extracts from it were widely copied; it was asked for by lecture associations in many parts of the country; grew first into two magazine articles, then into a little book which was widely circulated at home, reprinted in England with a preface by Tyndall, and circulated on the Continent in translations, was then expanded into a series of articles in the "Popular Science Monthly," and finally wrought into my book on "The Warfare of Science with Theology." In each of these forms my argument provoked attack; but all this eventually created a reaction in our favor, even in quarters where it was least expected. One evidence of this touched me deeply. I had been invited to repeat the lecture at New Haven, and on arriving there found a large audience of Yale professors and students; but, most surprising of all, in the chair for the evening, no less a personage than my revered instructor, Dr. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, president of the university. He was of a deeply religious nature; and certainly no man was ever, under all circumstances, more true to his convictions of duty. To be welcomed by him was encouragement indeed. He presented me cordially to the audience, and at the close of my address made a brief speech, in which he thoroughly supported my positions and bade me God-speed. Few things in my life have so encouraged me.

Attacks, of course, continued for a considerable time, some of them violent; but, to my surprise and satisfaction, when my articles were finally brought together in book form, the opposition seemed to have exhausted itself. There were even indications of approval in some quarters where the articles composing it had previously been attacked; and I received letters thoroughly in sympathy with the work from a number of eminent Christian men, including several doctors of divinity, and among these two bishops, one of the Anglican and one of the American Episcopal Church.

The final result was that slander against the university for irreligion was confined almost entirely to very narrow circles, of waning influence; and my hope is that, as its formative ideas have been thus welcomed by various leaders of thought, and have filtered down through the press among the people at large, they have done something to free the path of future laborers in the field of science and education from such attacks as those which Cornell was obliged to suffer.

CHAPTER XXV

CONCLUDING YEARS—1881-1885

TO this work of pressing on the development of the leading departments in the university, establishing various courses of instruction, and warding off attacks as best I could, was added the daily care of the regular and steady administration of affairs, and in this my duty was to coöperate with the trustees, the faculty, and the students. The trustees formed a body differently composed from any organization for university government up to that time. As a rule, such boards in the United States were, in those days, self-perpetuating. A man once elected into one of them was likely to remain a trustee during his natural life; and the result had been much dry-rot and, frequently, a very sleepy condition of things in American collegiate and university administration. In drawing the Cornell charter, we provided for a governing body by first naming a certain number of high State officers—the governor, lieutenant-governor, speaker, president of the State Agricultural Society, and others; next, a certain number of men of special fitness, who were to be elected by the board itself; and, finally, a certain proportion elected by the alumni from their own number. Beside these, the eldest male lineal descendant of Mr. Cornell, and the president of the university, were trustees *ex officio*. At the first nomination of the charter trustees, Mr. Cornell proposed that he should name half the number and I the other half. This was done, and pains were taken to select men accustomed to deal with large affairs. A very important pro-

vision was also made limiting their term of office to five years.

During the first nine years the chairmanship of the board was held by Mr. Cornell, but at his death Mr. Henry W. Sage was elected to it, who, as long as he lived, discharged its duties with the greatest conscientiousness and ability. To the finances of the university he gave that shrewd care which had enabled him to build up his own immense business. Freely and without compensation, he bestowed upon the institution labor for which any great business corporation would have gladly paid him a very large sum. For the immediate management, in the intervals of the quarterly meetings of the board, an executive committee of the trustees was created, which also worked to excellent purpose.

The faculty, which was at first comparatively small, was elected by the trustees upon my nomination. In deciding on candidates, I put no trust in mere paper testimonials, no matter from what source; but always saw the candidates themselves, talked with them, and then secured confidential communications regarding them from those who knew them best. The results were good, and to this hour I cherish toward the faculty, as toward the trustees, a feeling of the deepest gratitude. Throughout all the hard work of that period they supported me heartily and devotedly; without their devotion and aid, my whole administration would have been an utter failure.

To several of these I have alluded elsewhere; but one should be especially mentioned to whom every member of the faculty must feel a debt of gratitude—Professor Hiram Corson. No one has done more to redress the balance between the technical side and the humanities. His writings, lectures, and readings have been a solace and an inspiration to many of us, both in the faculty and among the students. It was my remembrance of the effect of his readings that caused me to urge, at a public address at Yale in 1903, the establishment not only of professorships but of readerships in English literature in all our

greater institutions, urging especially that the readers thus called should every day present, with little if any note or comment, the masterpieces of our literature. I can think of no provision which would do more to humanize the great body of students, especially in these days when other branches are so largely supplanting classical studies, than such a continuous presentation of the treasures of our language by a thoroughly good reader. What is needed is not more talk about literature, but the literature itself. And here let me recall an especial service of Professor Corson which may serve as a hint to men and women of light and leading in the higher education of our country. On sundry celebrations of Founder's Day, and on various other commemorative occasions, he gave in the university chapel recitals from Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other poets of the larger inspiration, while organ interludes were given from the great masters of music. Literature and music were thus made to do beautiful service as yokefellows. It has been my lot to enjoy in various capitals of the modern world many of the things which men who have a deep feeling for art most rejoice in, but never have I known anything more uplifting and ennobling than these simple commemorations.

From one evil which has greatly injured many American university faculties, especially in the middle and western States, we were virtually free. This evil was the prevalence of feuds between professors. Throughout a large part of the nineteenth century they were a great affliction. Twice the State University of Michigan was nearly wrecked by them; for several years they nearly paralyzed two or three of the New York colleges; and in one of these a squabble between sundry professors and the widow of a former president was almost fatal. Another of the larger colleges in the same State lost a very eminent president from the same cause; and still another, which had done excellent work, was dragged down and for years kept down by a feud between its two foremost professors. In my day, at Yale, whenever there

was a sudden influx of students, and it was asked whence they came, the answer always was, "Another Western college has burst up"; and the "burst up" had resulted, almost without exception, from faculty quarrels.

In another chapter I have referred to one of these explosions which, having blown out of a Western university the president, the entire board of trustees, and all the assistant professors and instructors, convulsed the State for years. I have known gifted members of faculties, term after term, substitute for their legitimate work impassioned appeals to their religious denominations, through synods or conferences, and to the public at large through the press,—their quarrels at last entangling other professors and large numbers of students.

In my "Plan of Organization" I called attention to this evil, and laid down the principle that "the presence of no professor, however gifted, is so valuable as peace and harmony." The trustees acquiesced in this view, and from the first it was understood that, at any cost, quarrels must be prevented. The result was that we never had any which were serious, nor had we any in the board of trustees. One of the most satisfactory of all my reflections is that I never had any ill relations with any member of either body; that there was never one of them whom I did not look upon as a friend. My simple rule for the government of my own conduct was that I had *no time* for squabbling; that life was not long enough for quarrels; and this became, I think, the feeling among all of us who were engaged in the founding and building of the university.

As regards the undergraduates, I initiated a system which, so far as is known to me, was then new in American institutions of learning. At the beginning of every year, and also whenever any special occasion seemed to require it, I summoned the whole body of students and addressed them at length on the condition of the university, on their relations to it, and on their duties to it as well as to themselves; and in all these addresses endeavored to bring home to them the idea that under our system of giving to

the graduates votes in the election of trustees, and to representative alumni seats in the governing board, the whole student body had become, in a new sense, part of the institution, and were to be held, to a certain extent, responsible for it. I think that all conversant with the history of the university will agree that the results of thus taking the students into the confidence of the governing board were happy. These results were shown largely among the undergraduates, and even more strongly among the alumni. In all parts of the country alumni associations were organized, and here again I found a source of strength. These associations held reunions during every winter, and at least one banquet, at which the president of the university was invited to be present. So far as possible, I attended these meetings, and made use of them to strengthen the connection of the graduates with their alma mater.

The administrative care of the university was very engrossing. With study of the various interests combined within its organization; with the attendance on meetings of trustees, executive committee, and faculty, and discussion of important questions in each of these bodies; with the general oversight of great numbers of students in many departments and courses; with the constant necessity of keeping the legislature and the State informed as to the reasons of every movement, of meeting hostile forces pressing us on every side, of keeping in touch with our graduates throughout the country, there was much to be done. Trying also, at times, to a man never in robust health was the duty of addressing various assemblies of most dissimilar purposes. Within the space of two or three years I find mention in my diaries of a large number of addresses which, as president of the university, I could not refuse to give; among these, those before the legislature of the State, on Technical Education; before committees of Congress, on Agriculture and Technical Instruction; before the Johns Hopkins University, on Education with Reference to Political Life; before

the National Teachers' Association at Washington, on the Relation of the Universities to the State School Systems; before the American Social Science Association of New York, on Sundry Reforms in University Management; before the National Association of Teachers at Detroit, on the Relations of Universities to Colleges; before four thousand people at Cleveland, on the Education of the Freedmen; before the Adalbert College, on the Concentration of Means for the Higher Education; before the State Teachers' Association at Saratoga, on Education and Democracy; at the Centennial banquet at Philadelphia, on the American Universities; and before my class at Yale University, on the Message of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth; besides many public lectures before colleges, schools, and special assemblies. There seemed more danger of wearing out than of rusting out, especially as some of these discourses provoked attacks which must be answered. Time also was required for my duties as president of the American Social Science Association, which lasted several years, and of the American Historical Society, which, though less engrossing, imposed for a time much responsibility. Then, too, there was another duty, constantly pressing, which I had especially at heart. The day had not yet arrived when the president of the university could be released from his duties as a professor. I had, indeed, no wish for such release; for, of all my duties, that of meeting my senior students face to face in the lecture-room and interesting them in the studies which most interested me, and which seemed most likely to fit them to go forth and bring the influence of the university to bear for good upon the country at large, was that which I liked best. The usual routine of administrative cares was almost hateful to me, and I delegated minor details, as far as possible, to those better fitted to take charge of them—especially to the vice-president and registrar and secretary of the faculty. But my lecture-room I loved. Of all occupations, I know of none more satisfactory than that of a university pro-

fessor who feels that he is in right relations with his students, that they welcome what he has to give them, and that their hearts and minds are developed, day by day, by the work which he most prizes. I may justly say that this pleasure was mine at the University of Michigan and at Cornell University. It was at times hard to satisfy myself; for next to the pleasure of directing younger minds is the satisfaction of fitting one's self to do so. During my ordinary working-day there was little time for keeping abreast with the latest and best in my department; but there were odds and ends of time, day and night, and especially during my frequent journeys by rail and steamer to meet engagements at distant points, when I always carried with me a collection of books which seemed to me most fitted for my purpose; and as I had trained myself to be a rapid reader, these excursions gave me many opportunities.

But some of these journeys were not well suited to study. During the first few years of the university, being obliged to live in the barracks on the University Hill under many difficulties, I could not have my family with me, and from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning was given to them at Syracuse. In summer the journey by Cayuga Lake to the New York Central train gave me excellent opportunity for reading and even for writing. But in winter it was different. None of the railways now connecting the university town with the outside world had then been constructed, save that to the southward; and, therefore, during those long winters there was at least twice a week a dreary drive in wagon or sleigh, sometimes taking all the better hours of the day, in order to reach the train from Binghamton to Syracuse. Coming out of my lecture-room Friday evening or Saturday morning, I was conveyed through nearly twenty-five miles of mud and slush or sleet and snow. On one journey my sleigh was upset three times in the drifts which made the roads almost impassable, and it required nearly ten hours to make the entire journey. The worst of it was that,

coming out of my heated lecture-room and taking an open sleigh at Ithaca, or coming out of the heated cars and taking it at Cortland, my throat became affected, and for some years gave me serious trouble.

But my greater opportunities—those which kept me from becoming a mere administrative machine—were afforded by various vacations, longer or shorter. During the summer vacation, mainly passed at Saratoga and the seaside, there was time for consecutive studies with reference to my work, my regular lectures, and occasional addresses. But this was not all. At three different times I was summoned from university work to public duties. The first of these occasions was when I was appointed by President Grant one of the commissioners to Santo Domingo. This appointment came when I was thoroughly worn out with university work, and it gave me a chance of great value physically and intellectually. During four months I was in a world of thought as different from anything that I had before known as that wonderful island in the Caribbean Sea is different in its climate from the hills of central New York swept by the winds of December. And I had to deal with men very different from the trustees, faculty, and students of Cornell. This episode certainly broadened my view as a professor, and strengthened me for administrative duties.

The third of these long vacations was in 1879–80–81, when President Hayes appointed me minister plenipotentiary in Berlin. My stay at that post, and especially my acquaintance with leaders in German thought and with professors at many of the Continental universities, did much for me in many ways.

It may be thought strange that I could thus absent myself from the university, but these absences really enabled me to maintain my connection with the institution. My constitution, though elastic, was not robust; an uninterrupted strain would have broken me, while variety of occupation strengthened me. Throughout my whole life I have found the best of all medicines to be travel and

change of scene. Another example of this was during my stay of a year abroad as commissioner at the Paris Exposition. During that stay I prepared several additions to my course of general lectures, and during my official stay in Berlin added largely to my course on German history. But the change of work saved me: though minor excursions were frequently given up to work with book and pen, I returned from them refreshed and all the more ready for administrative duties.

As to the effect of such absences upon the university, I may say that it accorded with the theory which I held tenaciously regarding the administration of the university at that formative period. I had observed in various American colleges that a fundamental and most injurious error was made in relieving trustees and faculty from responsibility, and concentrating all in the president. The result, in many of these institutions, had been a sort of atrophy,—the trustees and faculty being, whenever an emergency arose, badly informed as to the affairs of their institutions, and really incapable of managing them. This state of things was the most serious drawback to President Tappan's administration at the University of Michigan, and was the real cause of the catastrophe which finally led to his break with the regents of that university, and his departure to Europe, never to return. Worse still was the downfall of Union College, Schenectady, from the position which it had held before the death of President Nott. Under Drs. Nott and Tappan the tendency in the institutions above named was to make the trustees in all administrative matters mere ciphers, and to make the faculty more and more incapable of administering discipline or conducting current university business. That system concentrated all knowledge of university affairs and all power of every sort in the hands of the president, and relieved trustees and faculty from everything except nominal responsibility. From the very beginning I determined to prevent this state of things at Cornell. Great powers were indeed given me by the trustees, and I used

them; but in the whole course of my administration I constantly sought to keep ample legislative powers in the board of trustees and in the faculty. I felt that the university, to be successful, should not depend on the life and conduct of any one man; that every one of those called to govern and to manage it, whether president or professor, should feel that he had powers and responsibilities in its daily administration. Therefore it was that I inserted in the fundamental laws of the university a provision that the confirmation by the trustees of all nominations of professors should be by ballot; so that it might never be in the power of the president or any other trustee unduly to influence selections for such positions. I also exerted myself to provide that in calling new professors they should be nominated by the president, not of his own will, but with the advice of the faculty and should be confirmed by the trustees. I also provided that the elections of students to fellowships and scholarships and the administration of discipline should be decided by the faculty, and by ballot. The especial importance of this latter point will not escape those conversant with university management. I insisted that the faculty should not be merely a committee to register the decrees of the president, but that it should have full legislative powers to discuss and to decide university affairs. Nor did I allow it to become a body merely advisory: I not only insisted that it should have full legislative powers, but that it should be steadily trained in the use of them. On my nomination the trustees elected from the faculty three gentlemen who had shown themselves especially fitted for administrative work to the positions of vice-president, registrar, and secretary; and thenceforth the institution was no longer dependent on any one man. To the first of these positions was elected Professor William Channing Russel; to the second, Professor William Dexter Wilson; to the third, Professor George C. Caldwell; and each discharged his duties admirably.

Of the last two of these I have already spoken, and here some record should be made of the services rendered by

Dr. Russel. He was among those chosen for the instructing body at the very beginning. Into all of his work he brought a perfect loyalty to truth, with the trained faculties of a lawyer in seeking it and the fearlessness of an apostle in announcing it. As to his success in this latter field, there may be given, among other testimonies, that of an unwilling witness—a young scholar of great strength of mind, who, though he had taken deep offense at sundry acts of the professor and never forgiven them, yet, after a year in the historical lecture-rooms of the University of Berlin, said to me: "I have attended here the lectures of all the famous professors of history, and have heard few who equal Professor Russel and none who surpass him in ascertaining the really significant facts and in clearly presenting them."

In the vice-presidency of the faculty he also rendered services of the greatest value. No one was more devoted than he to the university or more loyal to his associates. There was, indeed, some friction. His cousin, James Russell Lowell, once asked me regarding this, and my reply was that it reminded me of a character in the "Biglow Papers" who "had a dre'dful winnin' way to make folks hate him." This was doubtless an overstatement, but it contained truth; for at times there was perhaps lacking in his handling of delicate questions something of the *suaviter in modo*. His honest frankness was worthy of all praise; but I once found it necessary to write him: "I am sorry that you have thought it best to send me so unsparing a letter, but no matter; write me as many as you like; they will never break our friendship; only do not write others in the same strain." This brought back from him one of the kindest epistles imaginable. Uncompromising as his manner was, his services vastly outweighed all the defects of his qualities; and among these services were some of which the general public never dreamed. I could tell of pathetic devotion and self-sacrifice on his part, not only to the university, but to individual students. No professor ever had a kindlier feeling toward any scholar in

need, sickness, or trouble. Those who knew him best loved him most; and, in the hard, early days of the university, he especially made good his title to the gratitude of every Cornellian, not only by his university work, but by his unostentatious devotion to every deserving student.

As to my professorial work, I found in due time effective aid in various young men who had been members of my classes. Of these were Charles Kendall Adams, who afterward became my successor in the presidency of Cornell, and George Lincoln Burr, who is now one of my successors in the professorship of history.

Thus it was that from time to time I could be absent with a feeling that all at the university was moving on steadily and securely; with a feeling, indeed, that it was something to have aided in creating an institution which could move on steadily and securely, even when the hands of those who had set it in motion had been removed.

There was, however, one temporary exception to the rule. During my absence as minister at Berlin trouble arose in the governing board so serious that I resigned my diplomatic post before my term of service was ended, and hastened back to my university duties. But no permanent injury had been done; in fact, this experience, by revealing weaknesses in sundry parts of our system, resulted in permanent good.

Returning thus from Berlin, I threw myself into university work more heartily than ever. It was still difficult, for our lands had not as yet been sold to any extent, and our income was sadly insufficient. The lands were steadily increasing in value, and it was felt that it would be a great error to dispose of them prematurely. The work of providing ways and means to meet the constantly increasing demands of the institution was therefore severe, and the loss of the great library bequest to the university also tried me sorely; but I labored on, and at last, thanks to the admirable service of Mr. Sage in the management of the lands, the university was enabled to realize, for the first time, a large capital from them. Up to the year 1885

they had been a steady drain upon our resources; now the sale of a fraction of them yielded a good revenue. For the first time there was something like ease in the university finances.

Twenty years had now elapsed since I had virtually begun my duties as president by drafting the university charter and by urging it upon the legislature. The four years of work since my return from Berlin had tried me severely; and more than that, I had made a pledge some years before to the one who, of all in the world, had the right to ask it, that at the close of twenty years of service I would give up all administrative duties. To this pledge I was faithful, but with the feeling that it was at the sacrifice of much. The new endowment coming in from the sale of lands offered opportunities which I had longed for during many weary years; but I felt that it was best to put the management into new hands. There were changes needed which were far more difficult for me to make than for a new-comer—especially changes in the faculty, which involved the severing of ties very dear to me.

At the annual commencement of 1885, the twenty years from the granting of our charter having arrived, I presented my resignation with the declaration that it must be accepted. It was accepted in such a way as to make me very grateful to all connected with the institution: trustees, faculty, and students were most kind to me. As regards the first of these bodies, I cannot resist the temptation to mention two evidences of their feeling which touched me deeply. The first of these was the proposal that I should continue as honorary president of the university. This I declined. To hold such a position would have been an injury to my successor; I knew well that the time had come when he would be obliged to grapple with questions which I had left unsettled from a feeling that he would have a freer hand than I could have. But another tender made me I accepted: this was that I should nominate my successor. I did this, naming my old student at the University of Michigan, who had succeeded

me there as professor of history—Charles Kendall Adams; and so began a second and most prosperous administration.

In thus leaving the presidency of the university, it seemed to me that the time had come for carrying out a plan formed long before—the transfer to the university of my historical and general library, which had become one of the largest and, in its field, one of the best private collections of books in the United States. The trustees accepted it, providing a most noble room for it in connection with the main university library and with the historical lecture-rooms; setting apart, also, from their resources, an ample sum, of which the income should be used in maintaining the library, in providing a librarian, in publishing a complete catalogue, and in making the collection effective for historical instruction. My only connection with the university thenceforward was that of a trustee and member of its executive committee. In this position it has been one of the greatest pleasures and satisfactions of my life to note the large and steady development of the institution during the two administrations which have succeeded my own. At the close of the administration of President Adams, who had especially distinguished himself in developing the law department and various other important university interests, in strengthening the connection of the institution with the State, and in calling several most competent professors, he was succeeded by a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made during my stay as minister to Germany, he being at that time a student at the University of Berlin,—Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, whose remarkable powers and gifts have more than met the great expectations I then formed regarding him, and have developed the university to a yet higher point, so that its number of students is now, as I revise these lines, over three thousand. He, too, has been called to important duties in the public service; and he has just returned after a year of most valuable work as president of the Commission of the United States to the

Philippine Islands, the university progressing during his absence, and showing that it has a life of its own and is not dependent even on the most gifted of presidents.

On laying down the duties of the university presidency, it did not seem best to me to remain in its neighborhood during the first year or two of the new administration. Any one who has ever been in a position similar to mine at that period will easily understand the reason. It is the same which has led thoughtful men in the churches to say that it is not well to have the old pastor too near when the new pastor is beginning his duties. Obedient to this idea of leaving my successor a free hand, my wife and myself took a leisurely journey through England, France, and Italy, renewing old acquaintances and making new friends. Returning after a year, I settled down again in the university, hoping to complete the book for which I had been gathering materials and on which I had been working steadily for some years, when there came the greatest calamity of my life,—the loss of her who had been my main support during thirty years,—and work became, for a time, an impossibility. Again I became a wanderer, going, in 1888, first to Scotland, and thence, being ordered by physicians to the East, went again through France and Italy, and extended the journey through Egypt, Greece, and Turkey. Of the men and things which seemed most noteworthy to me at that period I speak in other chapters. From the East I made my way leisurely to Paris, with considerable stops at Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Ulm, Munich, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Paris, London, taking notes in libraries, besides collecting books and manuscripts.

Returning to the United States in the autumn of 1889, and settling down again in my old house at Cornell, I was invited to give courses of historical lectures at various American universities, especially one upon the "Causes of the French Revolution," at Johns Hopkins, Columbian University in Washington, the University of Pennsylvania, Tulane University in New Orleans, and Stanford University in California. Excursions to these institutions

opened a new epoch in my life; but of this I shall speak elsewhere.

During this period of something over fifteen years, I have been frequently summoned from these duties, which were especially agreeable to me—first, in 1892, as minister to Russia; next, in 1896, as a member of the Venezuelan Commission at Washington; and, in 1897, as ambassador to Germany. I have found many men and things which would seem likely to draw me away from my interest in Cornell; but, after all, that which has for nearly forty years held, and still holds, the deepest place in my thoughts is the university which I aided to found.

Since resigning its presidency I have, in many ways, kept in relations with it; and as I have, at various times, returned from abroad and walked over its grounds, visited its buildings, and lived among its faculty and students, an enjoyment has been mine rarely vouchsafed to mortals. It has been like revisiting the earth after leaving it. The work to which I had devoted myself for so many years, and with more earnestness than any other which I have ever undertaken, though at times almost with the energy of despair, I have now seen successful beyond my dreams. Above all, as I have seen the crowd of students coming and going, I have felt assured that the work is good. It was with this feeling that, just before I left the university for the embassy at Berlin, I erected at the entrance of the university grounds a gateway, on which I placed a paraphrase of a Latin inscription noted by me, many years before, over the main portal of the University of Padua, as follows:

"So enter that daily thou mayest become more learned
and thoughtful;
So depart that daily thou mayest become more useful
to thy country and to mankind."

I often recall the saying of St. Philip Neri, who, in the days of the Elizabethan persecutions, was wont to gaze

at the students passing out from the gates of the English College at Rome, on their way to Great Britain, and to say: "I am feasting my eyes on those martyrs yonder." My own feelings are like his, but happier: I feast my eyes on those youths going forth from Cornell University into this new twentieth century to see great things that I shall never see, and to make the new time better than the old.

During my life, which is now extending beyond the allotted span of threescore and ten, I have been engaged, after the manner of my countrymen, in many sorts of work, have become interested in many conditions of men, have joined in many efforts which I hope have been of use; but, most of all, I have been interested in the founding and maintaining of Cornell University, and by the part I have taken in that, more than by any other work of my life, I hope to be judged.

PART V

IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

CHAPTER XXVI

AS ATTACHÉ AT ST. PETERSBURG—1854–1855

WHILE yet an undergraduate at Yale, my favorite studies in history and some little attention to international law led me to take special interest in the diplomatic relations between modern states; but it never occurred to me that I might have anything to do directly with them.

Having returned to New Haven after my graduation, intending to give myself especially to modern languages as a preparation for travel and historical study abroad, I saw one day, from my window in North College, my friend Gilman, then of the class above mine, since president of Johns Hopkins University and of the Carnegie Institution, rushing along in great haste, and, on going out to greet him, learned that he had been invited by Governor Seymour of Connecticut, the newly appointed minister to Russia, to go with him as an attaché, and that, at his suggestion, a similar invitation would be extended to me.

While in doubt on the matter, I took the train for New York to consult my father, and, entering a car, by a happy chance found the only vacant place at the side of the governor. I had never seen him, except on the platform at my graduation, three months before; but on my introducing myself, he spoke kindly of my argument on that occasion, which, as he was "pro-slavery" and I "anti-slavery," I had supposed he would detest; then talked pleasantly on various subjects, and, on our separating at New York, invited me so cordially to go to Russia with him that I then

and there decided to do so, and, on meeting my father, announced my decision.

On the 10th of December, 1853, I sailed for England, with Gilman, and in London awaited Governor Seymour, who, at the last moment, had decided not to leave Washington until the Senate had confirmed his nomination; but this delay proved to be fortunate, for thereby opportunity was afforded me to see some interesting men, and especially Mr. Buchanan, who had previously been minister to Russia, was afterward President of the United States, and was at that time minister at the court of St. James. He was one of the two or three best talkers I have ever known, and my first knowledge of his qualities in this respect was gained at a great dinner given in his honor by Mr. George Peabody, the banker. A day or two before, our minister in Spain, Mr. Soulé, and his son had each fought a duel, one with the French ambassador, the Marquis de Turgot, and the other with the Duke of Alba, on account of a supposed want of courtesy to Mrs. Soulé; and the conversation being directed somewhat by this event, I recall Mr. Buchanan's reminiscences of duels which he had known during his long public life as among the most interesting I have ever heard on any subject.

Shortly after the arrival of Governor Seymour, we went on to Paris, and there, placing myself in the family of a French professor, I remained, while the rest of the party went on to St. Petersburg; my idea being to hear lectures on history and kindred subjects, thus to fit myself by fluency in French for service in the attachéship, and, by other knowledge, for later duties.

After staying in France for nearly a year, having received an earnest request from Governor Seymour to come on to Russia before the beginning of the winter, I left Paris about the middle of October and went by way of Berlin. In those days there was no railroad beyond the eastern frontier of Prussia, and, as the Crimean War was going on, there was a blockade in force which made it impossible to enter Russia by sea; consequently I had

seven days and seven nights of steady traveling in a post-coach after entering the Russian Empire.

Arriving at the Russian capital on the last day of October, 1854, I was most heartily welcomed by the minister, who insisted that I should enjoy all the privileges of residence with him. Among the things to which I now look back as of the greatest value to me, is this stay of nearly a year under his roof. The attachéship, as it existed in those days, was in many ways a good thing and in no way evil; but it was afterward abolished by Congress on the ground that certain persons had abused its privileges. I am not alone in believing that it could again be made of real service to the country: one of the best secretaries of state our country has ever had, Mr. Hamilton Fish, once expressed to me his deep regret at its suppression.

Under the system which thus prevailed at that time, young men of sufficient means, generally from the leading universities, were secured to aid the minister, without any cost to the government, their only remuneration being an opportunity to see the life and study the institutions of the country to which the minister was accredited.

The duty of an attaché was to assist the minister in securing information, in conducting correspondence, and in carrying on the legation generally; he was virtually an additional secretary of legation, and it was a part of my duty to act as interpreter. As such I was constantly called to accompany the minister in his conferences with his colleagues as well as with the ministers of the Russian government, and also to be present at court and at ceremonial interviews: this was of course very interesting to me. In the intervals of various duties my time was given largely to studying such works upon Russia and especially upon Russian history as were accessible, and the recent history was all the more interesting from the fact that some of the men who had taken a leading part in it were still upon the stage. One occasion especially comes back to me, when, finding myself at an official function near an old

general who was allowed to sit while all the others stood, I learned that he was one of the few still surviving who had taken a leading part in the operations against Napoleon, in 1812, at Moscow.

It was the period of the Crimean War, and at our legation there were excellent opportunities for observing not only society at large, but the struggle then going on between Russia on one side, and Great Britain, France, Italy, and Turkey on the other.

The main duties of the American representative were to keep his own government well informed, to guard the interests of his countrymen, and not only to maintain, but to develop, the friendly relations that had existed for many years between Russia and the United States. A succession of able American ministers had contributed to establish these relations: among them two who afterward became President of the United States—John Quincy Adams and James Buchanan; George Mifflin Dallas, who afterward became Vice-President; John Randolph of Roanoke; and a number of others hardly less important in the history of our country. Fortunately, the two nations were naturally inclined to peaceful relations; neither had any interest antagonistic to the other, and under these circumstances the course of the minister was plain: it was to keep his government out of all entanglements, and at the same time to draw the two countries more closely together. This our minister at that time was very successful in doing: his relations with the leading Russians, from the Emperor down, were all that could be desired, and to the work of men like him is largely due the fact that afterward, in our great emergency during the Civil War, Russia showed an inclination to us that probably had something to do with holding back the powers of western Europe from recognizing the Southern Confederacy.

To the feeling thus created is also due, in some measure, the transfer of Alaska, which has proved fortunate, in spite of our halting and unsatisfactory administration of that region thus far.

The Czar at that period, Nicholas I, was a most imposing personage, and was generally considered the most perfect specimen of a human being, physically speaking, in all Europe. At court, in the vast rooms filled with representatives from all parts of the world, and at the great reviews of his troops, he loomed up majestically, and among the things most strongly impressed upon my memory is his appearance as I saw him, just before his death, driving in his sledge and giving the military salute.

Nor was he less majestic in death. In the spring of 1855 he yielded very suddenly to an attack of pneumonia, doubtless rendered fatal by the depression due to the ill success of the war into which he had rashly plunged; and a day or two afterward it was made my duty to attend, with our minister, at the Winter Palace, the first presentation of the diplomatic corps to the new Emperor, Alexander II. The scene was impressive. The foreign ministers having been arranged in a semicircle, with their secretaries and attachés beside them, the great doors were flung open, and the young Emperor, conducted by his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Nesselrode, entered the room. Tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he gave his address with deep feeling. He declared that if the Holy Alliance made in 1815 had been broken, it was not the fault of Russia; that though he longed for peace, if terms should be insisted upon by the Western powers, at the approaching Paris conference, incompatible with Russian honor, he would put himself at the head of his faithful country,—would retreat into Siberia,—would die rather than yield.

Then occurred an incident especially striking. From Austria, which only seven years before had been saved by Russia from destruction in the Austro-Hungarian revolution, Russia had expected, in ordinary gratitude, at least some show of neutrality. But it had become evident that gratitude had not prevented Austria from secretly joining the hostile nations; therefore it was that, in the course of

the address, the Emperor, turning to the Austrian representative, Count Esterhazy, addressed him with the greatest severity, hinted at the ingratitude of his government, and insisted on Russia's right to a different return. During all this part of the address the Emperor Alexander fastened his eyes upon those of the Austrian minister and spoke in a manner much like that which the head of a school would use toward a school-boy caught in misdoing. At the close of this speech came the most perfect example of deportment I had ever seen: the Austrian minister, having looked the Czar full in the face, from first to last, without the slightest trace of feeling, bowed solemnly, respectfully, with the utmost deliberation, and then stood impassive, as if words had not been spoken destined to change the traditional relations between the two great neighboring powers, and to produce a bitterness which, having lasted through the latter half of the nineteenth century, bids fair to continue far into the twentieth.

Knowing the importance of this speech as an indication to our government of what was likely to be the course of the Emperor, I determined to retain it in my mind; and, although my verbal memory has never been retentive, I was able, on returning to our legation, to write the whole of it, word for word. In the form thus given, it was transmitted to our State Department, where, a few years since, when looking over sundry papers, I found it.

Immediately after this presentation the diplomatic corps proceeded to the room in which the body of Nicholas lay in state. Heaped up about the coffin were the jeweled crosses and orders which had been sent him by the various monarchs of the world, and, in the midst of them, the crowns and scepters of all the countries he had ruled, among them those of Siberia, Astrakhan, Kazan, Poland, the Crimea, and, above all, the great crown and scepter of the empire. At his feet two monks were repeating prayers for the dead; his face and form were still as noble and unconquerable as ever.

His funeral dwells in my memory as the most imposing

pageant I had ever seen. When his body was carried from the palace to the Fortress Church, it was borne between double lines of troops standing closely together on each side of the avenues for a distance of five miles; marshals of the empire carried the lesser crowns and imperial insignia before his body; and finally were borne the great imperial crown, orb, and scepter, the masses of jewels in them, and especially the Orloff diamond swinging in the top of the scepter, flashing forth vividly on that bright winter morning, and casting their rays far along the avenues. Behind the body walked the Emperor Alexander and the male members of the imperial family.

Later came the burial in the Fortress Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the island of the Neva, nearly opposite the Winter Palace. That, too, was most imposing. Choirs had been assembled from the four great cathedrals of the empire, and their music was beyond dreams. At the proper point in the service, the Emperor and his brothers, having taken the body of their father from its coffin and wrapped it in a shroud of gold cloth, carried it to the grave near that of Peter the Great, at the right of the high altar; and, as it was laid to rest, and beautiful music rose above us, the guns of the fortress on all sides of the church sounded the battle-roll until the whole edifice seemed to rock upon its foundations. Never had I imagined a scene so impressive.

Among the persons with whom it was my duty to deal, in behalf of our representative, was the Prime Minister of Russia,—the Minister of Foreign Affairs,—Count Nesselrode. He was at that period the most noted diplomatist in the world; for, having been associated with Talleyrand, Metternich, and their compeers at the Congress of Vienna, he was now the last of the great diplomatists of the Napoleonic period. He received me most kindly and said, "So you are beginning a diplomatic career?" My answer was that I could not begin it more fitly than by making the acquaintance of the Nestor of diplomacy, or words to that effect, and these words seemed to please him. Whenever

he met me afterward his manner was cordial, and he seemed always ready to do all in his power to favor the best relations between the two countries.

The American colony in Russia at that period was small, and visitors were few; but some of these enlivened us. Of the more interesting were Colonel Samuel Colt of Hartford, inventor of the revolver which bears his name, and his companion, Mr. Dickerson, eminent as an expert in mechanical matters and an authority on the law of patents. They had come into the empire in the hope of making a contract to supply the Russians with improved arms such as the allies were beginning to use against them in the Crimea; but the heavy conservatism of Russian officials thwarted all their efforts. To all representations as to the importance of improved arms the answer was, "Our soldiers are too ignorant to use anything but the old 'brown Bess.'" The result was that the Russian soldiers were sacrificed by thousands; their inferiority in arms being one main cause of their final defeat.

That something better than this might have been expected was made evident to us all one day when I conducted these gentlemen through the Imperial Museum of the Hermitage, adjoining the Winter Palace. After looking through the art collections we went into the room where were preserved the relics of Peter the Great, and especially the machines of various sorts made for him by the mechanics whom he called to his aid from Holland and other Western countries. These machines were not then shut up in cases, as they now are, but were placed about the room and easy of access. Presently I heard Mr. Dickerson in a loud voice call out: "Good God! Sam, come here! Only look at this!" On our going to him, he pointed out to us a lathe for turning irregular forms and another for copying reliefs, with specimens of work still in them. "Look at that," he said. "Here is Blanchard's turning-lathe, which only recently has been reinvented, which our government uses in turning musket-stocks, and which is worth a fortune. Look at those reliefs in this

other machine; here is the very lathe for copying sculpture that has just been reinvented, and is now attracting so much attention at Paris."

These machines had stood there in the gallery, open to everybody, ever since the death of Peter, two hundred years before, and no human being had apparently ever taken the trouble to find the value of them.

But there came Americans of a very different sort, and no inconsiderable part of our minister's duties was to keep his hot-headed fellow-citizens from embroiling our country with the militant powers.

A very considerable party in the United States leaned toward Russia and sought to aid her secretly, if not openly. This feeling was strongest in our Southern States and among the sympathizers with slavery in our Northern States, a main agent of it in St. Petersburg being Dr. Cottman of New Orleans, and its main causes being the old dislike of Great Britain, and the idea among pro-slavery fanatics that there was a tie between their part of our country and Russia arising from the fact that while the American Republic was blessed with slavery, the Russian Empire was enjoying the advantages of the serf system. This feeling might have been very different had these sympathizers with Russia been aware that at this very moment Alexander II was planning to abolish the serf system throughout his whole empire; but as it was, their admiration for Russia knew no bounds, and they even persuaded leading Russians that it would not be a difficult matter to commit America to the cause of Russia, even to aiding her with arms, men, and privateers.

This made the duty of the American minister at times very delicate; for, while showing friendliness to Russia, he had to thwart the efforts of her over-zealous American advocates. Moreover, constant thought had to be exercised for the protection of American citizens then within the empire. Certain Russian agents had induced a number of young American physicians and surgeons who had been studying in Paris to enter the Russian army, and

these, having been given pay and rapid advancement, in the hope that this would strengthen American feeling favorable to the Russian cause, were naturally hated by the Russian surgeons; hence many of these young compatriots of ours were badly treated,—some so severely that they died,—and it became part of our minister's duty to extricate the survivors from their unfortunate position. More than once, on returning with him from an interview with the Minister of War, I saw tears in Governor Seymour's eyes as he dwelt upon the death of some of these young fellows whom he had learned to love during their stay in St. Petersburg.

The war brought out many American adventurers, some of them curiosities of civilization, and this was especially the case with several who had plans for securing victory to Russia over the Western powers. All sorts of nostrums were brought in by all sorts of charlatans, and the efforts of the minister and his subordinates to keep these gentlemen within the limits of propriety in their dealings with one another and with the Russian authorities were at times very arduous. On one occasion, the main functionaries of the Russian army having been assembled with great difficulty to see the test of a new American invention in artillery, it was found that the inventor's rival had stolen some essential part of the gun, and the whole thing was a vexatious failure.

One man who came out with superb plans brought a militia colonel's commission from the governor of a Western State and the full uniform of a major-general. At first he hesitated to clothe himself in all his glory, and therefore went through a process of evolution, beginning first with part of his uniform and then adding more as his courage rose. During this process he became the standing joke of St. Petersburg; but later, when he had emerged in full and final splendor, he became a man of mark indeed, so much so that serious difficulties arose. Throughout the city are various *corps de garde,* and the sentinel on duty before each of these, while allowed merely

to present arms to an officer of lower rank, must, whenever he catches sight of a general officer, call out the entire guard to present arms with the beating of drums. Here our American was a source of much difficulty, for whenever any sentinel caught sight of his gorgeous epaulets in the distance the guard was instantly called out, arms presented, and drums beaten, much to the delight of our friend, but even more to the disgust of the generals of the Russian army and to the troops, who thus rendered absurd homage and found themselves taking part in something like a bit of comic opera.

Another example was also interesting. A New York ward leader—big, rough, and rosy—had come out as an agent for an American breech-loading musket company, and had smuggled specimens of arms over the frontier. Arriving in St. Petersburg, he was presented to the Emperor, and after receiving handsome testimonials, was put in charge of two aides-de-camp, who took him and his wife about, in court carriages, to see the sights of the Russian capital. At the close of his stay, wishing to make some return for this courtesy, he gave these two officers a dinner at his hotel. Our minister declined his invitation, but allowed the secretary and me to accept it, and we very gladly availed ourselves of this permission. Arriving at his rooms, we were soon seated at a table splendidly furnished. At the head of it was the wife of our entertainer, and at her right one of the Russian officials, in gorgeous uniform; at the other end of our table was our host, and at his right the other Russian official, splendidly attired; beside the first official sat our secretary, and beside the other was the place assigned to me. The dinner was successful: all spoke English, and all were happy; but toward the end of it our host, having perhaps taken more wine than was his wont, grew communicative, and, as ill luck would have it, the subject of the conversation became personal courage, whereupon he told a story. Recalling his experience as a deputy sheriff of New York, he said:

"When those river pirates who murdered a sailor in New York harbor had to be hanged, the sheriff of the county had n't the courage to do it and ordered me to hang them. I rather hated the business, but I made everything ready, and when the time came I took an extra glass of brandy, cut the rope, and off they swung."

The two Russians started back in consternation. Not all their politeness could conceal it: horror of horrors, they were dining with a hangman! Besides their sense of degradation in this companionship, superstitions had been bred in them which doubled their distress. A dead silence fell over all. I was the first to break it by remarking to my Russian neighbor:

"You may perhaps not know, sir, that in the State of New York the taking of life by due process of law is considered so solemn a matter that we intrust it to the chief executive officers of our counties,—to our sheriffs,—and not to hangmen or executioners."

He looked at me very solemnly as I announced this truth, and then, after a solemn pause, gasped out in a dubious, awe-struck voice, "Merci bien, monsieur." But this did not restore gaiety to the dinner. Henceforth it was cold indeed, and at the earliest moment possible the Russian officials bowed themselves out, and no doubt, for a long time afterward, ascribed any ill luck which befell them to this scene of ill omen.

Another case in which this irrepressible compatriot figured was hardly less peculiar. Having decided to return to America, and the blockade being still in force, he secured a place in the post-coach for the seven days and seven nights' journey to the frontier. The opportunities to secure such passages were few and far between, since this was virtually the only public conveyance out of the empire. As he was obliged to have his passport viséd at the Russian Foreign Office in order that he might leave the country, it had been sent by the legation to the Russian authorities a fortnight before his departure, but under various pretexts it was retained, and at last did not

arrive in time. When the hour of departure came he was at the post-house waiting for his pass, and as he had been assured that it would duly reach him, he exerted himself in every way to delay the coach. He bribed one subordinate after another; but at last the delay was so long and the other passengers so impatient that one of the higher officials appeared upon the scene and ordered the coach to start. At this our American was wild with rage and began a speech in German and English—so that all the officials might understand it—on Russian officials and on the empire in general. A large audience having gathered around him, he was ordered to remove his hat. At this he held it on all the more firmly, declared himself an American, and defied the whole power of the empire to remove it. He then went on to denounce everything in Russia, from the Emperor down. He declared that the officials were a pack of scoundrels; that the only reason why he did not obtain his passport was that he had not bribed them as highly as they expected; that the empire ought to be abolished; that he hoped the Western powers in the war then going on would finish it—indeed, that he thought they would.

There was probably some truth in his remark as to the inadequate bribing of officials; but the amazing thing was that his audience were so paralyzed by his utterances and so overawed by his attitude that they made no effort to arrest him. Then came a new scene. While they were standing before him thus confounded, he suddenly turned to the basket of provisions which he had laid in for his seven days' journey, and began pelting his audience, including the official above named, with its contents, hurling sandwiches, oranges, and finally even roast chickens, pigeons, and partridges, at their devoted heads. At last, pressing his hat firmly over his brows, he strode forth to the legation unmolested. There it took some labor to cool his wrath; but his passport having finally been obtained, we secured for him permission to use post-horses, and so he departed from the empire.

To steer a proper course in the midst of such fellow-citizens was often difficult, and I recall multitudes of other examples hardly less troublesome; indeed, the career of this same deputy sheriff at St. Petersburg was full of other passages requiring careful diplomatic intervention to prevent his arrest.

Luckily for these gentlemen, the Russian government felt, just at that time, special need of maintaining friendly relations with the powers not at war with her, and the public functionaries of all sorts were evidently ordered to treat Americans with extreme courtesy and forbearance.

One experience of this was somewhat curious. Our first secretary of legation and I, having gone on Easter eve to the midnight mass at the Kazan cathedral, we were shown at once into a place of honor in front of the great silver *iconostase* and stationed immediately before one of the doors opening through it into the inner sanctuary. At first the service went on in darkness, only mitigated by a few tapers at the high altar; but as the clock struck the hour of midnight there came suddenly the roaring of the fortress guns, the booming of great bells above and around us, and a light, which appeared at the opposite end of the cathedral, seemed to shoot in all directions, leaving trains of fire, until all was ablaze, every person present holding a lighted taper. Then came the mass, celebrated by a bishop and his acolytes gorgeously attired, with the swinging of censers, not only toward the ecclesiastics, but toward the persons of importance present, among whom we were evidently included. Suddenly there came a dead stop, stillness, and an evident atmosphere of embarrassment. Then the ceremony began again, and again the censers were swung toward us, and again a dead stop. Everything seemed paralyzed. Presently there came softly to my side a gentleman who said in a low tone, "You are of the American legation?" I answered in the affirmative. He said, "This is a very interesting ceremony." To this I also assented. He then said,

"Is this the first time you have seen it?" "Yes," I answered; "we have never been in Russia at Easter before." He then took very formal leave, and again the ceremony was revived, again the clouds of incense rose, and again came the dead stop. Presently the same gentleman came up again, gently repeated very much the same questions as before, and receiving the same answers, finally said, with some embarrassment: "Might I ask you to kindly move aside a little? A procession has been waiting for some time back of this door, and we are very anxious to have it come out into the church." At this Secretary Erving and I started aside instantly, much chagrined to think that we had caused such a stoppage in such a ceremony; the doors swung open, and out came a brilliant procession of ecclesiastics with crosses, censers, lights, and banners.

Not all of our troubles were due to our compatriots. Household matters sometimes gave serious annoyance. The minister had embraced a chance very rare in Russia, —one which, in fact, almost never occurs,—and had secured a large house fully furnished, with the servants, who, from the big chasseur who stood at the back of the minister's sledge to the boy who blew the organ on which I practised, were serfs, and all, without exception, docile, gentle, and kindly. But there was one standing enemy —*vodka*. The feeling of the Russian peasant toward the rough corn-brandy of his own country is characteristic. The Russian language is full of diminutives expressive of affection. The peasant addresses his superior as *Batushka*, the affectionate diminutive of the word which means father; he addresses the mistress of the house as *Matushka*, which is the affectionate diminutive of the Russian word for mother. To his favorite drink, brandy, he has given the name which is the affectionate diminutive of the word *voda*, water—namely, vodka, which really means "dear little water." Vodka was indeed our most insidious foe, and gave many evidences of its power; but one of them made an unwonted stir among us.

One day the minister, returning in his carriage from making sundry official visits, summoned the housekeeper, a Baltic-province woman who had been admirably brought up in an English family, and said to her: "Annette I insist that you discharge Ivan, the coachman, at once; I can't stand him any longer. This afternoon he raced, with me in the carriage, up and down the Nevsky, from end to end, with the carriages of grand dukes and ministers, and, do my best, I could not stop him. He simply looked back at me, grinned like an idiot, and drove on with all his might. It is the third time he has done this. I have pardoned him twice on his solemn pledge that he would do better; but now he must go." Annette assented, and in the evening after dinner came in to tell the minister that Ivan was going, but wished to beg his pardon and say farewell.

The minister went out rather reluctantly, the rest of us following; but he had hardly reached the anteroom when Ivan, a great burly creature with a long flowing beard and caftan, rushed forward, groveled before him, embraced his ankles, laid his head upon his feet, and there remained mumbling and moaning. The minister was greatly embarrassed and nervously ejaculated: "Take him away! Take him away!" But all to no purpose. Ivan could not be induced to relax his hold. At last the minister relented and told Annette to inform Ivan that he would receive just one more trial, and that if he failed again he would be sent away to his owner without having any opportunity to apologize or to say good-bye.

Very interesting to me were the houses of some of the British residents, and especially that of Mr. Baird, the head of the iron-works which bore his name, and which, at that time, were considered among the wonders of Russia. He was an interesting character. Noticing, among the three very large and handsome vases in his dining-room, the middle one made up of the bodies of three large eagles in oxidized silver with crowns of gold, I was told its history. When the Grand Duke Alexander —who afterward became the second emperor of that

name—announced his intention of joining the St. Petersburg Yacht Club, a plan was immediately formed to provide a magnificent trophy and allow him to win it, and to this plan all the members of the club agreed except Baird. He at once said: "No; if the grand duke's yacht can take it, let him have it; if not, let the best yacht win. If I can take it, I shall." It was hoped that he would think better of it, but when the day arrived, the other yachts having gradually fallen back, Mr. Baird continued the race with the grand duke and won. As a result he was for some years in disfavor with the high officials surrounding the Emperor—a disfavor that no doubt cost him vast sums; but he always asserted that he was glad he had insisted on his right.

On one occasion I was witness to a sad *faux pas* at his dinner-table. It was in the early days of the Crimean War, and an American gentleman who was present was so careless as to refer to Queen Victoria's proclamation against all who aided the enemy, which was clearly leveled at Mr. Baird and his iron-works. There was a scene at once. The ladies almost went into hysterics in deprecation of the position in which the proclamation had placed them. But Mr. Baird himself was quite equal to the occasion: in a very up-and-down way he said that he of course regretted being regarded as a traitor to his country, but that in the time of the alliance against the first Napoleon his father had been induced by the Russian government to establish works, and this not merely with the consent, but with the warm approval, of the British government; in consequence the establishment had taken contracts with the Russian government and now they must be executed; so far as he was concerned his conscience was entirely clear; his duty was plain, and he was going to do it.

On another occasion at his table there was a very good repartee. The subject of spiritualism having been brought up, some one told a story of a person who, having gone into an unfrequented garret of an old family residence,

found that all the old clothing which had been stored there during many generations had descended from the shelves and hooks and had assumed kneeling postures about the floor. All of us heard the story with much solemnity, when good old Dr. Law, chaplain of the British church, broke the silence with the words, "That must have been a family of very *pious habits.*" This of course broke the spell.

I should be sorry to have it thought that all my stay in the Russian capital was given up to official routine and social futilities. Fortunately for me, the social demands were not very heavy. The war in the Crimea, steadily going against Russia, threw a cloud over the court and city and reduced the number of entertainments to a minimum. This secured me, during the long winter evenings, much time for reading, and in addition to all the valuable treatises I could find on Russia, I went with care through an extensive course in modern history.

As to Russian matters, it was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Atkinson, the British traveler in Siberia. He had brought back many portfolios of sketches, and his charming wife had treasured up a great fund of anecdotes of people and adventure, so that I seemed for a time to know Siberia as if I had lived there. Then it was that I learned of the beauties and capabilities of its southern provinces. The Atkinsons had also brought back their only child, a son born on the Siberian steppe, a wonderfully bright youngster, whom they destined for the British navy. He bore a name which I fear may at times have proved a burden to him, for his father and mother were so delighted with the place in which he was born that they called him, after it, "Alatow-Tam Chiboulak."[1]

The general Russian life, as I thus saw it, while intensely interesting in many respects, was certainly not cheerful. Despite the frivolity dominant among the upper class and

[1] Since writing the above, I have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from this gentleman, who has for some time held the responsible and interesting position of superintendent of public instruction in the Hawaiian Islands, his son, a graduate of the University of Michigan, having been Secretary of the Territory.

the fetishism controlling the lower classes, there was, especially in that period of calamity, a deep undertone of melancholy. Melancholy, indeed, is a marked characteristic of Russia, and, above all, of the peasantry. They seem sad even in their sports; their songs, almost without exception, are in the minor key; the whole atmosphere is apparently charged with vague dread of some calamity. Despite the suppression of most of the foreign journals, and the blotting out of page after page of the newspapers allowed to enter the empire, despite all that the secret police could do in repressing unfavorable comment, it became generally known that all was going wrong in the Crimea. News came of reverse after reverse: of the defeats of the Alma and Inkerman, and, as a climax, the loss of Sebastopol and the destruction of the Russian fleet. In the midst of it all, as is ever the case in Russian wars, came utter collapse in the commissariat department; everywhere one heard hints and finally detailed stories of scoundrelism in high places: of money which ought to have been appropriated to army supplies, but which had been expended at the gambling-tables of Homburg or in the Breda quarter at Paris.

Then it was that there was borne in upon me the conviction that Russia, powerful as she seems when viewed from the outside, is anything but strong when viewed from the inside. To say nothing of the thousand evident weaknesses resulting from autocracy,—the theory that one man, and he, generally, not one of the most highly endowed, can do the thinking for a hundred millions of people,—there was nowhere the slightest sign of any uprising of a great nation, as, for instance, of the French against Europe in 1792, of the Germans against France in 1813 and in 1870, of Italy against Austria in 1859 and afterward, and of the Americans in the Civil War of 1861. There were certainly many noble characters in Russia, and these must have felt deeply the condition of things; but there being no great middle class, and the lower class having been long kept in besotted ignorance, there seemed to be no force on which patriotism could take hold.

CHAPTER XXVII

AS ATTACHÉ AND BEARER OF DESPATCHES IN WAR-TIME—1855

THE spring of 1855 was made interesting by the arrival of the blockading fleet before the mouth of the Neva, and shortly afterward I went down to look at it. It was a most imposing sight: long lines of mighty three-deckers of the old pattern, British and French,—one hundred in all,—stretched across the Gulf of Finland in front of the fortresses of Cronstadt. Behind the fortresses lay the Russian fleet, helpless and abject; and yet, as events showed during our own Civil War half a dozen years later, a very slight degree of inventive ability would have enabled the Russians to annihilate the hostile fleet, and to gain the most prodigious naval victory of modern times. Had they simply taken one or two of their own great ships to the Baird iron-works hard by, and plated them with railway iron, of which there was plenty, they could have paralleled the destruction of our old wooden frigates at Norfolk by the *Merrimac,* but on a vastly greater scale. Yet this simple expedient occurred to no one; and the allied fleet, under Sir Richard Dundas, bade defiance to the Russian power during the whole summer.

The Russians looked more philosophically upon the blockade than upon their reverses in the Crimea, but they acted much like the small boy who takes revenge on the big boy by making faces at him. Some of their caricatures on their enemies were very clever. Fortunately for such artistic efforts, the British had given them a fine

opportunity during the previous year, when Sir Charles Napier, the commander of the Baltic fleet, having made a boastful speech at a public dinner in London, and invited his hearers to dine with him at St. Petersburg, had returned to England, after a summer before Cronstadt, without even a glimpse of the Russian capital.

I am the possessor of a very large collection of historical caricatures of all nations, and among them all there is hardly one more spirited and comical than that which represents Sir Charles at the masthead of one of his frigates, seeking, through a spy-glass, to get a sight at the domes and spires of St. Petersburg: not even the best efforts of Gillray or "H. B.," or Gavarni or Daumier, or the brightest things in "Punch" or "Kladderadatsch" surpass it.

Some other Russian efforts at keeping up public spirit were less legitimate. Popular pictures of a rude sort were circulated in vast numbers among the peasants, representing British and French soldiers desecrating churches, plundering monasteries, and murdering priests.

Near the close of my stay I made a visit, in company with Mr. Erving, first secretary of the legation, to Moscow,—the journey, which now requires but twelve hours, then consuming twenty-four; and a trying journey it was, since there was no provision for sleeping.

The old Russian capital, and, above all, the Kremlin, interested me greatly; but, of all the vast collections in the Kremlin, two things especially arrested my attention. The first was a statue,—the only statue in all those vast halls,—and there seemed a wondrous poetic justice in the fact that it represented the first Napoleon. The other thing was an evidence of the feeling of the Emperor Nicholas toward Poland. In one of the large rooms was a full-length portrait of Nicholas's elder brother and immediate predecessor, Alexander I; flung on the floor at his feet was the constitution of Poland, which he had given, and which Nicholas, after fearful bloodshed, had

taken away; and lying near was the Polish scepter broken in the middle.

A visit to the Sparrow Hills, from which Napoleon first saw Moscow and the Kremlin, was also interesting; but the city itself, though picturesque, disappointed me. Everywhere were filth, squalor, beggary, and fetishism. Evidences of official stupidity were many. In one of the Kremlin towers a catastrophe had occurred on the occasion of the Emperor's funeral, a day or two before our arrival: some thirty men had been ringing one of the enormous bells, when it broke loose from its rotten fastenings and crashed down into the midst of the ringers, killing several. Sad reminders of this slaughter were shown us; it was clearly the result of gross neglect.

Another revelation of Russian officialism was there vouchsafed us. Wishing to send a very simple message to our minister at St. Petersburg, we went to the telegraph office and handed it to the clerk in charge. Putting on an air of great importance, he began a long inquisitorial process, insisting on knowing our full names, whence we had come, where we were going, how long we were staying, why we were sending the message, etc., etc.; and when he had evidently asked all the questions he could think of, he gravely informed us that our message could not be sent until the head of the office had given his approval. On our asking where the head of the office was, he pointed out a stout gentleman in military uniform seated near the stove in the further corner of the room, reading a newspaper; and, on our requesting him to notify this superior being, he answered that he could not thus interrupt him; that we could see that he was busy. At this Erving lost his temper, caught up the paper, tore it in pieces, threw them into the face of the underling with a loud exclamation more vigorous than pious, and we marched out defiantly. Looking back when driving off in our droshky, we saw that he had aroused the entire establishment: at the door stood the whole personnel of the office,—the military commander at the head,—all gazing

at us in a sort of stupefaction. We expected to hear from them afterward, but on reflection they evidently thought it best not to stir the matter.

In reviewing this first of my sojourns in Russia, my thoughts naturally dwell upon the two sovereigns Nicholas I and Alexander II. The first of these was a great man scared out of greatness by the ever recurring specter of the French Revolution. There had been much to make him a stern reactionary. He could not but remember that two Czars—his father and grandfather—had both been murdered in obedience to family necessities. At his proclamation as emperor he had been welcomed by a revolt which had forced him

"To wade through slaughter to a throne—"

a revolt which had deluged the great parade-ground of St. Petersburg with the blood of his best soldiers, which had sent many coffles of the nobility to Siberia, and which had obliged him to see the bodies of several men who might have made his reign illustrious dangling from the fortress walls opposite the Winter Palace. He had been obliged to grapple with a fearful insurrection in Poland, caused partly by the brutality of his satraps, but mainly by religious hatreds; to suppress it with enormous carnage; and to substitute, for the moderate constitutional liberty which his brother had granted, a cruel despotism. He had thus become the fanatical apostle of reaction throughout Europe, and as such was everywhere the implacable enemy of any evolution of constitutional liberty. The despots of Europe adored him. As symbols of his ideals, he had given to the King of Prussia and to the Neapolitan Bourbon copies of two of the statues which adorned his Nevsky bridge—statues representing restive horses restrained by strong men; and the Berlin populace, with an unerring instinct, had given to one of these the name "Progress checked," and to the other the name "Retrogression encouraged." To this day one sees every-

where in the palaces of Continental rulers, whether great or petty, his columns of Siberian porphyry, jasper bowls, or malachite vases—signs of his approval of reaction.

But, in justice to him, it should be said that there was one crime he did not commit—a crime, indeed, which he did not *dare* commit: he did not violate his oath to maintain the liberties of Finland. *That* was reserved for the second Nicholas, now on the Russian throne.

Whether at the great assemblages of the Winter Palace, or at the reviews, or simply driving in his sledge or walking in the street, he overawed all men by his presence. Whenever I saw him, and never more cogently than during that last drive of his just before his death, there was forced to my lips the thought: "You are the most majestic being ever created." Colossal in stature; with a face such as one finds on a Greek coin, but overcast with a shadow of Muscovite melancholy; with a bearing dignified, but with a manner not unkind, he bore himself like a god. And yet no man could be more simple or affable, whether in his palace or in the street. Those were the days when a Russian Czar could drive or walk alone in every part of every city in his empire. He frequently took exercise in walking along the Neva quay, and enjoyed talking with any friends he met—especially with members of the diplomatic corps. The published letters of an American minister—Mr. Dallas—give accounts of many discussions thus held with him.

There seemed a most characteristic mingling of his better and worse qualities in the two promises which, according to tradition, he exacted on his death-bed from his son—namely, that he would free the serfs, and that he would never give a constitution to Poland.

The accession of this son, Alexander II, brought a change at once: we all felt it. While he had the big Romanoff frame and beauty and dignity, he had less of the majesty and none of the implacable sternness of his father. At the reception of the diplomatic corps on his accession he showed this abundantly; for, despite the strong decla-

rations in his speech, his tears betrayed him. Reforms began at once—halting, indeed, but all tending in the right direction. How they were developed, and how so largely brought to naught, the world knows by heart. Of all the ghastly miscalculations ever made, of all the crimes which have cost the earth most dear, his murder was the worst. The murders of William of Orange, of Lincoln, of Garfield, of Carnot, of Humbert I, did not stop the course of a beneficent evolution; but the murder of Alexander II threw Russia back into the hands of a reaction worse than any ever before known, which has now lasted nearly a generation, and which bids fair to continue for many more, unless the Russian reverses in the present war force on a better order of things. For me, looking back upon those days, it is hard to imagine even the craziest of nihilists or anarchists wild enough to commit such a crime against so attractive a man fully embarked on so blessed a career. He, too, in the days of my stay, was wont to mingle freely with his people; he even went to their places of public amusement, and he was frequently to be seen walking among them on the quays and elsewhere. In my reminiscences of the Hague Conference, I give from the lips of Prince Münster an account of a conversation under such circumstances: the Czar walking on the quay or resting on a seat by the roadside, while planning to right a wrong done by a petty Russian official to a German student. Therein appears not only a deep sense of justice and humanity, but that melancholy, so truly Russian, which was deepest in him and in his uncle, the first Alexander. There dwell also in my memory certain photographs of him in his last days, shown me not long before his death, during my first official stay at Berlin. His face was beautiful as of old, but the melancholy had deepened, and the eyes made a fearful revelation; for they were the eyes of a man who for years had known himself to be hunted. As I looked at them there came back to me the remembrance of the great, beautiful, frightened eyes of a deer, hunted down and finally at my

mercy, in the midst of a lake in the Adirondacks—eyes which haunted me long afterward. And there comes back the scene at the funeral ceremony in his honor at Berlin, coincident with that at St. Petersburg—his uncle, the Emperor William I, and all about him, in tears, and a depth of real feeling shown such as no monarch of a coarser fiber could have inspired. When one reflects that he had given his countrymen, among a great mass of minor reforms, trial by jury; the emancipation of twenty millions of serfs, with provision for homesteads; and had at that moment—as his adviser, Loris Melikoff, confessed when dying—a constitution ready for his people, one feels inclined to curse those who take the methods of revolution rather than those of evolution.

My departure from Russia embraces one or two incidents which may throw some light upon the Russian civilization of that period. On account of the blockade, I was obliged to take the post from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, giving to the journey seven days and seven nights of steady travel; and, as the pressure for places on the post was very great, I was obliged to secure mine several weeks beforehand, and then thought myself especially lucky in obtaining a sort of sentry-box on the roof of the second coach usually occupied by the guard. This good luck was due to the fact that, there being on that day two coaches, one guard served for both; and the place on the second was thus left vacant for me.

Day and night, then, during that whole week, we rumbled on through the interminable forests of Poland, and the distressingly dirty hamlets and towns scattered along the road. My first night out was trying, for it was very cold; but, having secured from a dealer in the first town where we stopped in the morning a large sheet of felt, I wrapped my legs in it, and thenceforward was comfortable. My companions in the two post-coaches were very lively, being mainly French actors and actresses who had just finished their winter campaign in Russia; and, when we changed horses at the post-houses, the scenes

were of a sort which an American orator once characterized as "halcyon and vociferous."

Bearing a despatch-bag to our legation at Paris, I carried the pass, not only of an attaché, but of a bearer of despatches, and on my departure our minister said to me: "The Russian officials at the frontier have given much trouble to Americans of late; and I hope that if they trouble you, you will simply stop and inform me. You are traveling for pleasure and information, and a few days more or less will make little difference." On arriving at the frontier, I gave up my papers to the passport officials, and was then approached by the officers of the custom-house. One of these, a tall personage in showy uniform, was very solemn, and presently asked: "Are you carrying out any specie?" I answered: "None to speak of; only about twenty or thirty German dollars." Said he: "That you must give up to me; the law of the empire does not permit you to take out coin." "No," I said; "you are mistaken. I have already had the money changed, and it is in German coin, not Russian." "That makes no difference," said he; "you must give it up or stay here." My answer was that I would not give it up, and on this he commanded his subordinates to take my baggage off the coach. My traveling companions now besought me to make a quiet compromise with him, to give him half the money, telling me that I might be detained there for weeks or months, or even be maltreated; but I steadily refused, and my baggage was removed. All were ready to start when the head of the police bureau came upon the scene to return our papers. His first proceeding was to call out my name in a most obsequious tone, and, bowing reverently, to tender me my passport. I glanced at the custom-house official, and saw that he turned pale. The honor done my little brief authority by the passport official revealed to him his mistake, and he immediately ordered his subordinates to replace my baggage on the coach; but this I instantly forbade. He then came up to me and insisted that a misunderstanding had occurred. "No," I

said; "there is no misunderstanding; you have only treated me as you have treated other Americans. The American minister has ordered me to wait here and inform him, and all that I have now to ask you is that you give me the name of a hotel." At this he begged me to listen to him, and presently was pleading most piteously; indeed, he would have readily knelt and kissed my feet to secure my forgiveness. He became utterly abject. All were waiting, the coach stood open, the eyes of the whole party were fastened upon us. My comrades besought me to let the rascal go; and at last, after a most earnest warning to him, I gave my gracious permission to have the baggage placed on the coach. He was certainly at that moment one of the happiest men I have ever seen; and, as we drove off from the station, he lingered long, hat in hand, profuse with bows and good wishes.

One other occurrence during those seven days and nights of coaching may throw some light upon the feeling which has recently produced, in that same region, the Kishineff massacres.

One pleasant Saturday evening, at a Polish village, our coach passed into the little green inclosure in front of the post-house, and there stopped for a change of horses. While waiting, I noticed, from my sentry-box on the top of the coach, several well-dressed people—by the cut of their beards and hair, Jews—standing at some distance outside the inclosure, and looking at us. Presently two of them—clearly, by their bearing and dress, men of mark—entered the inclosure, came near the coach, and stood quietly and respectfully. In a few moments my attention was attracted by a movement on the other side of the coach: our coachman, a young serf, was skulking rapidly toward the stables, and presently emerged with his long horsewhip, skulked swiftly back again until he came suddenly on these two grave and reverend men, —each of them doubtless wealthy enough to have bought a dozen like him,—began lashing them, and finally drove them out of the inclosure like dogs, the assembled crowd jeering and hooting after them.

Few evenings linger more pleasantly in my memory than that on which I arrived in Breslau. I was once more outside of the Russian Empire; and, as I settled for the evening before a kindly fire upon a cheerful hearth, there rose under my windows, from a rollicking band of university students, the "Gaudeamus igitur." I seemed to have arrived in another world—a world which held home and friends. Then, as never before, I realized the feeling which the Marquis de Custine had revealed, to the amusement of Europe and the disgust of the Emperor Nicholas, nearly twenty years before. The brilliant marquis, on his way to St. Petersburg, had stopped at Stettin; and, on his leaving the inn to take ship for Cronstadt next day, the innkeeper said to him: "Well, you are going into a very bad country." "How so?" said De Custine; "when did you travel there?" "Never," answered the innkeeper; "but I have kept this inn for many years. All the leading Russians, going and coming by sea, have stopped with me; and I have always noticed that those coming from Russia are very glad, and those returning very sad."

Throughout the remainder of my journey across the Continent, considerable attention was shown me at various stopping-places, since travelers from within the Russian lines at that time were rare indeed; but there was nothing worthy of note until my arrival at Strasburg. There, in the railway station, I was presented by a young Austrian nobleman to an American lady who was going on to Paris accompanied by her son; and, as she was very agreeable, I was glad when we all found ourselves together in the same railway compartment.

Some time after leaving Strasburg she said to me: "I don't think you caught my name at the station." To this I frankly replied that I had not. She then repeated it; and I found her to be a distinguished leader in New York and Parisian society, the wife of an American widely known. As we rolled on toward Paris, I became vaguely aware that there was some trouble in our compartment; but, being occupied with a book, I paid little attention to

the matter. There were seven of us. Facing each other at one door were the American lady, whom I will call "Mrs. X.," and myself; at her left was her maid, then a vacant seat, and then at the other door a German lady, richly attired, evidently of high degree, and probably about fifty years of age. Facing this German lady sat an elegantly dressed young man of about thirty, also of aristocratic manners, and a German. Between this gentleman and myself sat the son of Mrs. X. and the Austrian gentleman who had presented me to her.

Presently Mrs. X. bent over toward me and asked, in an undertone, "What do you think is the relationship between those two people at the other door?" I answered that quite likely they were brother and sister. "No," said she; "they are man and wife." I answered, "That can hardly be; there is a difference of at least twenty years in the young man's favor." "Depend upon it," she said, "they are man and wife; it is a *mariage de convenance;* she is dressed to look as young as possible." At this I expressed new doubts, and the discussion dropped.

Presently the young German gentleman said something to the lady opposite him which indicated that he had lived in Berlin; whereupon Mrs. X. asked him, diagonally across the car, if he had been at the Berlin University. At this he turned in some surprise and answered, civilly but coldly, "Yes, madam." Then he turned away to converse with the lady who accompanied him. Mrs. X., nothing daunted, persisted, and asked, "Have you been *recently* at the university?" Before he could reply the lady opposite him turned to Mrs. X. and said most haughtily, "Mon Dieu, madam, you must see that the gentleman does not desire any conversation with you." At this Mrs. X. became very humble, and rejoined most penitently, "Madam, I beg your pardon; if I had known that the gentleman's mother did not wish him to talk with a stranger, I would not have spoken to him." At this the German lady started as if stung, turned very red, and replied, "Pardon, madam, I am not the mother of the

gentleman." At this the humble manner of Mrs. X. was flung off in an instant, and turning fiercely upon the German lady, she said, "Madam, since you are not the mother of the gentleman, and, of course, cannot be his wife, by what right do you interfere to prevent his answering me?" The lady thus addressed started again as if stabbed, turned pale, and gasped out, "Pardon, madam; I *am* the wife of the gentleman." Instantly Mrs. X. became again penitently apologetic, and answered, "Madam, I beg a thousand pardons; I will not speak again to the gentleman"; and then, turning to me, said very solemnly, but loudly, so that all might hear, "Heavens! can it be possible!"

By this time we were all in distress, the German lady almost in a state of collapse, and her husband hardly less so. At various times during the remainder of the journey I heard them affecting to laugh the matter off, but it was clear that the thrust from my fair compatriot had cut deep and would last long.

Arriving at our destination, I obtained the key to the mystery. On taking leave of Mrs. X., I said, "That was rather severe treatment which you administered to the German lady." "Yes," she answered; "it will teach her never again to go out of her way to insult an American woman." She then told me that the lady had been evidently vexed because Mrs. X. had brought her maid into the compartment; and that this aristocratic dame had shown her feeling by applying her handkerchief to her nose, by sniffing, and by various other signs of disgust. "And then," said Mrs. X., "I determined to teach her a lesson."

I never saw Mrs. X. again. After a brilliant social career of a few years she died; but her son, who was then a boy of twelve years, in a short jacket, has since become very prominent in Europe and America, and, in a way, influential.

In Paris I delivered my despatches to our minister, Mr. Mason; was introduced to Baron Seebach, the Saxon min-

ister, Nesselrode's son-in-law, who was a leading personage at the conference of the great powers then in session; and saw various interesting men, among them sundry young officers of the United States army, who were on their way to the Crimea in order to observe the warlike operations going on there, and one of them, McClellan, also on his way to the head of our own army in the Civil War which began a few years later.

It was the time of the first great French Exposition—that of 1855. The Emperor Napoleon III had opened it with much pomp; and, though the whole affair was petty compared with what we have known since, it attracted visitors from the whole world, and among them came Horace Greeley.

As he shuffled along the boulevards and streets of Paris, in his mooning way, he attracted much wondering attention, but was himself very unhappy because his ignorance of the French language prevented his talking with the people about him.

He had just gone through a singular experience, having, the day before my arrival, been released from Clichy prison, where he had been confined for debt. Nothing could be more comical than the whole business from first to last. A year or two previously there had taken place in New York, on what has been since known as Reservoir Square, an international exposition which, for its day, was very creditable; but, this exposition having ended in bankruptcy, a new board of commissioners had been chosen, who, it was hoped, would secure public confidence, and among these was Mr. Greeley.

Yet even under this new board the exposition had not been a success; and it had been finally wound up in a very unsatisfactory way, many people complaining that their exhibits had not been returned to them—among these a French sculptor of more ambition than repute, who had sent a plaster cast of some sort of allegorical figure to which he attributed an enormous value. Having sought in vain for redress in America, he returned to Europe and

there awaited the coming of some one of the directors; and the first of these whom he caught was no less a person than Greeley himself, who, soon after arriving in Paris, was arrested for the debt and taken to Clichy prison.

Much feeling was shown by the American community. Every one knew that Mr. Greeley's connection with the New York exposition was merely of a good-natured, nominal sort. It therefore became the fashion among traveling Americans to visit him while thus in durance vile; and among those who thus called upon him were two former Presidents of the United States, both of whom he had most bitterly opposed—Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Fillmore.

The American legation having made very earnest representations, the prisoner was soon released; and the most tangible result of the whole business was a letter, very pithy and characteristic, which Greeley wrote to the "New York Tribune," giving this strange experience, and closing with the words: "So ended my last chance to learn French."

A day or two after his release I met him at the student restaurant of Madame Busque. A large company of Americans were present; and shortly after taking his seat at table he tried to ask for some green string-beans, which were then in season. Addressing one of the serving-maids, he said, "Flawronce, donney moy—donney moy—donney moy—"; and then, unable to remember the word, he impatiently screamed out in a high treble, thrusting out his plate at the same time, "*beans!*" The crowd of us burst into laughter; whereupon Donn Piatt, then secretary of the legation at Paris and afterward editor of the "Capital" at Washington, said: "Why, Greeley, you don't improve a bit; you knew beans yesterday."

This restaurant of Madame Busque's had been, for some years, a place of resort for American students and their traveling friends. The few dishes served, though simple, were good; all was plain; there were no table-cloths; but the place was made attractive by the portraits

of various American artists and students who had frequented the place in days gone by, and who had left these adornments to the good old madame.

It was a simple *crémerie* in the Rue de la Michodière, a little way out of the Boulevard des Italiens; and its success was due to the fact that Madame Busque, the kindest old lady alive, had learned how to make sundry American dishes, and had placed a sign in the window as follows: "Aux Américains. Spécialité de Pumpkin Pie et de Buckwheat Cakes." Never was there a more jolly restaurant. One met there, not only students and artists, but some of the most eminent men in American public life. The specialties as given on the sign-board were well prepared; and many were the lamentations when the dear old madame died, and the restaurant, being transferred to another part of Paris, became pretentious and fell into oblivion.

Another occurrence at the exposition dwells vividly in my memory. One day, in going through the annex in which there was a show of domestic animals, I stopped for a moment to look at a wonderful goat which was there tethered. He was very large, with a majestic head, spreading horns, and long, white, curly beard. Presently a party of French gentlemen and ladies, evidently of the higher class, came along and joined the crowd gazing at the animal. In a few moments one of the ladies, anxious to hurry on, said to the large and dignified elderly gentleman at the head of the party, "Mais viens donc"; to which he answered, "Non, laisse moi le regarder; celui-là ressemble tant au bon Dieu."

This remark, which in Great Britain or the United States would have aroused horror as blasphemy, was simply answered by a peal of laughter, and the party passed on; yet I could not but reflect on the fact that this attitude toward the Supreme Being was possible after a fifteen hundred years' monopoly of teaching by the church which insists that to it alone should be intrusted the religious instruction of the French people.

After staying a few weeks at the French capital, I left for a short tour in Switzerland. The only occurrence on this journey possibly worthy of note was at the hospice of the Great St. Bernard. On a day early in September I had walked over the Tête Noire with two long-legged Englishmen, and had so tired myself that the next morning I was too late to catch the diligence from Martigny; so that, on awaking toward noon, there was nothing left for me but to walk, and I started on that rather toilsome journey alone. After plodding upward some miles along the road toward the hospice, I was very weary indeed, but felt that it would be dangerous to rest, since the banks of snow on both sides of the road would be sure to give me a deadly chill; and I therefore kept steadily on. Presently I overtook a small party, apparently English, also going up the pass; and, at some distance in advance of them, alone, a large woman with a very striking and even masculine face. I had certainly seen the face before, but where I could not imagine. Arriving finally at the hospice, very tired, we were, after some waiting, invited out to a good dinner by the two fathers deputed for the purpose; and there, among the guests, I again saw the lady, and was again puzzled to know where I had previously seen her. As the dinner went on the two monks gave accounts of life at the hospice, rescues from avalanches, and the like, and various questions were asked; but the unknown lady sat perfectly still, uttering not a word, until suddenly, just at the close of the dinner, she put a question across the table to one of the fathers. It came almost like a peal of thunder—deep, strong, rolling through the room, startling all of us, and fairly taking the breath away from the good monk to whom it was addressed; but he presently rallied, and in a rather faltering tone made answer. That was all. But on this I at once recognized her: it was Fanny Kemble Butler, whom, years before, I had heard interpreting Shakspere.

Whether this episode had anything to do with it or not, I soon found myself in rather a bad way. The fatigues of

the two previous days had been too much for me. I felt very wretched, and presently one of the brothers came up to me and asked whether I was ill. I answered that I was tired; whereupon he said kindly, "Come with me." I went. He took me to a neat, tidy little cell; put me into bed as carefully as my grandmother had ever done; tucked me in; brought me some weak, hot tea; and left me with various kind injunctions. Very early in the morning I was aroused by the singing of the monks in the chapel, but dozed on until eight or nine o'clock, when, feeling entirely rested, I rose and, after breakfast, left the monastery, with a party of newly made American friends, in as good condition as ever, and with a very grateful feeling toward my entertainers. Against monks generally I must confess to a prejudice; but the memory of these brothers of St. Bernard I still cherish with a real affection.

Stopping at various interesting historic places, and especially at Eisenach, whence I made the first of my many visits to the Wartburg, I reached Berlin just before the beginning of the university term, and there settled as a student. So, as I then supposed, ended my diplomatic career forever.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AS COMMISSIONER TO SANTO DOMINGO — 1871

RETURNING from Russia and Germany, I devoted myself during thirteen years, first, to my professorial duties at the University of Michigan; next, to political duties in the State Senate at Albany; and, finally, to organizing and administering Cornell University. But in the early winter of 1870–71 came an event which drew me out of my university life for a time, and engaged me again in diplomatic work. While pursuing the even tenor of my way, there came a telegraphic despatch from Mr. William Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, a devoted supporter of the administration, asking me whether I had formed any definite opinion against the annexation of the island of Santo Domingo to the United States. This question surprised me. A proposal regarding such an annexation had been for some time talked about. The newly elected President, General Grant, having been besought by the authorities of that republic to propose measures looking to annexation, had made a brief examination; and Congress had passed a law authorizing the appointment of three commissioners to visit the island, to examine and report upon its desirability, from various points of view, and to ascertain, as far as possible, the feeling of its inhabitants; but I had given no attention to the matter, and therefore answered Mr. Orton that I had no opinion, one way or the other, regarding it. A day or two afterward came information that the President had named the commission, and in the following or-

der: Ex-Senator Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, Andrew D. White of New York, and Samuel G. Howe of Massachusetts. On receiving notice of my appointment, I went to Washington, was at once admitted to an interview with the President, and rarely have I been more happily disappointed. Instead of the taciturn man who, as his enemies insisted, said nothing because he knew nothing, had never cared for anything save military matters, and was entirely absorbed in personal interests, I found a quiet, dignified public officer, who presented the history of the Santo Domingo question, and his view regarding it, in a manner large, thoughtful, and statesmanlike. There was no special pleading; no attempt at converting me: his whole effort seemed given to stating candidly the history of the case thus far.

There was much need of such statement. Mr. Charles Sumner, the eminent senator from Massachusetts, had completely broken with the President on this and other questions; had attacked the policy of the administration violently; had hinted at the supremacy of unworthy motives; and had imputed rascality to men with whom the President had close relations. He appeared, also, as he claimed, in the interest of the republic of Haiti, which regarded with disfavor any acquisition by the United States of territory on the island of which that quasi-republic formed a part; and all his rhetoric and oratory were brought to bear against the President's ideas. I had long been an admirer of Mr. Sumner, with the feeling which a young man would naturally cherish toward an older man of such high character who had given him early recognition; and I now approached him with especial gratitude and respect. But I soon saw that his view of the President was prejudiced, and his estimate of himself abnormal. Though a senator of such high standing and so long in public affairs, he took himself almost too seriously; and there had come a break between him, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and President Grant's Secretary of State, Mr. Fish, who had

proved himself, as State senator, as Governor of New York, as United States senator, and now as Secretary of State, a man of the highest character and capacity.

The friends of the administration claimed that it had become impossible for it to have any relations with Senator Sumner; that he delayed, and indeed suppressed, treaties of the greatest importance; that his egotism had become so colossal that he practically assumed to himself the entire conduct of foreign affairs; and the whole matter reached a climax when, in a large social gathering, Mr. Fish meeting Senator Sumner and extending his hand to him, the latter deliberately rejected the courtesy and coldly turned away.

Greatly admiring all these men, and deeply regretting their divisions, which seemed sure to prove most injurious to the Republican party and to the country, I wrote to Mr. Gerrit Smith, urging him to come at once to Washington and, as the lifelong friend of Senator Sumner and the devoted supporter of General Grant, to use his great powers in bringing them together. He came and did his best; but a few days afterward he said to me: "It is impossible; it is a breach which can never be healed."

Mr. Sumner's speeches I had always greatly admired, and his plea for international peace, delivered before I was fairly out of my boyhood, had made a deep impression upon me. Still greater was the effect of his speeches against the extension of slavery. It is true that these speeches had little direct influence upon the Senate; but they certainly had an immense effect upon the country, and this effect was increased by the assault upon him by Preston Brooks of South Carolina, which nearly cost him his life, and from which he suffered physically as long as he lived. His influence was exercised not only in the Senate, but in his own house. In his library he discussed, in a very interesting way, the main questions of the time; and at his dinner-table one met interesting men from all parts of the world. At one of his dinners I had an opportunity to observe one of the diffi-

culties from which our country suffers most—namely, that easy-going facility in slander which is certain to be developed in the absence of any effective legal responsibility for one's utterances. At the time referred to there was present an Englishman eminent in parliamentary and business circles. I sat next him, and near us sat a gentleman who had held a subordinate position in the United States navy, but who was out of employment, and apparently for some reason which made him sore. On being asked by the Englishman why the famous American Collins Line of transatlantic steamers had not succeeded, this American burst into a tirade, declaring that it was all due to the fact that the Collins company had been obliged to waste its entire capital in bribing members of Congress to obtain subsidies; that it had sunk all its funds in doing this, and so had become bankrupt. This I could not bear, and indignantly interposed, stating the simple facts—namely, that the ships of the company were built in the most expensive manner, without any sufficient data as to their chances of success; that the competition of the Cunard company had been destructive to them; that, to cap the climax, two out of their fleet of five had been, at an early period in the history of the company, lost at sea; and I expressed my complete disbelief in any cause of failure like that which had been named. As a matter of fact, the Collins company, in their pride at the beauty of their first ship, had sent it up the Potomac to Washington and given a collation upon it to members of Congress; but beyond this there was not the slightest evidence of anything of the sort which the slanderer of his country had brought forward.

As regards the Santo Domingo question, I must confess that Mr. Sumner's speeches did not give me much light; they seemed to me simply academic orations tinged by anger.

Far different was it with the speeches made on the same side by Senator Carl Schurz. In them was a restrained strength of argument and a philosophic dealing with the

question which appealed both to reason and to patriotism. His argument as to the danger of extending the domain of American institutions and the privileges of American citizenship over regions like the West Indies carried great weight with me; it was the calm, thoughtful utterance of a man accustomed to look at large public questions in the light of human history, and, while reasoning upon them philosophically and eloquently, to observe strict rules of logic.

I also had talks with various leading men at Washington on the general subject. Very interesting was an evening passed with Admiral Porter of the navy, who had already visited Santo Domingo, and who gave me valuable points as to choosing routes and securing information. Another person with whom I had some conversation was Benjamin Franklin Butler, previously a general in the Civil War, and afterward governor of Massachusetts—a man of amazing abilities, but with a certain recklessness in the use of them which had brought him into nearly universal discredit. His ideas regarding the annexation of Santo Domingo seemed to resolve themselves, after all, into a feeling of utter indifference,—his main effort being to secure positions for one or two of his friends as attachés of the commission.

At various times I talked with the President on this and other subjects, and was more and more impressed, not only by his patriotism, but by his ability; and as I took leave of him, he gave me one charge for which I shall always revere his memory.

He said: "Your duties are, of course, imposed upon you by Congress; I have no right as *President* to give you instructions, but as a *man* I have a right in this matter. You have doubtless noticed hints in Congress, and charges in various newspapers, that I am financially interested in the acquisition of Santo Domingo. Now, as a man, as your fellow-citizen, I demand that on your arrival in the island, you examine thoroughly into all American interests there; that you study land titles and contracts with the

utmost care; and that if you find anything whatever which connects me or any of my family with any of them, you expose me to the American people." The President uttered these words in a tone of deep earnestness. I left him, feeling that he was an honest man; and I may add that the closest examination of men and documents relating to titles and concessions in the island failed to reveal any personal interest of his whatsoever.

Arriving next day in New York, I met the other commissioners, with the secretaries, interpreters, attachés, and various members of the press who were authorized to accompany the expedition. Most interesting of all to me were the scientific experts. It is a curious example of the happy-go-lucky ways which prevail so frequently at Washington, that although the resolutions of Congress required the commissioners to examine into the mining and agricultural capacities of the island, its meteorological characteristics, its harbors and the possibilities of fortifying them, its land tenures, and a multitude of other subjects demanding the aid of experts, no provision was made for any such aid, and the three commissioners and their secretaries, not one of whom could be considered as entitled to hold a decisive opinion on any of these subjects, were the only persons expected to conduct the inquiry. Seeing this, I represented the matter to the President, and received his permission to telegraph to presidents of several of our leading universities asking them to secure for us active young scientific men who would be willing to serve on the expedition without salary. The effort was successful. Having secured at the Smithsonian Institution two or three good specialists in sundry fields, I obtained from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, and other universities the right sort of men for various other lines of investigation. and on the 17th of January, 1871, we all embarked on the steam-frigate *Tennessee,* under the command of Commodore Temple.

It fell to my lot to take a leading part in sending forth our scientific experts into all parts of the republic. Four-

teen different expeditions were thus organized and despatched, and these made careful examinations and reports which were wrought into the final report of the commission. It is doubtful whether any country was ever so thoroughly examined in so short a time. One party visited various harbors with reference to their value for naval or military purposes; another took as its subject the necessary fortifications; another, agriculture; another, the coal supply; another, the precious metals; another, the prevailing epidemics and diseases of the country; while the commission itself adjourned from place to place, taking testimony on land tenures and on the general conditions and disposition of the people.

I became much attached to my colleagues. The first of these, Senator Wade of Ohio, was bluff, direct, shrewd, and well preserved, though over seventy years of age. He was a rough diamond, kindly in his judgments unless his feeling of justice was injured; then he was implacable. Many sayings of his were current, among them a dry answer to a senator from Texas who, having dwelt in high-flown discourse on the superlative characteristics of the State he represented, wound up all by saying, "All that Texas needs to make it a paradise is water and good society," to which Wade instantly replied, "That 's all they need in hell." The nimbleness and shrewdness of some public men he failed to appreciate. On his saying something to me rather unfavorable to a noted statesman of New England, I answered him, "But, senator, he made an admirable Speaker of the House of Representatives." To which he answered, "So would a squirrel if he could talk."

Dr. Howe was a very different sort of man—a man of the highest cultivation and of wide experience, who had devoted his whole life to philanthropic efforts. He had been imprisoned in Spandau for attempting to aid the Poles; had narrowly escaped with his life while struggling in Greece against Turkey; and had braved death again and again while aiding the free-State men against the pro-slavery myrmidons of Kansas. He told me that of all

these three experiences, he considered the last as by far the most dangerous. He had a high sense of personal honor, and was devoted to what he considered the interests of humanity.

Our main residence was at the city of Santo Domingo, and our relations with the leading officials of the republic were exceedingly pleasant. The president, Baez, was a man of force and ability, and, though a light mulatto, he had none of the characteristics generally attributed in the United States to men of mixed blood. He had rather the appearance of a swarthy Spaniard, and in all his conduct he showed quiet self-reliance, independence, and the tone of a high-spirited gentleman. His family was noted in the history of the island, and held large estates, near the capital city, in the province of Azua. He had gone through various vicissitudes, at times conquering insurgents and at times being driven out by them. During a portion of his life he had lived in Spain, and had there been made a marshal of that kingdom. There was a quiet elegance in his manners and conversation which would have done credit to any statesman in any country, and he had gathered about him as his cabinet two or three really superior men who appeared devoted to his fortunes. I have never doubted that his overtures to General Grant were patriotic. As long as he could remember, he had known nothing in his country but a succession of sterile revolutions which had destroyed all its prosperity and nearly all its population. He took very much to heart a passage in one of Mr. Sumner's orations against the annexation project, in which the senator had spoken of him as a man who wished to sell his country. Referring to this, President Baez said to me: "How could I sell my country? My property is here; my family is here; my friends are here; all my interests are here: how could I sell my country and run away and enjoy the proceeds as Mr. Sumner thinks I wish to do? Mr. Sumner gives himself out to be the friend of the colored race; but I also am a colored man," and with that Baez ran his hand through his crisp hair and said, "This leaves no doubt on that point."

We discussed at various times the condition of his country and the relations which he desired to establish with the United States, and I became more and more convinced that his dominant motives were those of a patriot. As a matter of fact, the country under the prevailing system was a ruin. West of it was the republic of Haiti, more than twice as populous, which from time to time encroached upon its weaker sister. In Santo Domingo itself, under one revolutionist after another, war had raged over the entire territory of the republic year after year for generations. Traveling through the republic, it is a simple fact that I never, in its entire domain, saw a bridge, a plow, a spade, a shovel, or a hoe; the only implement we saw was the *machete*—a heavy, rude instrument which served as a sword in war and a spade in peace. Everywhere among the mountains I found magnificent squared logs of the beautiful mahogany of the country left just where the teams which had been drawing them had been seized by revolutionists.

In one of the large interior towns there had been, indeed, one evidence of civilization to which the people of that region had pointed with pride—a steam-engine for sawing timber; but sometime before my arrival one of the innumerable petty revolutions had left it a mere mass of rusty scraps.

Under the natural law of increase the population of the republic should have been numbered in millions; but close examination, in all parts of its territory, showed us that there were not two hundred thousand inhabitants left, and that of these about one half were mulattos, the other half being about equally divided between blacks and whites.

Since my visit business men from the United States have developed the country to some extent; but revolutions have continued, each chieftain getting into place by orating loudly about liberty, and then holding power by murdering not only his enemies, but those whom he thought likely to become his enemies.

The late president, Heureaux, was one of the most mon-

strous of these creatures who have found their breeding-bed in Central American politics. He seems to have murdered, as far as possible, not only all who opposed him, but all who, he thought, *might* oppose him, and even members of their families.

It was not at all surprising that Baez, clear-sighted and experienced as he was, saw an advantage to his country in annexation to the United States. He probably expected that it would be, at first, a Territory of which he, as the foremost man in the island, would become governor, and that later it would come into the Union as a State which he would be quite likely to represent in the United States Senate. At a later period, when I saw him in New York, on his way to visit the President at Washington, my favorable opinion of him was confirmed. He was quiet, dignified, manly, showing himself, in his conversation and conduct, a self-respecting man of the world, accustomed to manage large affairs and to deal with strong men.

The same desire to annex the island to the United States was evident among the clergy. This at first surprised me, for some of them were exceedingly fanatical, and one of them, who was especially civil to us, had endeavored, a few months before our arrival, to prevent the proper burial of a charming American lady, the wife of the American geologist of the government, under the old Spanish view that, not being a Catholic, she should be buried outside the cemetery upon the commons, like a dog. But the desire for peace and for a reasonable development of the country, even under a government considered heretical, was everywhere evident.

It became my duty to discuss the question of church property with the papal nuncio and vicar apostolic. He was an archbishop who had been sent over to take temporary charge of ecclesiastical matters; of course a most earnest Roman Catholic, but thoroughly devoted to the annexation of the island to the United States, and the reason for his opinion was soon evident. Throughout the

entire island one constantly sees great buildings and other church property which have been confiscated and sold for secular purposes. In the city itself the opera-house was a former church, which in its day had been very imposing, and everywhere one saw monastery estates in private hands. The authorities in Santo Domingo had simply pursued the policy so well known in various Latin countries, and especially in France, Italy, and Spain, of allowing the religious orders to absorb large masses of property, and then squeezing it out of them into the coffers of the state.

In view of this, I said to the papal nuncio that it was very important for the United States, in considering the question of annexing the island, to know what the church claimed; that if the church demanded the restoration of all that had been taken from her, this would certainly greatly diminish the value of the island in the eyes of our public men. To this he answered that in case of annexation the church would claim nothing whatever beyond what it was absolutely and actually occupying and using for its own purposes, and he offered to give me guarantees to that effect which should be full and explicit.

It was perfectly clear that the church authorities preferred to be under a government which, even though they regarded it as Protestant, could secure them their property, rather than to be subject to a Roman Catholic republic in which they were liable to constantly recurring spoliation. This I found to be the spirit of the clergy of every grade in all parts of the island: they had discovered that under the Constitution of the United States confiscation without compensation is impossible.

It also fell to my lot, as the youngest man in the commission, to conduct an expedition across the mountains from the city of Santo Domingo on the south coast to Puerto Plata on the north.

During this journey, on which I was about ten days in the saddle, it was my duty to confer with the principal functionaries, and this gave me novel experiences. When-

ever our cavalcade approached a town, we halted, a messenger was sent forward, and soon the alcalde, the priests, and other men of light and leading, with a long train of functionaries, came dashing out on horseback to greet us; introductions then took place, and, finally, there was a wild gallop into the town to the house of the alcalde, where speeches were made and compliments exchanged in the high Spanish manner.

At the outset there was a mishap. As we were organizing our expedition, the gentlemen charged with purchasing supplies assured me that if we wished to secure proper consideration of the annexation question by the principal men of the various towns, we must exercise a large if simple hospitality, and that social gatherings without rum punch would be offensive rather than propitiatory. The order to lay in a sufficient spirituous supply was reluctantly given, and in due time we started, one of our train of pack-horses having on each side of the saddle large demijohns of the fluid which was to be so potent for diplomatic purposes. At the close of the first day's travel, just as our hammocks had been swung, I heard a scream and saw the people of our own and neighboring huts snatching cups and glasses and running pell-mell toward the point where our animals were tethered. On examination I found that the horse intrusted with the precious burden, having been relieved of part of his load, had felt warranted in disporting himself, and had finally rolled over, crushing all the demijohns. It seemed a serious matter, but I cannot say that it afflicted me much; we propitiated the local functionaries by other forms of hospitality, and I never found that the absence of rum punch seriously injured our diplomacy.

Civil war had been recently raging throughout the republic, and in one of the interior towns I was one day notified that a well-known guerrilla general, who had shown great bravery in behalf of the Baez government, wished a public interview. The meeting took place in the large room of the house which had been assigned me. The

mountain chieftain entered, bearing a rifle, and, the first salutations having been exchanged, he struck an oratorical attitude, and after expressing, in a loud harangue, his high consideration for the United States, for its representative, and for all present, he solemnly tendered the rifle to me, saying that he had taken it in battle from Luperon, the arch-enemy of his country, and could think of no other bestowal so worthy of it. This gift somewhat disconcerted me. In the bitterness of party feeling at home regarding the Santo Domingo question, how would it look for one of the commissioners to accept such a present? President Grant had been held up to obloquy throughout the whole length and breadth of the land for accepting a dog; what, then, would happen to a diplomatic representative who should accept a rifle? Connected with the expedition were some twenty or thirty representatives of the press, and I could easily see how my acceptance of such a gift would alarm the sensitive consciences of many of them and be enlarged and embroidered until the United States would resound with indignant outcry against a commission which accepted presents and was probably won over by contracts for artillery. My first attempt was to evade the difficulty. Rifle in hand, I acknowledged my appreciation of the gift, but declared to the general that my keeping such a trophy would certainly be a wrong to his family; that I would therefore accept it and transmit it to his son, to be handed down from generation to generation of his descendants as an heirloom and a monument of bravery and patriotism. I was just congratulating myself on this bit of extemporized diplomacy, when a cloud began to gather on the general's face, and presently he broke forth, saying that he regretted to find his present not good enough to be accepted; that it was the best he had; that if he had possessed anything better he would have brought it. At this, two or three gentlemen in our party pressed around me, and, in undertones, advised me by all means to accept it. There was no alternative; I accepted the rifle in as sonorous words as I could muster

—"*in behalf of the Government of the United States*"; had it placed immediately in a large box with the words "War Department" upon it, in very staring letters; and so the matter ended. Fortunately the commission, though attacked for a multitude of sins, escaped censure in this matter.

One part of our duty was somewhat peculiar. The United States, a few years before, had been on the point of concluding negotiations with Denmark for the purchase of St. Thomas, when a volcanic disturbance threw an American frigate in the harbor of that island upon the shore, utterly wrecking both the vessel and the treaty. This experience it was which led to the insertion of a clause in the Congressional instructions to the commission requiring them to make examinations regarding the frequency and severity of earthquakes. This duty we discharged faithfully, and on one occasion with a result interesting both to students of history and of psychology. Arriving at the old town of Cotuy, among the mountains, and returning the vicar's call, after my public reception, I asked him the stereotyped question regarding earthquakes, and was answered that about the year 1840 there had been one of a very terrible sort; that it had shaken and broken his great stone church very badly; that he had repaired the whole structure, except the gaping crevice above the front entrance; "and," said the good old padre, "*that* I left as a warning to my people, thinking that it might have a good influence upon them." On visiting the church, we found the crevice as the padre had described it; but his reasoning was especially interesting, because it corroborated the contention of Buckle, who, but a few years before, in his "History of Civilization in England," had stated that earthquakes and volcanoes had aided the clergy of southern countries in maintaining superstition, and who had afterward defended this view with great wealth of learning when it was attacked by a writer in the "Edinburgh Review." Certainly this Santo Domingo example was on the side of the historian.

Another day brought us to Vega, noted as the point where Columbus reared his standard above the wonderful interior valley of the island; and there we were welcomed, as usual, by the officials, and, among them, by a tall, ascetic-looking priest who spoke French. Returning his call next day, I was shown into his presence in a room utterly bare of all ornament save a large and beautiful photograph of the Cathedral of Tours. It had happened to me, just after my college days, to travel on foot through a large part of northern, western, and middle France, especially interesting myself in cathedral architecture; and as my eye caught this photograph I said, "Father, what a beautiful picture you have of the Church of St. Gatien!" The countenance of the priest, who had at first received me very ceremoniously and coldly, was instantly changed; he looked at me for a moment, and then threw his arms about me. It was pathetic: of all who had ever entered his door I was probably the only one who had recognized the picture of the cathedral where he had been ordained; and, above all, by a curious inspiration which I cannot to this hour account for, I had recognized it by the name of the saint to whom it is dedicated. Why I did not speak of it simply as the Cathedral of Tours I know not; how I came to remember that it was dedicated to St. Gatien I know not; but this fact evidently loosened the cords of the father's heart, and during my stay at Vega he was devoted to me; giving me information of the greatest value regarding the people, their habits, their diseases, and the like, much of which, up to that moment, the commission and its subordinates had vainly endeavored to secure.

And here I recall one thing which struck me as significant. This ascetic French priest was very severe in condemnation of the old Spanish priesthood of the island. When I asked him regarding the morals of the people he answered, "How can you expect good morals in them when their pastors set such bad examples?" It was evident that the church authorities at Rome were of his opinion; for in nearly every town I found not only a

jolly, kindly, easy-going old Spanish padre, surrounded by "nephews" and "nieces," but a more austere ecclesiastic recently arrived from France or Italy.

In the impressions made upon me by this long and tedious journey across the island, pleasure and pain were constantly mingled. On one hand was the wonderful beauty of the scenery, the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the bracing warmth of the climate, while the United States were going through a winter more than usually bitter.

But, on the other hand, the whole condition of the country seemed to indicate that the early Spanish rulers had left a curse upon it from which it had never recovered. Its inhabitants, in revolution after revolution, had destroyed all industry and industrial appliances, and had virtually eaten up each other; generation after generation had thus been almost entirely destroyed.

Finally, after nearly a fortnight of clambering over mountains, pushing through tropical thickets, fording streams, and negotiating in palm huts, we approached the sea; and suddenly, on the north side of the island, at the top of the mountain back of Puerto Plata, we looked far down upon its beautiful harbor, in the midst of which, like a fly upon a mirror, lay our trim little frigate *Nantasket.*

The vice-president of the republic, surrounded by the representatives of the city, having welcomed us with the usual speeches, we pushed forward to the vice-presidential villa, where I was to be lodged.

Having no other dress with me than my traveler's outfit, of which the main features were a flaming red flannel shirt, a poncho, and a sombrero, and having been invited to dine that evening at the house of my host, with the various consuls and other leaders of the place, I ordered two of my men to hurry down the mountain, and out to the frigate, to bring in my leather trunk containing a costume more worthy of the expected ceremony; and hardly were we comfortably established under the roof of

the vice-president, when two sailors came in, bringing the precious burden.

Now came a catastrophe. Turning the key, I noticed that the brass fittings of the lock were covered with verdigris, and, as the trunk opened, I shrank back in horror. It was filled, apparently, with a mass of mossy white-and-green mold from which cockroaches of enormous size darted in all directions.

Hastily pulling down the cover, I called a council of war; the main personages in it being my private secretary, Professor Crane, since acting president of Cornell University, and sundry of the more important men in the expedition. To these I explained the situation. It seemed bad enough to lose all means of presenting a suitable appearance at the approaching festivity, but this was nothing compared with the idea that I had requited the hospitality of my host by spreading through his house this hideous entomological collection.

But as I exposed this latter feature of the situation, I noticed a smile coming over the faces of my Dominican attendants, and presently one of them remarked that the cockroaches I had brought would find plenty of companions; that the house was doubtless already full of them. This was a great relief to my conscience. The trunk was removed, and presently the clothing, in which I was to be arrayed for the evening, was brought in. It seemed in a fearful condition, but, curiously enough, while boots, shoes, and, above all, a package of white gloves carefully reserved for grand ceremonies, had been nearly devoured, the garments of various sorts had escaped fairly well.

The next thing in order being the preparation of my apparel for use, the men proceeded first to deluge it with carbolic acid; and then, after drying it on the balconies in front of the vice-president's house, to mitigate the invincible carbolic odor by copious drenchings of Florida water. All day long they were thus at work making ready for the evening ceremony. In due time it ar-

rived; and, finally, after a sumptuous entertainment, I stood before the assembled consuls and other magnates. Probably no one of them remembers a word of my discourse; but doubtless every survivor will agree that no speaker, before or since, ever made to him an appeal of such pungency. I pervaded the whole atmosphere of the place; indeed, the town itself seemed to me, as long as I remained in it, to reek of that strange mixture of carbolic acid and Florida water; and as soon as possible after reaching the ship, the contents of the trunk were thrown overboard, and life became less a burden.

Having been duly escorted to the *Nantasket,* and received heartily by Commander McCook, I was assigned his own cabin, but soon thought it expedient to get out of it and sleep on deck. The fact was that the companions of my cockroaches had possession of the ship, and, to all appearance, their headquarters were in the captain's room. I therefore ordered my bed on deck; and, though it was February, passed two delightful nights in that balmy atmosphere of the tropical seas while we skirted the north side of the island until, at Port-au-Prince, I rejoined the other commissioners, who had come in the *Tennessee* along the southern coast.

At the Haitian capital our commission had interviews with the president, his cabinet, and others, and afterward we had time to look about us. Few things could be more dispiriting. The city had been burned again and again, and there had arisen a tangle of streets displaying every sort of cheap absurdity in architecture. The effects of the recent revolution—the latest in a long series of civic convulsions, cruel and sterile—were evident on all sides. On the slope above the city had stood the former residence of the French governor: it had been a beautiful palace, and, being so far from the sea, had, until the recent revolution, escaped unharmed; but during that last effort a squad of miscreants, howling the praises of liberty, having got possession of a small armed vessel in the harbor and found upon it a rifled cannon of long range, had exercised their

monkeyish passion for destruction by wantonly firing upon this beautiful structure. It now lay in ruins. In its main staircase an iron ring was pointed out to us, and we were given the following chronicle.

During the recent revolution the fugitive President Salnave had been captured, a leathern thong had been rudely drawn through a gash in his hand, and, attached by this to a cavalryman, he had been dragged up the hill to the palace, through the crowd which had but recently hurrahed for him, but which now jeered and pelted him. Arriving upon the scene of his former glory, he was attached by the thong to this iron ring and shot.

Opposite the palace was the ruin of a mausoleum, and in the street were scattered fragments of marble sarcophagi beautifully sculptured: these had contained the bodies of former rulers, but the revolutionists of Haiti, imitating those of 1793 in France, as apes imitate men, had torn the corpses out of them and had then scattered these, with the fragments of their monuments, through the streets.

In the markets of the city we had ample experience of the advantage arising from unlimited paper money. Successive governments had kept themselves afloat by new issues of currency, until its purchasing power was reduced almost to nothing. Preposterous sums were demanded for the simplest articles: hundreds of dollars for a basket of fruit, and thousands of dollars for a straw hat.

With us as one of our secretaries was Frederick Douglass, the gifted son of an eminent Marylander and a slave woman,—one of the two or three most talented men of color I have ever known. Up to this time he had cherished many hopes that his race, if set free, would improve; but it was evident that this experience in Santo Domingo discouraged and depressed him. He said to one of us, "If this is the outcome of self-government by my race, Heaven help us!"

Another curious example bearing on the same subject was furnished us in Jamaica, whither we went after leav-

ing Haiti. Our wish was to consult, on our way home, the former president of the Haitian republic, Geffrard,—who was then living in exile near Kingston. We found him in a beautiful apartment, elegantly furnished; and in every way he seemed superior to the officials whom we had met at Port-au-Prince. He was a light mulatto, intelligent, quiet, dignified, and able to state his views without undue emphasis. His wife was very agreeable, and his daughter, though clearly of a melancholic temperament, one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen. The reason for her melancholy was evident to any one who knew her father's history. He had gone through many political storms before he had fled from Haiti, and in one of these his enemies had fired through the windows of his house and killed his other daughter.

He calmly discussed with us the condition of the island, and evidently believed that the only way to save it from utter barbarism was to put it under the control of some civilized power.

Interesting as were his opinions, he and his family, as we saw them in their daily life, were still more so. It was a revelation to us all of what the colored race might become in a land where it is under no social ban. For generations he and his had been the equals of the best people they had met in France and in Haiti; they had been guests at the dinners of ministers and at the soirées of savants in the French capital; there was nothing about them of that deprecatory sort which one sees so constantly in men and women with African blood in their veins in lands where their race has recently been held in servitude.

And here I may again cite the case of President Baez—a man to whom it probably never occurred that he was not the equal socially of the best men he met, and who in any European country would be at once regarded as a man of mark, and welcomed at any gathering of notables.

Among our excursions, while in Jamaica, was one to Spanish Town, the residence of the British governor. In the drawing-room of His Excellency's wife there was

shown us one rather curious detail. Not long before our visit, the legislature had been abolished and the island had been made a crown colony ruled by a royal governor and council; therefore it was that, there being no further use for it, the gorgeous chair of "Mr. Speaker," a huge construction apparently of carved oak, had been transferred to her ladyship's drawing-room, and we were informed that in this she received her guests.

From Kingston we came to Key West, and from that point to Charleston, where, as our frigate was too large to cross the bar, we were taken off, and thence reached Washington by rail.

One detail regarding those latter days of our commission is perhaps worthy of record as throwing light on a seamy side of American life. From first to last we had shown every possible civility to the representatives of the press who had accompanied us on the frigate, constantly taking them with us in Santo Domingo and elsewhere, and giving them every facility for collecting information. But from time to time things occurred which threw a new and somewhat unpleasant light on the way misinformation is liberally purveyed to the American public. One day one of these gentlemen, the representative of a leading New York daily, talking with me of the sort of news his paper required, said, "The managers of our paper don't care for serious information, such as particulars regarding the country we visit, its inhabitants, etc., etc.; what they want, above all, is something of a personal nature, such as a quarrel or squabble, and when one occurs they expect us to make the most of it."

I thought no more of this until I arrived at Port-au-Prince, where I found that this gentleman had suddenly taken the mail-steamer for New York on the plea of urgent business. The real cause of his departure was soon apparent. His letters to the paper he served now began to come back to us, and it was found that he had exercised his imagination vigorously. He had presented a mass of sensational inventions, but his genius had been

especially exercised in trumping up quarrels which had never taken place; his masterpiece being an account of a bitter struggle between Senator Wade and myself. As a matter of fact, there had never been between us the slightest ill-feeling; the old senator had been like a father to me from first to last.

The same sort of thing was done by sundry other press prostitutes, both during our stay in the West Indies and at Washington; but I am happy to say that several of the correspondents were men who took their duties seriously, and really rendered a service to the American public by giving information worth having.

Our journey from Charleston to Washington had one episode perhaps worthy of recording, as showing a peculiarity of local feeling at that time. Through all the long day we had little or nothing to eat, and looked forward ravenously to the dinner on board the Potomac steamer. But on reaching it and entering the dining-room, we found that our secretary, Mr. Frederick Douglass, was absolutely refused admittance. He, a man who had dined with the foremost statesmen and scholars of our Northern States and of Europe,—a man who by his dignity, ability, and elegant manners was fit to honor any company,—was, on account of his light tinge of African blood, not thought fit to sit at meat with the motley crowd on a Potomac steamer. This being the case, Dr. Howe and myself declined to dine, and so reached Washington, about midnight, almost starving, thus experiencing, at a low price, the pangs and glories of martyrdom.

One discovery made by the commission on its return ought to be mentioned here, for the truth of history. Mr. Sumner, in his speeches before the Senate, had made a strong point by contrasting the conduct of the United States with that of Spain toward Santo Domingo. He had insisted that the conduct of Spain had been far more honorable than that of the United States; that Spain had brought no pressure to bear upon the Dominican republic; that when Santo Domingo had accepted Spanish rule,

some years before, it had done so of its own free will; and that "not a single Spanish vessel was then in its waters, nor a single Spanish sailor upon its soil." On the other hand, he insisted that the conduct of the United States had been the very opposite of this; that it had brought pressure to bear upon the little island republic; and that when the decision was made in favor of our country, there were American ships off the coast and American soldiers upon the island. To prove this statement, he read from a speech of the Spanish prime minister published in the official paper of the Spanish government at Madrid. To our great surprise, we found, on arriving at the island, that this statement was not correct; that when the action in favor of annexation to Spain took place, Spanish ships were upon the coast and Spanish soldiers upon the island; and that there had been far more appearance of pressure at that time than afterward, when the little republic sought admission to the American Union. One of our first efforts, therefore, on returning, was to find a copy of this official paper, for the purpose of discovering how it was that the leader of the Spanish ministry had uttered so grave an untruth. The Spanish newspaper was missing from the library of Congress; but at last Dr. Howe, the third commissioner, a lifelong and deeply attached friend of Mr. Sumner, found it in the library of the senator. The passage which Mr. Sumner had quoted was carefully marked; it was simply to the effect that when the *first* proceedings looking toward annexation to Spain were initiated, there were no Spanish ships in those waters, nor Spanish soldiers on shore. This was, however, equally true of the United States; for when proceedings were begun in Santo Domingo looking to annexation, there was not an American ship off the coast, nor an American soldier on the island.

But the painful thing in the matter was that, had Mr. Sumner read the sentence immediately following that which he quoted, it would have shown simply and distinctly that his contention was unfounded; that, at the time

when the annexation proceedings were formally initiated and accomplished, there *were* Spanish ships off those shores and Spanish soldiers on the island.

I recall vividly the deep regret expressed at the time by Dr. Howe that his friend Senator Sumner had been so bitter in his opposition to the administration that he had quoted the first part of the Spanish minister's speech and suppressed the second part. It was clear that if Mr. Sumner had read the whole passage to the Senate it would have shown that the conduct of the United States had not been less magnanimous than that of Spain in the matter, and that no argument whatever against the administration could be founded upon its action in sending ships and troops to the island.

In drawing up our report after our arrival, an amicable difference of opinion showed itself. Senator Wade, being a "manifest-destiny" man, wished it expressly to recommend annexation; Dr. Howe, in his anxiety to raise the status of the colored race, took a similar view; but I pointed out to them the fact that Congress had asked, not for a recommendation, but for facts; that to give them advice under such circumstances was to expose ourselves to a snub, and could bring no good to any cause which any of us might wish to serve; and I stated that if the general report contained recommendations, I must be allowed to present one simply containing facts.

The result was that we united in the document presented, which is a simple statement of facts, and which, as I believe, remains to this day the best general account of the resources of Santo Domingo.

The result of our report was what I had expected. The Spanish part of that island is of great value from an agricultural and probably from a mining point of view. Its valleys being swept by the trade-winds, its mountain slopes offer to a white population summer retreats like those afforded by similar situations to the British occupants of India. In winter it might also serve as a valuable sanatorium. I remember well the answer made to me by a man

from Maine, who had brought his family to the neighborhood of Samana Bay in order to escape the rigors of the New England winter. On my asking him about the diseases prevalent in his neighborhood, he said that his entire household had gone through a light acclimating fever, but he added: "We have all got through it without harm; and on looking the whole matter over, I am persuaded that, if you were to divide the people of any New England State into two halves, leaving one half at home and sending the other half here, there would in ten years be fewer deaths in the half sent here, from all the diseases of this country, than in the half left in New England, from consumption alone."

A special element in the question of annexation was the value of the harbor of Samana in controlling one of the great passages from Europe to the Isthmus. It is large enough to hold any fleet, is protected by a mountain-range from the northern winds, is easily fortified, and is the natural outlet of the largest and most fertile valley in the islands. More than this, if the experiment of annexing an outlying possession was to be tried, that was, perhaps, the best of opportunities, since the resident population to be assimilated was exceedingly small.

But the people of the United States, greatly as they honored General Grant, and much as they respected his recommendations, could not take his view. They evidently felt that, with the new duties imposed upon them by the vast number of men recently set free and admitted to suffrage in the South, they had quite enough to do without assuming the responsibility of governing and developing this new region peopled by blacks and mulattos; and as a result of this very natural feeling the whole proposal was dropped, and will doubtless remain in abeyance until the experiments in dealing with Porto Rico and the Philippines shall have shown the people of the United States whether there is any place for such dependencies under our system.

CHAPTER XXIX

AS COMMISSIONER TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1878

MY next experience was of a quasi-diplomatic sort, in connection with the Paris Exposition of 1878, and it needs some preface.

During the Centennial Exposition of 1876 at Philadelphia, I had been appointed upon the educational jury, and, as the main part of the work came during the university long vacation, had devoted myself to it, and had thus been brought into relations with some very interesting men.

Of these may be named, at the outset, the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil. I first saw him in a somewhat curious way. He had landed at New York in the morning, and early in the afternoon he appeared with the Empress and their gentlemen and ladies in waiting at Booth's Theater. The attraction was Shakspere's "Henry V," and no sooner was he seated in his box than he had his Shakspere open before him. Being in an orchestra stall, I naturally observed him from time to time, and at one passage light was thrown upon his idea of his duties as a monarch. The play was given finely, by the best American company of recent years, and he was deeply absorbed in it. But presently there came the words of King Henry—the noted passage:

> "And what have kings, that privates have not too,
> Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
> And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?"

Whereupon the Emperor and Empress, evidently moved by the same impression, turned their heads from the stage,

looked significantly at each other, and his majesty very earnestly nodded to his wife several times, as if thoroughly assenting.

The feeling thus betrayed was undoubtedly sincere. His real love was for science, literature, and art; but above all for science. Some years before, at the founding of Cornell University, Agassiz had shown me private letters from him revealing his knowledge of natural history, and the same thirst for knowledge which he showed then was evident now. From dawn till dusk he was hard at work, visiting places of interest and asking questions which, as various eminent authorities both in the United States and France have since assured me, showed that he kept himself well abreast of the most recent scientific investigations.

On the following morning he invited me to call upon him, and on my doing so, he saluted me with a multitude of questions regarding our schools, colleges, and universities, which I answered as best I could, though many of them really merited more time than could be given during a morning interview. His manner was both impressive and winning. He had clearly thought much on educational problems, and no man engaged in educational work could fail to be stimulated by his questions and comments. In his manner there was nothing domineering or assuming. I saw him at various times afterward, and remember especially his kindly and perfectly democratic manner at a supper given by the late Mr. Drexel of Philadelphia, when he came among us, moving from group to group, recognizing here one old friend and there another, and discussing with each some matter of value.

Republican as I am, it is clear to me that his constitutional sovereignty was a government far more free, liberal, and, indeed, republican, than the rule of the demagogue despots who afterward drove him from his throne ever has been or ever will be.

Another very interesting person was a Spanish officer, Don Juan Marin, who has since held high commands both

in his own country and in the West Indies. We were upon the same jury, and I came to admire him much. One day, as we sat in our committee-room discussing various subjects brought before us, there appeared in the street leading to the main entrance of the grounds a large body of soldiers with loud drumming and fifing. On his asking what troops these were, I answered that they were the most noted of our American militia regiments—the New York Seventh; and on his expressing a wish to see them, we both walked out for that purpose. Presently the gates were thrown open, and in marched the regiment, trim and brisk, bearing aloft the flag of the United States and the standard of the State of New York.

At the moment when the standard and flag were abreast of us, Colonel Marin, who was in civil dress, drew himself up, removed his hat, and bowed low with simple dignity. The great crowd, including myself, were impressed by this action. It had never occurred to any one of the rest of us to show such a tribute to the flag under which so many good and true men had fought and died for us; and, as one of the crowd very justly remarked afterward, "The Spaniard cheapened the whole lot of us." With a single exception, it was the finest exhibition of manners I have ever seen.[1]

Still another delegate was Professor Levasseur, of the College of France and the French Institute. His quickness in ascertaining what was of value in a politico-economical view, and his discussions of geographical matters, interested and instructed all who had to do with him.

With him was Réné Millet, an example of the most attractive qualities of a serious Frenchman—qualities which have since been recognized in his appointments as minister and ambassador to Sweden and to Tunis. Both these gentlemen afterward made me visits at Cornell which I greatly enjoyed.

At this time, too, I made a friendship which became precious to me—that of Gardner Hubbard, one of the

[1] See the chapter on my attachéship in Russia.

best, truest, and most capable men, in whatever he undertook, that I have ever seen. The matter which interested him then has since interested the world. His son-in-law, Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, was exhibiting what appeared to be a toy,—a toy which on one occasion he showed to Dom Pedro and to others of us, and which enabled us to hear in one of the buildings of the exposition a violin played in another building. It was regarded as an interesting plaything, and nothing more. A controlling right in its use might have been bought for a very moderate sum—yet it was the beginning of the telephone!

In connection with these and other interesting men, I had devoted myself to the educational exhibits of the exposition; and the result was that, during the following year, I was appointed by the Governor of the State of New York one of two honorary commissioners to the Paris Exposition; the other being Mr. Morton, afterward Minister to France, Vice-President of the United States, and Governor of the State of New York.

I was not inclined, at first, to take my appointment very seriously, but went to Paris simply to visit the exposition, hoping that my honorary function would give me good opportunities. But on arriving I found the commissioner-general of the United States, Governor McCormick, hard pressed by his duties, and looking about for help. A large number of regular commissioners had been appointed, but very few of them were of the slightest use. Hardly one of them could speak French, and very few of them really took any interest in the duties assigned them. The main exception, a very noble one, was my old friend President Barnard of Columbia College, and he had not yet arrived. Under these circumstances, I yielded to the earnest request of Governor McCormick and threw myself heartily into the work of making our part of the exposition a success.

The American representation at the Vienna Exposition a few years before had resulted in a scandal which had resounded through Europe, and this scandal had arisen

from the fact that a subordinate, who had gained the confidence of our excellent commissioner-general at that post, had been charged, and to all appearance justly, with receiving money for assigning privileges to bar-keepers and caterers. The result was that the commissioner-general was cruelly wounded, and that finally he and his associates were ignominiously removed, and the American minister to Austria put in his place until a new commission could be formed. Of course every newspaper in Europe hostile to republican ideas, and they were very many, made the most of this catastrophe. One of them in Vienna was especially virulent; it called attention to the model of an American school-house in the exposition, and said that "it should be carefully observed as part of the machinery which trains up such mercenary wretches as have recently disgraced humanity at the exposition."

To avoid scandals, to negotiate with the French commissioners on one side, and the crowd of exhibitors on the other, and especially to see that in all particulars the representatives of American industry were fully recognized, was a matter of much difficulty; but happily all turned out well.

Among the duties of my position was membership of the upper jury—that which, in behalf of the French Republic, awarded the highest prizes. Each day, at about nine in the morning, we met, and a remarkable body it was. At my right sat Meissonier, then the most eminent of French painters, and beyond him Quintana, the Spanish poet. Of the former of these two I possess a curious memento. He was very assiduous in attendance at our sessions, and the moment he took his seat he always began drawing, his materials being the block of letter-paper and the pencils, pens, and ink lying before him. No matter what was under discussion, he kept on with his drawing. While he listened, and even while he talked, his pencil or pen continued moving over the paper. He seemed to bring every morning a mass of new impressions caught during his walk to the exposition, which he made haste to trans-

fer to paper. Sometimes he used a pencil, sometimes, a quill pen, and not infrequently he would plunge the feather end of the quill into his inkstand and rapidly put into his work broader and blacker strokes. As soon as he had finished a drawing he generally tore it into bits and threw them upon the floor, but occasionally he would fold the sketches carefully and put them into his pocket. This being the case, no one dared ask him for one of them.

But one morning his paper gave out, and for lack of it he took up a boxwood paper-knife lying near and began work on it. First he decorated the handle in a sort of rococo way, and then dashed off on the blade, with his pen, a very spirited head—a bourgeois physiognomy somewhat in Gavarni's manner. But as he could not tear the paper-knife into bits, and did not care to take it away, he left it upon the table. This was my chance. Immediately after the session I asked the director-general to allow me to carry it off as a souvenir; he assented heartily, and so I possess a picture which I saw begun, continued, and ended by one of the greatest of French painters.

At my left was Tresca, director of the French National Conservatory of Arts and Trades; and next him, the sphinx of the committee—the most silent man I ever saw, the rector of the Portuguese University of Coimbra. During the three months of our session no one of us ever heard him utter a word. Opposite was Jules Simon, eminent as an orator, philosopher, scholar, and man of letters; an academician who had held positions in various cabinets, and had even been prime minister of the republic. On one side of him was Tullo Massarani, a senator of the Italian kingdom, eminent as a writer on the philosophy of art; on the other, Boussingault, one of the foremost chemists of the century; and near him, Wischniegradsky, director of the Imperial Technical Institute at Moscow, whom I afterward came to know as minister of finance at St. Petersburg. Each afternoon we devoted to examining the greater exhibits which were to come before us in competition for the *grands prix* on the following morning.

At one of our sessions a curious difficulty arose. The committee on the award of these foremost prizes for advanced work in electricity brought in their report, and, to my amazement, made no award to my compatriot Edison, who was then at the height of his reputation. Presently Tresca, who read the report, and who really lamented the omission, whispered to me the reason of it. Through the negligence of persons representing Edison, no proper exhibition of his inventions had been made to the committee. They had learned that his agent was employed in showing the phonograph in a distant hall on the boulevards to an audience who paid an admission fee; but, although they had tried two or three times to have his apparatus shown them, they had been unsuccessful, until at last, from a feeling of what was due their own self-respect, they passed the matter over entirely. Of course my duty was to do what was possible in rectifying this omission, and in as good French as I could muster I made a speech in Edison's behalf, describing his career, outlining his work, and saying that I should really be ashamed to return to America without some recognition of him and of his inventions. This was listened to most courteously, but my success was insured by a remark of a less serious character, which was that if Edison had not yet made a sufficient number of inventions to entitle him to a grand prize, he would certainly, at the rate he was going on, have done so before the close of the exposition. At this there was a laugh, and my amendment was unanimously carried.

Many features in my work interested me, but one had a melancholy tinge. One afternoon, having been summoned to pass upon certain competing works in sculpture, we finally stood before the great bronze entrance-doors of the Cathedral of Strasburg, which, having been designed before the Franco-Prussian War, had but just been finished. They were very beautiful; but I could see that my French associates felt deeply the changed situation of affairs which this exhibit brought to their minds.

In order to promote the social relations which go for

so much at such times, I had taken the large apartment temporarily relinquished by our American minister, Governor Noyes of Ohio, in the Avenue Josephine; and there, at my own table, brought together from time to time a considerable number of noted men from various parts of Europe. Perhaps the most amusing occurrence during the series of dinners I then gave was the meeting between Story, the American sculptor at Rome, and Judge Brady of New York. For years each had been taken for the other, in various parts of the world, but they had never met. In fact, so common was it for people to mistake one for the other that both had, as a rule, ceased to explain the mistake. I was myself present with Story on one occasion when a gentleman came up to him, saluted him as Judge Brady, and asked him about their friends in New York: Story took no trouble to undeceive his interlocutor, but remarked that, so far as he knew, they were all well, and ended the interview with commonplaces.

These two Dromios evidently enjoyed meeting, and nothing could be more amusing than their accounts of various instances in which each had been mistaken for the other. Each had a rich vein of humor, and both presented the details of these occurrences with especial zest.

Another American, of foreign birth, was not quite so charming. He was a man of value in his profession; but his desire for promotion outran his discretion. Having served as juror at the Vienna Exposition, he had now been appointed to a similar place in Paris; and after one of my dinners he came up to a group in which there were two or three members of the French cabinet, and said: "Mr. Vite, I vish you vould joost dell dese zhentlemen vat I am doing vor Vrance. I vas on de dasting gommittee for vines und peers at Vien, and it 'most killed me; and now I am here doing de same duty, and my stomach has nearly gone pack on me. Tell dese zhentlemen dat de French Government zurely ought to gonfer ubon me de Legion of Honor." This was spoken with the utmost seriousness, and was embarrassing, since, of all subjects,

that which a French minister least wishes to discuss publicly is the conferring of the red ribbon.

Embarrassing also was the jubilation of some of our American exhibitors at our celebration of the Fourth of July in the Bois de Boulogne. Doubtless they were excellent citizens, but never was there a better exemplification of Dr. Arnold's saying that "a traveller is a self-constituted outlaw." A generous buffet had been provided, after the French fashion, with a sufficiency of viands and whatever wine was needed. To my amazement, these men, who at home were most of them, probably, steady-going "temperance men," were so overcome with the idea that champagne was to be served *ad libitum*, that the whole thing came near degenerating into an orgy. A European of the same rank, accustomed to drinking wine moderately with his dinner, would have simply taken a glass or two and thought no more of it; but these gentlemen seemed to see in it the occasion of their lives. Bottles were seized and emptied, glass after glass, down the throats of my impulsive fellow-citizens: in many cases a bottle and more to a man. Then came the worst of it. It had been arranged that speeches should be made under a neighboring tent by leading members of the French cabinet who had accepted invitations to address us. But when they proceeded to do this difficulties arose. A number of our compatriots, unduly exhilarated, and understanding little that was said, first applauded on general principles, but at the wrong places, and finally broke out into apostrophes such as "Speak English, old boy!" "Talk Yankee fashion!" "Remember the glorious Fourth!" "Give it to the British!" "Make the eagle scream!" and the like. The result was that we were obliged to make most earnest appeals to these gentlemen, begging them not to disgrace our country; and, finally, the proceedings were cut short.

Nor was this the end. As I came down the Champs Élysées afterward, I met several groups of these patriots, who showed by their walk and conversation that

they were decidedly the worse for their celebration of the day; and the whole thing led me to reflect seriously on the drink problem, and to ask whether our American solution of it is the best. I have been present at many large festive assemblages, in various parts of Europe, where wine was offered freely as a matter of course; but never have I seen anything to approach this performance of my countrymen. I have been one of four thousand people at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris on the occasion of a great ball, at other entertainments almost as large in other Continental countries, and at dinner parties innumerable in every European country; but never, save in one instance, were the festivities disturbed by any man on account of drink.

The most eminent of American temperance advocates during my young manhood, Mr. Delavan, insisted that he found Italy, where all people, men, women, and children, drink wine with their meals, if they can get it, the most temperate country he had ever seen; and, having made more than twelve different sojourns in Italy, I can confirm that opinion.

So, too, again and again, when traveling in the old days on the top of a diligence through village after village in France, where the people were commemorating the patron saint of their district, I have passed through crowds of men, women, and children seated by the roadside drinking wine, cider, and beer, and, so far as one could see, there was no drunkenness; certainly none of the squalid, brutal, swinish sort. It may indeed be said that, in spite of light stimulants, drunkenness has of late years increased in France, especially among artisans and day laborers. If this be so, it comes to strengthen my view. For the main reason will doubtless be found in the increased prices of light wines, due to vine diseases and the like, which have driven the poorer classes to seek far more noxious beverages.

So, too, in Germany. Like every resident in that country, I have seen great crowds drinking much beer,

and, though I greatly dislike that sort of guzzling, I never saw anything of the beastly, crazy, drunken exhibitions which are so common on Independence Day and county-fair day in many American towns where total abstinence is loudly preached and ostensibly practised. Least of all do I admire the beer-swilling propensities of the German students, and still I must confess that I have never seen anything so wild, wicked, outrageous, and destructive to soul and body as the drinking of distilled liquors at bars which, in my student days, I saw among American students. But I make haste to say that within the last twenty or thirty years American students have improved immensely in this respect. Athletics and greater interest in study, caused by the substitution of the students' own aims and tastes for the old cast-iron curriculum, are doubtless the main reasons for this improvement.[1]

Yet, in spite of this redeeming thing, the fact remains that one of the greatest curses of American life is the dram-drinking of distilled liquors at bars; and one key of the whole misery is the American habit of "treating,"—a habit unknown in other countries. For example, in America, if Tom, Dick, and Harry happen to meet at a hotel, or in the street, to discuss politics or business, Tom invites Dick and Harry to drink with him, which, in accordance with the code existing among large classes of our fellow-citizens, Dick and Harry feel bound to do. After a little more talk Dick invites Harry and Tom to drink; they feel obliged to accept; and finally Harry invites Tom and Dick, with like result; so that these three men have poured down their throats several glasses of burning stimulants, perhaps in the morning, perhaps just before the midday meal, or at some other especially unsuitable time, with results more or less injurious to each of them, physically and morally.

The European, more sensible, takes with his dinner, as a rule, a glass or two of wine or beer, and is little, if

[1] Further reasons for this improvement I have endeavored to give more in detail elsewhere.

at all, the worse for it. If he ever takes any distilled liquor, he sips a very small glass of it after his dinner, to aid digestion.

It is my earnest conviction, based upon wide observation in my own country as well as in many others during about half a century, that the American theory and practice as regards the drink question are generally more pernicious than those of any other civilized nation. I am not now speaking of *total abstinence*—of that, more, presently. But the best *temperance* workers among us that I know are the men who brew light, pure beer, and the vine-growers in California who raise and sell at a very low price wines pleasant and salutary, if any wines can be so.

As to those who have no self-restraint, beer and wine, like many other things, promote the "survival of the fittest," and are, like many other things, "fool-killers," aiding to free the next generation from men of vicious propensities and weak will.

I repeat it, the curse of American social life, among a very considerable class of our people, is "perpendicular drinking"—that is, the pouring down of glass after glass of distilled spirits, mostly adulterated, at all sorts of inopportune times, and largely under the system of "treating."

The best cure for this, in my judgment, would be for States to authorize and local authorities to adopt the "Swedish system," which I found doing excellent service at Gothenburg in Sweden a few years since, and which I am sorry to see the fanatics there have recently wrecked. Under this plan the various towns allowed a company to open a certain number of clean, tidy drinking-places; obliged them to purchase pure liquors; forbade them, under penalties, to sell to any man who had already taken too much; made it also obligatory to sell something to eat at the same time with something to drink; and, best of all, restricted the profits of these establishments to a moderate percentage,—seven or eight per cent., if I re-

member rightly,—all the surplus receipts going to public purposes, and especially to local charities. The main point was that the men appointed to dispense the drinks had no motive to sell adulterated drinks, or any more liquor than was consistent with the sobriety of the customer.

I may add that, in my opinion, the worst enemies of real temperance in America, as in other countries, have been the thoughtless screamers against intemperance, who have driven vast numbers of their fellow-citizens to drink in secret or at bars. Of course I shall have the honor of being railed at and denounced by every fanatic who reads these lines, but from my heart I believe them true.

I remember that some of these people bitterly attacked Governor Stanford of California for the endowment of Stanford University, in part, from the rent of his vineyards. People who had not a word to say against one theological seminary for accepting the Daniel Drew endowment, or against another for accepting the Jay Gould endowment, were horrified that the Stanford University should receive revenue from a vineyard. The vineyards of California, if their product were legally protected from adulteration, could be made one of the most potent influences against drunkenness that our country has seen. The California wines are practically the only pure wines accessible to Americans. They are so plentiful that there is no motive to adulterate them, and their use among those of us who are so unwise as to drink anything except water ought to be effectively advocated as supplanting the drinking of beer poisoned with strychnine, whisky poisoned with fusel-oil, and "French claret" poisoned with salicylic acid and aniline.

The true way to supplant the "saloon" and the bar-room, as regards working-men who obey their social instincts by seeking something in the nature of a club, and therefore resorting to places where stimulants are sold, is to take the course so ably advocated by Bishop Potter: namely, to furnish places of refreshment and amusement which shall be free from all tendency to beastliness, and

which, with cheerful open fireplaces, games of various sorts, good coffee and tea, and, if necessary, light beer and wine, shall be more attractive than the "saloons" and "dives" which are doing our country such vast harm.

My advice to all men is to drink nothing but water. That is certainly the wisest way for nine men out of ten, —and probably for all ten. Indeed, one reason why the great body of our people accomplish so much more in a given time than those of any other country, and why the average American working-man "catches on" and "gits thar" more certainly and quickly than a man of the same sort in any other country (and careful comparison between various other countries and our own has shown that this is the case), is that a much larger proportion of our people do not stupefy themselves with stimulants.

In what I have said above I have had in view the problem as it really stands: namely, the existence of a very large number of people who *will* have stimulants of some kind. In such cases common sense would seem to dictate that, in the case of those who persist in using distilled liquors, something ought to be done to substitute those which are pure for those which are absolutely poisonous and maddening; and, in the case of those who merely seek a mild stimulant, to substitute for distilled liquors light fermented beverages; and, in the case of those who seek merely recreation after toil, to substitute for beverages which contain alcohol, light beverages like coffee, tea, and chocolate.

This is a long digression, but *liberavi animam meam,* and now I return to my main subject.

The American commissioners were treated with great kindness by the French authorities. There were exceedingly interesting receptions by various ministers, and at these one met the men best worth knowing in France: the men famous in science, literature, and art, who redeem France from the disgrace heaped upon her by the wretched creatures who most noisily represent her through sensational newspapers.

Of the men who impressed me most was Henri Martin, the eminent historian. He discussed with me the history of France in a way which aroused many new trains of thought. Jules Simon, eminent both as a scholar and a statesman, did much for me. On one occasion he took me about Paris, showing me places of special interest connected with the more striking scenes of the Revolutionary period; on another, he went with me to the distribution of prizes at the French Academy—a most striking scene; and on still another he piloted me through his beautiful library, pointing out various volumes in which were embedded bullets which the communards had fired through his windows from the roof of the Madeleine just opposite.

Another interesting experience was a breakfast with the eminent chemist Sainte-Claire Deville, at which I met Pasteur, who afterward took me through his laboratories, where he was then making some of his most important experiments. In one part of his domain there were cages containing dogs, and on my asking about them he said that he was beginning a course of experiments bearing on the causes and cure of hydrophobia. Nothing could be more simple and modest than this announcement of one of the most fruitful investigations ever made.

Visits to various institutions of learning interested me much, among these a second visit to the Agricultural College at Grignon and the wonderful Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, which gave me new ideas for the similar departments at Cornell, and a morning at the École Normale, where I saw altogether the best teaching of a Latin classic that I have ever known. As I heard Professor Desjardins discussing with his class one of Cicero's letters in the light of modern monuments in the Louvre and of recent archæological discoveries, I longed to be a boy again.

Among the statesmen whom I met at that time in France, a strong impression was made upon me by one who had played a leading part in the early days of Napoleon III, but who was at this time living in retirement, M. Drouyn de Lhuys. He had won distinction as minister of for-

eign affairs, but, having retired from politics, had given himself up in his old age to various good enterprises, among these, to the great Reform School at Mettray. This he urged me to visit, and, although it was at a considerable distance from Paris, I took his advice, and was much interested in it. The school seemed to me well deserving thorough study by all especially interested in the problem of crime in our own country.

There is in France a system under which, when any young man is evidently going all wrong,—squandering his patrimony and bringing his family into disgrace,—a family council can be called, with power to place the wayward youth under restraint; and here, in one part of the Mettray establishment, were rooms in which such youths were detained in accordance with the requests of family councils. It appeared that some had derived benefit from these detentions, for there were shown me one or two letters from them: one, indeed, written by a young man on the bottom of a drawer, and intended for the eye of his successor in the apartment, which was the most contrite yet manly appeal I have ever read.

Another man of great eminence whom I met in those days was Thiers. I was taken by an old admirer of his to his famous house in the Place St. Georges, and there found him, in the midst of his devotees, receiving homage.

He said but little, and that little was commonplace; but I was not especially disappointed: my opinion of him was made up long before, and time has but confirmed it. The more I have considered his doings as minister or parliamentarian, and the more I have read his works, whether his political pamphlet known as the "History of the French Revolution," which did so much to arouse sterile civil struggles, or his "History of the Consulate and of the Empire," which did so much to revive the Napoleonic legend, or his speeches under the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe, under the Republic, and under the Second Empire, which did so much to promote confusion and

anarchy, the less I admire him. He seems to me eminently an architect of ruin.

It is true that when France was wallowing in the misery into which he and men like him had done so much to plunge her, he exerted himself wonderfully to accomplish her rescue; but when the history of that country during the last century shall be fairly written, his career, brilliant as it once appeared, will be admired by no thinking patriot.

I came to have far more respect for another statesman whom I then met—Duruy, the eminent historian of France and of Rome, who had labored so earnestly under the Second Empire, both as a historian and a minister of state, to develop a basis for rational liberty.

Seated next me at dinner, he made a remark which threw much light on one of the most serious faults of the French Republic. Said he, "Monsieur, I was minister of public instruction under the Empire for seven years; since my leaving that post six years have elapsed, and in that time I have had seven successors."

On another occasion he discoursed with me about the special difficulties of France; and as I mentioned to him that I remembered his controversy with Cardinal de Bonnechose, in which the latter tried to drive him out of office because he did not fetter scientific teaching in the University of Paris, he spoke quite freely with me. Although not at all a radical, and evidently willing to act in concert with the church as far as possible, he gave me to understand that the demands made by ecclesiastics upon every French ministry were absolutely unendurable; that France never could yield to these demands; and that, sooner or later, a great break must come between the church and modern society. His prophecy now seems nearing fulfilment.

Among the various meetings which were held in connection with the exposition was a convention of literary men for the purpose of securing better international arrangements regarding copyright. Having been elected a member of this, I had the satisfaction of hearing most

interesting speeches from Victor Hugo, Tourgueneff, and Edmond About. The latter made the best speech of all, and by his exquisite wit and pleasing humor fully showed his right to the name which his enemies had given him—"the Voltaire of the nineteenth century."

The proceedings of this convention closed with a banquet over which Victor Hugo presided; and of all the trying things in my life, perhaps the most so was the speech which I then attempted in French, with Victor Hugo looking at me.

There were also various educational congresses at the Sorbonne, in which the discussions interested me much; but sundry receptions at the French Academy were far more attractive. Of all the exquisite literary performances I have ever known, the speeches made on those occasions by M. Charles Blanc, M. Gaston Boissier, and the members who received them were the most entertaining. To see these witty Frenchmen attacking each other in the most pointed way, yet still observing all the forms of politeness, and even covering their adversaries with compliments, gives one new conceptions of human ingenuity. But whether it is calculated to increase respect for the main actors is another question.

The formal closing of the exposition was a brilliant pageant. Various inventors and exhibitors received gifts and decorations from the hand of the President of the Republic, and, among them, Dr. Barnard, Story, and myself were given officers' crosses of the Legion of Honor which none of us has ever thought of wearing; but, alas! my Swiss-American friend who had pleaded so pathetically his heroic services in "Dasting de vines und peers" for France did not receive even the chevalier's ribbon, and the expression of his disappointment was loud and long.

Nor was he the only disappointed visitor. It was my fortune one day at the American legation to observe one difficulty which at the western capitals of Europe has become very trying, and which may be mentioned to show

what an American representative has sometimes to meet. As I was sitting with our minister, Governor Noyes of Ohio, there was shown into the room a lady, very stately, and dressed in the height of fashion. It was soon evident that she was on the war-path. She said, "Mr. Minister, I have come to ask you why it is that I do not receive any invitations to balls and receptions given by the cabinet ministers?" Governor Noyes answered very politely, "Mrs. ——, we have placed your name on the list of those whom we would especially like to have invited, and have every hope that it will receive attention." She answered, "Why is it that you can do so much less than your predecessor did at the last exposition? *Then* I received a large number of invitations; *now* I receive none." The minister answered, "I am very sorry indeed, madam; but there are perhaps twenty or thirty thousand Americans in Paris; the number of them invited on each occasion cannot exceed fifty or sixty; and the French authorities are just now giving preference to those who have come from the United States to take some special part in the exposition as commissioners or exhibitors." At this the lady was very indignant. She rose and said, "I will give you no more trouble, Mr. Minister; but I am going back to America, and shall tell Senator Conkling, who gave me my letter of introduction to you, that either he has very little influence with you, or you have very little influence with the French Government. Good morning!" And she flounced out of the room.

This is simply an indication of what is perhaps the most vexatious plague which afflicts American representatives in the leading European capitals,—a multitude of people, more or less worthy, pressing to be presented at court or to be invited to official functions. The whole matter has a ridiculous look, and has been used by sundry demagogues as a text upon which to orate against the diplomatic service and to arouse popular prejudice against it. But I think that a patriotic American may well take the ground that while there is so much snob-

bery shown by a certain sort of Americans abroad, it is not an unwise thing to have in each capital a man who, in the intervals of his more important duties, can keep this struggling mass of folly from becoming a scandal and a byword throughout Europe. No one can know, until he has seen the inner workings of our diplomatic service, how much duty of this kind is quietly done by our representatives, and how many things are thus avoided which would tend to bring scorn upon our country and upon republican institutions.

State, and found him in his usual pleasant mood. Noting on his dinner-service the words, "*Facta non verba,*" I called his attention to them as a singular motto for an eminent lawyer and orator; whereupon he said that, two old members of Congress dining with him recently, one of them asked the other what those words meant, to which the reply was given, "They mean, 'Victuals, not talk.' "

On the way to my post, I stopped in London and was taken to various interesting places. At the house of my old friend and Yale classmate, George Washburn Smalley, I met a number of very interesting people, and among these was especially impressed by Mr. Meredith Townshend, whose knowledge of American affairs seemed amazingly extensive and preternaturally accurate. At the house of Sir William Harcourt I met Lord Ripon, about that time Viceroy of India, whose views on dealings with Orientals interested me much. At the Royal Institution an old acquaintance was renewed with Tyndall and Huxley; and during an evening with the eminent painter, Mr. Alma-Tadema, at his house in the suburbs, and especially when returning from it, I made a very pleasant acquaintance with the poet Browning. As his carriage did not arrive, I offered to take him home in mine; but hardly had we started when we found ourselves in a dense fog, and it shortly became evident that our driver had lost his way. As he wandered about for perhaps an hour, hoping to find some indication of it, Browning's conversation was very agreeable. It ran at first on current questions, then on travel, and finally on art,—all very simply and naturally, with not a trace of posing or paradox. Remembering the obscurity of his verse, I was surprised at the lucidity of his talk. But at last, both of us becoming somewhat anxious, we called a halt and questioned the driver, who confessed that he had no idea where he was. As good, or ill, luck would have it, there just then emerged from the fog an empty hansom-cab, and finding that its driver knew more than ours, I engaged him as pilot, first to Browning's house, and then to my own.

interested me—the admission of cabinet ministers to take part in the debates of Congress. Mr. Hayes presented the case in favor of their admission cogently; but the Secretary of State overmatched his chief. This greatly pleased me; for I had been long convinced that, next to the power given the Supreme Court, the best thing in the Constitution of the United States is that complete separation of the executive from the legislative power which prevents every Congressional session becoming a perpetual gladiatorial combat or, say, rather, a permanent game of foot-ball. Again and again I have heard European statesmen lament that their constitution-makers had adopted, in this respect, the British rather than the American system. What it is in France, with cabals organized to oust every new minister as soon as he is appointed, and to provide for a "new deal" from the first instant of an old one, with an average of one or two changes of ministry every year as a result, we all know; and, with the exception of the German parliament, Continental legislatures generally are just about as bad; indeed, in some respects the Italian parliament is worse. The British system would have certainly excluded such admirable Secretaries of State as Thomas Jefferson and Hamilton Fish; possibly such as John Quincy Adams, Seward, and John Hay. In Great Britain, having been evolved in conformity with its environment, it is successful; but it is successful nowhere else. I have always looked back with great complacency upon such men as those above named in the State Department, and such as Hamilton, Gallatin, Chase, Stanton, and Gage in other departments, sitting quietly in their offices, giving calm thought to government business, and allowing the heathen to rage at their own sweet will in both houses of Congress. Under the other system, our Republic might perhaps have become almost as delectable as Venezuela, with its hundred and four revolutions in seventy years.[1]

On the day following I dined with the Secretary of

[1] See Lord Lansdowne's speech, December, 1902.

turning to his next neighbor, drank to him; the latter then received the cup, returned the compliment, and in the same way passed it on.

During the whole entertainment I had frequently turned my eyes toward the prime minister, and had been much impressed by his apparent stolidity. When he presented his arm to the lady mayoress, when he walked with her, and during all the time at table, he seemed much like a wooden image galvanized into temporary life. When he rose to speak, there was the same wooden stiffness and he went on in a kind of mechanical way until, suddenly, he darted out a brilliant statement regarding the policy of the government that aroused the whole audience; then, after more of the same wooden manner and mechanical procedure, another brilliant sentence; and so on to the end of the speech.

All the speeches were good and to the point. There were none of those despairing efforts to pump up fun which so frequently make American public dinners distressing. The speakers evidently bore in mind the fact that on the following day their statements would be pondered in the household of every well-to-do Englishman, would be telegraphed to foreign nations, and would be echoed back from friends and foes in all parts of the world.

After the regular speeches came a toast to the diplomatic corps, and the person selected to respond was our representative, the Honorable Edwards Pierpont. This he did exceedingly well, and in less than five minutes. Sundry American papers had indulged in diatribes against fulsome speeches at English banquets by some of Mr. Pierpont's predecessors, and he had evidently determined that no such charge should be established against him.

Much was added to my pleasure by my neighbors at the table—on one side, Sir Frederick Pollock, the eminent father of the present Sir Frederick; and on the other, Mr. Rolf, the "remembrancer" of the City of London.

This suggests the remark that, in my experience among

Englishmen, I have found very little of the coldness and stiffness which are sometimes complained of. On the contrary, whenever I have been thrown among them, whether in Great Britain or on the Continent, they have generally proved to be agreeable conversationists. One thing has seemed to me at times curious and even comical: they will frequently shut themselves up tightly from their compatriots,—even from those of their own station,—and yet be affable, and indeed expansive, to any American they chance to meet. The reason for this is, to an American, even more curious than the fact. I may discuss it later.

My arrival in Berlin took place just at the beginning of the golden-wedding festivities of the old Emperor William I. There was a wonderful series of pageants: historic costume balls, gala operas, and the like, at court; but most memorable to me was the kindly welcome extended to us by all in authority, from the Emperor and Empress down. The cordiality of the diplomatic corps was also very pleasing, and during the presentations to the ruling family of the empire I noticed one thing especially: the great care with which they all, from the monarch to the youngest prince, had prepared themselves to begin a conversation agreeable to the new-comer. One of these high personages started a discussion with me upon American shipping; another, on American art; another, on scenery in Colorado; another, on our railways and steamers; still another, on American dentists and dentistry; and, in case of a lack of other subjects, there was Niagara, which they could always fall back upon.

The duty of a prince of the house of Hohenzollern is by no means light; it involves toil. In my time, when the present emperor, then the young Prince William, brought his bride home, in addition to their other receptions of public bodies, day after day and hour after hour, they received the diplomatic corps, who were arranged at the palace in a great circle, the ladies forming one half and the gentlemen the other. The young princess, accompanied by her train, beginning with the ladies, and

the young prince, with his train, beginning with the gentlemen, each walked slowly around the interior of the entire circle, stopping at each foreign representative and speaking to him, often in the language of his own country, regarding some subject which might be supposed to interest him. It was really a surprising feat, for which, no doubt, they had been carefully prepared, but which would be found difficult even by many a well-trained scholar.

An American representative, in presenting his letter of credence from the President of the United States to the ruler of the German Empire, has one advantage in the fact that he has an admirable topic ready to his hand, such as perhaps no other minister has. This boon was given us by Frederick the Great. He, among the first of Continental rulers, recognized the American States as an independent power; and therefore every American minister since, including myself, has found it convenient, on presenting the President's autograph letter to the King or Emperor, to recall this event and to build upon it such an oratorical edifice as circumstances may warrant. The fact that the great Frederick recognized the new American Republic, not from love of it, but on account of his detestation of England, provoked by her conduct during his desperate struggle against his Continental enemies, is, of course, on such occasions diplomatically kept in the background.

The great power in Germany at that time was the chancellor, Prince Bismarck. Nothing could be more friendly and simple than his greeting; and however stately his official entertainments to the diplomatic corps might be, simplicity reigned at his family dinners, when his conversation was apparently frank and certainly delightful. To him I shall devote another chapter.

In those days an American minister at Berlin was likely to find his personal relations with the German minister of foreign affairs cordial, but his official relations continuous war. Hardly a day passed without some skirmish regarding the rights of "German-Americans" in their Fatherland. The old story constantly recurred

in new forms. Generally it was sprung by some man who had left Germany just at the age for entering the army, had remained in America just long enough to secure naturalization, and then, without a thought of discharging any of his American duties, had come back to claim exemption from his German duties, and to flaunt his American citizen papers in the face of the authorities of the province where he was born. This was very galling to these authorities, from the fact that such Americans were often inclined to glory over their old schoolmates and associates who had not taken this means of escaping military duty; and it was no wonder that these brand-new citizens, if their papers were not perfectly regular, were sometimes held for desertion until the American representative could intervene.

Still other cases were those where fines had been imposed upon men of this class for non-appearance when summoned to military duty, and an American minister was expected to secure their remission.

In simple justice to Germany, it ought to be said that there is no foreign matter of such importance so little understood in the United States as this. The average American, looking on the surface of things, cannot see why the young emigrant is not allowed to go and come as he pleases. The fact is that German policy in this respect has been evolved in obedience to the instinct of national self-preservation. The German Empire, the greatest Continental home of civilization, is an open camp, perpetually besieged. Speaking in a general way, it has no natural frontiers of any sort—neither mountains nor wide expanses of sea. Eastward are one hundred and thirty millions of people fanatically hostile as regards race, religion, and imaginary interests; westward is another great nation of forty millions, with a hatred on all these points intensified by desire for revenge; northward is a vigorous race estranged by old quarrels; and south is a power which is largely hostile on racial, religious, and historic grounds, and at best a very uncertain reliance.

Under such circumstances, universal military service in Germany is a condition of its existence, and evasion of this is naturally looked upon as a sort of treason. The real wonder is that Germany has been so moderate in her dealing with this question. The yearly "budgets of military cases" in the archives of the American Embassy bear ample testimony to her desire to be just and even lenient.

To understand the position of Germany, let us suppose that our Civil War had left our Union—as at one time seemed likely—embracing merely a small number of Middle States and covering a space about as large as Texas, with a Confederacy on our southern boundary bitterly hostile, another hostile nation extending from the west bank of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; a Pacific confederation jealous and faultfinding; British dominions to the northward vexed by commercial and personal grievances; and New England a separate and doubtful factor in the whole situation. In that case we too would have established a military system akin to that of Germany; but whether we would have administered it as reasonably as Germany has done is very doubtful.

Fortunately for the United States and for me, there was in the ministry of foreign affairs, when I arrived, one of the most admirable men I have ever known in such a position: Baron von Bülow. He came of an illustrious family, had great influence with the old Emperor William, with Parliament, and in society; was independent, large in his views, and sincerely devoted to maintaining the best relations between his country and ours. In cases such as those just referred to he was very broad-minded; and in one of the first which I had to present to him, when I perhaps showed some nervousness, he said, "Mr. Minister, don't allow cases of this kind to vex you; I had rather give the United States two hundred doubtful cases every year than have the slightest ill-feeling arise between us." This being the fact, it was comparatively easy to deal with him. Unfortunately, he died early during my stay, and some of the ministers who succeeded him had neither his independence nor his breadth of view.

It sometimes seemed to me, while doing duty at the German capital in those days as minister, and at a more recent period as ambassador, that I could not enter my office without meeting some vexatious case. One day it was an American who, having thought that patriotism required him, in a crowded railway carriage, roundly to denounce Germany, the German people, and the imperial government, had passed the night in a guard-house; another day, it was one who, feeling called upon, in a restaurant, to proclaim very loudly and grossly his unfavorable opinion of the Emperor, had been arrested; on still another occasion it was one of our fellow-citizens who, having thought that he ought to be married in Berlin as easily as in New York, had found himself entangled in a network of regulations, prescriptions, and prohibitions.

Of this latter sort there were in my time several curious cases. One morning a man came rushing into the legation in high excitement and exclaimed, "Mr. Minister, I am in the worst fix that any decent man was ever in; I want you to help me out of it." And he then went on with a bitter tirade against everybody and everything in the German Empire. When his wrath had effervesced somewhat, he stated his case as follows: "Last year, while traveling through Germany, I fell in love with a young German lady, and after my return to America became engaged to her. I have now come for my bride; the wedding is fixed for next Thursday; our steamer passages are taken a day or two later; and I find that the authorities will not allow me to marry unless I present a multitude of papers such as I never dreamed of; some of them it will take months to get, and some I can never get. My intended bride is in distress; her family evidently distrust me; the wedding is postponed indefinitely; and my business partner is cabling me to come back to America as soon as possible. I am asked for a baptismal certificate—a *Taufschein*. Now, so far as I know, I was never baptized. I am required to present a certificate showing the consent of my parents to my marriage—I, a man thirty years old and in a large business of my own! I am asked

to give bonds for the payment of my debts in Germany. I owe no such debts; but I know no one who will give such a bond. I am notified that the banns must be published a certain number of times before the wedding. What kind of a country is this, anyhow?''

We did the best we could. In an interview with the minister of public worship I was able to secure a dispensation from the publishing of the banns; then a bond was drawn up which I signed and thus settled the question regarding possible debts in Germany. As to the baptismal certificate, I ordered inscribed, on the largest possible sheet of official paper, the gentleman's affidavit that, in the State of Ohio, where he was born, no *Taufschein,* or baptismal certificate, was required at the time of his birth, and to this was affixed the largest seal of the legation, with plenty of wax. The form of the affidavit may be judged peculiar; but it was thought best not to startle the authorities with the admission that the man had not been baptized at all. They could easily believe that a State like Ohio, which some of them doubtless regarded as still in the backwoods and mainly tenanted by the aborigines, might have omitted, in days gone by, to require a *Taufschein;* but that an unbaptized Christian should offer himself to be married in Germany would perhaps have so paralyzed their powers of belief that permission for the marriage could never have been secured.

In this and various other ways we overcame the difficulties, and, though the wedding did not take place upon the appointed day, and the return to America had to be deferred, the couple, at last, after marriage first before the public authorities, and then in church, were able to depart in peace.

Another case was typical. One morning a gentleman came into the legation in the greatest distress; and I soon learned that this, too, was a marriage case—but very different from the other. This gentleman, a naturalized German-American in excellent standing, had come over to claim his bride. He had gone through all the formali-

ties perfectly, and, as his business permitted it, had decided to reside a year abroad in order that he might take the furniture of his apartment back to America free of duty. This apartment, a large and beautiful suite of rooms, he had already rented, had furnished it very fully, and then, for the few days intervening before his marriage, had put it under care of his married sister. But, alas! this sister's husband was a bankrupt, and hardly had she taken charge of the apartment when the furniture was seized by her husband's creditors, seals placed upon its doors by the authorities, "and," said the man, in his distress, "unless you do something it will take two years to reach the case on the calendar; meantime I must pay the rent of the apartment and lose the entire use of it as well as of the furniture." "But," said I, "what can be done?" He answered, "My lawyer says that if you will ask it as a favor from the judge, he will grant an order bringing the case up immediately." To this I naturally replied that I could hardly interfere with a judge in any case before him; but his answer was pithy. Said he, "You are the American minister, and if you are not here to get Americans out of scrapes, I should like to know what you *are* here for." This was unanswerable, and in the afternoon I drove in state to the judge, left an official card upon him, and then wrote, stating the case carefully, and saying that, while I could not think of interfering in any case before him, still, that as this matter appeared to me one of especial hardship, if it could be reached at once the ends of justice would undoubtedly be furthered thereby. That my application was successful was shown by the fact that the man thus rescued never returned to thank his benefactor.

A more important part of a minister's duty is in connection with the commercial relations between the two nations. Each country was attempting, by means of its tariffs, to get all the advantage possible, and there resulted various German regulations bearing heavily on some American products. This started questions which had to be met with especial care, requiring many interviews with

the foreign office and with various members of the imperial cabinet.

In looking after commercial relations, a general oversight of the consuls throughout the empire was no small part of the minister's duty. The consular body was good —remarkably good when one considers the radically vicious policy which prevails in the selection and retention of its members. But the more I saw of it, the stronger became my conviction that the first thing needed is that, when our government secures a thoroughly good man in a consular position, it should keep him there; and, moreover, that it should establish a full system of promotions for merit. Under the present system the rule is that, as soon as a man is fit for the duties, he is rotated out of office and supplanted by a man who has all his duties to learn. I am glad to say that of late years there have been many excellent exceptions to this rule; and one of my most earnest hopes, as a man loving my country and desirous of its high standing abroad, is that, more and more, the tendency, both as regards the consular and diplomatic service, may be in the direction of sending men carefully fitted for positions, and of retaining them without regard to changes in the home administration.

Still another part of the minister's duty was the careful collection of facts regarding important subjects, and the transmission of them to the State department. These were embodied in despatches. Such subjects as railway management, the organization and administration of city governments, the growth of various industries, the creation of new schools of instruction, the development of public libraries, and the like, as well as a multitude of other practical matters, were thus dwelt upon.

It was also a duty of the minister to keep a general oversight of the interests of Americans within his jurisdiction. There are always a certain number of Americans in distress,—real, pretended, or imaginary,—and these must be looked after; then there are American statesmen seeking introductions or information, American scholars

in quest of similar things in a different field, American merchants and manufacturers seeking access to men and establishments which will enable them to build up their own interests and those of their country, and, most interesting of all, American students at the university and other advanced schools in Berlin and throughout Germany. To advise with these and note their progress formed a most pleasing relief from strictly official matters.

Least pleasing of all duties was looking after fugitives from justice or birds of prey evidently seeking new victims. On this latter point, I recall an experience which may throw some light on the German mode of watching doubtful persons. A young American had appeared in various public places wearing a naval uniform to which he was not entitled, declaring himself a son of the President of the United States, and apparently making ready for a career of scoundrelism. Consulting the minister of foreign affairs one day, I mentioned this case, asking him to give me such information as came to him. He answered, "Remind me at your next visit, and perhaps I can show you something." On my calling some days later, the minister handed me a paper on which was inscribed apparently not only every place the young man had visited, but virtually everything he had done and said during the past week, his conversations in the restaurants being noted with especial care; and while the man was evidently worthless, he was clearly rather a fool than a scoundrel. On my expressing surprise at the fullness of this information, the minister seemed quite as much surprised at my supposing it possible for any good government to exist without such complete surveillance of suspected persons.

Another curious matter which then came up was the selling of sham diplomas by a pretended American university. This was brought to my notice in sundry letters, and finally by calls from one or two young Germans who were considering the advisability of buying a doctorate from a man named Buchanan, who claimed to be president of the

"University of Philadelphia." Although I demonstrated to them the worthlessness of such sham degrees of a non-existent institution, they evidently thought that to obtain one would aid them in their professions, and were inclined to make a purchase. From time to time there were slurs in the German papers upon all American institutions of learning, based upon advertisements of such diplomas; and finally my patriotic wrath was brought to a climax by a comedy at the Royal Theater, in which the rascal of the piece, having gone through a long career of scoundrelism, finally secures a diploma from the "University of *Pennsylvania*"!

In view of this, I wrote not only despatches to the Secretary of State, but private letters to leading citizens of Philadelphia, calling their attention to the subject, and especially to the injury that this kind of thing was doing to the University of Pennsylvania, an institution of which every Philadelphian, and indeed every American, has a right to be proud. As a result, the whole thing was broken up, and, though it has been occasionally revived, it has not again inflicted such a stigma upon American education.

But perhaps the most annoying business of all arose from presentations at court. The mania of many of our fellow-citizens for mingling with birds of the finest feather has passed into a European proverb which is unjust to the great body of Americans; but at present there seems to be no help for it, the reputation of the many suffering for the bad taste of the few. Nothing could exceed the pertinacity shown in some cases. Different rules prevail at different courts, and at the imperial court of Germany the rule for some years has been that persons eminent in those walks of life that are especially honored will always be welcome, and that the proper authority, on being notified of their presence, will extend such invitations as may seem warranted. Unfortunately, while some of the most worthy visitors did not make themselves known, some persons far less desirable took too much pains to attract notice. A satirist would find rich material in the

archives of our embassies and legations abroad. I have found nowhere more elements of true comedy and even broad farce than in some of the correspondence on this subject there embalmed.

But while this class of applicants is mainly made up of women, fairness compels me to say that there is a similar class of men. These are persons possessed of an insatiate and at times almost insane desire to be able, on their return, to say that they have talked with a crowned head.

Should the sovereign see one in ten of the persons from foreign nations who thus seek him, he would have no time for anything else. He therefore insists, like any private person in any country, on his right not to give his time to those who have no real claim upon him, and some very good fellow-citizens of ours have seemed almost inclined to make this feeling of his Majesty a *casus belli*.

On the other hand there are large numbers of Americans making demands, and often very serious demands, of time and labor on their diplomatic representative which it is an honor and pleasure to render. Of these are such as, having gained a right to do so by excellent work in their respective fields at home, come abroad, as legislators or educators or scientific investigators or engineers or scholars or managers of worthy business enterprises, to extend their knowledge for the benefit of their country. No work has been more satisfactory to my conscience than the aid which I have been able to render to men and women of this sort.

Still, one has to make discriminations. I remember especially a very charming young lady of, say, sixteen summers, who came to me saying that she had agreed to write some letters for a Western newspaper, and that she wished to visit all the leading prisons, reformatory institutions, and asylums of Germany. I looked into her pretty face, and soon showed her that the German Government would never think of allowing a young lady like herself to inspect such places as those she had named, and that in my opinion they were quite right; but I suggested a series

of letters on a multitude of things which would certainly prove interesting and instructive, and which she might easily study in all parts of Germany. She took my advice, wrote many such letters, and the selection which she published proved to be delightful.

But at times zeal for improvements at home goes perilously far toward turning the activity of an ambassador or minister from its proper channels. Scores of people write regarding schools for their children, instructors in music, cheap boarding-houses, and I have had an excellent fellow-citizen ask me to send him a peck of turnips. But if the applications are really from worthy persons, they can generally be dealt with in ways which require no especial labor—many of them through our consuls, to whom they more properly belong.

Those who really ask too much, insisting that the embassy shall look after their private business, may be reminded that the rules of the diplomatic service forbid such investigations, in behalf of individuals, without previous instructions from the State Department.

Of the lesser troublesome people may be named, first, those who are looking up their genealogies. A typical letter made up from various epistles, as a "composite" portrait is made out of different photographs, would run much as follows:

SIR: I have reason to suppose that I am descended from an old noble family in Germany. My grandfather's name was Max Schulze. He came, I think, from some part of Austria or Bavaria or Schleswig-Holstein. Please trace back my ancestry and let me know the result at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly,
MARY SMITH.

Another more troublesome class is that of people seeking inheritances. A typical letter, compounded as above, would run somewhat as follows:

SIR: I am assured that a fortune of several millions of marks left by one John Müller, who died in some part of Germany two

or three centuries ago, is held at the imperial treasury awaiting heirs. My grandmother's name was Miller. Please look the matter up and inform me as to my rights.

Yours truly,
JOHN MYERS.

P.S. If you succeed in getting the money, I will be glad to pay you handsomely for your services.

Such letters as this are easily answered. During this first sojourn of mine at Berlin as minister, I caused a circular, going over the whole ground, to be carefully prepared and to be forwarded to applicants. In this occur the following words: "We have yearly, from various parts of the United States, a large number of applications for information or aid regarding great estates in Germany supposed to be awaiting heirs. They are all more or less indefinite, many sad, and some ludicrous. . . . There are in Germany no large estates, awaiting distribution to unknown heirs, in the hands of the government or of anybody, and all efforts to discover such estates that the legation has ever made or heard of have proved fruitless."

Among the many odd applications received at that period, one revealed an American superstition by no means unusual. The circumstances which led to it were as follows:

An ample fund, said to be forty or fifty thousand dollars, had been brought together in Philadelphia for the erection of an equestrian statue to Washington, and it had been finally decided to intrust the commission to Professor Siemering, one of the most eminent of modern German sculptors. One day there came to me a letter from an American gentleman whom I had met occasionally many years before, asking me to furnish him with a full statement regarding Professor Siemering's works and reputation. As a result, I made inquiries among the leading authorities on modern art, and, everything being most favorable, I at last visited his studio, and found a large number of designs and models of works on which he

was then engaged,—two or three being of the highest importance, among them the great war monument at Leipsic.

I also found that, although he had executed and was executing important works for various other parts of Germany, he had not yet put up any great permanent work in Berlin, though the designs of the admirable temporary statues and decorations on the return of the troops from the Franco-Prussian War to the metropolis had been intrusted largely to him.

These facts I stated to my correspondent in a letter, and in due time received an answer in substance as follows:

SIR: Your letter confirms me in the opinion I had formed. The intrusting of the great statue of Washington to a man like Siemering is a job and an outrage. It is clear that he is a mere pretender, since he has erected no statue as yet in Berlin. That statue of the Father of our Country ought to have been intrusted to native talent. I have a son fourteen years old who has already greatly distinguished himself. He has modeled a number of figures in butter and putty which all my friends think are most remarkable. I am satisfied that he could have produced a work which, by its originality and power, would have done honor to our country and to art.

Yours very truly,

——— ———.

Curious, too, was the following: One morning the mail brought me a large packet filled with little squares of cheap cotton cloth. I was greatly puzzled to know their purpose until, a few days later, there came a letter which, with changes of proper names, ran as follows:

PODUNK, ———, 1880.

SIR: We are going to have a fancy fair for the benefit of the ——— Church in this town, and we are getting ready some autograph bed-quilts. I have sent you a package of small squares of cotton cloth, which please take to the Emperor William and his wife, also to Prince Bismarck and the other princes and leading

persons of Germany, asking them to write their names on them and send them to me as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

——— ———.

P.S. Tell them to be sure to write their names in the middle of the pieces, for fear that their autographs may get sewed in.

My associations with the diplomatic corps I found especially pleasing. The dean, as regarded seniority, was the Italian ambassador, Count Delaunay, a man of large experience and kindly manners. He gave me various interesting reminiscences of his relations with Cavour, and said that when he was associated with the great Italian statesman, the latter was never able to get time for him, except at five o'clock in the morning, and that this was their usual hour of work.

Another very interesting person was the representative of Great Britain—Lord Odo Russell. He was full of interesting reminiscences of his life at Washington, at Rome, and at Versailles with Bismarck. As to Rome, he gave me interesting stories of Pope Pius IX, who, he said, was inclined to be jocose, and even to speak in a sportive way regarding exceedingly serious subjects.[1] As to Cavour, he thought him a greater man even than Bismarck; and this from a man so intimate with the German chancellor was a testimony of no small value.

As to his recollections of Versailles, he was present at the proclamation of the Empire in the Galerie des Glaces, and described the scene to me very vividly.

His relations with Bismarck were very close, and the latter once paid him a compliment which sped far; saying that, as a rule, he distrusted an Englishman who spoke French very correctly, but that there was one exception—Lord Odo Russell.

At the risk of repeating a twice-told tale, I may refer here to his visit to Bismarck when the latter complained that he was bothered to death with bores who took his

[1] One of these reminiscences I have given elsewhere.

most precious time, and asked Lord Odo how he got rid of them. After making some reply, the latter asked Bismarck what plan he had adopted. To this the chancellor answered that he and Johanna (the princess) had hit upon a plan, which was that when she thought her husband had been bored long enough, she came in with a bottle and said, "Now, Otto, you know that it is time for you to take your medicine." Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when in came the princess with the bottle and repeated the very words which her husband had just given. Both burst into titanic laughter, and parted on the best of terms.

At court festivities, Lord Odo frequently became very weary, and as I was often in the same case, we from time to time went out of the main rooms together and sat down in some quiet nook for a talk. On one of these occasions, just after he had been made a peer with the title of Baron Ampthill, I said to him, "You must allow me to use my Yankee privilege of asking questions." On his assenting to this pleasantly, I asked, "Why is it that you are willing to give up the great historic name of Russell and take a name which no one ever heard of?" He answered, "I have noticed that when men who have been long in the diplomatic service return to England, they become in many cases listless and melancholy, and wander about with no friends and nothing to do. They have been so long abroad that they are no longer in touch with leading men at home, and are therefore shelved. Entrance into the House of Lords gives a man something to do, with new friends and pleasing relations. As to the name, I would gladly have retained my own, but had no choice; in fact, when Lord John Russell was made an earl, his insisting on retaining his name was not especially liked. Various places on the Russell estates were submitted to me for my choice, and I took Ampthill."

Alas! his plans came to nothing. He died at his post before his retirement to England.

Among those then connected with the British Embassy

at Berlin, one of the most interesting was Colonel (now General) Lord Methuen, who, a few years since, took so honorable a part in the South African War. He was at that time a tall, awkward man, kindly, genial, who always reminded me of Thackeray's "Major Sugarplums." He had recently lost his wife, and was evidently in deep sorrow. One morning there came a curious bit of news regarding him. A few days before, walking in some remote part of the Thiergarten, he saw a working-man throw himself into the river, and instantly jumped into the icy stream after him, grappled him, pulled him out, laid him on the bank, and rapidly walked off. When news of it got out, he was taxed with it by various members of the diplomatic corps; but he awkwardly and blushingly pooh-poohed the whole matter.

One evening, not long afterward, I witnessed a very pleasant scene connected with this rescue. As we were all assembled at some minor festivity in the private palace on the Linden, the old Emperor sent for the colonel, and on his coming up, his Majesty took from his own coat a medal of honor for life-saving and attached it to the breast of Methuen, who received it in a very awkward yet manly fashion.

The French ambassador was the Count de St. Vallier, one of the most agreeable men I have ever met, who deserved all the more credit for his amiable qualities because he constantly exercised them despite the most wretched health. During his splendid dinners at the French Embassy, he simply toyed with a bit of bread, not daring to eat anything.

We were first thrown especially together by a representation in favor of the double standard of value, which, under instructions from our governments, we jointly made to the German Foreign Office, and after that our relations became very friendly. Whenever the Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday came round, he was sure to remember it and make a friendly call.

My liking for him once brought upon me one of the

most embarrassing mishaps of my life. It was at Nice, and at the table d'hôte of a great hotel on the Promenade des Anglais, where I was seated next a French countess who, though she had certainly passed her threescore years and ten, was still most agreeable. Day after day we chatted together, and all went well; but one evening, on our meeting at table as usual, she said, "I am told that you are the American minister at Berlin." I answered, "Yes, madam." She then said, "When I was a young woman, I was well acquainted with the mother of the present French ambassador there." At this I launched out into praises of Count St. Vallier, as well I might; speaking of the high regard felt for him at Berlin, the honors he had received from the German Government, and the liking for him among his colleagues. The countess listened in silence, and when I had finished turned severely upon me, saying, "Monsieur, up to this moment I have believed you an honest man; but now I really don't know what to think of you." Of course I was dumfounded, but presently the reason for the remark occurred to me, and I said, "Madam, M. de St. Vallier serves France. Whatever his private opinions may be, he no doubt feels it his duty to continue in the service of his country. It would certainly be a great pity if, at every change of government in France, every officer who did not agree with the new régime should leave the diplomatic service or the military service or the naval service, thus injuring the interests of France perhaps most seriously. Suppose the Comte de Chambord should be called to the throne of France, what would you think of Orleanists and republicans who should immediately resign their places in the army, navy, and diplomatic service, thus embarrassing, perhaps fatally, the monarchy and the country?" At this, to my horror, the lady went into hysterics, and began screaming. She cried out, "Oui, monsieur, il reviendra, Henri Cinq; il reviendra. Dieu est avec lui; il reviendra malgré tout," etc., etc., and finally she jumped up and rushed out of the room. The

eyes of the whole table were turned upon us, and I fully expected that some gallant Frenchman would come up and challenge me for insulting a lady; but no one moved, and presently all went on with their dinners. The next day the countess again appeared at my side, amiable as ever, but during the remainder of my stay I kept far from every possible allusion to politics.

The Turkish ambassador, Sadoullah Bey, was a kindly gentleman who wandered about, as the French expressively say, "like a damnéd soul." Something seemed to weigh upon him heavily and steadily. A more melancholy human being I have never seen, and it did not surprise me, a few years later, to be told that, after one of the palace revolutions at Constantinople, he had been executed for plotting the assassination of the Sultan.

The Russian ambassador, M. de Sabouroff, was a very agreeable man, and his rooms were made attractive by the wonderful collection of Tanagra statuettes which he had brought from Greece, where he had formerly been minister. In one matter he was especially helpful to me. One day I received from Washington a cipher despatch instructing me to exert all my influence to secure the release of Madame ——, who, though married to a former Russian secretary of legation, was the daughter of an American eminent in politics and diplomacy. The case was very serious. The Russian who had married this estimable lady had been concerned in various shady transactions, and, having left his wife and little children in Paris, had gone to Munich in the hope of covering up some doubtful matters which were coming to light. While on this errand he was seized and thrown into jail, whereupon he telegraphed his wife to come to him. His idea, evidently, was that when she arrived she also would be imprisoned, and that her family would then feel forced to intervene with the money necessary to get them both out. The first part of the programme went as he had expected. His wife, on arriving in Munich, was at once thrown into prison, and began thence sending to the

Secretary of State and to me the most distressing letters and telegrams. She had left her little children in Paris, and was in agony about them. With the aid of the Russian ambassador, who acknowledged that his compatriot was one of the worst wretches in existence, I obtained the release of the lady from prison after long negotiations. Unfortunately, I was obliged to secure that of her husband at the same time; but as he died not long afterward, he had no opportunity to do much more harm.

Of the ministers plenipotentiary, the chief was Baron Nothomb of Belgium, noted as the "Belgian father of constitutional liberty." He was a most interesting old man, especially devoted to the memory of my predecessor, Bancroft, and therefore very kind to me. Among the reminiscences which he seemed to enjoy giving me at his dinner-table were many regarding Talleyrand, whom he had personally known.

Still another friend among the ministers was M. de Rudhardt, who represented Bavaria. He and his wife were charming, and they little dreamed of the catastrophe awaiting them when he should cross Bismarck's path. The story of this I shall recount elsewhere.[1]

Yet another good friend was Herr von Nostitz-Wallwitz, representative of Saxony, who was able, on one occasion, to render a real service to American education. Two or three young ladies, one of whom is now the admired head of one of the foremost American colleges for women, were studying at the University of Leipsic. I had given them letters to sundry professors there, and nothing could be better than the reports which reached me regarding their studies, conduct, and social standing. But one day came very distressing telegrams and letters, and, presently, the ladies themselves. A catastrophe had come. A decree had gone forth from the Saxon Government at Dresden expelling all women students from the university, and these countrywomen of mine begged me to do what I could for them. Remembering that my

[1] See chapter on Bismarck.

Saxon colleague was the brother of the prime minister of Saxony, I at once went to him. On my presenting the case, he at first expressed amazement at the idea of women being admitted to the lecture-rooms of a German university; but as I showed him sundry letters, especially those from Professors Georg Curtius and Ebers, regarding these fair students, his conservatism melted away and he presently entered heartily into my view, the result being that the decree was modified so that all lady students then in the university were allowed to remain until the close of their studies, but no new ones were to be admitted afterward. Happily, all this has been changed, and to that, as to nearly all other German universities, women are now freely admitted.

Very amusing at times were exhibitions of gentle sarcasm on the part of sundry old diplomatists. They had lived long, had seen the seamy side of public affairs, and had lost their illusions. One evening, at a ball given by the vice-chancellor of the empire which was extremely splendid and no less tedious, my attention was drawn to two of them. There had been some kind of absurd demonstration that day in one of the principal European parliaments, and coming upon my two colleagues, I alluded to it.

"Yes," said Baron Jauru of Brazil, "that comes of the greatest lie prevalent in our time—the theory that the majority of mankind are *wise;* now it is an absolute fact which all history teaches, and to-day even more than ever, that all mankind are *fools.*" "What you say is true," replied M. de Quade, the Danish minister, "but it is not the *whole* truth: constitutional government also goes on the theory that all mankind are *good;* now it is an absolute fact that all mankind are bad, utterly *bad.*" "Yes," said Jauru, "I accept your amendment; mankind are fools and knaves." To this I demurred somewhat, and quoted Mr. Lincoln's remark, "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time."

This restored their good humor, and I left them smilingly pondering over this nugget of Western wisdom.

Interesting to me was the contrast between my two colleagues from the extreme Orient. Then and since at Berlin I have known the Japanese Minister Aoki. Like all other Japanese diplomatic representatives I have met, whether there or elsewhere, he was an exceedingly accomplished man: at the first dinner given me after my arrival in Berlin he made an admirable speech in German, and could have spoken just as fluently and accurately in French or English.

On the other hand, Li Fong Pao, the Chinese representative, was a mandarin who steadily wore his Chinese costume, pigtail and all, and who, though jolly, could speak only through an interpreter who was almost as difficult to understand as the minister himself.

Thus far it seems the general rule that whereas the Japanese, like civilized nations in general, train men carefully for foreign service in international law, modern languages, history, and the like, the Chinese, like ourselves, do little, if anything, of the kind. But I may add that recently there have been some symptoms of change on their part. One of the most admirable speeches during the Peace Conference at The Hague was made by a young and very attractive Chinese attaché. It was in idiomatic French; nothing could be more admirable either as regarded matter or manner; and many of the older members of the conference came afterward to congratulate him upon it. The ability shown by the Chinese Minister Wu at Washington would also seem to indicate that China has learned something as to the best way of maintaining her interests abroad.

This suggests another incident. In the year 1880 the newspapers informed us that the wife of the Chinese minister at Berlin had just sailed from China to join her husband. The matter seemed to arouse general interest, and telegrams announced her arrival at Suez, then at Marseilles, then at Cologne, and finally at Berlin. On

the evening of her arrival at court the diplomatic corps were assembled, awaiting her appearance. Presently the great doors swung wide, and in came the Chinese minister with his wife: he a stalwart mandarin in the full attire of his rank; she a gentle creature in an exceedingly pretty Chinese costume, tripping along on her little feet, and behind her a long array of secretaries, interpreters, and the like, many in Chinese attire, but some in European court costume. After all of us had been duly presented to the lady by his Chinese excellency, he brought her secretaries and presented them to his colleagues. Among these young diplomatists was a fine-looking man, evidently a European, in a superb court costume frogged and barred with gold lace. As my Chinese colleague introduced him to me in German, we continued in that language, when suddenly this secretary said to me in English, "Mr. White, I don't see why we should be talking in German; I was educated at Rochester University under your friend, President Anderson, and I come from Waterloo in Western New York." Had he dropped through the ceiling, I could hardly have been more surprised. Neither Waterloo, though a thriving little town upon the New York Central Railroad and not far from the city in which I have myself lived, nor even Rochester with all the added power of its excellent university, seemed adequate to develop a being so gorgeous. On questioning him, I found that, having been graduated in America, he had gone to China with certain missionaries, and had then been taken into the Chinese service. It gives me very great pleasure to say that at Berlin, St. Petersburg, and The Hague, where I have often met him since, he has proved to be a thoroughly intelligent and patriotic man. Faithful to China while not unmindful of the interests of the United States, in one matter he rendered a very great service to both countries.

But a diplomatic representative who has a taste for public affairs makes acquaintances outside the diplomatic corps, and is likely to find his relations with the ministers

of the German crown and with members of the parliament very interesting. The character of German public men is deservedly high, and a diplomatist fit to represent his country should bring all his study and experience to bear in eliciting information likely to be useful to his country from these as well as from all other sorts and conditions of men. My own acquaintance among these was large. I find in my diaries accounts of conversations with such men as Bismarck, Camphausen, Delbrück, Windthorst, Bennigsen, George von Bunsen, Lasker, Treitschke, Gneist, and others; but to take them up one after the other would require far too much space, and I must be content to jot down what I received from them wherever, in the course of these reminiscences, it may seem pertinent.

CHAPTER XXXI

MEN OF NOTE IN BERLIN AND ELSEWHERE—1879–1881

MY acquaintance at Berlin extended into regions which few of my diplomatic colleagues explored, especially among members of the university faculty and various other persons eminent in science, literature, and art.

Writing these lines, I look back with admiration and affection upon three generations of Berlin professors: the first during my student days at the Prussian capital in 1855–1856, the second during my service as minister, 1879–1881, and the third during my term as ambassador, 1897–1902.

The second of these generations seems to me the most remarkable of the three. It was a wonderful body of men. A few of them I had known during my stay in Berlin as a student; and of these, first in the order of time, Lepsius, the foremost Egyptologist of that period, whose lectures had greatly interested me, and whose kindly characteristics were the delight of all who knew him.

Ernst Curtius, the eminent Greek scholar and historian, was also very friendly. He was then in the midst of his studies upon the famous Pergamon statues, which, by skilful diplomacy, the German Government had obtained from the Turkish authorities in Asia Minor, and brought to the Berlin Museum. He was also absorbed in the excavations at Olympia, and above all in the sculptures found there. One night at court he was very melancholy, and on my trying to cheer him, he told me, in a heartbroken tone,

that Bismarck had stopped the appropriations for the Olympia researches; but toward the end of the evening he again sought me, his face radiant, and with great glee told me that all was now right, that he had seen the Emperor, and that the noble old monarch had promised to provide for the excavations from his own purse.

Still another friend was Rudolf von Gneist, the most eminent authority of his time upon Roman law and the English constitution. He had acted, in behalf of the Emperor William, as umpire between the United States and Great Britain, with reference to the northwestern boundary, and had decided in our favor. In recognition of his labor, the American Government sent over a large collection of valuable books on American history, including various collections of published state papers; and the first duty I ever discharged as minister was to make a formal presentation of this mass of books to him. So began one of my most cherished connections.

Especially prized by me was a somewhat close acquaintance with the two most eminent professors of modern history then at the university—Von Sybel and Droysen. Each was a man of great ability. One day, after I had been reading Lanfrey's "Histoire de Napoléon," which I then thought, and still think, one of the most eloquent and instructive books of the nineteenth century, Von Sybel happened to drop in, and I asked his opinion of it. He answered: "It does not deserve to be called a history; it is a rhapsody." Shortly after he had left, in came Droysen, and to him I put the same question, when he held up both hands and said: "Yes, there is a history indeed! That is a work of genius; it is one of the books which throw a bright light into a dark time: that book will live."

Professor Hermann Grimm was then at the climax of his fame, and the gods of his idolatry were Goethe and Emerson; but apparently he did not resemble them in soaring above the petty comforts and vexations of life. Any one inviting him to dine was likely to receive an answer asking how the dining-room was lighted—whether

by gas, oil, or wax; also how the lights were placed—whether high or low; and what the principal dishes were to be: and on the answer depended his acceptance or declination. Dining with him one night, I was fascinated by his wife; it seemed to me that I had never seen a woman of such wonderful and almost weird powers: there was something exquisitely beautiful in her manner and conversation; and, on my afterward speaking of this to another guest, he answered: "Why, of course; she is the daughter of Goethe's Bettina, to whom he wrote the 'Letters to a Child.' "

Another historian was Treitschke, eminent also as a member of parliament—a man who exercised great power in various directions, and would have been delightful but for his deafness. A pistol might have been fired beside him, and he would never have known it. Wherever he was, he had with him a block of paper leaves and a pencil, by means of which he carried on conversation; in parliament he always had at his side a shorthand-writer who took down the debates for him.

Some of the most interesting information which I received regarding historical and current matters in Berlin was from the biologist Du Bois-Reymond. He was of Huguenot descent, but was perhaps the most anti-Gallic man in Germany. Discussing the results of the expulsion of the Huguenots under Louis XIV, the details he gave me were most instructive. Showing me the vast strength which the Huguenots transferred from France to Germany, he mentioned such men as the eminent lawyer Savigny, the great merchant Ravené, and a multitude of other men of great distinction, who, like himself, had retained their French names; and he added very many prominent people of Huguenot descent who had changed their French names into German. He then referred to a similar advantage given to various other countries, and made a most powerful indictment against the intolerance for which France has been paying such an enormous price during more than two hundred years.

Interesting in another way were two men eminent in

physical science—Helmholtz and Hofmann. Meeting them one evening at a court festivity, I was told by Hofmann of an experience of his in Scotland. He had arrived in Glasgow late on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning went to call on Professor Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin. The door-bell was answered by a woman servant, of whom Hofmann asked if Sir William was at home. To this the servant answered, "Sir, he most certainly is not." Hofmann then asked, "Could you tell me where I might find him?" She answered, "Sir, you will find him at church, where *you* ought to be."

My acquaintance with university men was not confined to Berlin; at Leipsic, Halle, Giessen, Heidelberg, and elsewhere, I also found delightful professorial circles. In my favorite field, I was especially struck with the historian Oncken. As a lecturer he was perfect; and I have often advised American historical students to pass a semester, if not more, at Giessen, in order to study his presentation of historical subjects. As to manner, he was the best lecturer on history I heard in Germany; and, with the exception of Laboulaye at the Collège de France, Seelye at English Cambridge, and Goldwin Smith at Cornell, the best I ever heard anywhere.

Especially delightful were sundry men of letters. Of these I knew best Auerbach, whose delightful "Dorfgeschichten" were then in full fame. He had been a warm personal friend of Bayard Taylor, and this friendship I inherited. Many were the walks and talks we took together in the Thiergarten, and he often lighted up my apartment with his sunny temper. But one day, as he came in, returning from his long vacation, I said to him: "So you have been having a great joy at the unveiling of the Spinoza statue at The Hague." "A great joy!" he said. "*Bewahre!* far from it; it was wretched—miserable." I asked, "How could that be?" He answered, "Renan, Kuno Fischer, and myself were invited to make addresses at the unveiling of the statue; but when we arrived at the spot, we found that the Dutch Calvinist domi-

nies and the Jewish rabbis had each been preaching to their flocks that the judgments of Heaven would fall upon the city if the erection of a statue to such a monstrous atheist were permitted, and the authorities had to station troops to keep the mob from stoning us and pulling down the statue. Think of such a charge against the *'Gottbetrunkener Mensch,'* who gave new proofs of God's existence, who saw God in everything!"

Another literary man whom I enjoyed meeting was Julius Rodenberg; his "Reminiscences of Berlin," which I have read since, seem to me the best of their kind.

I also came to know various artists, one of them being especially genial. Our first meeting was shortly after my arrival, at a large dinner, where, as the various guests were brought up to be introduced to the new American minister, there was finally presented a little, gentle, modest man as "Herr Knaus." I never dreamed of his being the foremost genre-painter in Europe; and, as one must say something, I said, "You are, perhaps, a relative of the famous painter." At this he blushed deeply, seemed greatly embarrassed, and said: "A painter I am; famous, I don't know. (*Maler bin ich; berühmt, das weiss ich nicht.*)" So began a friendship which has lasted from that day to this. I saw the beginning, middle, and end of some of his most beautiful pictures, and, above all, of the "Hinter den Coulissen," which conveys a most remarkable philosophical and psychological lesson, showing how near mirth lies to tears. It is the most comic and most pathetic of pictures. I had hoped that it would go to America; but, after being exhibited to the delight of all parts of Germany, it was bought for the royal gallery at Dresden.

Very friendly also was Carl Becker. His "Coronation of Ulrich von Hutten," now at Cologne, of which he allowed me to have a copy taken, has always seemed to me an admirable piece of historical painting. In it there is a portrait of a surly cardinal-bishop; and once, during an evening at Becker's house, having noticed a study for this bishop's head, I referred to it, when he said: "Yes, that

bishop is simply the sacristan of an old church in Venice, and certainly the most dignified ecclesiastic I have ever seen." The musical soirées at Becker's beautiful apartments were among the delights of my stay both then and during my more recent embassy.

Very delightfully dwell in my memory, also, some evenings at the palace, when, after the main ceremonies were over, Knaus, Becker, and Auerbach wandered with me through the more distant apartments and galleries, pointing out the beauties and characteristics of various old portraits and pictures. In one long gallery lined with the portraits of brides who, during the last three centuries, had been brought into the family of Hohenzollern, we lingered long.

Then began also my friendship with Anton von Werner. He had been present at the proclamation of the Emperor William I in the great "Hall of Mirrors" at Versailles, by express invitation, in order that he might prepare his famous painting of that historic scene. I asked him whether the inscription on the shield in the cornice of the Galerie des Glaces, "Passage du Rhin," which glorified one of the worst outrages committed by Louis XIV upon Germany, was really in the place where it is represented in his picture. He said that it was. It seemed a divine prophecy of retribution.

The greatest genius in all modern German art—Adolf Menzel—I came to know under rather curious circumstances. He was a little man, not more than four feet high, with an enormous head, as may be seen by his bust in the Berlin Museum. On being presented to him during an evening at court, I said to him: "Herr Professor, in America I am a teacher of history; and of all works I have ever seen on the history of Frederick the Great, your illustrations of Kugler's history have taught me most." This was strictly true; for there are no more striking works of genius in their kind than those engravings which throw a flood of light into that wonderful period. At this he invited me to visit his studio, which a few days later I

did, and then had a remarkable exhibition of some of his most curious characteristics.

Entering the room, I saw, just at the right, a large picture, finely painted, representing a group of Frederick's generals, and in the midst of them Frederick himself, merely outlined in chalk. I said, "There is a picture nearly finished." Menzel answered, "No; it is not finished and never will be." I asked, "Why not?" He said, "I don't deny that there is some good painting in it. But it is on the eve of the battle of Leuthen; it is the consultation of Frederick the Great with his generals just before that terrible battle; and men don't look like that just before a struggle in which the very existence of their country is at stake, and in which they know that most of them must lay down their lives."

We then passed on to another. This represented the great Gens d'Armes Church at Berlin; at the side of it, piled on scaffoldings, were a number of coffins all decked with wreaths and flowers; and in the foreground a crowd of beholders wonderfully painted. All was finished except one little corner; and I said, "Here is one which you will finish." He said, "No; never. That represents the funeral of the Revolutionists killed here in the uprising of 1848. Up to this point"—and he put his finger on the unfinished corner—"I believed in it; but when I arrived at this point, I said to myself, 'No; nothing good can come out of that sort of thing; Germany is not to be made by street fights.' I shall never finish it."

We passed on to another. This was finished. It represented the well-known scene of the great Frederick blundering in upon the Austrian bivouac at the castle of Lissa, when he narrowly escaped capture. I said to him, "There at least is a picture which is finished." "Yes," he said; "but the man who ordered it will never get it." I saw that there was a story involved, and asked, "How is that?" He answered, "That picture was painted on the order of the Duke of Ratibor, who owns the castle. When it was finished he came to see it, but clearly thought it

too quiet. What he wanted was evidently something in the big, melodramatic style. I said nothing; but meeting me a few days afterward, he said, 'Why don't you send me my picture?' 'No,' I said; 'Serene Highness, that picture is mine.' 'No, said he; 'you painted it for me; it is mine.' 'No,' said I; 'I shall keep it.' His Highness shall never have it.''

My principal recreation was in excursions to historical places. Old studies of German history had stimulated a taste for them, and it was a delight to leave Berlin on Saturday and stay in one of these towns over Sunday. Frequently my guide was Frederick Kapp, a thoughtful historian and one of the most charming of men.

A longer pilgrimage was made to the mystery-play at Oberammergau. There was an immense crowd; and, as usual, those in the open, in front of our box, were drenched with rain, as indeed were many of the players on the stage. I had "come to scoff, but remained to pray." There was one scene where I had expected a laugh—namely, where Jonah walks up out of the whale's belly. But when it arrived we all remained solemn. It was really impressive. We sat there from nine in the morning until half-past twelve, and then from half-past one until about half-past four, under a spell which banished fatigue. The main point was that the actors *believed* in what they represented; there was nothing in it like that vague, wearisome exhibition of "religiosity" which, in spite of its wonderful overture, gave me, some years afterward, a painful disenchantment—the "Parsifal" at Bayreuth.

At the close of the Passion Play, I sought out some of the principal actors, and found them kindly and interesting. To the *Christus* I gave a commission for a carved picture-frame, and this he afterward executed beautifully. With the *Judas,* who was by far the best actor in the whole performance, I became still better acquainted. Visiting his workshop, after ordering of him two carved statuettes I said to him: "You certainly ought to have a double salary,

as the *Judas* had in the miracle-plays of the middle ages; this was thought due him on account of the injury done to his character by his taking that part." At this the Oberammergau *Judas* smiled pleasantly, and said: "No; I am content to share equally with the others; but the same feeling toward the *Judas* still exists"; and he then told me the following story: A few weeks before, while he was working at his carving-bench, the door of his workshop opened, and a peasant woman from the mountains came in, stood still, and gazed at him intently. On his asking her what she wanted, she replied: "I saw you in the play yesterday; I wished to look at you again; you look so like my husband. He is dead. *He, too, was a very bad man.*"

Occasionally, under leave of absence from the State Department, I was able to make more distant excursions, and first of all into France. The President during one of these visits was M. Grévy. Some years before I had heard him argue a case in court with much ability; but now, on my presentation to him at the palace of the Élysée, he dwelt less ably on the relations of the United States with France, and soon fell upon the question of trade, saying, in rather a reproachful way, "Vous nous inondez de vos produits." To this I could only answer that this inundation of American products would surely be of mutual benefit to both nations, and he rather slowly assented.

Much more interesting to me was his minister of foreign affairs, Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, a scholar, a statesman, and a man of noble character. We talked first of my intended journey to the south of France; and on my telling him that I had sent my eldest son to travel there, for the reason that at Orange, Arles, Nîmes, and the like, a better idea of Roman power can be obtained than in Italy itself, he launched out on that theme most instructively.

The conversation having turned toward politics, he spoke much of Bismarck and Moltke, pronouncing the name of the latter in one syllable. He said that Bismarck was very kind personally to Thiers during the terrible

negotiations; that if Bismarck could have had his way he would have asked a larger indemnity,—say, seven milliards,—and would have left Alsace-Lorraine to France; that France would gladly have paid a much larger sum than five milliards if she could have retained Alsace-Lorraine; that Bismarck would have made concessions; but that "Molkt" would not. He added that Bismarck told "Molkt" that he—the latter—had, by insisting on territory, made peace too difficult. Saint-Hilaire dwelt long on the fearful legacy of standing armies left by the policy which Germany finally adopted, and evidently considered a great international war as approaching.[1]

Dining afterward at the Foreign Office with my old friend Millet, who was second in command there, I met various interesting Frenchmen, but was most of all pleased with M. Ribot. Having distinguished himself by philosophical studies and made a high reputation in the French parliament, he was naturally on his way to the commanding post in the ministry which he afterward obtained. His wife, an American, was especially attractive.

It is a thousand pities that a country possessing such men is so widely known to the world, not by these, but by novelists and dramatists largely retailing filth, journalists largely given to the invention of sensational lies, politicians largely obeying either atheistic demagogues or clerical intriguers; and all together acting like a swarm of obscene, tricky, mangy monkeys chattering, squealing, and tweaking one another's tails in a cage. Some of these monkeys I saw performing their antics in the National Assembly then sitting at Versailles; and it saddened me to see the nobler element in that assemblage thwarted by such featherbrained creatures.[1]

Another man of note, next whom I found myself at a dinner-party, was M. de Lesseps. I still believe him to have been a great and true man, despite the cloud of fraud which the misdeeds of others drew over his latter days. Among sundry comments on our country, he said

[1] December, 1880.

that he had visited Salt Lake City, and thought a policy of force against the Mormons a mistake. In this I feel sure that he was right. Years ago I was convinced by Bishop Tuttle of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who had been stationed for some years at Salt Lake City, that a waiting policy, in which proper civilization can be brought to bear upon the Mormons, is the true course.

On the following Sunday I heard Père Hyacinthe preach, as at several visits before; but the only thing at all memorable was a rather happy application of Voltaire's remark on the Holy Roman Empire, "Ni Saint, ni Empire, ni Romain."

At the salon of Madame Edmond Adam, eminent as a writer of review articles and as a hater of everything Teutonic, I was presented to a crowd of literary men who, though at that moment striking the stars with their lofty heads, have since dropped into oblivion. Among these I especially remember Émile de Girardin, editor, spouter, intriguer—the "Grand Émile," who boasted that he invented and presented to the French people a new idea every day. This futile activity of his always seemed to me best expressed in the American simile: "Busy as a bee in a tar-barrel." There was, indeed, one thing to his credit: he had somehow inspired his former wife, the gifted Delphine Gay, with a belief in his greatness; and a pretty story was current illustrating this. During the revolution of 1848, various men of note, calling on Madame Girardin, expressed alarm at the progress of that most foolish of overturns, when she said, with an air of great solemnity, and pointing upward, "Gentlemen, there is one above who watches over France. (*Il y a un là-haut qui veille sur la France.*)" All were greatly impressed by this evidence of sublime faith, until the context showed that it was not the Almighty in whom she put her trust, but the great Émile, whose study was just above her parlor.

This reminds me that, during my student days at Paris, I attended the funeral of this gifted lady, and in the crowd of well-known persons present noticed especially Alexan-

dre Dumas. He was very tall and large, with an African head, thick lips, and bushy, crisp hair. He evidently intended to be seen. His good-natured vanity was as undisguised as when his famous son said of him in his presence, "My father is so vain that he is capable of standing in livery behind his own carriage to make people think he sports a negro footman."

Going southward, I stopped at Bourges, and was fascinated by the amazing stonework of the crypt. How the mediæval cathedral-builders were able to accomplish such intricate work with the means at their command is still one of the great mysteries. There is to-day in the United States no group of workmen who could execute anything approaching this work, to say nothing of such pieces as the vaulting of Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster or of King's College Chapel at Cambridge.

Thence we went to the Church of Brou, near Lyons—exquisitely beautiful, and filled with monuments even more inspiring than the church itself. But it was entirely evident, from a look at the church and its surroundings, that Matthew Arnold had written his charming poem without ever visiting the place. Going thence to Nice, we stopped at Turin; and at the grave of Silvio Pellico there came back to me vivid memories of his little book, which had seemed to make life better worth living.

At Genoa a decision had to be made. A mass of letters of introduction to leading Italians had been given me, and I longed to make their acquaintance; but I was weary, and suddenly decided to turn aside and go upon the Riviera, where we settled for our vacation at Nice. There we found various interesting people, more especially those belonging to the American colony and to the ship-of-war *Trenton,* then lying at Villefranche, near by. Shortly after our arrival, Lieutenant Emery of the navy called, bearing an invitation to the ship from Admiral Howell, who was in command at that station; and, a day or two later, on arriving in the harbor, though I saw a long-boat dressed out very finely, evidently awaiting somebody, and

suspected that it was intended for me, I quietly evaded the whole business by joining a party of Americans in a steam-launch, so that I had been on board some little time before the admiral realized the omission in his programme. As a result, in order to quiet his conscientious and patriotic feelings, I came again a day or two afterward, was conveyed to the frigate with the regulation pomp, and received the salutes due an American minister. My stay on the ship was delightful; but, though the admiral most kindly urged me to revisit him, I could never again gather courage to cause so much trouble and make so much noise.

Most interesting to me of all the persons in Nice at that time was a young American about fourteen years of age, who seemed to me one of the brightest and noblest and most promising youths I had ever seen. Alas! how many hopes were disappointed in his death not long afterward! The boy was young Leland Stanford. The aspirations of his father and mother were bound up in him, and the great university at Palo Alto is perhaps the finest monument ever dedicated by parents to a child.

During another of these yearly absences in Italy, I met various interesting men, and, among these, at Florence the syndic Ubaldino Peruzzi, a descendant of the great Peruzzis of the middle ages, and one of the last surviving associates of Cavour. He was an admirable talker; but of all he said I was most pleased with the tribute which he paid to the American minister at Rome, Judge Stallo of Cincinnati. He declared that at a recent conference of statesmen and diplomatists, Judge Stallo had carried off all the honors—speaking with ease, as might be necessary, in Italian, French, and English, and finally drawing up a protocol in Latin.

At Florence also I made an acquaintance which has ever since been a source of great pleasure to me—that of Professor Villari, senator of the kingdom, historian of Florence, and biographer of Savonarola. So began a friendship which has increased the delights of many Flor-

entine visits since those days—a friendship not only with him, but with his gifted and charming wife.

This reminds me that at Rome the name of the eminent professor once brought upon me a curious reproof.

I had met at various times, in the Eternal City and elsewhere, a rising young professor and officer of Harvard University; and, being one morning in Loescher's famous book-shop on the Corso, with a large number of purchases about me, this gentleman came in and, looking them over, was pleased to approve several of them. Presently, on showing him a volume just published and saying, "There is the new volume of Villari's history," I pronounced the name of the author with the accent on the first syllable, as any one acquainted with him knows that it ought to be pronounced. At this the excellent professor took the book, but seemed to have something on his mind; and, having glanced through it, he at last said, rather solemnly, "Yes; Villari"—accenting strongly the second syllable—"is an admirable writer." I accepted his correction meekly and made no reply. A thing so trivial would not be worth remembering were it not one of those evidences, which professors from other institutions in our country have not infrequently experienced, of a "certain condescension" in sundry men who do honor to one or two of our oldest and greatest universities.

Of all people at Rome I was most impressed by Marco Minghetti. A conversation with him I have given in another chapter.

Reminiscences of that first official life of mine at Berlin center, first of all, in Bismarck, and then in the two great rulers who have since passed away—the old hero, Emperor William I, and that embodiment of all qualities which any man could ask for in a monarch, the crown prince who afterward became the Emperor Frederick III.

Both were kindly, but the latter was especially winning. At different times I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with him on various subjects; but perhaps the most interesting of these interviews was one which took place

when it became my duty to conduct him through the American exhibit in the International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin.

He had taken great interest in developing the fisheries along the northern coast of Germany, and this exhibition was the result. One day he sent the vice-chancellor of the empire to ask me whether it was not possible to secure an exhibit from the United States, and especially the loan of our wonderful collections from the Smithsonian Institution and from the Fisheries Institution of Wood's Holl. To do this was difficult. Before my arrival an attempt had been made and failed. Word had come from persons high in authority at Washington that Congress could not be induced to make the large appropriation required, and that sending over the collections was out of the question. I promised to do what I could; and, remembering that Fernando Wood of New York was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House, and that Governor Seymour, then living in retirement near Utica, was his old political associate, and especially interested in restocking the waters of New York State with fish, I sent the ex-governor a statement of the whole case, and urged him to present it fully to Mr. Wood. Then I wrote in the same vein to Senator Conkling, and, to my great satisfaction, carried the day. The appropriation was made by Congress; and the collections were sent over under the control of Mr. Brown Goode of the Smithsonian, perhaps the most admirable man who could have been chosen out of the whole world for that purpose. The prince was greatly delighted with all he saw, showed remarkable intelligence in his questions, and, thanks to Mr. Goode's assistance, he received satisfactory answers. The result was that the American exhibit took the great prize—the silver-gilt vase offered by the Emperor William, which is now in the National Museum at Washington.

The prince showed a real interest in everything of importance in our country. I remember his asking me regarding the Brooklyn Bridge—how it could possibly be

sustained without guy-ropes. Of course it was easy to show him that while in the first of our great suspension-bridges—that at Niagara—guy-ropes were admissible, at Brooklyn they were not: since ships of war as well as merchant vessels of the largest size must pass beneath it; and I could only add that Roebling, who built it, was a man of such skill and forethought that undoubtedly, with the weight he was putting into it and the system of trusses he was placing upon it, no guy-ropes would be needed.

On many occasions the prince showed thoughtful kindness to members of my family as well as to myself, and the news of his death gave me real sorrow. It was a vast loss to his country; no modern monarch has shown so striking a likeness to Marcus Aurelius.

Hardly less hearty and kindly was the Emperor then reigning—William I. Naturally enough, he remembered, above all who had preceded me, Mr. Bancroft. His first question at court generally was, "How goes it with your predecessor? (*Wie geht es mit Ihrem Vorgänger?*)" and I always knew that by my "predecessor" he meant Bancroft. When I once told him that Mr. Bancroft, who was not far from the old Kaiser's age, had bought a new horse and was riding assiduously every day, the old monarch laughed heartily and dwelt on his recollections of my predecessor, with his long white beard, riding through the Thiergarten.

Pleasant to me was the last interview, on the presentation of my letter of recall. It was at Babelsberg, the Emperor's country-seat at Potsdam; and he detained me long, talking over a multitude of subjects in a way which showed much kindly feeling. Among other things, he asked where my family had been staying through the summer. My answer was that we had been at a hotel near the park or palace of Wilhelmshöhe above Cassel; and that we all agreed that he had been very magnanimous in assigning to the Emperor Napoleon III so splendid a prison and such beautiful surroundings. To this he answered quite earnestly, "Yes; and he was very grateful

for it, and wrote me to say so; but, after all, that is by no means the finest palace in Germany." To this I answered, "Your Majesty is entirely right; that I saw on visiting the palace of Würzburg." At this he laughed heartily, and said, "Yes, I see that you understand it; those old prince-bishops knew how to live." As a matter of fact, various prince-bishops in the eighteenth century impoverished their realms in building just such imitations of Versailles as that sumptuous Würzburg Palace.

He then asked me, "On what ship do you go to America?" and I answered, "On the finest ship in your Majesty's merchant navy—the *Elbe.*" He then asked me something about the ship; and when I had told him how beautifully it was equipped,—it being the first of the larger ships of the North German Lloyd,—he answered, "Yes; what is now doing in the way of shipbuilding is wonderful. I received a letter from my son, the crown prince, this morning, on that very subject. He is at Osborne, and has just visited a great English iron-clad man-of-war. It is wonderful; but it cost a million pounds sterling." At this he raised his voice, and, throwing up both hands, said very earnestly, "We can't stand it; we can't stand it."

After this and much other pleasant chat, he put out his hand and said, "Auf Wiedersehen"; and so we parted, each to take his own way into eternity.

The other farewells to me were also gratifying. The German press was very kindly in its references to my departure; and just before I left Berlin a dinner was given me in the great hall of the Kaiserhof by leading men in parliamentary, professional, literary, and artistic circles. Kindly speeches were made by Gneist, Camphausen, Delbrück, George von Bunsen, and others—all forming a treasure in my memory which, as long as life lasts, I can never lose.

CHAPTER XXXII

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF BISMARCK — 1879-1881

MY first glimpse of Bismarck was obtained during one of my journeys through middle Germany, about the time, I think, of the Franco-Prussian War. Arriving at the Kissingen junction, we found a crowd gathered outside the barriers, and all gazing at a railway-carriage about to be attached to our train. Looking toward this, I recognized the face and form of the great North-German statesman. He was in the prime of life—sturdy, hearty, and happy in the presence of his wife and children. The people at the station evidently knew what was needed; for hardly had he arrived when waiters appeared, bearing salvers covered with huge mugs of foaming beer. Thereupon Bismarck took two of the mugs in immediate succession; poured their contents down his throat, evidently with great gusto; and a burly peasant just back of me, unable longer to restrain his admiration, soliloquized in a deep, slow, guttural, reverberating rumble: "A-a-a-ber er sieht sehr-r-r gut aus." So it struck me also; the waters of Kissingen had evidently restored the great man, and he looked like a Titan ready for battle.

My personal intercourse with him began in 1879, when, as chancellor of the German Empire, he received me as minister of the United States. On my entering his workroom, he rose; and it seemed to me that I had never seen another man so towering save Abraham Lincoln. On either side of him were his two big, black dogs, the *Reichshunde;* and, as he put out his hand

with a pleasant smile, they seemed to join kindly in the welcome.

His first remark was that I seemed a young man to undertake the duties of a minister, to which I made the trite reply that time would speedily cure that defect. The conversation then ran, for a time, upon commonplace subjects, but finally struck matters of interest to both our countries.

There were then, as ever since, a great number of troublesome questions between the two nations, and among them those relating to Germans who, having gone over to the United States just at the military age, had lived there merely long enough to acquire citizenship, and had then hastened back to Germany to enjoy the privileges of both countries without discharging the duties of either. These persons had done great harm to the interests of bona-fide German-Americans, and Bismarck evidently had an intense dislike for them. This he showed then and afterward; but his tendencies to severity toward them were tempered by the minister of foreign affairs, Von Bülow, one of the most reasonable men in public business with whom I have ever had to do, and father of the present chancellor, who greatly resembles him.

But Bismarck's feeling against the men who had acquired American citizenship for the purpose of evading their duties in both countries did not prevent his taking a great interest in Germans who had settled in the United States and, while becoming good Americans, had preserved an interest in the Fatherland. He spoke of these, with a large, kindly feeling, as constituting a bond between the two nations. Among other things, he remarked that Germans living in the United States become more tractable than in the land of their birth; that revolutionists thus become moderates, and radicals conservatives; that the word *Einigkeit* (union) had always a charm for them; that it had worked both ways upon them for good, the union of States in America leading them to prize the union of states in Germany, and the evils of disunion in

Germany, which had been so long and painful, leading them to abhor disunion in America.

The conversation then fell into ordinary channels, and I took leave after another hearty shake of the hand and various kind assurances. A few days later came an invitation to dinner with him; and I prized this all the more because it was not to be an official, but a family dinner, and was to include a few of his most intimate friends in the ministry and the parliament. On the invitation it was stated that evening dress was not to be worn; and on my arrival, accompanied by Herr von Schlötzer, at that time the German minister in Washington, I found all the guests arrayed in simple afternoon costume. The table had a patriarchal character. At the head sat the prince; at his side, in the next seat but one, his wife; while between them was the seat assigned me, so that I enjoyed to the full the conversation of both. The other seats at the head of the table were occupied by various guests; and then, scattered along down, were members of the family and some personages in the chancery who stood nearest the chief. The conversation was led by him, and soon took a turn especially interesting. He asked me whether there had ever been a serious effort to make New York the permanent capital of the nation. I answered that there had not; that both New York and Philadelphia were, for a short period at the beginning of our national history, provisional capitals; but that there was a deep-seated idea that the permanent capital should not be a commercial metropolis, and that unquestionably the placing of it at Washington was decided, not merely by the central position of that city, but also by the fact that it was an artificial town, never likely to be a great business center; and I cited Thomas Jefferson's saying, "Great cities are great sores." He answered that in this our founders showed wisdom; that the French were making a bad mistake in bringing their national legislature back from Versailles to Paris; that the construction of the human body furnishes a good hint for arrangements in the body politic; that, as the human brain

is held in a strong inclosure, and at a distance from the parts of the body which are most active physically, so the brain of the nation should be protected with the greatest care, and should not be placed in the midst of a great, turbulent metropolis. To this I assented, but said that during my attendance at sessions of the French legislative bodies, both in my old days at Paris and more recently at Versailles, it seemed to me that their main defects are those of their qualities; that one of the most frequent occupations of their members is teasing one another, and that when they tease one another they are wonderfully witty; that in the American Congress and in the British Parliament members are more slow to catch a subtle comment or scathing witticism; that the members of American and British assemblies are more like large grains of cannon-powder, through which ignition extends slowly, so that there comes no sudden explosion; whereas in the French Assembly the members are more like minute, bright grains of rifle-powder, which all take fire at the same moment, with instant detonation, and explosions sometimes disastrous. He assented to this, but insisted that the curse of French assemblies had been the tyranny of city mobs, and especially of mobs in the galleries of their assemblies; that the worst fault possible in any deliberative body is speaking to the galleries; that a gallery mob is sure to get between the members and the country, and virtually screen off from the assembly the interests of the country. To this I most heartily assented.

I may say here that there had not then been fully developed in our country that monstrous absurdity which we have seen in these last few years—national conventions of the two parties trying to deliberate in the midst of audiences of twelve or fifteen thousand people; a vast mob in the galleries, often noisy, and sometimes hysterical, frequently seeking to throw the delegates off their bearings, to outclamor them, and to force nominations upon them.

A little later, as we discussed certain recent books, I re-

ferred to Jules Simon's work on Thiers's administration. Bismarck said that Thiers, in the treaty negotiations at Versailles, impressed him strongly; that he was a patriot; that he seemed at that time like a Roman among Byzantines.

This statement astonished me. If ever there existed a man at the opposite pole from Bismarck, Thiers was certainly that man. I had studied him as a historian, observed him as a statesman, and conversed with him as a social being; and he had always seemed, and still seems, to me the most noxious of all the greater architects of ruin that France produced during the latter half of the nineteenth century—and that is saying much. His policy was to discredit every government which he found existing, in order that its ruins might serve him as a pedestal; and, while he certainly showed great skill in mitigating the calamities which he did so much to cause, his whole career was damning.

By his "History of the French Revolution" he revived the worst of the Revolution legend, and especially the deification of destructiveness; by his "History of the Consulate and of the Empire," and his translation of the body of Napoleon to France, he effectively revived the Napoleonic legend. The Queen of the French, when escaping from the Tuileries in 1848, was entirely right in reproaching him with undermining the constitutional monarchy of 1830; and no man did more than he to arouse and maintain the anti-German spirit which led to the Franco-Prussian War.

By his writings, speeches, and intrigues he aided in upsetting, not only the rule of the Bourbons in 1830, but the rule of Louis Philippe in 1848, the Second Republic in 1851, and the Second Empire in 1870; and, had he lived, he would doubtless have done the same by the present Republic.

Louis Blanc, a revolutionist of another bad sort—so common in France—who can ruin but *not* restore, once said to me that Thiers's "greatest power lay in his voicing average, unthinking, popular folly; so that after one of his

speeches every fool in France would cry out with delight, "Mais, voilà mon opinion!"

Doubtless Bismarck was impressed, for the time being, by Thiers's skill in negotiation; but it is perfectly evident, from the recollections of various officials since published, that his usual opinion of Thiers was not at all indicated by his remark above cited.

Later the conversation fell upon travel; and, as he spoke of his experiences in various parts of Europe, I recommended America to him as a new field of observation—alluding playfully to the city named after him, and suggesting that he take his family with him upon a large steamer, and, after seeing the more interesting things in the United States, pass on around the world, calling at the Samoan Islands, on which I had recently heard him speak in parliament. After some humorous objections to this plan, he said that early in life he had a great passion for travel, but that upon his father's death he was obliged to devote himself to getting his estate in order; that ever since that time his political duties had prevented his traveling much; and that now he had lost the love of wandering, and in place of it had gained a desire to settle down in the midst of his family.

He spoke English so perfectly that I asked him how much time he had spent in England. He said, "Very little—in fact, only two or three days." He had made but two short visits, one of them many years ago,—I think he said in 1842,—the other during the exposition of 1862. He seemed much struck with the beauty of England, and said that if his lot had been cast there he would have been very happy as an English country gentleman; that he could not understand how Englishmen are so prone to live outside of their own country. He spoke of various Englishmen, and referred to Lord Dufferin, who had dined with him the day before, as one of the most abstemious men he had ever seen, drinking only a little claret and water. Upon my speaking of the great improvement which I had noted in England during the last quarter of a century, so that

the whole country was becoming more and more like a garden, he said that such a statement was hardly likely to please thinking Englishmen; that they could hardly be glad that England should become more and more like a garden; "for," he said, "feeding a great nation from a garden is like provisioning an army with plum cake."

He then dwelt on the fact that Great Britain had become more and more dependent for her daily bread on other countries, and especially on the United States.

The conversation next turned to the management of estates, and he remarked, in a bluff, hearty way, that his father had desired him to become a clergyman; that there was a pastor's living, worth, if I remember rightly, about fifteen hundred thalers a year, which his father thought should be kept in the family. This led to some amusing conversation between him and the princess on what his life would have been under such circumstances, ending by his saying jocosely to her, "You probably think that if I had become a pastor I would have been a better man." To which she answered that this she would not say; that it would not be polite. "But," she continued, "I will say this: that you would have been a happier man."

He referred to some of my predecessors, speaking very kindly of Bayard Taylor and George Bancroft; but both he and the princess dwelt especially upon their relations with Motley. The prince told me of their life together at Göttingen and at Berlin, and of Motley's visits since, when he always became Bismarck's guest. The princess said that there was one subject on which it was always a delight to tease Motley—his suppressed novel "Merrymount"; that Motley defended himself ingeniously in various ways until, at his last visit, being pressed hard, he declared that the whole thing was a mere myth; that he had never written any such novel.

The dinner being ended, our assembly was adjourned to the terrace at the back of the chancellor's palace, looking out upon the park in which he was wont to take his famous midnight walks. Coffee and cigars were brought, but for

Bismarck a pipe with a long wooden stem and a large porcelain bowl. It was a massive affair; and, in a jocose, apologetic way, he said that, although others might smoke cigars and cigarettes, he clung to the pipe—and in spite of the fact that, at the Philadelphia Exposition, as he had heard, a great German pipe was hung among tomahawks, scalping-knives, and other relics of barbarism. From time to time a servant refilled his pipe, while he discoursed upon various subjects—first upon the condition of America and of Germany; then upon South American matters, and of the struggle between Chile and other powers. He showed great respect for the Chileans, and thought that they manifested really sterling qualities.

He spoke of ship-building, and showed, as it seemed to me, rather a close knowledge of the main points involved. He referred to the superiority of Russian ships, the wood used being more suitable than that generally found elsewhere. As to American ships, he thought they were built, as a rule, of inferior woods, and that their reputation had suffered in consequence.

The conversation again falling upon public men, a reference of mine to Gladstone did not elicit anything like a hearty response; but the mention of Disraeli seemed to arouse a cordial feeling.

Among the guests was Lothar Bucher, whom Bismarck, in earlier days, would have hanged if he had caught him, but who had now become the chancellor's most confidential agent; and, as we came out together, Bucher said: "Well, what do you think of him?" My answer was: "He seems even a greater man than I had expected." "Yes," said Bucher; "and I am one of those who have suffered much and long to make him possible." I said: "The result is worth it, is it not?" "Yes," was the reply; "infinitely more than worth it."

My next visit was of a very peculiar sort. One day there arrived at the legation Mr. William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, anxious, above all things, to have a talk with Bismarck, especially upon the tariff and the double

monetary standard, both of which were just then burning questions. I told Mr. Kelley that it was much easier to present him to the Emperor than to the chancellor, but that we would see what could be done. Thereupon I wrote a note telling Bismarck who Mr. Kelley was—the senior member of the House of Representatives by term of service, the leading champion therein of protection and of the double standard of value; that he was very anxious to discuss these subjects with leading German authorities; and that, knowing the prince's interest in them, it had seemed to me that he might not be sorry to meet Mr. Kelley for a brief interview. To this I received a hearty response: "By all means bring Mr. Kelley over at four o'clock." At four o'clock, then, we appeared at the palace, and were received immediately and cordially. When we were seated the prince said: "I am very sorry; but the new Prussian ministry is to meet here in twenty minutes, and I must preside over it." The meaning of this was clear, and the conversation began at once, I effacing myself in order to enjoy it more fully. In a few seconds they were in the thick of the tariff question; and, as both were high protectionists, they got along admirably. Soon rose the question of the double standard in coinage; and on this, too, they agreed. Notable was the denunciation by the chancellor of those who differed from him; he seemed to feel that, as captain of the political forces of the empire, he was entitled to the allegiance of all honest members of parliament, and on all questions. The discussion ran through various interesting phases, when, noticing that the members of the Prussian ministry were gathering in the next room, I rose to go; whereupon the prince, who seemed greatly interested both in the presentation of his own views and those of Mr. Kelley, said: "No, no; let them wait." The new ministers therefore waited, the argument on the tariff and the double standard being more vigorously prosecuted than ever. After fifteen or twenty minutes more, I rose again; but Bismarck said: "No, no; there 's no hurry; let 's go and take a walk."

On this we rose and went into the garden. As we stopped for an instant to enable him to take down his military cap, I noticed two large photographs with autographs beneath them,—one of Lord Beaconsfield, and the other of King Victor Emmanuel,—and, as I glanced at the latter, I noticed an inscription beneath it:

Al mio caro cugino Bismarck.
VITTORIO EMANUELE.

Bismarck, seeing me look at it, said: "He calls me 'cousin' because he has given me his Order of the Annunciata." This remark for a moment surprised me. It was hard for me to conceive that the greatest man in Europe could care whether he was entitled to wear the Annunciata ribbon or not, or whether any king called him "cousin" or not. He seemed, for a moment, to descend to a somewhat lower plane than that upon which he had been standing; but, as we came out into the open and walked up and down the avenues in the park, he resumed his discussion of greater things. During this, he went at considerable length into the causes which led to the partial demonetization of silver in the empire; whereupon Mr. Kelley, interrupting him, said: "But, prince, if you fully believed in using both the precious metals, why did you allow the demonetization of silver?" "Well," said Bismarck, "I had a great many things to think of in those days, and as everybody said that Camphausen and —— were great financiers, and that they understood all about these questions, I allowed them to go on; but I soon learned, as our peasants say of those who try to impose upon their neighbors, that they had nothing but hot water in their dinner-pots, after all." He then went on discussing the mistakes of those and other gentlemen before he himself had put his hand to the work and reversed their policy. There were curious allusions to various individuals whose ideas had not suited him, most of them humorous, but some sarcastic. At last, after a walk of about twenty minutes, bearing in mind the ministers who had been so long waiting for their chief, I

insisted that we must go; whereupon the prince conducted us to the gate, and most cordially took leave of us.

As we left the place, I said to Mr. Kelley, knowing that he sometimes wrote letters for publication: "Of course, in whatever you may write to America, you will be careful not to mention names of persons." "Certainly," he said; "that, of course, I shall never think of doing." But alas for his good resolutions! In his zeal for protection and the double standard, all were forgotten. About a fortnight later there came back by cable a full statement regarding his interview, the names all given, and Bismarck's references to his colleagues brought out vividly. The result was that a large portion of the German press was indignant that Bismarck should have spoken in such a manner to a foreigner regarding Germans of such eminence, who had been his trusted colleagues, and who had rendered to the country very great services; so that, for some days, the "Affaire Kelley" made large demands upon public attention. It had hardly subsided when there came notice to me from the State Department at Washington that a very eminent American financier was about to be sent to Berlin; and I was instructed to secure for him an audience with the chancellor, in order that some arrangements might be arrived at regarding the double standard of value. I must confess that, in view of the "Affaire Kelley," these instructions chilled me. Fortunately, Bismarck was just then taking his usual cure at Kissingen, during which he always refused to consider any matter of business; but, on his return to Berlin, I sent him a note requesting an audience for this special American representative. This brought a very kind answer expressing regret that the chancellor was so pressed with arrears of business that he desired to be excused; but that the minister of finance and various other members of the cabinet had been instructed to receive the American agent and to communicate with him to the fullest extent. That was all very well, but there were my instructions; and I felt obliged to write again, making a more earnest request.

Thereupon came an answer that settled the question: the chancellor regretted that he was too much overwhelmed with work to meet the gentleman; but said that he would gladly see the American minister at any time, and must, for the present, be excused from meeting any unaccredited persons.

Of course, after that there was nothing to be said; and the special American agent was obliged to content himself with what he could obtain in interviews with various ministers.

Mr. Kelley urged, as his excuse for publishing personal details in his letters, that it was essential that the whole world should know just what the great chancellor had said on so important a subject. As it turned out, Mr. Kelley's zeal defeated his purpose; for, had the special agent been enabled to discuss the matter with the chancellor, there is little doubt that Germany would have at least endeavored to establish a permanent double standard of value.

Each year, during my stay, Bismarck gave a dinner to the diplomatic corps on the Emperor's birthday. The table was set then, as now, in the great hall of the chancellor's palace—the hall in which the Conference of Berlin was held after the Russo-Turkish War. The culminating point of each dinner was near its close, when the chancellor rose, and, after a brief speech in French, proposed the health of the heads of all the states there represented. This was followed by a toast to the health of the Emperor, given by the senior member of the diplomatic corps, and shortly after came an adjournment for coffee and cigars. One thing was, at first sight, somewhat startling; for, as Bismarck arose to propose the toast, the big black head of a Danish dog appeared upon the table on either side of him; but the bearing of the dogs was so solemn that they really detracted nothing from the dignity of the occasion.

In the smoking-room the guests were wont to gather in squads, as many of them as possible in the immediate neighborhood of our host. During one of these assem-

blages he asked me to explain the great success of Carl Schurz in America. My answer was that, before the Lincoln presidential campaign, in which Schurz took so large a part, slavery was always discussed either from a constitutional or a philanthropic point of view, orators seeking to show either that it was at variance with the fundamental principles of our government or an offense against humanity; but that Schurz discussed it in a new way, and mainly from the philosophic point of view, showing, not merely its hostility to American ideas of liberty and the wrong it did to the slaves, but, more especially, the injury it wrought upon the country at large, and, above all, upon the slave States themselves; and that, in treating all public questions, he was philosophic, eloquent, and evidently sincere. Bismarck heard what I had to say, and then answered: "As a German, I am proud of Carl Schurz." This was indeed a confession; for it is certain that, if Bismarck could have had his way with Carl Schurz in 1848 or 1849, he would have hanged him.

The chancellor's discussions at such times were frequently of a humorous sort. He seemed, most of all, to delight in lively reminiscences of various public men in Europe. Nothing could be more cordial and hearty than his bearing; but that he could take a different tone was found out by one of my colleagues shortly after my arrival. This colleague was Herr von Rudhardt, the diplomatic and parliamentary representative of Bavaria. I remember him well as a large, genial man; and the beauty and cordial manner of his wife attracted general admiration. One day this gentleman made a speech or cast a vote which displeased Bismarck, and shortly afterward went to one of the chancellor's parliamentary receptions. As he, with his wife leaning on his arm, approached his host, the latter broke out into a storm of reproaches, denouncing the minister's conduct, and threatening to complain of it to his royal master. Thereupon the diplomatist simply bowed, made no answer, returned home at once, and sent his resignation to his government. All the ef-

forts of the Emperor William were unable to appease him, and he was shortly afterward sent to St. Petersburg as minister at that court. But the scene which separated him from Berlin seemed to give him a fatal shock; he shortly afterward lost his reason, and at last accounts was living in an insane asylum.

On another occasion I had an opportunity to see how the chancellor, so kind in his general dealings with men whom he liked, could act toward those who crossed his path.

Being one evening at a reception given by the Duke of Ratibor, president of the Prussian House of Lords, he said to me: "I saw you this afternoon in the diplomatic box. Our proceedings must have seemed very stupid." I answered that they had interested me much. On this he put his lips to my ear and whispered: "Come to-morrow at the same hour, and you will hear something of real interest." Of course, when the time arrived, I was in my seat, wondering what the matter of interest could be. Soon I began to suspect that the duke had made some mistake, for business seemed following the ordinary routine; but presently a bill was brought in by one of the leading Prussian ministers, a member of one of the most eminent families in Germany, a man of the most attractive manners, and greatly in favor with the Emperor William and the crown prince, afterward the Emperor Frederick. The bill was understood to give a slight extension of suffrage in the choice of certain leading elected officials. The question being asked by some one on the floor whether the head of the ministry, Prince Bismarck, approved the bill, this leading minister, who had introduced it, answered in the affirmative, and said that, though Prince Bismarck had been kept away by illness from the sessions in which it had been discussed, he had again and again shown that he was not opposed to it, and there could be no question on the subject. At this a member rose and solemnly denied the correctness of this statement; declared that he was in possession of information to the very opposite effect; and

then read a paper, claiming to emanate directly from the chancellor himself, to the effect that he had nothing whatever to do with the bill and disapproved it. Upon Bismarck's colleagues in the ministry, who thought that his silence had given consent, this came like a thunderbolt; and those who had especially advocated the measure saw at once that they had fallen into a trap. The general opinion was that the illness of the chancellor had been a stratagem; that his sudden disclaimer, after his leading colleagues had thus committed themselves, was intended to drive them from the ministry; and that he was determined to prevent the minister who had most strongly supported the bill from securing popularity by it. This minister, then, and the other members of the cabinet at once resigned, giving place to men whom the chancellor did not consider so likely to run counter to his ideas and interests.

Indeed, it must be confessed that the great statesman not infrequently showed the defects of his qualities. As one out of many cases may be cited his treatment of Eduard Lasker. This statesman during several years rendered really important services. Though an Israelite, he showed none of the grasping propensities so often ascribed to his race. He seemed to care nothing for wealth or show, lived very simply, and devoted himself to the public good as he understood it. Many capitalists, bankers, and promoters involved in the financial scandals which followed the Franco-Prussian War were of his race; but this made no difference with him: in his great onslaught on the colossal scoundrelism of that time, he attacked Jew and Gentile alike; and he deserved well of his country for aiding to cleanse it of all that fraud and folly. On a multitude of other questions, too, he had been very serviceable to the nation and to Bismarck; but, toward the end of his career, he had, from time to time, opposed some of the chancellor's measures, and this seemed to turn the latter completely against him.

At the opening of the Northern Pacific Railway, Lasker

was one of the invited guests, but soon showed himself desperately ill; and, one day, walking along a street in New York, suddenly dropped dead.

A great funeral was given him; and, of all the ceremonies I have ever seen, this was one of the most remarkable for its simplicity and beauty. Mr. Carl Schurz and myself were appointed to make addresses on the occasion in the temple of the Israelites on Fifth Avenue; and we agreed in thinking that we had never seen a ceremony of the kind more appropriate to a great statesman.

At the next session of Congress, a resolution was introduced condoling with the government of Germany on the loss of so distinguished a public servant. This resolution was passed unanimously, and in perfect good faith, every person present—and, indeed, every citizen in the whole country who gave the matter any thought—supposing that it would be welcomed by the German Government as a friendly act.

But the result was astounding. Bismarck took it upon himself, when the resolution reached him, to treat it with the utmost contempt, and to send it back without really laying it before his government, thus giving the American people to understand that they had interfered in a matter which did not concern them. For a time, this seemed likely to provoke a bitter outbreak of American feeling; but, fortunately, the whole matter was allowed to drift by.

Among the striking characteristics of Bismarck was his evident antipathy to ceremonial. He was never present at any of the great court functions save the first reception given at the golden wedding of the Emperor William I, and at the gala opera a few evenings afterward.

The reason generally assigned for this abstention was that the chancellor, owing to his increasing weight and weakness, could not remain long on his feet, as people are expected to do on such occasions. Nor do I remember seeing him at any of the festivities attending the marriage of the present Emperor William, who was then merely the son of the crown prince. One reason for his absence,

perhaps, was his reluctance to take part in the *Fackeltanz,* a most curious survival. In this ceremony, the ministers of Prussia, in full gala dress, with flaring torches in their hands, precede the bride or the groom, as the case may be, as he or she solemnly marches around the great white hall of the palace, again and again, to the sound of solemn music. The bride first goes to the foot of the throne, and is welcomed by the Emperor, who gravely leads her once around the hall, and then takes his seat. The groom then approaches the throne, and invites the Empress to march solemnly around the room with him in the same manner, and she complies with his request. Then the bride takes the royal prince next in importance, who, in this particular case, happened to be the Prince of Wales, at present King Edward VII; the groom, the next princess; and so on, until each of the special envoys from the various monarchs of Europe has gone through this solemn function. So it is that the ministers, some of them nearly eighty years of age, march around the room perhaps a score of times; and it is very easy to understand that Bismarck preferred to avoid such an ordeal.

From time to time, the town, and even the empire, was aroused by news that he was in a fit of illness or ill nature, and insisting on resigning. On such occasions the old Emperor generally drove to the chancellor's palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, and, in his large, kindly, hearty way, got the great man out of bed, put him in good humor, and set him going again. On one of these occasions, happening to meet Rudolf von Gneist, who had been, during a part of Bismarck's career, on very confidential terms with him, I asked what the real trouble was. "Oh," said Gneist, "he has eaten too many plover's eggs (*Ach, er hat zu viel Kibitzeier gegessen*)." This had reference to the fact that certain admirers of the chancellor in the neighborhood of the North Sea were accustomed to send him, each year, a large basket of plovers' eggs, of which he was very fond; and this diet has never been considered favorable to digestion.

This reminds me that Gneist on one occasion told me another story, which throws some light on the chancellor's habits. Gneist had especial claims on Americans. As the most important professor of Roman law at the university, he had welcomed a long succession of American students; as a member of the imperial parliament, of the Prussian legislature, and of the Berlin town council, he had shown many kindnesses to American travelers; and as the representative of the Emperor William in the arbitration between the United States and Great Britain on our northwestern boundary, he had proved a just judge, deciding in our favor. Therefore it was that, on the occasion of one of the great Thanksgiving dinners celebrated by the American colony, he was present as one of the principal guests. Near him was placed a bottle of Hermitage, rather a heavy, heady wine. Shortly after taking his seat, he said to me, with a significant smile, "That is some of the wine I sent to Bismarck, and it did not turn out well." "How was that?" I asked. "Well," he said, "one day I met Bismarck and asked him about his health. He answered, 'It is wretched; I can neither eat nor sleep.' I replied, 'Let me send you something that will help you. I have just received a lot of Hermitage, and will send you a dozen bottles. If you take a *couple of glasses* each day with your dinner, it will be the best possible tonic, and will do you great good.' Sometime afterward," continued Gneist, "I met him again, and asked how the wine agreed with him. 'Oh,' said Bismarck, 'not at all; it made me worse than ever.' 'Why,' said I, 'how did you take it?' 'Just as you told me,' replied Bismarck, '*a couple of bottles* each day with my dinner.' "

Bismarck's constant struggle against the diseases which beset him became pathetic. He once asked me how I managed to sleep in Berlin; and on my answering him he said: "Well, I can never sleep in Berlin at night when it is quiet; but as soon as the noise begins, about four o'clock in the morning, I can sleep a little and get my rest for the day."

It was frequently made clear that the Emperor William and the German officials were not the only ones to experience the results of Bismarck's ill health: the diplomatic corps, and among them myself, had sometimes to take it into account.

Bismarck was especially kind to Americans, and, above all, to the American diplomatic representatives. To this there was but one exception, my immediate successor, and that was a case in which no fault need be imputed to either side. That Bismarck's feeling toward Americans generally was good is abundantly proven, and especially by such witnesses as Abeken, Sidney Whitman, and Moritz Busch, the last of whom has shown that, while the chancellor was very bitter against sundry German princes who lingered about the army and lived in Versailles at the public expense, he seemed always to rejoice in the presence of General Sheridan and other compatriots of ours who were attached to the German headquarters by a tie of much less strength.

But, as I have already hinted, there was one thing which was especially vexatious to him; and this was the evasion, as he considered it, of duty to the German Fatherland by sundry German-Americans. One day I received a letter from a young man who stated his case as follows: He had left his native town in Alsace-Lorraine just before arriving at the military age; had gone to the United States; had remained there, not long enough to learn English, but just long enough to obtain naturalization; and had then lost no time in returning to his native town. He had been immediately thrown into prison; and thence he wrote me, expressing his devotion to the American flag, his pride in his American citizenship,—and his desire to live in Germany. I immediately wrote to the minister of foreign affairs, stating the man's case, and showing that it came under the Bancroft treaties, or at least under the construction of them which the German Government up to that time had freely allowed. To this I received an answer that the Bancroft treaties, having been made before

Alsace-Lorraine was annexed to the empire, did not apply to these new provinces, and that the youth was detained as a deserter. To this I replied that, although the minister's statement was strictly true, the point had been waived long before in our favor; that in no less than eight cases the German Government had extended the benefit of the Bancroft treaties over Alsace-Lorraine; and that in one of these cases the acting minister of foreign affairs had declared the intention of the government to make this extension permanent.

But just at this period, after the death of Baron von Bülow, who had been most kindly in all such matters, the chancellor had fallen into a curious way of summoning eminent German diplomatists from various capitals of Europe into the ministry of foreign affairs for a limited time—trying them on, as it were. These gentlemen were generally very agreeable; but on this occasion I had to deal with one who had been summoned from service at one of the lesser German courts, and who was younger than most of his predecessors. To my surprise, he brushed aside all the precedents I had cited, and also the fact that a former acting minister of foreign affairs had distinctly stated that, as a matter of comity, the German Government proposed to consider the Bancroft treaties as applying permanently to Alsace-Lorraine. Neither notes nor verbal remonstrances moved him. He was perfectly civil, and answered my arguments, in every case, as if he were about to yield, yet always closed with a "but"—and did nothing. He seemed paralyzed. The cause of the difficulty was soon evident. It was natural that Bismarck should have a feeling that a young man who had virtually deserted the German flag just before reaching the military age deserved the worst treatment which the law allowed. His own sons had served in the army, and had plunged into the thickest of the fight, one of them receiving a serious wound; and that this young Alsatian Israelite should thus escape service by a trick was evidently hateful to him. That the chancellor himself gave the final decision in this matter was the

only explanation of the fact that this particular acting minister of foreign affairs never gave me an immediate answer.

The matter became more and more serious. The letter of the law was indeed on Bismarck's side; but the young man was an American citizen, and the idea of an American citizen being held in prison was anything but pleasant to me, and I knew that it would be anything but pleasant to my fellow-citizens across the water. I thought on the proud words, "civis Romanus sum," and of the analogy involved in this case. My position was especially difficult, because I dared not communicate the case fully to the American State Department of that period. Various private despatches had got out into the world and made trouble for their authors, and even so eminent a diplomatist as Mr. George P. Marsh at Rome came very near being upset by one. My predecessor, Bayard Taylor, was very nearly wrecked by another; and it was the escape and publication of a private despatch which plunged my immediate successor into his quarrel with Bismarck, and made his further stay in Germany useless. I therefore stopped short with my first notification to the State Department—to the effect that a naturalized American had been imprisoned for desertion in Alsace-Lorraine, and that the legation was doing its best to secure his release. To say more than this involved danger that the affair might fall into the hands of sensation-mongers, and result in howls and threats against the German Government and Bismarck; and I knew well that, if such howls and threats were made, Bismarck would never let this young Israelite out of prison as long as he lived.

It seemed hardly the proper thing, serious as the case was, to ask for my passports. It was certain that, if this were done, there would come a chorus of blame from both sides of the Atlantic. Deciding, therefore, to imitate the example of the old man in the school-book, who, before throwing stones at the boy in his fruit-tree, threw turf and grass, I secured from Washington by cable a leave

of absence, but, before starting, saw some of my diplomatic colleagues, who were wont to circulate freely and talk much, stated the main features of the case to them, and said that I was "going off to enjoy myself"; that there seemed little use for an American minister in a country where precedents and agreements were so easily disregarded. Next day I started for the French Riviera. The journey was taken leisurely, with interesting halts at Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle; and, as I reached the hotel in Paris, a telegram was handed me—"Your man in Alsace-Lorraine is free." It was evident that the chancellor had felt better and had thought more leniently of the matter, and I had never another difficulty of the sort during the remainder of my stay.

The whole weight of testimony as regards Bismarck's occasional severity is to the effect that, stern and persistent as he was, he had much tenderness of heart; but as to the impossibility of any nation, government, or press scaring or driving him, I noticed curious evidences during my stay. It was well known that he was not unfriendly to Russia; indeed, he more than once made declarations which led some of the Western powers to think him too ready to make concessions to Russian policy in the East; but his relations to Prince Gortchakoff, the former Russian chancellor, were not of the best; and after the Berlin Conference the disappointment of Russia led to various unfriendly actions by Russian authorities and individuals of all sorts, from the Czar down. There was a general feeling that it was dangerous for Germany to resent this, and a statesman of another mold would have deprecated these attacks, or sought to mitigate them. Not so Bismarck: he determined to give as good as was sent; and, for a very considerable time he lost no chance to show that the day of truckling by Germany to her powerful neighbor was past. This became at last so marked that bitter, and even defiant, presentation of unpalatable truths regarding Russia, in the press inspired from the chancery, seemed the usual form in which all Russian

statesmen, and especially members of the imperial house, were welcomed in Berlin. One morning, taking up my copy of the paper most directly inspired by the chancellor, I found an article on the shortcomings of Russia, especially pungent—almost vitriolic. It at once occurred to me to look among the distinguished arrivals to see what Muscovite was in town; and my search was rewarded by the discovery that the heir to the imperial crown, afterward Alexander III, had just arrived and was staying a day or two in the city.

When Bismarck uttered his famous saying, "We Germans fear God and naught beside," he simply projected into the history of Germany his own character. Fearlessness was a main characteristic of his from boyhood, and it never left him in any of the emergencies of his later life.

His activity through the press interested me much at times. It was not difficult to discern his work in many of the "inspired" editorials and other articles. I have in my possession sundry examples of the originals of these, —each page is divided into two columns,—the first the work of one of his chosen scribes, the second copiously amended in the chancellor's own hand, and always with a gain in lucidity and pungency.

Of the various matters which arose between us, one is perhaps worthy of mention, since it has recently given rise to a controversy between a German-American journalist and Bismarck's principal biographer.

One morning, as I sat in dismay before my work-table, loaded with despatches, notes, and letters, besides futilities of every sort, there came in the card of Lothar Bucher. Everything else was, of course, thrown aside. Bucher never made social visits. He was the pilot-fish of the whale, and a visit from him "meant business."

Hardly had he entered the room when his business was presented: the chancellor wished to know if the United States would join Germany and Great Britain in representations calculated to stop the injuries to the commerce

of all three nations caused by the war then going on between Chile and Peru.

My answer was that the United States could not join other powers in any such effort; that our government might think it best to take separate action; and that it would not interfere with any proper efforts of other powers to secure simple redress for actual grievances; but that it could not make common cause with other powers in any such efforts. To clinch this, I cited the famous passage in Washington's Farewell Address against "entangling alliances with foreign powers" as American gospel, and added that my government would also be unalterably opposed to anything leading to permanent occupation of South American territory by any European power, and for this referred him to the despatches of John Quincy Adams and the declarations of President Monroe.

He seemed almost dumfounded at this, and to this day I am unable to decide whether his surprise was real or affected. He seemed to think it impossible that we could take any such ground, or that such a remote, sentimental interest could outweigh material interests so pressing as those involved in the monkey-and-parrot sort of war going on between the two South American republics. As he was evidently inclined to dwell on what appeared to him the strangeness of my answer, I said to him: "What I state to you is elementary in American foreign policy; and to prove this I will write, in your presence, a cable despatch to the Secretary of State at Washington, and you shall see it and the answer it brings."

I then took a cable blank, wrote the despatch, and showed it to him. It was a simple statement of the chancellor's proposal, and on that he left me. In the evening came the answer. It was virtually my statement to Bucher, and I sent it to him just as I had received it. That was the last of the matter. No further effort was made in the premises, so far as I ever heard, either by Germany or Great Britain. It has recently been stated, in an American magazine article, that Bismarck, toward

the end of his life, characterized the position taken by Mr. Cleveland regarding European acquisition of South American territory as something utterly new and unheard of. To this, Poschinger, the eminent Bismarck biographer, has replied in a way which increases my admiration for the German Foreign Office; for it would appear that he found in the archives of that department a most exact statement of the conversation between Bucher and myself, and of the action which followed it. So precise was his account that it even recalled phrases and other minutiæ of the conversation which I had forgotten, but which I at once recognized as exact when thus reminded of them. The existence of such a record really revives one's child-like faith in the opening of the Great Book of human deeds and utterances at "the last day."

Perhaps the most interesting phase of Bismarck's life which a stranger could observe was his activity in the imperial parliament.

That body sits in a large hall, the representatives of the people at large occupying seats in front of the president's desk, and the delegates from the various states—known as the Imperial Council—being seated upon an elevated platform at the side of the room, right and left of the president's chair. At the right of the president, some distance removed, sits the chancellor, and at his right hand the imperial ministry; while in front of the president's chair, on a lower stage of the platform, is the tribune from which, as a rule, members of the lower house address the whole body.

It was my good fortune to hear Bismarck publicly discuss many important questions, and his way of speaking was not like that of any other man I have ever heard. He was always clothed in the undress uniform of a Prussian general; and, as he rose, his bulk made him imposing. His first utterances were disappointing. He seemed wheezy, rambling, incoherent, with a sort of burdensome self-consciousness checking his ideas and clogging his words. His manner was fidgety, his arms being thrown

uneasily about, and his fingers fumbling his mustache or his clothing or the papers on his desk. He puffed, snorted, and floundered; seemed to make assertions without proof and phrases without point; when suddenly he would utter a statement so pregnant as to clear up a whole policy, or a sentence so audacious as to paralyze a whole line of his opponents, or a phrase so vivid as to run through the nation and electrify it. Then, perhaps after more rumbling and rambling, came a clean, clear, historical illustration carrying conviction; then, very likely, a simple and strong argument, not infrequently ended by some heavy missile in the shape of an accusation or taunt hurled into the faces of his adversaries; then, perhaps at considerable length, a mixture of caustic criticism and personal reminiscence, in which sparkled those wonderful sayings which have gone through the empire and settled deeply into the German heart. I have known many clever speakers and some very powerful orators; but I have never known one capable, in the same degree, of overwhelming his enemies and carrying his whole country with him. Nor was his eloquence in his oratory alone. There was something in his bearing, as he sat at his ministerial desk and at times looked up from it to listen to a speaker, which was very impressive.

Twice I heard Moltke speak, and each time on the army estimates. Nothing could be more simple and straightforward than the great soldier's manner. As he rose, he looked like a tall, thin, kindly New England schoolmaster. His seat was among the representatives, very nearly in front of that which Bismarck occupied on the estrade. On one of these occasions I heard him make his famous declaration that for the next fifty years Germany must be in constant readiness for an attack from France. He spoke very rarely, was always brief and to the point, saying with calm strength just what he thought it a duty to say—neither more nor less. So Cæsar might have spoken. Bismarck, I observed, always laid down his large pencil and listened intently to every word.

The most curious example of the eloquence of silence in Bismarck's case, which I noted, was when his strongest opponent, Windthorst, as the representative of the combination of Roman Catholics and others generally in opposition, but who, at that particular time, seemed to have made a sort of agreement to support some of Bismarck's measures, went to the tribune and began a long and very earnest speech. Windthorst was a man of diminutive stature, smaller even than Thiers,—almost a dwarf,—and his first words on this occasion had a comical effect. He said, in substance, "I am told that if we enter into a combination with the chancellor in this matter, we are sure to come out second best." At this Bismarck raised his head, turned and looked at the orator, the attention of the whole audience being fastened upon both. "But," continued Windthorst, "the chancellor will have to get up very early in the morning to outwit us in this matter." There was a general outburst of laughter as the two leaders eyed each other. It reminded one of nothing so much as a sturdy mastiff contemplating a snappish terrier.

As to his relations with his family, which, to some little extent, I noticed when with them, nothing could be more hearty, simple, and kindly. He was beautifully devoted to his wife, and evidently gloried in his two stalwart sons, Prince Herbert and "Count Bill," and in his daughter, Countess von Rantzau; and they, in return, showed a devotion to him not less touching. No matter how severe the conflicts which raged outside, within his family the stern chancellor of "blood and iron" seemed to disappear; and in his place came the kindly, genial husband, father, and host.

The last time I ever saw him was at the Schönhausen station on my way to Bremen. He walked slowly from the train to his carriage, leaning heavily on his stick. He seemed not likely to last long; but Dr. Schweninger's treatment gave him a new lease of life, so that, on my return to Berlin eighteen years later, he was still living.

In reply to a respectful message he sent me a kindly greeting, and expressed the hope that he would, ere long, be well enough to receive me; but he was even then sinking, and soon passed away. So was lost to mortal sight the greatest German since Luther.

END OF VOLUME I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
ANDREW D. WHITE

VOLUME II

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

VOLUME II



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CHAPTER XXXIII

AS MINISTER TO RUSSIA—1892-1894

DURING four years after my return from service as minister to Germany I devoted myself to the duties of the presidency at Cornell, and on resigning that position gave all time possible to study and travel, with reference to the book on which I was then engaged: "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology."

But in 1892 came a surprise. In the reminiscences of my political life I have given an account of a visit, with Theodore Roosevelt, Cabot Lodge, Sherman Rogers, and others, to President Harrison at the White House, and of some very plain talk, on both sides, relating to what we thought shortcomings of the administration in regard to reform in the civil service. Although President Harrison greatly impressed me at the time by the clearness and strength of his utterances, my last expectation in the world would have been of anything in the nature of an appointment from him. High officials do not generally think very well of people who comment unfavorably on their doings or give them unpleasant advice; this I had done, to the best of my ability, in addressing the President; and great, therefore, was my astonishment when, in 1892, he tendered me the post of minister plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg.

On my way I stopped in London, and saw various in-

teresting people, but especially remember a luncheon with Lord Rothschild, with whom I had a very interesting talk about the treatment of the Jews in Russia. He seemed to feel deeply the persecution to which they were subjected, —speaking with much force regarding it, and insisting that their main crime was that they were sober, thoughtful, and thrifty; that as to the charge that they were preying upon the agricultural population, they preyed upon it as do the Quakers in England—by owning agricultural machines and letting them out; that as to the charge of usury, they were much less exacting than many Christians; and that the main effort upon public opinion there, such as it is, should be in the direction of preventing the making of more severe laws. He incidentally referred to the money power of Europe as against Russia, speaking of Alexander II as kind and just, but of Alexander III as really unacquainted with the great questions concerned, and under control of the church.

I confess that I am amazed, as I revise this chapter, to learn from apparently trustworthy sources that his bank is now making a vast loan to Russia—to enable her to renew her old treatment of Japan, China, Armenia, Finland, Poland, the Baltic Provinces, and her Jewish residents. I can think of nothing so sure to strengthen the anti-Semites throughout the world.

A few days later Sir Julian Goldschmidt came to me on the same subject, and he impressed me much more deeply than the head of the house of Rothschild had done. There was nothing of the ennobled millionaire about him; he seemed to me a gentleman from the heart outward. Presenting with much feeling the disabilities and hardships of the Jews in Russia, he dwelt upon the discriminations against them, especially in the matter of military fines; their gradual and final exclusion from professions; and the confiscation of their property at Moscow, where they had been forced to leave the city and therefore to realize on their whole estates at a few days' notice.

At Paris I also had some interesting conversations, re-

garding my new post, with the Vicomte de Vogué, the eminent academician, who has written so much that is interesting on Russia. Both he and Struve, the Russian minister at Washington, who had given me a letter to him, had married into the Annenkoff family; and I found his knowledge of Russia, owing to this fact as well as to his former diplomatic residence there, very suggestive. Another interesting episode was the funeral of Renan at the Collège de France, to which our minister, Mr. Coolidge, took me. Eloquent tributes were paid, and the whole ceremony was impressive after the French manner.

Dining with Mr. Coolidge, I found myself seated near the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld,—a charming American, the daughter of Mr. Mitchell, former senator from Oregon. The duke seemed to be a quiet, manly young officer, devoted to his duties in the army; but it was hard to realize in him the successor of the great duke, the friend of Washington and of Louis XVI, who showed himself so broad-minded during our War of Independence and the French Revolution.

At Berlin I met several of my old friends at the table of our minister, my friend of Yale days, William Walter Phelps—among these Virchow, Professor von Leyden, Paul Meyerheim, Carl Becker, and Theodor Barth; and at the Russian Embassy had an interesting talk with Count Shuvaloff, more especially on the Behring Sea question. We agreed that the interests of the United States and Russia in the matter were identical.

On the 4th of November I arrived in St. Petersburg after an absence of thirty-seven years. Even in that country, where everything moves so slowly, there had clearly been changes; the most evident of these being the railway from the frontier. At my former visit the journey from Berlin had required nine days and nine nights of steady travel, mainly in a narrow post-coach; now it was easily done in one day and two nights in very comfortable cars. At that first visit the entire railway system of Russia, with the exception of the road from the capital to Gatshina,

only a few miles long, consisted of the line to Moscow; at this second visit the system had spread very largely over the empire, and was rapidly extending through Siberia and Northern China to the Pacific.

But the deadening influence of the whole Russian system was evident. Persons who clamor for governmental control of American railways should visit Germany, and above all Russia, to see how such control results. In Germany its defects are evident enough; people are made to travel in carriages which our main lines would not think of using, and with a lack of conveniences which with us would provoke a revolt; but the most amazing thing about this administration in Russia is to see how, after all this vast expenditure, the whole atmosphere of the country seems to paralyze energy. During my stay at St. Petersburg I traveled over the line between that city and Berlin six or eight times, and though there was usually but one express-train a day, I never saw more than twenty or thirty through passengers. When one bears in mind the fact that this road is the main artery connecting one hundred and twenty millions of people at one end with over two hundred millions at the other, this seems amazing; but still more so when one considers that in the United States, with a population of, say, eighty millions in all, we have five great trunk-lines across the continent, each running large express-trains several times a day.

There was apparently little change as regards enterprise in Russia, whatever there might be as regarded facilities for travel. St. Petersburg had grown, of course. There were new streets in the suburbs, and where the old admiralty wharves had stood,—for the space of perhaps an eighth of a mile along the Neva,—fine buildings had been erected. But these were the only evident changes, the renowned Nevskii Prospekt remaining as formerly—a long line of stuccoed houses on either side, almost all poor in architecture; and the street itself the same unkempt, shabby, commonplace thoroughfare as of old. No new bridge had been built across the Neva for forty years.

There was still but one permanent structure spanning the river, and the great stream of travel and traffic between the two parts of the city was dependent mainly on the bridges of boats, which, at the breaking of the ice in the spring, had sometimes to be withdrawn during many days.

A change had indeed been brought by the emancipation of the serfs, but there was little outward sign of it. The muzhik remained, to all appearance, what he was before: in fact, as our train drew into St. Petersburg, the peasants, with their sheepskin caftans, cropped hair, and stupid faces, brought back the old impressions so vividly that I seemed not to have been absent a week. The old atmosphere of repression was evident everywhere. I had begun my experience of it under Nicholas I, had seen a more liberal policy under Alexander II, but now found a recurrence of reaction, and everywhere a pressure which deadened all efforts at initiating a better condition of things.

But I soon found one change for the better. During my former stay under Nicholas I and Alexander II, the air was full of charges of swindling and cheatery against the main men at court. Now next to nothing of that sort was heard; it was evident that Alexander III, narrow and illiberal though he might be, was an honest man, and determined to end the sort of thing that had disgraced the reigns of his father and grandfather.

Having made the usual visit to the Foreign Office upon my arrival, I was accompanied three days later by the proper officials, Prince Soltykoff and M. de Koniar, on a special train to Gatchina, and there received by the Emperor. I found him—though much more reserved than his father—agreeable and straightforward. As he was averse to set speeches, we began at once a discussion on various questions interesting the two nations, and especially those arising out of the Behring Sea fisheries. He seemed to enter fully into the American view; characterizing the marauders in that sea as "*ces poachers là*"—

using the English word, although our conversation was in French; and on my saying that the Russian and American interests in that question were identical, he not only acquiesced, but spoke at considerable length, and earnestly, in the same sense.

He alluded especially to the Chicago Exposition, spoke in praise of its general conception and plan, said that though in certain classes of objects of art it might not equal some of the European expositions, it would doubtless in very many specialties surpass all others; and on my expressing the hope that Russia would be fully represented, he responded heartily, declaring that to be his own wish.

Among the various subjects noted was one which was rather curious. In the anteroom I had found the Greek Archbishop of Warsaw arrayed in a purple robe and hat—the latter adorned with an exceedingly lustrous cross of diamonds, and, engaging in conversation with him, had learned that he had a few years before visited China as a missionary; his talk was that of a very intelligent man; and on my saying that one of our former American bishops, Dr. Boone, in preparing a Chinese edition of the Scriptures had found great difficulty in deciding upon a proper equivalent for the word "God," the archbishop answered, "That is quite natural, for the reason that the Chinese have really no conception of such a Being."

Toward the close of my interview with the Emperor, then, I referred to the archbishop, and congratulated the monarch on having so accomplished and devoted a prelate in his church. At this he said, "You speak Russian, then?" to which I answered in the negative. "But," he said, "how then could you talk with the archbishop?" I answered, "He spoke in French." The Emperor seemed greatly surprised at this, and well he might be, for the ecclesiastics in Russia seem the only exceptions to the rule that Russians speak French and other foreign languages better and more generally than do any other people.

This interview concluded, I was taken through a long

series of apartments filled with tapestries, porcelain, carvings, portraits, and the like, to be received by the Empress. She was slight in figure, graceful, with a most kindly face and manner, and she put me at ease immediately, addressing me in English, and detaining me much longer than I had expected. She, too, spoke of the Chicago Exposition, saying that she had ordered some things of her own sent to it. She also referred very pleasantly to the Rev. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn, who had come over on one of the ships which brought supplies to the famine-stricken; and she dwelt upon sundry similarities and dissimilarities between our own country and Russia, discussing various matters of local interest, and was in every way cordial and kindly.

The impression made by the Emperor upon me at that time was deepened during my whole stay. He was evidently a strong character, but within very unfortunate limits—upright, devoted to his family, with a strong sense of his duty to his people and of his accountability to the Almighty. But more and more it became evident that his political and religious theories were narrow, and that the assassination of his father had thrown him back into the hands of reactionists. At court and elsewhere I often found myself looking at him and expressing my thoughts inwardly much as follows: "You are honest, true-hearted, with a deep sense of duty; but what a world of harm you are destined to do! With your immense physical frame and giant strength, you will last fifty years longer; you will try by main force to hold back the whole tide of Russian thought; and after you will come the deluge." There was nothing to indicate the fact that he was just at the close of his life.

At a later period I was presented to the heir to the throne, now the Emperor Nicholas II. He seemed a kindly young man; but one of his remarks amazed and disappointed me. During the previous year the famine, which had become chronic in large parts of Russia, had taken an acute form, and in its train had come typhus

and cholera. It was, in fact, the same wide-spread and deadly combination of starvation and disease which similar causes produced so often in Western Europe during the middle ages. From the United States had come large contributions of money and grain; and as, during the year after my arrival, there had been a recurrence of the famine, about forty thousand rubles more had been sent me from Philadelphia for distribution. I therefore spoke on the general subject to him, referring to the fact that he was president of the Imperial Relief Commission. He answered that since the crops of the last year there was no longer any suffering; that there was no famine worthy of mention; and that he was no longer giving attention to the subject. This was said in an offhand, easy-going way which appalled me. The simple fact was that the famine, though not so wide-spread, was more trying than during the year before; for it found the peasant population in Finland and in the central districts of the empire even less prepared to meet it. They had, during the previous winter, very generally eaten their draught-animals and burned everything not absolutely necessary for their own shelter; from Finland specimens of bread made largely of ferns had been brought me which it would seem a shame to give to horses or cattle; and yet his imperial highness the heir to the throne evidently knew nothing of all this.

In explanation, I was afterward told by a person who had known him intimately from his childhood, that, though courteous, his main characteristic was an absolute indifference to most persons and things about him, and that he never showed a spark of ambition of any sort. This was confirmed by what I afterward saw of him at court. He seemed to stand about listlessly, speaking in a good-natured way to this or that person when it was easier than not to do so; but, on the whole, indifferent to all which went on about him.

After his accession to the throne, one of the best judges in Europe, who had many opportunities to observe him

closely, said to me, "He knows nothing of his empire or of his people; he never goes out of his house, if he can help it." This explains in some degree the insufficiency of his programme for the Peace Conference at The Hague and for the Japanese War, which, as I revise these lines, is bringing fearful disaster and disgrace upon Russia.

The representative of a foreign power in any European capital must be presented to the principal members of the reigning family, and so I paid my respects to the grand dukes and duchesses. The first and most interesting of these to me was the old Grand Duke Michael—the last surviving son of the first Nicholas. He was generally, and doubtless rightly, regarded as, next to his elder brother, Alexander II, the flower of the flock; and his reputation was evidently much enhanced by comparison with his brother next above him in age, the Grand Duke Nicholas. It was generally charged that the conduct of the latter during the Turkish campaign was not only unpatriotic, but inhuman. An army officer once speaking to me regarding the suffering of his soldiers at that time for want of shoes, I asked him where the shoes were, and he answered: "In the pockets of the Grand Duke Nicholas."

Michael was evidently different from his brother—not haughty and careless toward all other created beings; but kindly, and with a strong sense of duty. One thing touched me. I said to him that the last time I had seen him was when he reached St. Petersburg from the seat of the Crimean War in the spring of 1855, and drove from the railway to the palace in company with his brother Nicholas. Instantly the tears came into his eyes and flowed down his cheeks. He answered: "Yes, that was sad indeed. My father"—meaning the first Emperor Nicholas—"telegraphed us that our mother was in very poor health, longed to see us, and insisted on our coming to her bedside. On our way home we learned of his death."

Of the younger generation of grand dukes,—the bro-

thers of Alexander III,—the greatest impression was made upon me by Vladimir. He was apparently the strongest of all the sons of Alexander II, being of the great Romanoff breed—big, strong, muscular, like his brother the Emperor. He chatted pleasantly; and I remember that he referred to Mr. James Gordon Bennett—whom he had met on a yachting cruise—as "my friend."

Another of these big Romanoff grand dukes was Alexis, the grand admiral. He referred to his recollections of the United States with apparent pleasure, in spite of the wretched Catacazy imbroglio which hindered President Grant from showing him any hospitality at the White House, and which so vexed his father the Emperor Alexander II.

The ladies of the imperial family were very agreeable. A remark of one of them—a beautiful and cultivated woman, born a princess of one of the Saxon duchies—surprised me; for, when I happened to mention Dresden, she told me that her great desire had been to visit that capital of her own country, but that she had never been able to do so. She spoke of German literature, and as I mentioned receiving a letter the day before from Professor Georg Ebers, the historical novelist, she said: "You are happy indeed that you can meet such people; how I should like to know Ebers!" Such are the limitations of royalty.

Meantime, I made visits to my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, and found them interesting and agreeable—as it is the business of diplomatists to be. The dean was the German ambassador, General von Schweinitz, a man ideally fit for such a position—of wide experience, high character, and evidently strong and firm, though kindly. When ambassador at Vienna he had married the daughter of his colleague, the American minister, Mr. John Jay, an old friend and colleague of mine in the American Historical Association; and so came very pleasant relations between us. His plain, strong sense was of use to me in more than one difficult question.

The British ambassador was Sir Robert Morier. He,

too, was a strong character, though lacking apparently in some of General von Schweinitz's more kindly qualities. He was big, roughish, and at times so brusque that he might almost be called brutal. When bullying was needed it was generally understood that he could do it *con amore.* A story was told of him which, whether exact or not, seemed to fit his character well. He had been, for a time, minister to Portugal; and, during one of his controversies with the Portuguese minister of foreign affairs, the latter, becoming exasperated, said to him: "Sir, it is evident that you were not born a Portuguese cavalier." Thereupon Morier replied: "No, thank God, I was not: if I had been, I would have killed myself on the breast of my mother."

And here, perhaps, is the most suitable place for mentioning a victory which Morier enabled Great Britain to obtain over the United States. It might be a humiliating story for me to tell, had not the fault so evidently arisen from the shortcomings of others. The time has come to reveal this piece of history, and I do so in the hope that it may aid in bettering the condition in which the Congress of the United States has, thus far, left its diplomatic servants.

As already stated, the most important question with which I had to deal was that which had arisen in the Behring Sea. The United States possessed there a great and flourishing fur-seal industry, which was managed with care and was a source of large revenue to our government. The killing of the seals under the direction of those who had charge of the matter was done with the utmost care and discrimination on the Pribyloff Islands, to which these animals resorted in great numbers during the summer. It was not at all cruel, and was so conducted that the seal herd was fully maintained rather than diminished. But it is among the peculiarities of the seals that, each autumn, they migrate southward, returning each spring in large numbers along the Alaskan coast, and also that, while at the islands, the nursing mothers make long excursions to fishing-banks at distances of from one to two

hundred miles. The return of these seal herds, and these food excursions, were taken advantage of by Canadian marauders, who slaughtered the animals, in the water, without regard to age or sex, in a way most cruel and wasteful; so that the seal herds were greatly diminished and in a fair way to extermination. Our government tried to prevent this and seized sundry marauding vessels; whereupon Great Britain felt obliged, evidently from political motives, to take up the cause of these Canadian poachers and to stand steadily by them. As a last resort, the government of the United States left the matter to arbitration, and in due time the tribunal began its sessions at Paris. Meantime, a British commission was, in 1891–1892, ordered to prepare the natural-history material for the British case before the tribunal; and it would be difficult to find a more misleading piece of work than their report. Sham scientific facts were supplied for the purposes of the British counsel at Paris. While I cannot believe that the authorities in London ordered or connived at this, it is simple justice to state, as a matter of fact, that, as afterward in the Venezuela case,[1] so in this, British agents were guilty of the sharpest of sharp practices. The Russian fur-seal islands having also suffered to a considerable extent from similar marauders, a British commission visited the Russian islands and took testimony of the Russian commandant in a manner grossly unfair. This commandant was an honest man, with good powers of observation and with considerable insight into the superficial facts of seal life, but without adequate scientific training; his knowledge of English was very imperfect, and the commission apparently led him to say and sign just what they wanted. He was somehow made to say just the things which were needed to help the British case, and not to say anything which could hurt it. So absurd were the misstatements to which he had thus been led to attach his

[1] See my chapter on the Venezuela Commission for the trick attempted by British agents in the first British Blue Book on that subject.

name that the Russian Government ordered him to come all the way from the Russian islands on the coast of Siberia to St. Petersburg, there to be reëxamined. It was an enormous journey—from the islands to Japan, from Japan to San Francisco, from San Francisco to New York, and thence to St. Petersburg. There, with the aid of a Russian expert, I had the satisfaction of putting questions to him; and, having found the larger part of his previous alleged testimony to be completely in conflict with his knowledge and opinions, I forwarded this new testimony to those in charge of the American case before the Paris tribunal, in the hope that it would place the whole matter in its true light. With it was also presented the concurring testimony taken by the American experts who had been sent to the Behring Sea. Those experts were Drs. Mendenhall and Merriam, scientists of the highest character, and their reports were, in every essential particular, afterward confirmed by another man of science, after study of the whole question in the islands and on the adjacent seas—Dr. Jordan, president of Stanford University, probably the highest authority in the United States—and, perhaps, in the world—regarding the questions at issue: a pupil and friend of Agassiz, a man utterly incapable of making a statement regarding any point in science which he did not fully believe, no matter what its political bearing might be.

And now to another feature of the case. Before leaving Washington for St. Petersburg, I had consulted with the Secretary of State and the leading persons in charge of our case, and on my way had talked with Count Shuvaloff, the Russian ambassador at Berlin; and all agreed that the interests of the United States and Russia in the matter of protecting the seals were identical. The only wonder was that, this fact being so clear, the Russian Foreign Office constantly held back from showing any active sympathy with the United States in our efforts to right this wrong done to both nations.

At my first presentation to the Emperor I found him, as

already stated, of the same opinion as the Washington cabinet and Count Shuvaloff. He was thoroughly with us, was bitter against the Canadian marauders, agreed in the most straightforward and earnest manner that the interests of Russia and the United States in this question were identical, and referred severely to the British encroachments upon both the nations in the northern seas.[1]

All went smoothly until I took up the subject at the Russian Foreign Office. There I found difficulties, though at first I did not fully understand them. The Emperor Alexander III was dying at Livadia in the Crimea; M. de Giers, the minister of foreign affairs, a man of high character, was dying at Tzarskoye Selo; and in charge of his department was an under-secretary who had formerly, for a short time, represented Russia at Washington and had not been especially successful there. Associated with him was another under-secretary, who was in charge of the Asiatic division at the Russian Foreign Office. My case was strong, and I was quite willing to meet Sir Robert Morier in any fair argument regarding it. I had taken his measure on one or two occasions when he had discussed various questions in my presence; and had not the slightest fear that, in a fair presentation of the matter, he could carry his point against me. At various times we met pleasantly enough in the anterooms of the Foreign Office; but at that period our representative at the Russian court was simply a minister plenipotentiary and the British representative an ambassador, and as such he, of course, had precedence over me, with some adventitious advantages which I saw then, and others which I realized afterward. It was not long before it became clear that Sir Robert Morier had enormous "influence" with the above-named persons in charge of the Foreign Office, and, indeed, with Russian officials in general. They seemed not only to stand in awe of him, but to look toward him as "the eyes of a maiden to the hand of her mistress." I

[1] See detailed account of this conversation previously given in this chapter.

now began to understand the fact which had so long puzzled our State Department—namely, that Russia did not make common cause with us, though we were fighting her battles at the same time with our own. But I struggled on, seeing the officials frequently and doing the best that was possible.

Meantime, the arbitration tribunal was holding its sessions at Paris, and the American counsel were doing their best to secure justice for our country. The facts were on our side, and there seemed every reason to hope for a decision in our favor. A vital question was as to how extensive the closed zone for the seals about our islands should be. The United States showed that the nursing seals were killed by the Canadian poachers at a distance of from one to two hundred miles from the islands, and that killing ought not to be allowed within a zone of that radius; but, on the other hand, the effort of the British counsel was to make this zone as small as possible. They had even contended for a zone of only ten miles radius. But just at the nick of time Sir Robert Morier intervened at St. Petersburg. No one but himself and the temporary authorities of the Russian Foreign Office had, or could have had, any knowledge of his manœuver. By the means which his government gave him power to exercise, he in some way secured privately, from the underlings above referred to as in temporary charge of the Foreign Office, an agreement with Great Britain which practically recognized a closed zone of only thirty miles radius about the Russian islands. This fact was telegraphed just at the proper moment to the British representatives before the tribunal; and, as one of the judges afterward told me, it came into the case like a bomb. It came so late that any adequate explanation of Russia's course was impossible, and its introduction at that time was strenuously objected to by our counsel; but the British lawyers thus got the fact fully before the tribunal, and the tribunal naturally felt that in granting us a sixty-mile radius—double that which Russia had asked of Great Britain for

a similar purpose—it was making a generous provision. The conditions were practically the same at the American and Russian seal islands; yet the Russian officials in charge of the matter seemed entirely regardless of this fact, and, indeed, of Russian interests. After secret negotiation with Sir Robert, without the slightest hint to the American minister of their intended sacrifice of their "identical interest with the United States," they allowed this treachery to be sprung upon us. The sixty-mile limit was established by the tribunal, and it has proved utterly delusive. The result of this decision of the tribunal was that this great industry of ours was undermined, if not utterly destroyed; and that the United States were also mulcted to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars, besides the very great expense attending the presentation of her case to the tribunal.

I now come back to the main point which has caused me to bring up this matter in these reminiscences. How was it that Great Britain obtained this victory? To what was it due? The answer is simple: it was due to the fact that the whole matter at St. Petersburg was sure to be decided, not by argument, but by "influence." Sir Robert Morier had what in the Tammany vernacular is called a "pull." His government had given him, as its representative, all the means necessary to have his way in this and all other questions like it; whereas the American Government had never given its representative any such means or opportunities. The British representative was an *ambassador,* and had a spacious, suitable, and well-furnished house in which he could entertain fitly and largely, and to which the highest Russian officials thought it an honor to be invited. The American representatives were simply *ministers;* from time immemorial had never had such a house; had generally no adequate place for entertaining; had to live in apartments such as they might happen to find vacant in various parts of the town—sometimes in very poor quarters, sometimes in better; were obliged to furnish them at their own expense; had, therefore, never been able to ob-

tain a tithe of that social influence, so powerful in Russia, which was exercised by the British Embassy.

More than this, the British ambassador had adequate means furnished him for exercising political influence. The American representatives had not; they had been stinted in every way. The British ambassador had a large staff of thoroughly trained secretaries and attachés, the very best of their kind,—well educated to begin with, thoroughly trained afterward,—serving as antennæ for Great Britain in Russian society; and as the first secretary of his embassy he had no less a personage than Henry Howard, now Sir Henry Howard, minister at The Hague, one of the brightest, best-trained, and most experienced diplomatists in Europe. The American representative was at that time provided with only one secretary of legation, and he, though engaging and brilliant, a casual appointment who remained in the country only a few months. I had, indeed, secured a handsome and comfortable apartment, and entertained at dinner and otherwise the leading members of the Russian ministry and of the diplomatic corps, at a cost of more than double my salary; but the influence thus exercised was, of course, as nothing compared to that exercised by a diplomatist like Sir Robert Morier, who had every sort of resource at his command, who had been for perhaps forty years steadily in the service of his country, and had learned by long experience to know the men with whom he had to deal and the ways of getting at them. His power in St. Petersburg was felt in a multitude of ways: all officials at the Russian Foreign Office, from the highest to the lowest, naturally desired to be on good terms with him. They knew that his influence had become very great and that it was best to have his friendship; they loved especially to be invited to his dinners, and their families loved to be invited to his balls. He was a *power*. The question above referred to, of such importance to the United States, was not decided by argument, but simply by the weight of social and other influence, which counts

so enormously in matters of this kind at all European capitals, and especially in Russia. This condition of things has since been modified by the change of the legation into an embassy; but, as no house has been provided, the old difficulty remains. The United States has not the least chance of success, and under her present shabby system never will have, in closely contested cases, with any of the great powers of the earth. They provide fitly for their representatives; the United States does not. The representatives of other powers, being thus provided for, are glad to remain at their posts and to devote themselves to getting a thorough mastery of everything connected with diplomatic business; American representatives, obliged, as a rule, to take up with uncomfortable quarters, finding their position not what it ought to be as compared with that of the representatives of other great powers, and obliged to expend much more than their salaries, are generally glad to resign after a brief term. Especially has this been the case in St. Petersburg. The terms of our representatives there have generally been very short. A few have stayed three or four years, but most have stayed much shorter terms. In one case a representative of the United States remained only three or four months, and in another only six weeks. So marked was this tendency that the Emperor once referred to it in a conversation with one of our representatives, saying that he hoped that this American diplomatist would remain longer than his predecessors had generally done.

The action of the Russian authorities in the Behring Sea question, which is directly traceable to the superior policy of Great Britain in maintaining a preponderating diplomatic, political, and social influence at the Russian capital, cost our government a sum which would have bought suitable houses in several capitals, and would have given to each American representative a proper staff of assistants. I have presented this matter with reluctance, though I feel not the slightest responsibility for my part in it. I do not think that any right-minded man can blame

me for it, any more than, in the recent South African War, he could have blamed Lord Roberts, the British general, if the latter had been sent to the Transvaal with insufficient means, inadequate equipment, and an army far inferior in numbers to that of his enemy.

I am not at all in this matter "a man with a grievance"; for I knew what American representatives had to expect, and was not disappointed. My feeling is simply that of an American citizen whose official life is past, and who can look back dispassionately and tell the truth plainly.

This case is presented simply in the hope that it will do something to arouse thinking men in public life, and especially in the Congress of the United States, to provide at least a suitable house or apartment for the American representative in each of the more important capitals of the world, as all other great powers and many of the lesser nations have done. If I can aid in bringing about this result, I care nothing for any personal criticism which may be brought upon me.

CHAPTER XXXIV

INTERCOURSE WITH RUSSIAN STATESMEN — 1892-1894

TO return to Sir Robert Morier. There had been some friction between his family and that of one of my predecessors, and this had for some time almost ended social intercourse between his embassy and our legation; but on my arrival I ignored this, and we established very satisfactory personal relations. He had held important positions in various parts of Europe, and had been closely associated with many of the most distinguished men of his own and other countries. Reading Grant Duff's "Memoirs," I find that Morier's bosom friend, of all men in the world, was Jowett, the late head of Balliol College at Oxford. But Sir Robert was at the close of his career; his triumph in the Behring Sea matter was his last. I met him shortly afterward at his last visit to the Winter Palace: with great effort he mounted the staircase, took his position at the head of the diplomatic circle, and, immediately after his conversation with the Emperor, excused himself and went home. This was the last time I ever saw him; he returned soon afterward to England and died. His successor, Sir Frank Lascelles, more recently my colleague at Berlin, is a very different character. His manner is winning, his experience large and interesting, his first post having been at Paris during the Commune, and his latest at Teheran. Our relations became, and have ever since remained, all that I could desire. He, too, in every post, is provided with all that is necessary for accomplishing the purposes of Great Britain, and will

doubtless win great success for his country, though not in exactly the same way as his predecessor.

The French ambassador was the Comte de Montebello, evidently a man of ability, but with perhaps less of the engaging qualities than one generally expects in a French diplomatic representative. The Turkish ambassador, Husny Pasha, like most Turkish representatives whom I have met, had learned to make himself very agreeable; but his position was rather trying: he had fought in the Russo-Turkish War and had seen his country saved from the most abject humiliation, if not destruction, only at the last moment, by the Berlin Conference. His main vexation in St. Petersburg arose from the religious feeling of the Emperor. Every great official ceremony in Russia is prefaced, as a rule, by a church service; hence Husny was excluded, since he felt bound to wear the fez, and this the Emperor would not tolerate; though there was really no more harm in his wearing this simple head-gear in church than in a woman wearing her bonnet or a soldier wearing his helmet.

Interesting, too, was the Italian ambassador, Marochetti, son of the eminent sculptor, some of whose artistic ability he had inherited. He was fond of exercising this talent; but it was generally understood that his recall was finally due to the fact that his diplomatic work had suffered in consequence.

The Austrian ambassador, Count Wolkenstein, was, in many things, the most trustworthy of counselors; more than once, under trying circumstances, I found his advice precious; for he knew, apparently, in every court of Europe, the right man to approach, and the right way to approach him, on every conceivable subject.

Of the ministers plenipotentiary the Dutch representative, Van Stoetwegen, was the best counselor I found. He was shrewd, keen, and kindly; but his tongue was sharp—so much so that it finally brought about his recall. He made a remark one day which especially impressed me. I had said to him, "I have just sent a despatch to my gov-

ernment declaring my skepticism as to the probability of any war in Europe for a considerable time to come. When I arrived in Berlin eleven years ago all the knowing people said that a general European war must break out within a few months: in the spring they said it must come in the autumn; and in the autumn they said it must come in the spring. All these years have passed and there is still no sign of war. We hear the same prophecies daily; but I learned long since not to believe in them. War may come, but it seems to me more and more unlikely." He answered, "I think you are right. I advise my own government in the same sense. The fact is that war in these days is not what it once was; it is infinitely more dangerous from every point of view, and it becomes more and more so every day. Formerly a crowned head, when he thought himself aggrieved, or felt that he would enjoy a campaign, plunged into war gaily. If he succeeded, all was well; if not, he hauled off to repair damages,—very much as a pugilist would do after receiving a black eye in a fist fight,—and in a short time the losses were repaired and all went on as before. In these days the case is different: it is no longer a simple contest in the open, with the possibility of a black eye or, at most, of a severe bruise; it has become a matter of life and death to whole nations. Instead of being like a fist fight, it is like a combat between a lot of champions armed with poisoned daggers, and in a dark room; if once the struggle begins, no one knows how many will be drawn into it or who will be alive at the end of it; the probabilities are that all will be injured terribly and several fatally. War in these days means the cropping up of a multitude of questions dangerous not only to statesmen but to monarchs, and even to society itself. Monarchs and statesmen know this well; and, no matter how truculent they may at times appear, they really dread war above all things."

One of my colleagues at St. Petersburg was interesting in a very different way from any of the others. This was Pasitch, the Servian minister. He was a man of fine presence and, judging from his conversation, of acute mind.

He had some years before been sentenced to death for treason, but since that had been prime minister. Later he was again put on trial for his life at Belgrade, charged with being a partner in the conspiracy which resulted in the second attempt against the life of King Milan. His speech before his judges, recently published, was an effort worthy of a statesman, and carried the conviction to my mind that he was not guilty.[1]

The representatives of the extreme Orient were both interesting personages, but the same difference prevailed there as elsewhere: the Chinese was a mandarin, able to speak only through an interpreter; the Japanese was trained in Western science, and able to speak fluently both Russian and French. His successor, whom I met at the Peace Conference of The Hague, spoke English admirably.

Among the secretaries and attachés, several were very interesting; and of these was the first British secretary, Henry Howard, now Sir Henry Howard, minister at The Hague. He and his American wife were among the most delightful of associates. Another in this category was the Bavarian secretary, Baron Guttenberg, whom I often met later at Berlin. When I spoke to him about a visit I had made to Würzburg, and the desecration of the magnificent old Romanesque cathedral there by plastering its whole interior over with nude angels, and substituting for the splendid old mediæval carving Louis Quinze woodwork in white and gold, he said: "Yes; you are right; and it was a bishop of my family who did it."

As to Russian statesmen, I had the benefit of the fairly friendly spirit which has usually been shown toward the American representative in Russia by all in authority, from the Emperor down. I do not mean by this that the contentions of the American Embassy are always met by speedy concessions, for among the most trying of all things in diplomatic dealings with that country are the

[1] He was found guilty, but escaped death by a bitter humiliation: it was left for others to bring about Milan's assassination.

long delays in all business; but a spirit is shown which, in the long run, serves the purpose of our representative as regards most questions.

It seems necessary here to give a special warning against putting any trust in the epigram which has long done duty as a piece of politico-ethnological wisdom: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." It would be quite as correct to say, "Scratch an American and you will find an Indian." The simple fact is that the Russian officials with whom foreigners have to do are men of experience, and, as a rule, much like those whom one finds in similar positions in other parts of Europe. A foreign representative has to meet on business, not merely the Russian minister of foreign affairs and the heads of departments in the Foreign Office, but various other members of the imperial cabinet, especially the ministers of finance, of war, of the navy, of the interior, of justice, as well as the chief municipal authorities of St. Petersburg; and I can say that many of these gentlemen, both as men and as officials, are the peers of men in similar positions in most other countries which I have known. Though they were at times tenacious in questions between their own people and ours, and though they held political doctrines very different from those we cherish, I am bound to say that most of them did so in a way which disarmed criticism. At the same time I must confess a conviction which has more and more grown upon me, that the popular view regarding the power, vigor, and foresight of Russian statesmen is ill-founded. And it must be added that Russian officials and their families are very susceptible to social influences: a foreign representative who entertains them frequently and well can secure far more for his country than one who trusts to argument alone. In no part of the world will a diplomatist more surely realize the truth embedded in Oxenstiern's famous utterance, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." When one sees what really strong men might do in Russia, what vast possibilities there are which

year after year are utterly neglected, one cannot but think that the popular impression regarding the superiority of Russian statesmen is badly based. As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class, of Russian birth, since Catherine the Great, and none of the second class unless Nesselrode and the Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted. To consider Prince Gortchakoff a great chancellor on account of his elaborate despatches is absurd. The noted epigram regarding him is doubtless just: "C'est un Narcisse qui se mire dans son encrier."

To call him a great statesman in the time of Cavour, Bismarck, Lincoln, and Seward is preposterous. Whatever growth in civilization Russia has made in the last forty years has been mainly in spite of the men who have posed as her statesmen; the atmosphere of Russian autocracy is fatal to greatness in any form.

The emancipation of the serfs was due to a policy advocated by the first Nicholas and carried out under Alexander II; but it was made possible mainly by Miloutine, Samarine, Tcherkassky, and other subordinates, who never were allowed to approach the first rank as state servants. This is my own judgment, founded on observation and reading during half a century, and it is the quiet judgment of many who have had occasion to observe Russia longer and more carefully.

Next, as to the Foreign Office. Nearly a hundred years ago Napoleon compared Alexander I and those about him to "Greeks of the Lower Empire." That saying was repelled as a slander; but, ever since it was uttered, the Russian Foreign Office seems to have been laboring to deserve it. There are chancelleries in the world which, when they give promises, are believed and trusted. Who, in the light of the last fifty years, would claim that the Russian Foreign Office is among these? Its main reputation is for astuteness finally brought to naught; it has constantly been "too clever by half."

Take the loudly trumpeted peace proposals to the world made by Nicholas II. When the nations got together at

The Hague to carry out the Czar's supposed purpose, it was found that all was haphazard; that no adequate studies had been made, no project prepared; in fact, that the Emperor's government had virtually done nothing showing any real intention to set a proper example. Nothing but the high character and abilities of M. de Martens and one or two of his associates saved the prestige of the Russian Foreign Office at that time. Had there been a man of real power in the chancellorship or in the ministry of foreign affairs, he would certainly have advised the Emperor to dismiss to useful employments, say, two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand troops, which he could have done without the slightest danger—thus showing that he was in earnest, crippling the war clique, and making the beginning of a great reform which all Europe would certainly have been glad to follow. But there was neither the wisdom nor the strength required to advise and carry through such a measure. Deference to the "military party" and petty fear of a loss of military prestige were all-controlling.

Take the army and the navy departments. In these, if anywhere, Russia has been thought strong. The main occupation of leading Russians for a hundred years has been, not the steady uplifting of the people in intellect and morals, not the vigorous development of natural resources, but preparations for war on land and sea. This has been virtually the one business of the main men of light and leading from the emperors and grand dukes down. Drill and parade have been apparently everything: the strengthening of the empire by the education of the people, and the building of industrial prosperity as a basis for a great army and navy, seem to have been virtually nothing. The results are now before the world for the third time since 1815.

An objector may remind me of the emancipation of the serfs. I do not deny the greatness and nobleness of Alexander II and the services of the men he then called to his aid; but I lived in Russia both before and since that re-

form, and feel obliged to testify that, thus far, its main purpose has been so thwarted by reactionaries that there is, as yet, little, if any, practical difference between the condition of the Russian peasant before and since obtaining his freedom.

Take the dealings with Finland. The whole thing is monstrous. It is both comedy and tragedy. Finland is by far the best-developed part of the empire; it stands on a higher plane than do the other provinces as regards every element of civilization; it has steadily been the most loyal of all the realms of the Czar. Nihilism and anarchism have never gained the slightest foothold; yet to-day there is nobody in the whole empire strong enough to prevent sundry bigots—military and ecclesiastical—leading the Emperor to violate his coronation oath; to make the simple presentation of a petition to him treasonable; to trample Finland under his feet; to wrong grievously and insult grossly its whole people; to banish and confiscate the property of its best men; to muzzle its press; to gag its legislators; and thus to lower the whole country to the level of the remainder of Russia.

During my stay in Russia at the time of the Crimean War, I had been interested in the Finnish peasants whom I saw serving on the gunboats. There was a sturdiness, heartiness, and loyalty about them which could not fail to elicit good-will; but during this second stay in Russia my sympathies with them were more especially enlisted. During the hot weather of the first summer my family were at the Finnish capital, Helsingfors, at the point where the Gulf of Finland opens into the Baltic. The whole people deeply interested me. Here was one of the most important universities of Europe, a noble public library, beautiful buildings, and throughout the whole town an atmosphere of cleanliness and civilization far superior to that which one finds in any Russian city. Having been added to Russia by Alexander I under his most solemn pledges that it should retain its own constitutional government, it had done so up to the time of my stay; and the

results were evident throughout the entire grand duchy. While in Russia there had been from time immemorial a debased currency, the currency of Finland was as good as gold; while in Russia all public matters bore the marks of arbitrary repression, in Finland one could see the results of enlightened discussion; while in Russia the peasant is but little, if any, above Asiatic barbarism, the Finnish peasant—simple, genuine—is clearly far better developed both morally and religiously. It is a grief to me in these latter days to see that the measures which were then feared have since been taken. There seems a determination to grind down Finland to a level with Russia in general. We heard, not long since, much sympathy expressed for the Boers in South Africa in their struggle against England; but infinitely more pathetic is the case of Finland. The little grand duchy has done what it could to save itself, but it recognizes the fact that its two millions of people are utterly powerless against the brute force of the one hundred and twenty millions of the Russian Empire. The struggle in South Africa meant, after all, that if worst came to worst, the Boers would, within a generation or two, enjoy a higher type of constitutional liberty than they ever could have developed under any republic they could have established; but Finland is now forced to give up her constitutional government and to come under the rule of brutal Russian satraps. These have already begun their work. All is to be "Russified": the constitutional bodies are to be virtually abolished; the university is to be brought down to the level of Dorpat—once so noted as a German university, now so worthless as a Russian university; for the simple Protestantism of the people is to be substituted the fetishism of the Russo-Greek Church. It is the saddest spectacle of our time. Previous emperors, however much they wished to do so, did not dare break their oaths to Finland; but the present weakling sovereign, in his indifference, carelessness, and absolute unfitness to rule, has allowed the dominant reactionary clique about him to accomplish its own good pleasure. I put on record here the prophecy that his dynasty, if not

himself, will be punished for it. All history shows that no such crime has gone unpunished. It is a far greater crime than the partition of Poland; for Poland had brought her fate on herself, while Finland has been the most loyal part of the empire. Not even Moscow herself has been more thoroughly devoted to Russia and the reigning dynasty. The young monarch whose weakness has led to this fearful result will bring retribution upon himself and those who follow him. The Romanoffs will yet find that "there is a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." The house of Hapsburg and its satellites found this in the humiliating end of their reign in Italy; the house of Valois found it, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in their own destruction; the Bourbons found it, after the driving out of the Huguenots and the useless wars of Louis XIV and XV, in the French Revolution which ended their dynasty. Both the Napoleons met their punishment after violating the rights of human nature. The people of the United States, after the Fugitive Slave Law, found their punishment in the Civil War, which cost nearly a million of lives and, when all is reckoned, ten thousand millions of treasure.

When I talked with this youth before he came to the throne, and saw how little he knew of his own empire,—how absolutely unaware he was that the famine was continuing for a second year in various important districts, there resounded in my ears, as so often at other times, the famous words of Oxenstiern to his son, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed."

Pity to say it, the European sovereign to whom Nicholas II can be most fully compared is Charles IX of France, under the influence of his family and men and women courtiers and priests, authorizing the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The punishment to be meted out to him and his house is sure.[1]

[1] The above was written before the Russian war with Japan and the assassinations of Bobrikoff, Plehve, and others were dreamed of. My prophecy seems likely to be realized far earlier than I had thought possible.

As I revise these lines, we see another exhibition of the same weakness and folly. The question between Russia and Japan could have been easily and satisfactorily settled in a morning talk by any two business men of average ability; but the dominant clique has forced on one of the most terrible wars in history, which bids fair to result in the greatest humiliation Russia has ever known.

The same thing may be said regarding Russia's dealings with the Baltic provinces. The "Russification" which has been going on there for some years is equally absurd, equally wicked, and sure to be equally disastrous.

The first Russian statesman with whom I had to do was the minister of foreign affairs, M. de Giers; but he was dying. I saw him twice in retirement at Tzarskoye Selo, and came to respect him much. He spoke at length regarding the *entente* between Russia and France, and insisted that it was not in the interest of war but of peace. "Tell your government," he said, "that the closer the lines are drawn which bind Russia and France, the more strongly will Russian influence be used to hold back the French from war."

At another time he discoursed on the folly of war, and especially regarding the recent conflict between Russia and Turkey. He spoke of its wretched results, of the ingratitude which Russia had experienced from the peoples she had saved from the Turks, and finally, with extreme bitterness, of the vast sums of money wasted in it which could have been used in raising the condition of the Russian peasantry. He spoke with the conviction of a dying man, and I felt that he was sincere. At the same time I felt it a pity that under the Russian system there is no chance for such a man really to enforce his ideas. For one day he may be in the ascendancy with the autocrat; and the next, through the influence of grand dukes, women, priests, or courtiers, the very opposite ideas may become dominant.

The men with whom I had more directly to do at the Foreign Office were the acting minister, Shishkin, who had

formerly been at Washington, and the head of the Asiatic department, Count Kapnist. They were agreeable in manner; but it soon became clear that, regarding the question of the Behring seal-fisheries, they were pursuing a policy of their own, totally distinct from the interests of the empire. Peter the Great would have beheaded both of them.

The strongest man among the Czar's immediate advisers was understood to be the finance minister, De Witte. There always seemed in him a certain sullen force. The story usually told of his rise in the world is curious. It is, in effect, that when the Emperor Alexander II and his family were wrecked in their special train at Borki, many of their attendants were killed; and the world generally, including the immediate survivors of the catastrophe, believed for some time that it was the result of a nihilist plot. There was, therefore, a general sweeping into prison of subordinate railway officials; and among these was De Witte, then in charge of a railway station. During the examinations which ensued he showed himself so clear-headed and straightforward that he attracted attention, was promoted, put into the finance ministry, and finally advanced to the first place in it. His dealings with Russian finances have since shown great capacity: he has brought the empire out of the slough of depreciated currency and placed it firmly on a gold basis. I came especially to know him when he offered, through me, to the United States a loan of gold to enable us to tide over our difficulties with the currency question. He informed me that Russia had in her treasury many millions of rubles in American gold eagles, and that the Russian gold reserve then in the treasury was about six hundred millions of rubles.

The only result was that I was instructed to convey the thanks of the President to him, there being no law enabling us to take advantage of his offer. What he wished to do was to make a call loan, whereas our Washington Government could obtain gold only by issuing bonds.

I also met him in a very interesting way when I pre-

sented to him Rabbi Krauskopf of Philadelphia, who discussed the question of allowing sundry Israelites who were crowded into the western districts of the empire to be transferred to some of the less congested districts, on condition that funds for that purpose be furnished from their coreligionists in America. De Witte's discussion of the whole subject was liberal and statesmanlike. Unfortunately, there was, as I believe, a fundamental error in his general theory, which is the old Russian idea at the bottom of the autocracy—namely, that the State should own everything. More and more he went on extending government ownership to the railways, until the whole direction and management of them virtually centered in his office.

On this point he differed widely from his predecessor in the finance ministry, Wischniegradsky. I had met the latter years before, at the Paris Exposition, when he was at the head of the great technical school in Moscow, and found him instructive and interesting. Now I met him after his retirement from the finance ministry. Calling on him one day, I said: "You will probably build your trans-Siberian railway at a much less cost than we were able to build our first trans-continental railway; you will do it directly, by government funds, and so will probably not have to make so many rich men as we did." His answer impressed me strongly. He said: "As to a government building a railway more cheaply than private individuals, I decidedly doubt; but I would favor private individuals building it, even if the cost were greater. I like to see rich men made; they are what Russia most needs at this moment. What can capitalists do with their money? They can't eat it or drink it: they have to invest it in other enterprises; and such enterprises, to be remunerative, must meet the needs of the people. Capitalists are far more likely to invest their money in useful enterprises, and to manage these investments well, than any finance minister can be, no matter how gifted."

That he was right the history of Russia is showing more

and more every day. To return to M. de Witte, it seemed strange to most onlookers that the present Emperor threw him out of the finance ministry, in which he had so greatly distinguished himself, and shelved him in one of those bodies, such as the council of state or the senate, which exist mainly as harbors or shelters for dismissed functionaries. But really there was nothing singular about it. As regards the main body at court, from the grand dukes, the women, etc., down, he had committed the sin of which Turgot and Necker were guilty when they sought to save France but found that the women, princes, and favorites of poor Louis XVI's family were determined to dip their hands into the state treasury, and were too strong to be controlled. Ruin followed the dismissal of Turgot and Necker then, and seems to be following the dismissal of De Witte now: though as I revise this chapter word comes that the Emperor has recalled him.

No doubt Prince Khilkoff, who has come in as minister of internal communications since my departure from Russia, is also a strong man; but no functionary can take the place of a great body of individuals who invest their own money in public works throughout an entire nation.

There was also another statesman in a very different field whom I found exceedingly interesting,—a statesman who had gained a power in the empire second to no other save the Emperor himself, and had centered in himself more hatred than any other Russian of recent times,—the former Emperor's tutor and virtual minister as regards ecclesiastical affairs, Pobedonostzeff. His theories are the most reactionary of all developed in modern times; and his hand was then felt, and is still felt, in every part of the empire, enforcing those theories. Whatever may be thought of his wisdom, his patriotism is not to be doubted. Though I differ from him almost totally, few men have so greatly interested me, and one of the following chapters will be devoted to him.

But there were some other so-called statesmen toward whom I had a very different feeling. One of these was the

minister of the interior. Nothing could be more delusive than his manner. He always seemed about to accede to the ideas of his interlocutor, but he had one fundamental idea of his own, and only one; and that was, evidently, never to do anything which he could possibly avoid. He always seemed to me a sort of great jellyfish, looking as if he had a mission to accomplish, but, on closer examination, proving to be without consistency, and slippery. His theory apparently was, "No act, no responsibility"; and throughout the Russian Empire this principle of action, or, rather, of inaction, appears to be very widely diffused.

I had one experience with this functionary, who, I am happy to say, has since been relieved of his position and shelved among the do-nothings of the Russian senate, which showed me what he was. Two American ladies of the best breeding and culture, and bearing the most satisfactory letters of introduction, had been staying in St. Petersburg, and had met, at my table and elsewhere, some of the most interesting people in Russian society. From St. Petersburg they had gone to Moscow; and, after a pleasant stay there, had left for Vienna by way of Warsaw. Returning home late at night, about a week afterward, I found an agonizing telegram from them, stating that they had been stopped at the Austrian frontier and sent back fifty miles to a dirty little Russian village; that their baggage had all gone on to Vienna; that, there being no banker in the little hamlet where they were, their letter of credit was good for nothing; that all this was due to the want of the most trivial of formalities in a passport; that they had obtained all the visés supposed to be needed at St. Petersburg and at Moscow; and that, though the American consul at Warsaw had declared these to be sufficient to take them out of the empire, they had been stopped by a petty Russian official because they had no visé from the Warsaw police.

Early next morning I went to the minister of the interior, presented the case to him, told him all about these ladies,—their high standing, the letters they had brought,

the people they had met,—assured him that nothing could be further from possibility than the slightest tendency on their part toward any interference with the Russian Government, and asked him to send a telegram authorizing their departure. He was most profuse in his declarations of his willingness to help. Nothing in the world, apparently, would give him more pleasure; and, though there was a kind of atmosphere enveloping his talk which I did not quite like, I believed that the proper order would be given. But precious time went on, and again came telegrams from the ladies that nothing was done. Again I went to the minister to urge the matter upon his attention; again he assumed the same jellyfish condition, pleasing but evasive. Then I realized the situation; went at once to the prefect of St. Petersburg, General von Wahl, although it was not strictly within his domain; and he, a man of character and vigor, took the necessary measures and the ladies were released.

Like so many other persons whom I have known who came into Russia and were delighted with it during their whole stay, these ladies returned to America most bitter haters of the empire and of everything within it.

As to Von Wahl, who seemed to me one of the very best Russian officials I met, he has since met reward for his qualities: from the Czar a transfer to a provincial governorship, and from the anarchists a bullet which, though intended to kill him, only wounded him.

Many were the sufferers from this feature in Russian administration—this shirking of labor and responsibility. Among these was a gentleman belonging to one of the most honored Russian families, who was greatly devoted to fruit-culture, and sought to bring the products of his large estates in the south of Russia into Moscow and St. Petersburg. He told me that he had tried again and again, but the officials shrugged their shoulders and would not take the trouble; that finally he had induced them to give him a freight-car and to bring a load of fruit to St. Petersburg as soon as possible; but, though

the journey ought to have taken only three or four days, it actually took several weeks; and, of course, all the fruit was spoiled. As I told him of the fruit-trains which bring the products of California across our continent and distribute them to the Atlantic ports, even enabling them to be found fresh in the markets of London, he almost shed tears. This was another result of state control of railways. As a matter of fact, there is far more and better fruit to be seen on the tables of artisans in most American towns, however small, than in the lordliest houses of Moscow and St. Petersburg; and this solely because in our country energetic men conduct transportation with some little ambition to win public approval and patronage, while in Russia a horde of state officials shirk labor and care as much as possible.

Still another sufferer was a very energetic man who had held sundry high positions, but was evidently much discouraged. He showed me specimens of various rich ores from different parts of the empire, but lamented that there was no one to take hold of the work of bringing out these riches. It was perfectly clear that with the minister of the interior at that time, as in sundry other departments, the great question was "how not to do it." Evidently this minister and functionaries like him felt that if great enterprises and industries were encouraged, they would become so large as to be difficult to manage; hence, that it would be more comfortable to keep things within as moderate compass as possible.

To this easy-going view of public duty there were a few notable exceptions. While De Witte was the most eminent of these, there was one who has since become sadly renowned, and who, as I revise these lines, has just perished by the hand of an assassin. This official was De Plehve, who, during my acquaintance with him, was only an undersecretary in the interior department, but was taking, apparently, all the important duties from his superior, M. Dournovo. At various times I met him to discuss the status of sundry American insurance companies in Russia,

and was favorably impressed by his insight, vigor, and courtesy. It was, therefore, a surprise to me when, on becoming a full minister, he bloomed out as a most bitter, cruel, and evidently short-sighted reactionary. The world stood amazed at the murderous cruelties against the Jews at Kishineff, which he might easily have prevented; and nothing more cruel or short-sighted than his dealings with Finland has been known since Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes. I can only explain his course by supposing that he sought to win the favor of the reactionary faction which, up to the present time, has controlled the Czar, and thus to fight his way toward the highest power. He made of the most loyal and happy part of the empire the most disloyal and wretched; he pitted himself against the patriotism, the sense of justice, and all the highest interests and sentiments of the Finnish people; and he met his death at the hands of an avenger, who, in destroying the enemy of his country, has struck a fearful blow at his country's happiness.

While a thoughtful American must condemn much which he sees in Russia, there is one thing which he cannot but admire and contrast to the disadvantage of his own country; and this is the fact that Russia sets a high value upon its citizenship. Its value, whatever it may be, is the result of centuries of struggles, of long outpourings of blood and treasure; and Russians believe that it has been bought at too great a price and is in every way too precious to be lavished and hawked about as a thing of no value. On the other hand, when one sees how the citizenship of the United States, which ought to be a millionfold more precious than that of Russia, is conferred loosely upon tens of thousands of men absolutely unfit to exercise it,—whose exercise of it seems, at times, likely to destroy republican government; when one sees the power of conferring it granted to the least respectable class of officials at the behest of ward politicians, without proper safeguards and at times without any regard to the laws; when one sees it prostituted by men of the most unfit class,—

and, indeed, of the predatory class,—who have left Europe just long enough to obtain it, and then left America in order to escape the duties both of their native and their adopted country, and to avail themselves of the privileges of both citizenships without one thought of the duties of either, using them often in careers of scoundrelism,—one feels that Russia is nearer the true ideal in this respect than we are.

As a matter of fact, there is with us no petty joint-stock company in which an interest is not virtually held to be superior to this citizenship of ours for which such sacrifices have been made, and for which so many of our best men have laid down their lives. No stockholder in the pettiest manufacturing company dreams of admitting men to share in it unless they show their real fitness to be thus admitted; but admission to American citizenship is surrounded by no such safeguards: it has been cheapened and prostituted until many who formerly revered it have come to scoff at it. From this evil, at least, Russia is free.

CHAPTER XXXV

"ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN" IN RUSSIA—1892-1894

STILL another department which interested me was that known as the "Ministry of Public Enlightenment," its head being Count Delyanoff. He was certainly a man of culture; but the title of his department was a misnomer, for its duty was clearly to *prevent* enlightenment in the public at large. The Russian theory is, evidently, that a certain small number should be educated up to a certain point for the discharge of their special duties; but that, beyond this, anything like the general education of the people is to be discouraged; hence the Russian peasant is the most ignorant and helpless in Christendom.

There was evidently a disposition among very many of the most ardent Russians to make a merit of this imperfect civilization, and to cultivate hatred for any people whom they clearly saw possessing anything better: hence it came that, just as so many Frenchmen hate Great Britain, and so many in the backward, slipshod regions of our country hate New England, it was quite the fashion among large classes of Russians to hate everything German, and especially to detest the Baltic provinces.

One evening during my stay a young Russian at a social gathering of military and other officials voiced this feeling by saying, "I hope the time will soon come when we shall have cleared out all these Germans from the Russian service; they are the curse of the country." Thereupon a young American present, who was especially noted

for his plain speaking, immediately answered, "How are you going to do it? I notice that, as a rule, you rarely give a position which really involves high responsibility to a Russian; you generally give it to a German. When the Emperor goes to the manœuvers, does he dare trust his immediate surroundings to a Russian? Never; he intrusts them to General Richter, who is a Baltic-Province German. And when his Majesty is here in town does he dare trust his personal safety to a Russian? Not at all; he relies on Von Wahl, prefect of St. Petersburg, another German." And so this plain-spoken American youth went on with a full catalogue of leading Baltic-Province Germans in positions of the highest responsibility, finally saying, "You know as well as I that if the salvation of the Emperor depended on any one of you, and you should catch sight of a pretty woman, you would instantly forget your sovereign and run after her."

Richter and Von Wahl I knew, and they were certainly men whom one could respect,—thoughtful, earnest, devoted to duty. Whenever one saw the Emperor at a review, Richter was close at hand; whenever their Majesties were at the opera, or in any public place, there was Von Wahl with his eyes fastened upon them.

The young American might now add that when a man was needed to defend Port Arthur another German was chosen—Stoessel, whose heroism the whole world is now applauding, as it once applauded Todleben, the general of German birth who carried off the Russian laurels of the Crimean War.

One Russian official for whom there seemed to be deep and wide respect was Count Woronzoff-Daschkoff; and I think that our irrepressible American would have made an exception in his favor. Calling upon him one day regarding the distribution of American relief to famine-stricken peasants, I was much impressed by his straightforward honesty: he was generally credited with stopping the time-honored pilfering and plundering at the Winter Palace.

One of the most interesting of all the Russians I met was General Annenkoff. His brother-in-law, Struve, Russian minister at Washington, having given me a letter to him, our relations became somewhat close. He had greatly distinguished himself by building the trans-Caucasian railway, but his main feat had been the annexation of Bokhara. The story, as told me by a member of his family, is curious. While superintending his great force of men and pushing on the laying of the rails through the desert, his attention was suddenly called to some horsemen in the distance, riding toward him with all their might. On their arrival their leader was discovered to be a son of the Ameer of Bokhara. That potentate having just died, the other sons were trying to make their way to the throne by cutting each other's throats, but this one had thought it wise to flee to the Russians for safety. Annenkoff saw the point at once: with a large body of his cavalry he started immediately for Bokhara, his guest by his side; pushed his way through all obstacles; seated the young prince on the throne; and so made him a Russian satrap. I shall speak later of the visit of this prince to St. Petersburg. It was evident that Annenkoff, during my stay, was not in favor. It was said that he had been intrusted with large irrigation-works in order to give employment to peasants during the famine, and that he had not managed them well; but it was clear that this was not the main difficulty: he was evidently thought too progressive and liberal, and in that seething caldron of intrigue which centers at the Winter Palace his ambitions had come to grief.

Another Russian who interested me was Galkin Wraskoy. He was devoted, night and day, to improving the Russian prison system. That there was much need of such work was certain; but the fact that this personage in government employ was so devoted to improvements, and had called together in Russia a convention of men interested in the amelioration of prison systems, led me to think that the Russian Government is not so utterly and

wilfully cruel in its prison arrangements as the Western world has been led to think.

Another interesting Russian was Count Orloff Davidoff; and on my meeting him, just after his return from the Chicago Exposition, at General Annenkoff's table, he entertained me with his experiences. On my asking him what was the most amusing thing he had seen in America, he answered that it was a "sacred concert," on Sunday, at a church in Colorado Springs, in which the music of Strauss's waltzes and Offenbach's comic songs were leading features, the audience taking them all very solemnly.

In the literary direction I found Prince John Galitzin's readings from French dramas delightful. As to historical studies, the most interesting man I found was Professor Demetrieff, who was brought to my house by Pobedonostzeff. I had been reading Billbassoff's "Life of the Empress Catherine"; and, on my asking some questions regarding it, the professor said that at the death of the Empress, her son, the Emperor Paul, intrusted the examination of her papers to Rostopchine, who, on going through them, found a casket containing letters and the like, which she had evidently considered especially precious, and among these a letter from Orloff, giving the details of the murder of her husband, Peter III, at Ropscha. The letter, in substance, stated that Orloff and his associates, having attempted to seize Peter, who was evidently on his way to St. Petersburg to imprison the Empress Catherine,—if not to put her to death,—the Emperor had resisted; and that finally, in the struggle, he had been killed. Professor Demetrieff then said that the Emperor Paul showed these papers to his sons Alexander and Nicholas, who afterward succeeded him on the throne, and expressed his devout thankfulness that the killing of Peter III was not intentional, and therefore that their grandmother was not a murderess.

This reminds me that, at my first visit to St. Petersburg, I often passed, during my walks, the old palace of Paul, and that there was one series of windows carefully

barred: these belonging to the rooms in which the Emperor Paul himself was assassinated in order to protect the life of his son Alexander and of the family generally.

Another Russian, Prince Serge Wolkonsky, was certainly the most versatile man I have ever known: a playwright, an actor, an essayist, an orator, a lecturer, and admirable in each of these capacities. At a dinner given me, just before my departure from St. Petersburg, by the Russians who had taken part in the Chicago Exposition, I was somewhat troubled by the fact that the speeches of the various officials were in Russian, and that, as I so imperfectly understood them, I could not know what line to take when my own speech came; but presently the chairman, Minister Delyanoff, called upon young Prince Serge, who came forward very modestly and, in admirable English, gave a summary of the whole series of Russian speeches for my benefit, concluding with an excellent speech of his own. His speeches and addresses at Chicago were really remarkable; and, when he revisited America, his lectures on Russian literature at Cornell University, at Washington, and elsewhere, were worthy of the Collège de France. This young man could speak fluently and idiomatically, not only his own language, but English, French, German, Italian, and I know not how many other tongues.

To meet scientific men of note my wont was to visit the Latin Quarter; and there, at the house of Professor Woeikoff of St. Petersburg University, I met, at various times, a considerable body of those best worth knowing. One of those who made an especially strong impression upon me was Admiral Makharoff. Recently has come news of his death while commanding the Russian fleet at Port Arthur—his flag-ship, with nearly all on board, sunk by a torpedo. At court, in the university quarter, and later at Washington, I met him often, and rated him among the half-dozen best Russians I ever knew. Having won fame as a vigorous and skilful commander in the Turkish war, he was devoting himself to the scientific side of his profession. He had made a success

of his colossal ice-breaker in various northern waters, and was now giving his main thoughts to the mapping out, on an immense scale, of all the oceans, as regards winds and currents. As explained by him, with quiet enthusiasm, it seemed likely to be one of the greatest triumphs of the inductive method since Lord Bacon. With Senator Semenoff and Prince Gregory Galitzin I had very interesting talks on their Asiatic travels, and was greatly impressed by the simplicity and strength of Mendeléieff, who is certainly to-day one of two or three foremost living authorities in chemistry. Although men of science, unless they hold high official positions, are not to be seen at court, I was glad to find that there were some Russian nobles who appreciated them; and an admirable example of this was once shown at my own house. It was at a dinner, when there was present a young Russian of very high lineage; and I was in great doubt as to the question of precedence, this being a matter of grave import under the circumstances. At last my wife went to the nobleman himself and asked him frankly regarding it. His answer did him credit: he said, "I should be ashamed to take precedence here of a man like Mendeléieff, who is an honor to Russia in the eyes of the whole world; and I earnestly hope that he may be given the first place."

There were also various interesting women in St. Petersburg society, the reception afternoons of two of them being especially attractive: they were, indeed, in the nature of the French salons under the old régime.

One of these ladies—the Princess Wolkonsky—seemed to interest all men not absorbed in futilities; and the result was that one heard at her house the best men in St. Petersburg discussing the most interesting questions.

The other was the Austrian ambassadress, Countess Wolkenstein, whom I had slightly known, years before, as Countess Schleinitz, wife of the minister of the royal household at Berlin. On her afternoons one heard the best talk by the most interesting men; and it was at

the salons of these two ladies that there took place the conversations which I have recorded in my "History of the Warfare of Science," showing the development of a legend regarding the miraculous cure of the Archbishop of St. Petersburg by Father Ivan of Cronstadt.

Another place which especially attracted me was the house of General Ignatieff, formerly ambassador at Constantinople, where, on account of his alleged want of scruples in bringing on the war with Russia, he received the nickname "Mentir Pasha." His wife was the daughter of Koutousoff, the main Russian opponent of Napoleon in 1812; and her accounts of Russia in her earlier days and of her life in Constantinople were at times fascinating.

I remember meeting at her house, on one occasion, the Princess Ourousoff, who told me that the Emperor Alexander had said to her, "I wish that every one could see Sardou's play 'Thermidor' and discover what revolution really is"; and that she had answered, "Revolutions are prepared long before they break out." That struck me as a very salutary bit of philosophy, which every Russian monarch would do well to ponder.

The young Princess Radzivill was also especially attractive. In one of her rooms hung a portrait of Balzac, taken just after death, and it was most striking. This led her to give me very interesting accounts of her aunt, Madame de Hanska, to whom Balzac wrote his famous letters, and whom he finally married. I met at her house another lady of high degree, to whom my original introduction had been somewhat curious. Dropping in one afternoon at the house of Henry Howard, the British first secretary, I met in the crowd a large lady, simply dressed, whom I had never seen before. Being presented to her, and not happening to catch her name, I still talked on, and found that she had traveled, first in Australia, then in California, thence across our continent to New York; and her accounts of what she had seen interested me greatly. But some little time afterward I met her

again at the house of Princess Radzivill, and then found that she was the English Duchess of Buckingham. One day I had been talking with the Princess and her guest on the treasures of the Imperial Library, and especially the wonderful collection of autographs, among them the copy-book of Louis XIV when a child, which showed the pains taken to make him understand, even in his boyhood, that he was an irresponsible autocrat. On one of its pages the line to be copied ran as follows:

L'hommage est du aux Roys, ils font ce qu'il leur plaist.—Louis.

Under this the budding monarch had written the same words six times, with childish care to keep the strokes straight and the spaces regular. My account of this having led the princess to ask me to take her and her friend to the library and to show them some of these things, I gladly agreed, wrote the director, secured an appointment for a certain afternoon, and when the time came called for the ladies. But a curious contretemps arose. I had met, the day before, two bright American ladies, and on their asking me about the things best worth seeing, I had especially recommended them to visit the Imperial Library. On arriving at the door with the princess and the duchess, I was surprised to find that no preparations had been made to meet us,—in fact, that our coming seemed to be a matter of surprise; and a considerable time elapsed before the director and other officials came to us. Then I learned what the difficulty was. The two American ladies, in perfectly good faith, had visited the library a few hours before; and, on their saying that the American minister had recommended them to come, it had been taken for granted at once that *they* were the princess and the duchess, and they had been shown everything with almost regal honors, the officials never discovering the mistake until our arrival.

The American colony at St. Petersburg was very small. Interesting compatriots came from time to time on vari-

ous errands, and I was glad to see them; but one whose visits were most heartily welcomed was a former consul, Mr. Prince, an original, shrewd "down-easter," and his reminiscences of some of my predecessors were full of interest to me.

One especially dwells in my mind. It had reference to a former senator of the United States who, about the year 1840, was sent to Russia as minister. There were various evidences in the archives of the legation that sobriety was not this gentleman's especial virtue, and among them very many copies of notes in which the minister, through the secretary of legation, excused himself from keeping engagements at the Foreign Office on the ground of "sudden indisposition."

Mr. Prince told me that one day this minister's valet, who was an Irishman, came to the consulate and said: "Oi 'll not stay wid his igsillincy anny longer; Oi 've done wid him."

"What 's the trouble now?" said Mr. Prince.

"Well," said the man, "this morning Oi thought it was toime to get his igsillincy out of bed, for he had been dhrunk about a week and in bed most of the toime; and so Oi went to him, and says Oi, gentle-loike, 'Would your igsillincy have a cup of coffee?' whin he rose up and shtruck me in the face. On that Oi took him by the collar, lifted him out of bed, took him acrass the room, showed him his ugly face in the glass, and Oi said to him, says Oi, 'Is thim the eyes of an invoy extraorr-rdinarry and ministher plinipotentiarry?' "

Among interesting reminders of my predecessors was a letter in the archives, written about the year 1832 by Mr. Buchanan, afterward senator, minister in London, Secretary of State, and President of the United States. It was a friendly missive to an official personage in our country, and went on somewhat as follows: "I feel almost ashamed to tell you that your letters to me, mine to you, and, indeed, everything that has come and gone between us by mail, has been read by other eyes than ours. This

was true of your last letter to me, and, without doubt, it will be true of this letter. Can you imagine it? Think of the moral turpitude of a creature employed to break open private letters and to read them! Can you imagine work more degrading? What a dirty dog he must be! how despicable, indeed, he must seem to himself!" And so Mr. Buchanan went on until he wound up as follows: "Not only does this person read private letters, but he is a forger: he forges seals, and I regret to say that his imitation of the eagle on our legation seal is a *very sorry bird.*" Whether this dose had any salutary effect on the official concerned I never learned.

The troubles of an American representative at St. Petersburg are many, and they generally begin with the search for an apartment. It is very difficult indeed in that capital to find a properly furnished suite of rooms for a minister, and since the American representative has been made an ambassador this difficulty is greater than ever. In my own case, by especial luck and large outlay, I was able to surmount it; but many others had not been so fortunate, and the result had generally been that, whereas nearly every other power owned or held on long lease a house or apartment for its representative,—simple, decent, dignified, and known to the entire city,—the American representative had lived wherever circumstances compelled him:—sometimes on the ground-floor and sometimes in a sky-parlor, with the natural result that Russians could hardly regard the American Legation as on the same footing with that of other countries.

As I write, word comes that the present ambassador has been unable to find suitable quarters save at a rent higher than his entire salary; that the proprietors have combined, and agreed to stand by each other in holding their apartments at an enormous figure, their understanding being that Americans are rich and can be made to pay any price demanded. Nothing can be more short-sighted than the policy of our government in this respect, and I shall touch upon it again.

The diplomatic questions between the United States and Russia were many and troublesome; for, in addition to that regarding the Behring Sea fisheries, there were required additional interpretations of the Buchanan treaty as to the rights of Americans to hold real estate and to do business in Russia; arrangements for the participation of Russians in the Chicago Exposition; the protection of various American citizens of Russian birth, and especially of Israelites who had returned to Russia; care for the great American life-insurance interests in the empire; the adjustment of questions arising out of Russian religious relations with Alaska and the islands of the Northern Pacific; and last, but not least, the completion of the extradition treaty between the two nations by the incorporation of safeguards which would prevent its use against purely political offenders.

Especial attention to Israelite cases was also required. Some of these excited my deep sympathy; and, having made a very careful study of the subject, I wrote to Secretary Gresham a despatch upon it in obedience to his special request. It was the longest despatch I have ever written; and, in my apology to the secretary for its length I stated that it was prepared with no expectation that he would find time to read it, but with the idea that it might be of use at the State Department for reference. In due time I received a very kind answer stating that he had read every word of it, and thanked me most heartily for it. The whole subject is exceedingly difficult; but it is clear that Russia has made, and is making, a fearful mistake in her way of dealing with it. There are more Israelites in Russia than in all the remainder of the world; and they are crowded together, under most exasperating regulations, in a narrow district just inside her western frontier, mainly extending through what was formerly Poland, with the result that fanaticism—Christian on one side and Jewish on the other—has developed enormously. The Talmudic rabbis are there at their worst; and the consequences are evil, not only for Russia, but

for our own country. The immigration which comes to us from these regions is among the very worst that we receive from any part of the world. It is, in fact, an immigration of the unfittest; and, although noble efforts have been made by patriotic Israelites in the United States to meet the difficulty, the results have been far from satisfactory.

There were, of course, the usual adventurous Americans in political difficulties, enterprising Americans in business difficulties, and pretended Americans attempting to secure immunity under the Stars and Stripes. The same ingenious efforts to prostitute American citizenship which I had seen during my former stay in Germany were just as constant in Russia. It was the same old story. Emigrants from the Russian Empire, most of them extremely undesirable, had gone to the United States; stayed just long enough to secure naturalization,—had, indeed, in some cases secured it fraudulently before they had stayed the full time; and then, having returned to Russia, were trying to exercise the rights and evade the duties of both countries.

Many of these cases were exceedingly vexatious; and so, indeed, were some which were better founded. The great difficulty of a representative of the United States in Russia is, first, that the law of the empire is so complicated that,—to use the words of King James regarding Bacon's "Novum Organum,"—"Like the Peace of God, it passeth all understanding." It is made up of codes in part obsolete or obsolescent; ukases and counter-ukases; imperial directions and counter-directions; ministerial orders and counter-orders; police regulations and counter-regulations; with no end of suspensions, modifications, and exceptions.

The second difficulty is the fact that the Buchanan treaty of 1832, which guaranteed, apparently, everything desirable to American citizens sojourning in the empire, has been gradually construed away until its tattered remnants are practically worthless. As the world has

discovered, Russia's strong point is not adherence to her treaty promises.

In this respect there is a great difference between Russia and Germany. With the latter we have made careful treaties, the laws are well known, and the American representative feels solid ground beneath his feet; but in Russia there is practically nothing of the kind, and the representative must rely on the main principles of international law, common sense, and his own powers of persuasion.

A peculiar duty during my last stay in St. Petersburg was to watch the approach of cholera, especially on the Persian frontier. Admirable precautions had been taken for securing telegraphic information; and every day I received notices from the Foreign Office as a result, which I communicated to Washington. For ages Russia had relied on fetishes of various kinds to preserve her from great epidemics; but at last her leading officials had come to realize the necessity of applying modern science to the problem, and they did this well. In the city "sanitary columns" were established, made up of small squads of officials representing the medical and engineering professions and the police; these visited every nook and corner of the town, and, having extraordinary powers for the emergency, compelled even the most dirty people to keep their premises clean. Excellent hospitals and laboratories were established, and of these I learned much from a former Cornell student who held an important position in one of them. Coming to town three or four times a week from my summer cottage in Finland, I was struck by the precautions on the Finnish and other railways: notices of what was to be done to prevent cholera and to meet it were posted, in six different languages; disinfectants were made easily accessible; the seats and hangings in the railway-cars were covered with leather cloth frequently washed with disinfectants; and to the main trains a hospital-car was attached, while a temporary hospital, well equipped, was established at each main

station. In spite of this, the number of cholera patients at St. Petersburg in the middle of July rose to a very high figure, and the number of deaths each day from cholera was about one hundred.

Of these victims the most eminent was Tschaikovsky, the composer, a man of genius and a most charming character, to whom Mr. Andrew Carnegie had introduced me at New York. One evening at a dinner-party he poured out a goblet of water from a decanter on the table, drank it down, and next day was dead from Asiatic cholera. But, with this exception, the patients were, so far as I learned, almost entirely from the peasant class. Although boiled water was supplied for drinking purposes, and some public-spirited individuals went so far as to set out samovars and the means of supplying hot tea to peasant workmen, the answer of one of the muzhiks, when told that he ought to drink boiled water, indicated the peasant view: "If God had wished us to drink hot water, he would have heated the Neva."

CHAPTER XXXVI

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF POBEDONOSTZEFF — 1892-1894

ON arriving at St. Petersburg in 1892 to take charge of the American legation, there was one Russian whom I more desired to meet than any other—Constantine Pobedonostzeff. For some years various English and American reviews had been charging him with bigotry, cruelty, hypocrisy, and, indeed, with nearly every hateful form of political crime; but the fact remained that under Alexander III he was the most influential personage in the empire, and that, though bearing the title of "procurator-general of the Most Holy Synod," he was evidently no less powerful in civil than in ecclesiastical affairs.

As to his history, it was understood to be as follows: When the Grand Duke Nicholas, the eldest son of Alexander II,—a young man of gentle characteristics, greatly resembling his father,—died upon the Riviera, the next heir to the throne was his brother Alexander, a stalwart, taciturn guardsman, respected by all who knew him for honesty and directness, but who, having never looked forward to the throne, had been brought up simply as a soldier, with few of the gifts and graces traditional among the heirs of the Russian monarchy since the days of Catherine.

Therefore it was that it became necessary to extemporize for this soldier a training which should fit him for the duties of the position so unexpectedly opened to him; and the man chosen as his tutor was a professor at Moscow,

distinguished as a jurist and theologian,—a man of remarkable force of character, and devoted to Russian ideas as distinguished from those of Western Europe: Constantine Pobedonostzeff.

During the dark and stormy days toward the end of his career, Alexander II had called in as his main adviser General Loris-Melikoff, a man of Armenian descent, in whom was mingled with the shrewd characteristics of his race a sincere desire to give to Russia a policy and development in accordance with modern ideas.

The result the world knows well. The Emperor, having taken the advice of this and other councilors,—deeply patriotic men like Miloutine, Samarine, and Tcherkassky,—had freed the serfs within his empire (twenty millions in all); had sanctioned a vast scheme by which they were to arrive at the possession of landed property; had established local self-government in the various provinces of his empire; had improved the courts of law; had introduced Western ideas into legal procedure; had greatly mitigated the severities formerly exercised toward the Jews; and had made all ready to promulgate a constitution on his approaching birthday.

But this did not satisfy the nihilistic sect. What more they wanted it is hard to say. It is more than doubtful whether Russia even then had arrived at a stage of civilization when the institutions which Alexander II had already conceded could be adopted with profit; but the leaders of the anarchic movement, with their vague longings for fruit on the day the tree was planted, decreed the Emperor's death—the assassination of the greatest benefactor that Russia has ever known, one of the greatest that humanity has known. It was, perhaps, the most fearful crime ever committed against liberty and freedom; for it blasted the hopes and aspirations of over a hundred millions of people, and doubtless for many generations.

On this the sturdy young guardsman became the Emperor Alexander III. It is related by men conversant with Russian affairs that, at the first meeting of the

imperial councilors, Loris-Melikoff, believing that the young sovereign would be led by filial reverence to continue the liberal policy to which the father had devoted his life, made a speech taking this for granted, and that the majority of those present, including the Emperor, seemed in accord with him; when suddenly there arose a tall, gaunt, scholarly man, who at first very simply, but finally very eloquently, presented a different view. According to the chroniclers of the period, Pobedonostzeff told the Emperor that all so-called liberal measures, including the constitution, were a delusion; that, though such things might be suited to Western Europe, they were not suited to Russia; that the constitution of that empire had been, from time immemorial, the will of the autocrat, directed by his own sense of responsibility to the Almighty; that no other constitution was possible in Russia; that this alone was fitted to the traditions, the laws, the ideas of the hundred and twenty millions of various races under the Russian scepter; that in other parts of the world constitutional liberty, so called, had already shown itself an absurdity; that socialism, anarchism, and nihilism, with their plots and bombs, were appearing in all quarters; that murder was plotted against rulers of nations everywhere, the best of presidents having been assassinated in the very country where free institutions were supposed to have taken the most complete hold; that the principle of authority in human government was to be saved; and that this principle existed as an effective force only in Russia.

This speech is said to have carried all before it. As its immediate result came the retirement of Loris-Melikoff, followed by his death not long afterward; the entrance of Pobedonostzeff among the most cherished councilors of the Emperor; the suppression of the constitution; the discouragement of every liberal tendency; and that fanatical reaction which has been in full force ever since.

This was the man whom I especially desired to see and to understand; and therefore it was that I was very glad

to receive from the State Department instructions to consult with him regarding some rather delicate matters needing adjustment between the Greek Church and our authorities in Alaska, and also in relation to the representation of Russia at the Chicago Exposition.

I found him, as one of the great ministers of the crown, residing in a ministerial palace, but still retaining, in large measure, his old quality of professor. About him was a beautiful library, with every evidence of a love for art and literature. I had gone into his presence with many feelings of doubt. Against no one in Russia had charges so bitter been made in my hearing: it was universally insisted that he was responsible for the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Poland, of the Lutherans in the Baltic provinces and in Finland, of the Stundists in Central Russia, and of the dissenting sects everywhere. He had been spoken of in the English reviews as the "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," and this epithet seemed to be generally accepted as fitting.

I found him a scholarly, kindly man, ready to discuss the business which I brought before him, and showing a wide interest in public affairs. There were few, if any, doctrines, either political or theological, which we held in common, but he seemed inclined to meet the wishes of our government as fully and fairly as he could; and thus was begun one of the most interesting acquaintances I have ever made.

His usual time of receiving his friends was on Sunday evening between nine and twelve; and very many such evenings I passed in his study, discussing with him, over glasses of fragrant Russian tea, every sort of question with the utmost freedom.

I soon found that his reasons for that course of action to which the world so generally objects are not so superficial as they are usually thought. The repressive policy which he has so earnestly adopted is based not merely upon his views as a theologian, but upon his convictions as a statesman. While, as a Russo-Greek churchman, he

regards the established church of the empire as the form of Christianity most primitive and pure; and while he sees in its ritual, in its art, and in all the characteristics of its worship the nearest approach to his ideals, he looks at it also from the point of view of a statesman—as the greatest cementing power of the vast empire through which it is spread.

This being the case, he naturally opposes all other religious bodies in Russia as not merely inflicting injury upon Christianity, but as tending to the political disintegration of the empire. Never, in any of our conversations, did I hear him speak a harsh word of any other church or of any religious ideas opposed to his own; but it was clear that he regarded Protestants and dissident sects generally as but agents in the progress of disintegration which, in Western Europe, seemed approaching a crisis, and that he considered the Roman Catholic Church in Poland as practically a political machine managed by a hierarchy in deadly hostility to the Russian Empire and to Russian influence everywhere.

In discussing his own church, he never hesitated to speak plainly of its evident shortcomings. Unquestionably, one of the wishes nearest his heart is to reform the abuses which have grown up among its clergy, especially in their personal habits. Here, too, is a reason for any repressive policy which he may have exercised against other religious bodies. Everything that detracts from the established Russo-Greek Church detracts from the revenues of its clergy, and, as these are pitifully small, aids to keep the priests and their families in the low condition from which he is so earnestly endeavoring to raise them. As regards the severe policy inaugurated by Alexander III against the Jews of the empire, which Pobedonostzeff, more than any other man, is supposed to have inspired, he seemed to have no harsh feelings against Israelites as such; but his conduct seemed based upon a theory which, in various conversations, he presented with much force: namely, that Russia, having within its borders more Jews

than exist in all the world besides, and having suffered greatly from these as from an organization really incapable of assimilation with the body politic, must pursue a repressive policy toward them and isolate them in order to protect its rural population.

While he was very civil in his expressions regarding the United States, he clearly considered all Western civilization a failure. He seemed to anticipate, before long, a collapse in the systems and institutions of Western Europe. To him socialism and anarchism, with all they imply, were but symptoms of a wide-spread political and social disease—indications of an approaching catastrophe destined to end a civilization which, having rejected orthodoxy, had cast aside authority, given the force of law to the whimsies of illiterate majorities, and accepted, as the voice of God, the voice of unthinking mobs, blind to their own interests and utterly incapable of working out their own good. It was evident that he regarded Russia as representing among the nations the idea of Heaven-given and church-anointed authority, as the empire destined to save the principle of divine right and the rule of the fittest.

Revolutionary efforts in Russia he discussed calmly. Referring to Loris-Melikoff, the representative of the principles most strongly opposed to his own, no word of censure escaped him. The only evidence of deep feeling on this subject he ever showed in my presence was when he referred to the writings of a well-known Russian refugee in London, and said, "He is a murderer."

As to public instruction, he evidently held to the idea so thoroughly carried out in Russia: namely, that the upper class, which is to conduct the business of the state, should be highly educated, but that the mass of the people need no education beyond what will keep them contented in the humble station to which it has pleased God to call them. A very curious example of his conservatism I noted in his remarks regarding the droshkies of St. Petersburg. The droshky-drivers are Russian peasants,

simple and, as a rule, pious; rarely failing to make the sign of the cross on passing a church or shrine, or at any other moment which seems to them solemn. They are possibly picturesque, but certainly dirty, in their clothing and in all their surroundings. A conveyance more wretched than the ordinary street-droshky of a Russian city could hardly be conceived, and measures had been proposed for improving this system; but he could see no use in them. The existing system was thoroughly Russian, and that was enough. It appealed to his conservatism. The droshky-drivers, with their Russian caps, their long hair and beards, their picturesque caftans, and their deferential demeanor, satisfied his esthetic sense.

What seemed to me a clash between his orthodox conservatism on one side, and his Russian pride on the other, I discovered on my return from a visit to Moscow, in which I had sundry walks and talks with Tolstoi. On my alluding to this, he showed some interest. It was clear that he was separated by a whole orb of thought from the great novelist, yet it was none the less evident that he took pride in him. He naturally considered Tolstoi as hopelessly wrong in all his fundamental ideas, and yet was himself too much of a man of letters not to recognize in his brilliant countryman one of the glories of Russia.

But the most curious—indeed, the most amazing—revelation of the man I found in his love for American literature. He is a wide reader; and, in the whole breadth of his reading, American authors were evidently among those he preferred. Of these his favorites were Hawthorne, Lowell, and, above all, Emerson. Curious, indeed, was it to learn that this "arch-persecutor," this "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," this man whose hand is especially heavy upon Catholics and Protestants and dissenters throughout the empire, whose name is spoken with abhorrence by millions within the empire and without it, still reads, as his favorite author, the philosopher of Concord. He told me that the first book which he ever translated into Russian was Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation

of Christ''; and of that he gave me the Latin original from which he made his translation, with a copy of the translation itself. But he also told me that the next book he translated was a volume of Emerson's ''Essays,'' and he added that for years there had always lain open upon his study table a volume of Emerson's writings.

There is, thus clearly, a relation of his mind to the literature of the Western world very foreign to his feelings regarding Western religious ideas. This can be accounted for perhaps by his own character as a man of letters. That he has a distinct literary gift is certain. I have in my possession sundry articles of his, and especially a poem in manuscript, which show real poetic feeling and a marked power of expression. It is a curious fact that, though so addicted to English and American literature, he utterly refuses to converse in our language. His medium of communication with foreigners is always French. On my asking him why he would not use our language in conversation, he answered that he had learned it from books, and that his pronunciation of it would expose him to ridicule.

In various circles in St. Petersburg I heard him spoken of as a hypocrite, but a simple sense of justice compels me to declare this accusation unjust. He indeed retires into a convent for a portion of every year to join the monks in their austerities; but this practice is, I believe, the outgrowth of a deep religious feeling. On returning from one of these visits, he brought to my wife a large Easter egg of lacquered work, exquisitely illuminated. I have examined, in various parts of Europe, beautiful specimens of the best periods of mediæval art; but in no one of them have I found anything in the way of illumination more perfect than this which he brought from his monkish brethren. In nothing did he seem to unbend more than in his unfeigned love for religious art as it exists in Russia. He discussed with me one evening sundry photographs of the new religious paintings in the cathedral of Kieff in a spirit which revealed this feel-

ing for religious art as one of the deepest characteristics of his nature.

He was evidently equally sensitive to the beauties of religious literature. Giving me various books containing the services of the Orthodox Church, he dwelt upon the beauty of the Slavonic version of the Psalms and upon the church hymnology.

The same esthetic side of his nature was evident at various great church ceremonies. It has happened to me to see Pius IX celebrate mass, both at the high altar of St. Peter's and in the Sistine Chapel, and to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week and of Easter at the Roman basilicas, and at the time it was hard to conceive anything of the kind more impressive; but I have never seen any church functions, on the whole, more imposing than the funeral service of the Emperor Nicholas during my first visit to Russia, and various imperial weddings, funerals, name-days, and the like, during my second visit. On such occasions Pobedonostzeff frequently came over from his position among the ministers of the crown to explain to us the significance of this or that feature in the ritual of music. It was plain that these things touched what was deepest in him; it must be confessed that his attachment to the church is sincere.

Nor were these impressions made upon me alone. It fell to my lot to present to him one of the most eminent journalists our country has produced—Charles A. Dana, a man who could discuss on even terms with any European statesman all the leading modern questions. Dana had been brought into close contact with many great men; but it was plain to see—what he afterward acknowledged to me—that he was very deeply impressed by this eminent Russian. The talk of two such men threw new light upon the characteristics of Pobedonostzeff, and strengthened my impression of his intellectual sincerity.

In regard to the relation of the Russo-Greek Church to other churches I spoke to him at various times, and found in him no personal feeling of dislike to them. The

nearest approach to such a feeling appeared, greatly to my surprise, in sundry references to the Greek Church as it exists in Greece. In these he showed a spirit much like that which used to be common among High-church Episcopalians in speaking of Low-church "Evangelicals." Mindful of the earnest efforts made by the Anglican communion to come into closer relations with the Russian branch of the Eastern Church, I at various times broached that subject, and the glimpses I obtained of his feeling regarding it surprised me. Previously to these interviews I had supposed that the main difficulty in the way to friendly relations between these two branches of the church universal had its origin in the "*filioque*" clause of the Nicene Creed. As is well known, the Eastern Church adheres to that creed in its original form,—the form in which the Holy Ghost is represented as "proceeding from the Father,"—whereas the Western Church adopts the additional words, "and from the Son." That the Russo-Greek Church is very tenacious of its position in this respect, and considers the position of the Western Church—Catholic and Protestant—as savoring of blasphemy, is well known; and there was a curious evidence of this during my second stay in Russia. Twice during that time I heard the "Missa Solennis" of Beethoven. It was first given by a splendid choir in the great hall of the University of Helsingfors. That being in Finland, which is mainly Lutheran, the Creed was sung in its Western form. Naturally, on going to hear it given by a great choir at St. Petersburg, I was curious to know how this famous clause would be dealt with. In various parts of the audience were priests of the Russo-Greek faith, yet there were very many Lutherans and Calvinists, and I watched with some interest the approach of the passage containing the disputed words; but when we reached this it was wholly omitted. Any allusion to the "*procession*" was evidently forbidden. Great, therefore, was my surprise when, on my asking Pobedonostzeff,[1] as the rep-

[1] I find, in a letter from Pobedonostzeff, that he spells his name as here printed.

resentative of the Emperor in the Synod of the empire,—the highest assemblage in the church, and he the most influential man in it, really controlling archbishops and bishops throughout the empire,—whether the "*filioque*" clause is an insurmountable obstacle to union, he replied, "Not at all; that is simply a question of dialectics. But with whom are we to unite? Shall it be with the High-churchmen, the Broad-churchmen, or the Low-churchmen? These are three different bodies of men with distinctly different ideas of church order; indeed, with distinctly different creeds. Which of these is the Orthodox Church to regard as the representative of the Anglican communion?" I endeavored to show him that the union, if it took place at all, must be based on ideas and beliefs that underlie all these distinctions; but he still returned to his original proposition, which was that union is impossible until a more distinct basis than any now attainable can be arrived at.

I suggested to him a visit to Great Britain and his making the acquaintance of leading Englishmen; but to this he answered that at his time of life he had no leisure for such a recreation; that his duties absolutely forbade it.

In regard to relations with the Russo-Greek Church on our own continent, he seemed to speak with great pleasure of the treatment that sundry Russian bishops had received among us. He read me letters from a member of the Russo-Greek hierarchy, full of the kindliest expressions toward Americans, and especially acknowledging their friendly reception of him and of his ministrations. Both the archbishop in his letter, and Pobedonostzeff in his talk, were very much amused over the fact that the Americans, after extending various other courtesies to the archbishop, offered him cigars.

He discussed the possibility of introducing the "Holy Orthodox Church" into the United States, but always disclaimed all zeal in religious propagandism, saying that the church authorities had quite enough work to do in extending and fortifying the church throughout the Russian

Empire. He said that the pagan tribes of the imperial dominions in Asia seemed more inclined to Mohammedanism than to Christianity, and gave as the probable reason the fact that the former faith is much the simpler of the two. He was evidently unable to grasp the idea of the Congress of Religions at the Chicago Exposition, and seemed inclined to take a mildly humorous view of it as one of the droll inventions of the time.

He appeared to hold our nation as a problem apart, and was, perhaps, too civil in his conversations with me to include it in the same condemnation with the nations of Western Europe which had, in his opinion, gone hopelessly wrong. He also seemed drawn to us by his admiration for Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell. When Professor Norton's edition of Lowell's "Letters" came out, I at once took it to him. It evidently gave him great pleasure—perhaps because it revealed to him a very different civilization, life, and personality from anything to which he had been accustomed. Still, America seemed to be to him a sort of dreamland. He constantly returned to Russian affairs as to the great realities of the world. Discussing, as we often did, the condition and future of the wild tribes and nations within the Asiatic limits of the empire, he betrayed no desire either for crusades or for intrigues to convert them; he simply spoke of the legitimate influence of the church in civilizing them.

I recall a brilliant but denunciatory article, published in one of the English reviews some time since by a well-known nihilist, which contained, in the midst of various charges against the Russian statesman, a description of his smile, which was characterized as forbidding, and even ghastly. I watched for this smile with much interest, but it never came. A smile upon his face I have often seen; but it was a kindly smile, with no trace of anything ghastly or cruel in it.

He seemed to take pleasure in the society of his old professorial friends, and one of them he once brought to my table. This was a professor of history, deeply con-

versant with the affairs of the empire; and we discussed the character and career of Catherine II. The two men together brought out a mass of curious information, throwing a strange light into transactions which only the most recent historians are beginning to understand, among these the assassination of Czar Peter III, Catherine's husband. On one occasion when Pobedonostzeff was visiting me I tested his knowledge in regard to a matter of special interest, and obtained a new side-light upon his theory of the universe. There is at present on the island of Cronstadt, at the mouth of the Neva, a Russo-Greek priest, Father Ivan, who enjoys throughout the empire a vast reputation as a saintly worker of miracles. This priest has a very spiritual and kindly face; is known to receive vast sums for the poor, which he distributes among them while he himself remains in poverty; and is supposed not merely by members of the Russo-Greek Church, but by those of other religious bodies, to work frequent miracles of healing. I was assured by persons of the highest character—and those not only Russo-Greek churchmen, but Roman Catholics and Anglicans—that there could be no doubt as to the reality of these miracles, and various examples were given me. So great is Father Ivan's reputation in this respect that he is in constant demand in all parts of the empire, and was even summoned to Livadia during the last illness of the late Emperor. Whenever he appears in public great crowds surround him, seeking to touch the hem of his garment. His picture is to be seen with the portraits of the saints in vast numbers of Russian homes, from the palaces of the highest nobles to the cottages of the humblest peasants.

It happened to me on one occasion to have an experience which I have related elsewhere, but which is repeated here as throwing light on the ideas of the Russian statesman.

On my arrival in St. Petersburg my attention was at once aroused by the portraits of Father Ivan. They ranged from photographs absolutely true to life, which revealed a plain, shrewd, kindly face, to those which were

idealized until they bore a near resemblance to the conventional representations of Jesus of Nazareth.

One day, in one of the most brilliant reception-rooms of the Northern capital, the subject of Father Ivan's miracles having been introduced, a gentleman in very high social position, and entirely trustworthy, spoke as follows: "There is something very surprising about these miracles. I am slow to believe in them; but there is one of them which is overwhelming and absolutely true. The late Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, Archbishop Isidore, loved quiet, and was very averse to anything which could possibly cause scandal. Hearing of the wonders wrought by Father Ivan, he summoned him to his presence and sternly commanded him to abstain from all the things which had given rise to these reported miracles, as sure to create scandal, and with this injunction dismissed him. Hardly had the priest left the room when the archbishop was struck with blindness, and he remained in this condition until the priest returned and restored his sight by intercessory prayer." When I asked the gentleman giving this account if he directly knew these facts, he replied that he was, of course, not present when the miracle was wrought; but that he had the facts immediately from persons who knew all the parties concerned, as well as all the circumstances of the case; and, indeed, that these circumstances were matter of general knowledge.

Sometime afterward, being at an afternoon reception in one of the greater embassies, I brought up the same subject, when an eminent general spoke as follows: "I am not inclined to believe in miracles,—in fact, am rather skeptical; but the proofs of those wrought by Father Ivan are overwhelming." He then went on to say that the late metropolitan archbishop was a man who loved quiet and disliked scandal; that on this account he had summoned Father Ivan to his palace, and ordered him to put an end to the conduct which had caused the reports concerning his miraculous powers; and then, with a wave of his arm, had dismissed him. The priest left the room,

and from that moment the archbishop's arm was paralyzed; and it remained so until the penitent prelate summoned the priest again, by whose prayers the arm was restored to its former usefulness. There was present at the time another person besides myself who had heard the previous statement as to the blindness of the archbishop; and, on our both asking the general if he was sure that the archbishop's arm was paralyzed as stated, he declared that he could not doubt it, as he had the account directly from persons entirely trustworthy who were cognizant of all the facts.

Sometime later, meeting Pobedonostzeff, I asked him which of these stories was correct. He answered immediately, "Neither: in the discharge of my duties I saw the Archbishop Isidore constantly down to the last hours of his life, and no such event ever occurred. He was never paralyzed and never blind." But the great statesman and churchman then went on to say that, although this story was untrue, there were a multitude of others quite as remarkable in which he believed; and he gave me a number of legends showing that Father Ivan possessed supernatural knowledge and miraculous powers. These he unfolded to me with much detail, and with such an accent of conviction that we seemed surrounded by a mediæval atmosphere in which signs and wonders were the most natural things in the world.

As to his action on politics since my leaving Russia, the power which he exercised over Alexander III has evidently been continued during the reign of the young Nicholas II. In spite of his eighty years, he seems to be, to-day, the leader of the reactionary party.

During the early weeks of The Hague Conference, Count Münster, in his frequent diatribes against its whole purpose, and especially against arbitration, was wont to insist that the whole thing was a scheme prepared by Pobedonostzeff to embarrass Germany; that, as Russia was always wretchedly unready with her army, The Hague Conference was simply a trick for gaining time

against her rivals who kept up better military preparations. There may have been truth in part of this assertion; but the motive of the great Russian statesman in favoring the conference was probably not so much to gain time for the army as to gain money for the church. With his intense desire to increase the stipends of the Russian orthodox clergy, and thus to raise them somewhat above their present low condition, he must have groaned over the enormous sums spent by his government in the frequent changes in almost every item of expenditure for its vast army—changes made in times of profound peace, simply to show that Russia was keeping her army abreast of those of her sister nations. Hence came the expressed Russian desire to "keep people from inventing things." It has always seemed to me that, while the idea underlying the Peace Conference came originally from Jean de Bloch, there must have been powerful aid from Pobedonostzeff. So much of good—and, indeed, of great good—we may attribute to him as highly probable, if not certain.

But, on the other hand, there would seem to be equal reason for attributing to him, in these latter days, a fearful mass of evil. To say nothing of the policy of Russia in Poland and elsewhere, her dealings with Finland thus far form one of the blackest spots on the history of the empire. Whether he originated this iniquity or not is uncertain; but when, in 1892, I first saw the new Russian cathedral rising on the heights above Helsingfors,—a structure vastly more imposing than any warranted by the small number of the "orthodox" in Finland,—with its architecture of the old Muscovite type, symbolical of fetishism, I could not but recognize his hand in it. It seemed clear to me that here was the beginning of religious aggression on the Lutheran Finlanders, which must logically be followed by political and military aggression; and, in view of his agency in this as in everything reactionary, I did not wonder at the attempt to assassinate him not long afterward.

During my recent stay in Germany he visited me at the Berlin Embassy. He was, as of old, apparently gentle, kindly, interested in literature, not interested to any great extent in current Western politics. This gentle, kindly manner of his brought back forcibly to my mind a remark of one of the most cultivated women I met in Russia, a princess of ancient lineage, who ardently desired reasonable reforms, and who, when I mentioned to her a report that Pobedonostzeff was weary of political life, and was about to retire from office in order to devote himself to literary pursuits, said: "Don't, I beg of you, tell me that; for I have always noticed that whenever such a report is circulated, it is followed by some new scheme of his, even more infernal than those preceding it."

So much for the man who, during the present reign, seems one of the main agents in holding Russian policy on the road to ruin. He is indeed a study. The descriptive epithet which clings to him—"the Torquemada of the nineteenth century"—he once discussed with me in no unkindly spirit; indeed, in as gentle a spirit as can well be conceived. His life furnishes a most interesting study in churchmanship, in statesmanship, and in human nature, and shows how some of the men most severely condemned by modern historians—great persecutors, inquisitors, and the like—may have based their actions on theories the world has little understood, and may have had as little conscious ferocity as their more tolerant neighbors.

CHAPTER XXXVII

WALKS AND TALKS WITH TOLSTOI—MARCH, 1894

REVISITING Moscow after an absence of thirty-five years, the most surprising thing to me was that there had been so little change. With the exception of the new gallery of Russian art, and the bazaar opposite the sacred gate of the Kremlin, things seemed as I had left them just after the accession of Alexander II. There were the same unkempt streets; the same peasantry clad in sheepskins; the same troops of beggars, sturdy and dirty; the same squalid crowds crossing themselves before the images at the street corners; the same throngs of worshipers knocking their heads against the pavements of churches; and above all loomed, now as then, the tower of Ivan and the domes of St. Basil, gloomy, gaudy, and barbaric. Only one change had taken place which interested me: for the first time in the history of Russia, a man of world-wide fame in literature and thought was abiding there—Count Leo Tolstoi.

On the evening of my arrival I went with my secretary to his weekly reception. As we entered his house on the outskirts of the city, two servants in evening dress came forward, removed our fur coats, and opened the doors into the reception-room of the master. Then came a surprise. His living-room seemed the cabin of a Russian peasant. It was wainscoted almost rudely and furnished very simply; and there approached us a tall, gaunt Russian, unmistakably born to command, yet clad as a peasant, his hair thrown back over his ears on either side,

his flowing blouse kept together by a leathern girdle, his high jack-boots completing the costume. This was Tolstoi.

Nothing could be more kindly than his greeting. While his dress was that of a peasant, his bearing was the very opposite; for, instead of the depressed, demure, hangdog expression of the average muzhik, his manner, though cordial, was dignified and impressive. Having given us a hearty welcome, he made us acquainted with various other guests. It was a singular assemblage. There were foreigners in evening dress, Moscow professors in any dress they liked, and a certain number of youth, evidently disciples, who, though clearly not of the peasant class, wore the peasant costume. I observed these with interest, but certainly as long as they were under the spell of the master they communicated nothing worth preserving; they seemed to show "the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration."

The professors were much more engaging. The University of Moscow has in its teaching body several strong men, and some of these were present. One of them, whose department was philosophy, especially interested and encouraged me by assurances that the movement of Russian philosophy is "back to Kant." In the strange welter of whims and dreams which one finds in Russia, this was to me an unexpected evidence of healthful thought.

Naturally, I soon asked to be presented to the lady of the house, and the count escorted us through a series of rooms to a salon furnished much like any handsome apartment in Paris or St. Petersburg, where the countess, with other ladies, all in full evening dress, received us cordially. This sudden transition from the peasant cabin of the master to these sumptuous rooms of the mistress was startling; it seemed like scene-shifting at a theater.

After some friendly talk, all returned to the rooms of the master of the house, where tea was served at a long table from the bubbling brazen urn—the samovar; and though there were some twenty or thirty guests, nothing

could be more informal. All was simple, kindly, and unrestrained.

My first question was upon the condition of the people. Our American legation had corresponded with Count Tolstoi and his family as to distributing a portion of the famine fund sent from the United States, hence this subject naturally arose at the outset. He said that the condition of the peasants was still very bad; that they had very generally eaten their draught-animals, burned portions of their buildings to keep life in their bodies, and reduced themselves to hopeless want. On my suggesting that the new commercial treaty with Germany might help matters, he thought that it would have but little effect, since only a small portion of the total product of Russian agriculture is consumed abroad. This led him to speak of some Americans and Englishmen who had visited the famine-stricken districts, and, while he referred kindly to them all, he seemed especially attracted by the Quaker John Bellows of Gloucester, England, the author of the wonderful little French dictionary. This led him to say that he sympathized with the Quakers in everything save their belief in property; that in this they were utterly illogical; that property presupposes force to protect it. I remarked that most American Quakers knew nothing of such force; that none of them had ever seen an American soldier, save during our Civil War, and that probably not one in hundreds of them had ever seen a soldier at all. He answered, "But you forget the policeman." He evidently put policemen and soldiers in the same category—as using force to protect property, and therefore to be alike abhorred.

I found that to his disbelief in any right of ownership literary property formed no exception. He told me that, in his view, he had no right to receive money for the permission to print a book. To this I naturally answered that by carrying out this doctrine he would simply lavish large sums upon publishers in every country of Europe and America, many of them rich and some of them

piratical; and that in my opinion he would do a much better thing by taking the full value of his copyrights and bestowing the proceeds upon the peasantry starving about him. To which he answered that it was a question of duty. To this I agreed, but remarked that beneath this lay the question what this duty really was. It was a pleasure to learn from another source that the countess took a different view of it, and that she had in some way secured the proceeds of his copyrights for their very large and interesting family. Light was thus thrown on Tolstoi's remark, made afterward, that women are not so self-sacrificing as men; that a man would sometimes sacrifice his family for an idea, but that a woman would not.

He then went on to express an interest in the Shakers, and especially in Frederick Evans. He had evidently formed an idea of them very unlike the reality; in fact, the Shaker his imagination had developed was as different from a Lebanon Shaker as an eagle from a duck, and his notion of their influence on American society was comical.

He spoke at some length regarding religion in Russia, evidently believing that its present dominant form is soon to pass away. I asked him how then he could account for the fact that while in other countries women are greatly in the majority at church services, in every Russian church the majority are men; and that during the thirty-five years since my last visit to Moscow this tendency had apparently increased. He answered, "All this is on the surface; there is much deeper thought below, and the great want of Russia is liberty to utter it." He then gave some examples to show this, among them the case of a gentleman and lady in St. Petersburg, whose children had been taken from them and given to Princess ——, their grandmother, because the latter is of the Orthodox Church and the former are not. I answered that I had seen the children; that their grandmother had told me that their mother was a screaming atheist with nihilistic tendencies, who had left her husband and was bringing up the children in

a scandalous way,—teaching them to abjure God and curse the Czar; that their father had thought it his duty to give all his property away and work as a laborer; that therefore she—the grandmother—had secured an order from the Emperor empowering her to take charge of the children; that I had seen the children at their grandmother's house, and that they had seemed very happy. Tolstoi insisted that this statement by the grandmother was simply made to cover the fact that the children were taken from the mother because her belief was not of the orthodox pattern. My opinion is that Tolstoi was mistaken, at least as to the father; and that the father had been led to give away his property and work with his hands in obedience to the ideas so eloquently advocated by Tolstoi himself. Unlike his master, this gentleman appears not to have had the advantage of a wife who mitigated his ideas.

Tolstoi also referred to the difficulties which translators had found in securing publishers for his most recent book—"The Kingdom of God." On my assuring him that American publishers of high standing would certainly be glad to take it, he said that he had supposed the ideas in it so contrary to opinions dominant in America as to prevent its publication there.

Returning to the subject of religion in Russia, he referred to some curious incongruities; as, for example, the portrait of Socrates forming part of a religious picture in the Annunciation Church at the Kremlin. He said that evidently some monk, who had dipped into Plato, had thus placed Socrates among the precursors of Christ. I cited the reason assigned by Melanchthon for Christ's descent into hell—namely, the desire of the Redeemer to make himself known to Socrates, Plato, and the best of the ancient philosophers; and I compared this with Luther's idea, so characteristic of him, that Christ descended into hell in order to have a hand-to-hand grapple and wrestle with Satan. This led Tolstoi to give me a Russian legend of the descent into hell, which was that, when

Christ arrived there, he found Satan forging chains, but that, at the approach of the Saviour, the walls of hell collapsed, and Satan found himself entangled in his own chains, and remained so for a thousand years.

In regard to the Jews, he said that he sympathized with them, but that the statements regarding the persecution of them were somewhat exaggerated. Kennan's statements regarding the treatment of prisoners in Siberia he thought overdrawn at times, but substantially true. He expressed his surprise that certain leading men in the empire, whom he named, could believe that persecution and the forcible repression of thought would have any permanent effect at the end of the nineteenth century.

He then dwelt upon sundry evil conditions in Russia, on which my comment was that every country, of course, had its own grievous shortcomings; and I cited, as to America, the proverb: "No one knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it." At this he asked me about lynch law in the United States, and expressed his horror of it. I showed him that it was the inevitable result of a wretched laxity and sham humanity in the administration of our criminal law, which had led great bodies of people, more especially in the Southern and extreme Western parts of the country, to revert to natural justice and take the law into their own hands; and I cited Goldwin Smith's profound remark that "some American lynchings are proofs not so much of lawlessness as of a respect for law."

He asked me where, besides this, the shoe pinched in the United States. I told him that it pinched in various places, but that perhaps the worst pinch arises from the premature admission to full political rights of men who have been so benumbed and stunted intellectually and morally in other countries that their exercise of political rights in America is frequently an injury, not only to others, but to themselves. In proof of this I cited the case of the crowds whom I had seen some years before huddled together in New York tenement-houses, preyed upon

by their liquor-selling landlords, their families perishing of typhoid and smallpox on account of the negligence and maladministration of the local politicians, but who, as a rule, were almost if not quite ready to mob and murder those of us who brought in a new health board and a better order of things; showing him that for years the very class of people who suffered most from the old, vile state of things did their best by their votes to keep in power the men who maintained it.

We then passed to the subject of the trans-Siberian Railway. In this he seemed interested, but in a vague way which added nothing to my knowledge.

Asking me regarding my former visit to Moscow, and learning that it was during the Crimean War, he said, "At that time I was in Sebastopol, and continued there as a soldier during the siege."

As to his relations with the imperial government at present, he said that he had been recently elected to a learned society in Moscow, but that the St. Petersburg government had interfered to stop the election; and he added that every morning, when he awoke, he wondered that he was not on his way to Siberia.

On my leaving him, both he and the countess invited me to meet them next day at the Tretiakof Museum of Russian Pictures; and accordingly, on the following afternoon, I met them at that greatest of all galleries devoted purely to Russian art. They were accompanied by several friends, among them a little knot of disciples—young men clad in simple peasant costume like that worn by the master. It was evident that he was an acknowledged lion at the old Russian capital, for as he led me about to see the pictures which he liked best, he was followed and stared at by many.

Pointing out to me some modern religious pictures in Byzantine style painted for the Cathedral of Kieff, he said, "They represent an effort as futile as trying to persuade chickens to reënter the egg-shells from which they have escaped." He next showed me two religious pictures; the

first representing the meeting of Jesus and Pilate, when the latter asked, "What is truth?" Pilate was depicted as a rotund, jocose, cynical man of the world; Jesus, as a street preacher in sordid garments, with unkempt hair flowing over his haggard face,—a peasant fanatic brought in by the police. Tolstoi showed an especial interest in this picture; it seemed to reveal to him the real secret of that famous question and its answer; the question coming from the mighty of the earth, and the answer from the poor and oppressed.

The other picture represented the Crucifixion. It was painted in the most realistic manner possible; nothing was idealized; it was even more vividly realistic than Gebhardt's picture of the Lord's Supper, at Berlin; so that it at first repelled me, though it afterward exercised a certain fascination. That Tolstoi was deeply interested was clear. He stood for a time in silence, as if musing upon all that the sacrifice on Calvary had brought to the world. Other representations of similar scenes, in the conventional style of the older masters, he had passed without a glance; but this spectacle of the young Galilean peasant, with unattractive features, sordid garb, poverty-stricken companions, and repulsive surroundings, tortured to death for preaching the "kingdom of God" to the poor and down-trodden, seemed to hold him fast, and as he pointed out various features in the picture it became even more clear to me that sympathy with the peasant class, and a yearning to enter into their cares and sorrows, form the real groundwork of his life.

He then took me to a small picture of Jesus and his disciples leaving the upper room at Jerusalem after the Last Supper. This, too, was painted in the most realistic manner. The disciples, simple-minded fishermen, rude in features and dress, were plodding homeward, while Christ himself gazed at the stars and drew the attention of his nearest companions to some of the brightest. Tolstoi expressed especial admiration for this picture, saying that at times it affected him like beautiful music,—like music

which draws tears, one can hardly tell why. It was more and more evident, as he lingered before this and other pictures embodying similar ideas, that sympathy for those struggling through poverty and want toward a better life is his master passion.

Among the pictures, not to be classed as religious, before which he thus lingered were those representing the arrest of a nihilist and the return of an exile from Siberia. Both were well painted, and both revealed the same characteristic—sympathy with the poor, even with criminals.

Some of the more famous historical pictures in the collection he thought exaggerated; especially those representing the fury of the Grand Duchess Sophia in her monastery prison, and the remorse of Ivan the Terrible after murdering his son.

To my surprise, he agreed with me, and even went beyond me, in rating landscape infinitely below religious and historical painting, saying that he cared for landscape-painting only as accessory to pictures revealing human life.

Among genre pictures, we halted before one representing a peasant family grouped about the mother, who, with a sacred picture laid upon her breast, after the Russian manner, was dying of famine. This also seemed deeply to impress him.

We stopped next before a picture of a lady of high birth brought before the authorities in order to be sent, evidently against her will, to a convent. I cited the similar story from Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi"; but, to my surprise, he seemed to know little of that most fascinating of historical romances. This led to a discussion in which he said he had once liked Walter Scott, but had not read anything of his for many years; and he seemed interested in my statement that although always an especial admirer of Scott, I had found it almost impossible to induce the younger generation to read him.

Stopping before a picture of Peter the Great's fatal

conference with his son Alexis, in reply to my remark upon the marvel that a prince of such genius as Peter should have appeared at Moscow in the seventeenth century, he said that he did not admire Peter, that he was too cruel,—administering torture and death at times with his own hands.

We next halted before a picture representing the horrible execution of the Strelitzes. I said that "such pictures prove that the world does, after all, progress slowly, in spite of what pessimists say, and that in order to refute pessimists one has only to refer to the improvements in criminal law." To this he agreed cordially, and declared the abolition of torture in procedure and penalty to be one great gain, at any rate.

We spoke of the present condition of things in Europe, and I told him that at St. Petersburg the opinion very general among the more thoughtful members of the diplomatic corps was that war was not imminent; that the Czar, having himself seen the cruelties of war during the late struggle in the Balkans, had acquired an invincible repugnance to it. He acquiesced in this, but said that it seemed monstrous to him that the peace of the empire and of Europe should depend upon so slender a thread as the will of any one man.

Our next walk was taken across the river Moskwa, on the ice, to and through the Kremlin, and as we walked the conversation fell upon literature. As to French literature, he thought Maupassant the man of greatest talent, by far, in recent days, but that he was depraved and centered all his fiction in women. For Balzac, Tolstoi evidently preserved admiration, but he cared little, apparently, for Daudet, Zola, and their compeers.

As to American literature, he said that Tourgueneff had once told him that there was nothing in it worth reading; nothing new or original; that it was simply a copy of English literature. To this I replied that such criticism seemed to me very shallow; that American literature was, of course, largely a growth out of the parent stock of Eng-

lish literature, and must mainly be judged as such; that to ask in the highest American literature something absolutely different from English literature in general was like looking for oranges upon an apple-tree; that there had come new varieties in this growth, many of them original, and some beautiful; but that there was the same sap, the same life-current running through it all; and I compared the treatment of woman in all Anglo-Saxon literature, whether on one side of the Atlantic or the other, from Chaucer to Mark Twain, with the treatment of the same subject by French writers from Rabelais to Zola. To this he answered that in his opinion the strength of American literature arises from the inherent Anglo-Saxon religious sentiment. He expressed a liking for Emerson, Hawthorne, and Whittier, but he seemed to have read at random, not knowing at all some of the best things. He spoke with admiration of Theodore Parker's writings, and seemed interested in my reminiscences of Parker and of his acquaintance with Russian affairs. He also revered and admired the character and work of William Lloyd Garrison. He had read Longfellow somewhat, but was evidently uncertain regarding Lowell,—confusing him, apparently, with some other author. Among contemporary writers he knew some of Howells's novels and liked them, but said: "Literature in the United States at present seems to be in the lowest trough of the sea between high waves." He dwelt on the flippant tone of American newspapers, and told me of an interviewer who came to him in behalf of an American journal, and wanted simply to know at what time he went to bed and rose, what he ate, and the like. He thought that people who cared to read such trivialities must be very feeble-minded, but he said that the European press is, on the whole, just as futile. On my attempting to draw from him some statement as to what part of American literature pleased him most, he said that he had read some publications of the New York and Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, and that he knew and liked

the writings of Felix Adler. I then asked who, in the whole range of American literature, he thought the foremost. To this he made an answer which amazed me, as it would have astonished my countrymen. Indeed, did the eternal salvation of all our eighty millions depend upon some one of them guessing the person he named, we should all go to perdition together. That greatest of American writers was—Adin Ballou! Evidently, some of the philanthropic writings of that excellent Massachusetts country clergyman and religious communist had pleased him, and hence came the answer.

The next day he came over to my hotel and we went out for a stroll. As we passed along the streets I noticed especially what I had remarked during our previous walks, that Tolstoi had a large quantity of small Russian coins in his pockets; that this was evidently known to the swarms of beggars who infest the Kremlin and the public places generally; and that he always gave to them.

On my speaking of this, he said he thought that any one, when asked for money, ought to give it. Arguing against this doctrine, I said that in the United States there are virtually no beggars, and I might have gone on to discuss the subject from the politico-economical point of view, showing how such indiscriminate almsgiving in perpetual driblets is sure to create the absurd and immoral system which one sees throughout Russia,—hordes of men and women who are able to take care of themselves, and who ought to be far above beggary, cringing and whining to the passers-by for alms; but I had come to know the man well enough to feel sure that a politico-economical argument would slide off him like water from a duck's back, so I attempted to take him upon another side, and said: "In the United States there are virtually no beggars, though my countrymen are, I really believe, among the most charitable in the world." To this last statement he assented, referring in a general way to our shipments of provisions to aid the famine-stricken in Rus-

sia. "But," I added, "it is not our custom to give to beggars save in special emergencies." I then gave him an account of certain American church organizations which had established piles of fire-wood and therefore enabled any able-bodied tramp, by sawing or cutting some of it, to earn a good breakfast, a good dinner, and, if needed, a good bed, and showed him that Americans considered beggary not only a great source of pauperism, but as absolutely debasing to the beggar himself, in that it puts him in the attitude of a suppliant for that which, if he works as he ought, he can claim as his right; that to me the spectacle of Count Tolstoi virtually posing as a superior being, while his fellow-Russians came crouching and whining to him, was not at all edifying. To this view of the case he listened very civilly.

Incidentally I expressed wonder that he had not traveled more. He then spoke with some disapprobation of travel. He had lived abroad for a time, he said, and in St. Petersburg a few years, but the rest of his life had been spent mainly in Moscow and the interior of Russia. The more we talked together, the more it became clear that this last statement explained some of his main defects. Of all distinguished men that I have ever met, Tolstoi seems to me most in need of that enlargement of view and healthful modification of opinion which come from meeting men and comparing views with them in different lands and under different conditions. This need is all the greater because in Russia there is no opportunity to discuss really important questions. Among the whole one hundred and twenty millions of people there is no public body in which the discussion of large public questions is allowed; the press affords no real opportunity for discussion; indeed, it is more than doubtful whether such discussion would be allowed to any effective extent even in private correspondence or at one's own fireside.

I remember well that during my former stay in St. Petersburg, people who could talk English at their tables generally did so in order that they might not betray them-

selves to any spy who might happen to be among their servants.

Still worse, no one, unless a member of the diplomatic corps or specially privileged, is allowed to read such books or newspapers as he chooses, so that even this access to the thoughts of others is denied to the very men who most need it.

Like so many other men of genius in Russia, then,—and Russia is fertile in such,—Tolstoi has had little opportunity to take part in any real discussion of leading topics; and the result is that his opinions have been developed without modification by any rational interchange of thought with other men. Under such circumstances any man, no matter how noble or gifted, having given birth to striking ideas, coddles and pets them until they become the full-grown, spoiled children of his brain. He can at last see neither spot nor blemish in them, and comes virtually to believe himself infallible. This characteristic I found in several other Russians of marked ability. Each had developed his theories for himself until he had become infatuated with them, and despised everything differing from them.

This is a main cause why sundry ghastly creeds, doctrines, and sects—religious, social, political, and philosophic—have been developed in Russia. One of these religious creeds favors the murder of new-born children in order to save their souls; another enjoins ghastly bodily mutilations for a similar purpose; others still would plunge the world in flames and blood for the difference of a phrase in a creed, or a vowel in a name, or a finger more or less in making the sign of the cross, or for this garment in a ritual, or that gesture in a ceremony.

In social creeds they have developed nihilism, which virtually assumes the right of an individual to sit in judgment upon the whole human race and condemn to death every other human being who may differ in opinion or position from this self-constituted judge.

In political creeds they have conceived the monarch as

the all-powerful and irresponsible vicegerent of God, and all the world outside Russia as given over to Satan, for the reason that it has "rejected the divine principle of authority."

In various branches of philosophy they have developed doctrines which involve the rejection of the best to which man has attained in science, literature, and art, and a return to barbarism.

In the theory of life and duty they have devised a pessimistic process under which the human race would cease to exist.

Every one of these theories is the outcome of some original mind of more or less strength, discouraged, disheartened, and overwhelmed by the sorrows of Russian life; developing its ideas logically and without any possibility of adequate discussion with other men. This alone explains a fact which struck me forcibly—the fact that all Tolstoi's love of humanity, real though it certainly is, seems accompanied by a depreciation of the ideas, statements, and proposals of almost every other human being, and by virtual intolerance of all thought which seems in the slightest degree different from his own.

Arriving in the Kremlin, he took me to the Church of the Annunciation to see the portrait of Socrates in the religious picture of which he had spoken; but we were too late to enter, and so went to the Palace of the Synod, where we looked at the picture of the Trinity, which, by a device frequently used in street signs, represents, when looked at from one side, the suffering Christ, from the other the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, and from the front the Almighty as an old man with a white beard. What Tolstoi thought of the doctrine thus illustrated came out in a subsequent conversation.

The next day he came again to my rooms and at once began speaking upon religion. He said that every man is religious and has in him a religion of his own; that religion results from the conception which a man forms of his relations to his fellow-men, and to the principle which

in his opinion controls the universe; that there are three stages in religious development: first, the childhood of nations, when man thinks of the whole universe as created for him and centering in him; secondly, the maturity of nations, the time of national religions, when each nation believes that all true religion centers in it,—the Jews and the English, he said, being striking examples; and, finally, the perfected conception of nations, when man has the idea of fulfilling the will of the Supreme Power and considers himself an instrument for that purpose. He went on to say that in every religion there are two main elements, one of deception and one of devotion, and he asked me about the Mormons, some of whose books had interested him. He thought two thirds of their religion deception, but said that on the whole he preferred a religion which professed to have dug its sacred books out of the earth to one which pretended that they were let down from heaven. On learning that I had visited Salt Lake City two years before, he spoke of the good reputation of the Mormons for chastity, and asked me to explain the hold of their religion upon women. I answered that Mormonism could hardly be judged by its results at present; that, as a whole, the Mormons are, no doubt, the most laborious and decent people in the State of Utah; but that this is their heroic period, when outside pressure keeps them firmly together and arouses their devotion; that the true test will come later, when there is less pressure and more knowledge, and when the young men who are now arising begin to ask questions, quarrel with each other, and split the whole body into sects and parties.

This led to questions in regard to American women generally, and he wished to know something of their condition and prospects. I explained some features of woman's condition among us, showing its evolution, first through the betterment of her legal status, and next through provision for her advanced education; but told him that so far as political rights are concerned, there had

been very little practical advance in the entire East and South of the country during the last fifty years, and that even in the extreme Western States, where women have been given political rights and duties to some extent, the concessions have been wavering and doubtful.

At this, he took up his parable and said that women ought to have all other rights except political; that they are unfit to discharge political duties; that, indeed, one of the great difficulties of the world at present lies in their possession of far more consideration and control than they ought to have. "Go into the streets and bazaars," he said, "and you will see the vast majority of shops devoted to their necessities. In France everything centers in women, and women have complete control of life: all contemporary French literature shows this. Woman is not man's equal in the highest qualities; she is not so self-sacrificing as man. Men will, at times, sacrifice their families for an idea; women will not." On my demurring to this latter statement, he asked me if I ever knew a woman who loved other people's children as much as her own. I gladly answered in the negative, but cited Florence Nightingale, Sister Dora, and others, expressing my surprise at his assertion that women are incapable of making as complete sacrifices for any good cause as men. I pointed to the persecutions in the early church, when women showed themselves superior to men in suffering torture, degradation, and death in behalf of the new religion, and added similar instances from the history of witchcraft. To this he answered that in spite of all such history, women will not make sacrifices of their own interest for a good cause which does not strikingly appeal to their feelings, while men will do so; that he had known but two or three really self-sacrificing women in his life; and that these were unmarried. On my saying that observation had led me to a very different conclusion, his indictment took another form. He insisted that woman hangs upon the past; that public opinion progresses, but that women are prone to act on the opinion

of yesterday or of last year; that women and womanish men take naturally to old absurdities, among which he mentioned the doctrines of the Trinity, "spiritism," and homeopathy. At this I expressed a belief that if, instead of educating women, as Bishop Dupanloup expressed it, "in the lap of the church (*sur les genoux de l'église*)," we educate them in the highest sense, in universities, they will develop more and more intellectually, and so become a controlling element in the formation of a better race; that, as strong men generally have strong mothers, the better education of woman physically, intellectually, and morally is the true way of bettering the race in general. In this idea he expressed his disbelief, and said that education would not change women; that women are illogical by nature. At this I cited an example showing that women can be exceedingly logical and close in argument, but he still adhered to his opinion. On my mentioning the name of George Eliot, he expressed a liking for her.

On our next walk, he took me to the funeral of one of his friends. He said that to look upon the dead should rather give pleasure than pain; that *memento mori* is a wise maxim, and looking upon the faces of the dead a good way of putting it in practice. I asked him if he had formed a theory as to a future life, and he said in substance that he had not; but that, as we came at birth from beyond the forms of space and time, so at death we returned whence we came. I said, "You use the word 'forms' in the Kantian sense?" "Yes," he said, "space and time have no reality."

We arrived just too late at the house of mourning. The dead man had been taken away; but many of those who had come to do him honor still lingered, and were evidently enjoying the "funeral baked meats." There were clear signs of a carousal. The friends who came out to meet us had, most of them, flushed faces, and one young man in military uniform, coming down the stairs, staggered and seemed likely to break his neck.

Tolstoi refused to go in, and, as we turned away, ex-

pressed disgust at the whole system, saying, as well he might, that it was utterly barbarous. He seemed despondent over it, and I tried to cheer him by showing how the same custom of drinking strong liquors at funerals had, only a few generations since, prevailed in large districts of England and America, but that better ideas of living had swept it away.

On our way through the street, we passed a shrine at which a mob of peasants were adoring a sacred picture. He dwelt on the fetishism involved in this, and said that Jesus Christ would be infinitely surprised and pained were he to return to earth and see what men were worshiping in his name. He added a story of a converted pagan who, being asked how many gods he worshiped, said: "One, and I ate him this morning." At this I cited Browning's lines put into the mouth of the bishop who wished, from his tomb,

> "To hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
> And see God made and eaten all day long."

I reminded him of his definition of religion given me on one of our previous walks, and he repeated it, declaring religion to be the feeling which man has regarding his relation to the universe, including his fellow-men, and to the power which governs all.

The afternoon was closed with a visit to a Raskolnik, or Old Believer, and of all our experiences this turned out to be the most curious. The Raskolniks, or Old Believers, compose that wide-spread sect which broke off from the main body of the Russian Church when the patriarch of Moscow, Nikon, in the seventeenth century attempted to remove various textual errors from the Bible and ceremonial books. These books had been copied and recopied during centuries until their condition had become monstrous. Through a mistake of some careless transcriber, even the name of Jesus had been travestied and had come to be spelled with two *e*'s; the crudest ab-

surdities had been copied into the text; important parts had become unintelligible; and the time had evidently arrived for a revision. Nikon saw this, and in good faith summoned scholars from Constantinople to prepare more correct editions; but these revised works met the fate which attends such revisions generally. The great body of the people were attached to the old forms; they preferred them, just as in these days the great body of English-speaking Protestants prefer the King James Bible to the Revised Version, even though the latter may convey to the reader more correctly what was dictated by the Holy Spirit. The feeling of the monks, especially, against Nikon's new version became virulent. They raised so strong an opposition among the people that an army had to be sent against them; at the siege of the Solovetsk Monastery the conflict was long and bloody, and as a result a large body of people and clergy broke off from the church. Of course the more these dissenters thought upon what Nikon had done, the more utterly evil he seemed; but this was not all. A large part of Russian religious duty, so far as the people are concerned, consists in making the sign of the cross on all occasions. Before Nikon's time this had been done rather carelessly, but, hoping to impress a religious lesson, he ordered it to be made with three extended fingers, thus reminding the faithful of the Trinity. At this the Raskolniks insisted that the sign of the cross ought to be made with *two* fingers, and out of this difference arose more bitterness than from all other causes put together. From that day to this the dissenters have insisted on enjoying the privilege of reading the old version with all its absurdities, of spelling the word Jesus with two *e*'s, of crossing themselves with two fingers, and of cursing Nikon.

This particular Raskolnik, or Old Believer, to whom Tolstoi took me, was a Muscovite merchant of great wealth, living in a superb villa on the outskirts of the city, with a large park about it; the apartments, for size and beauty of decoration, fit for a royal palace—the ceil-

ings covered with beautiful frescos, and the rooms full of statues and pictures by eminent artists, mainly Russian and French. He was a man of some education, possessed a large library, loved to entertain scientific men and to aid scientific effort, and managed to keep on good terms with his more fanatical coreligionists on one side and with the government on the other, so that in emergencies he was an efficient peacemaker between them. We found him a kindly, gentle old man, with long, white hair and beard, and he showed us with evident pleasure the principal statues and pictures, several of the former being by Antokolski, the greatest contemporary Russian sculptor. In the sumptuous dining-room, in which perhaps a hundred persons could sit at table, he drew our attention to some fine pictures of Italian scenes by Smieradsky, and, after passing through the other rooms, took us into a cabinet furnished with the rarest things to be found in the Oriental bazaars. Finally, he conducted us into his private chapel, where, on the iconostas,—the screen which, in accordance with the Greek ritual, stands before the altar,—the sacred images of the Saviour and various saints were represented somewhat differently from those in the Russo-Greek Church, especially in that they extended two fingers instead of three. To this difference I called his attention, and he at once began explaining it. Soon he grew warm, and finally fervid. Said he: "Why do we make the sign of the cross? We do it to commemorate the crucifixion of our blessed Lord. What is commemorated at the crucifixion? The sacrifice of his two natures—the divine and the human. How do we make the sign? We make it with two fingers, thus"—accompanied by a gesture. "What does this represent? It represents what really occurred: the sacrifice of the divine and the human nature of our Lord. How do the Orthodox make it?" Here his voice began to rise. "They make it with *three fingers*"—and now his indignation burst all bounds, and with a tremendous gesture and almost a scream of wrath he declared: "and every time they make it they crucify afresh every

one of the three persons of the holy and undivided Trinity."

The old man's voice, so gentle at first, had steadily risen during this catechism of his, in which he propounded the questions and recited the answers, until this last utterance came with an outcry of horror. The beginning of this catechism was given much after the manner of a boy reciting mechanically the *pons asinorum,* but the end was like the testimony of an ancient prophet against the sins which doomed Israel.

This last burst was evidently too much for Tolstoi. He said not a word in reply, but seemed wrapped in overpowering thought, and anxious to break away. We walked out with the old Raskolnik, and at the door I thanked him for his kindness; but even there, and all the way down the long walk through the park, Tolstoi remained silent. As we came into the road he suddenly turned to me and said almost fiercely, "That man is a hypocrite; he can't believe that; he is a shrewd, long-headed man; how can he believe such trash? Impossible!" At this I reminded him of Theodore Parker's distinction between men who believe and men who "believe that they believe," and said that possibly our Raskolnik was one of the latter. This changed the subject. He said that he had read Parker's biography, and liked it all save one thing, which was that he gave a pistol to a fugitive slave and advised him to defend himself. This Tolstoi condemned on the ground that we are not to resist evil. I told him of the advice I had given to Dobroluboff, a very winning Russian student at Cornell University, when he was returning to Russia to practise his profession as an engineer. That advice was that he should bear in mind Buckle's idea as to the agency of railways and telegraphs in extending better civilization, and devote himself to his profession of engineering, with the certainty that its ultimate result would be to aid in the enlightenment of the empire; but never, on any account, to conspire against the government; telling him that he might be sure that he could do far

more for the advancement of Russian thought by building railways than by entering into any conspiracies whatever. Tolstoi said the advice was good, but that he would also have advised the young man to speak out his ideas, whatever they might be. He said that only in this way could any advance ever be made; that one main obstacle in human progress is the suppression of the real thoughts of men. I answered that all this had a fine sound; that it might do for Count Tolstoi; but that a young, scholarly engineer following it would soon find himself in a place where he could not promulgate his ideas,—guarded by Cossacks in some remote Siberian mine.

He spoke of young professors in the universities, of their difficulties, and of the risk to their positions if they spoke out at all. I asked him if there was any liberality or breadth of thought in the Russo-Greek Church. He answered that occasionally a priest had tried to unite broader thought with orthodox dogma, but that every such attempt had proved futile.

From Parker we passed to Lowell, and I again tried to find if he really knew anything of Lowell's writings. He evidently knew very little, and asked me what Lowell had written. He then said that he had no liking for verse, and he acquiesced in Carlyle's saying that nobody had ever said anything in verse which could not have been better said in prose.

A day or two later, on another of our walks, I asked him how and when, in his opinion, a decided advance in Russian liberty and civilization would be made. He answered that he thought it would come soon, and with great power. On my expressing the opinion that such progress would be the result of a long evolutionary process, with a series of actions and reactions, as heretofore in Russian history, he dissented, and said that the change for the better would come soon, suddenly, and with great force.

As we passed along the streets he was, as during our previous walks, approached by many beggars, to each of

whom he gave as long as his money lasted. He said that he was accustomed to take a provision of copper money with him for this purpose on his walks, since he regarded it as a duty to give when asked, and he went on to say that he carried the idea so far that even if he knew the man wanted the money to buy brandy he would give it to him; but he added that he would do all in his power to induce the man to work and to cease drinking. I demurred strongly to all this, and extended the argument which I had made during our previous walk, telling him that by such giving he did two wrongs: first, to the beggar himself, since it led him to cringe and lie in order to obtain as a favor that which, if he did his duty in working, he could claim as a right; and, secondly, to society by encouraging such a multitude to prey upon it who might be giving it aid and strength; and I again called his attention to the hordes of sturdy beggars in Moscow. He answered that the results of our actions in such cases are not the main thing, but the cultivation of proper feelings in the giver is first to be considered.

I then asked him about his manual labor. He said that his habit was to rise early and read or write until noon, then to take his luncheon and a short sleep, and after that to work in his garden or fields. He thought this good for him on every account, and herein we fully agreed.

On our return through the Kremlin, passing the heaps and rows of cannon taken from the French in 1812, I asked him if he still adhered to the low opinion of Napoleon expressed in "War and Peace." He said that he did, and more than ever since he had recently read a book on Napoleon's relations to women which showed that he took the lowest possible view of womankind. I then asked him if he still denied Napoleon's military genius. He answered that he certainly did; that he did not believe in the existence of any such thing as military genius; that he had never been able to understand what is meant by the term. I asked, "How then do you account for the amazing series of Napoleon's successes?" He answered, "By

circumstances." I rejoined that such an explanation had the merit, at least, of being short and easy.

He then went on to say that battles are won by force of circumstances, by chance, by luck; and he quoted Suvaroff to this effect. He liked Lanfrey's "History of Napoleon" and Taine's book on the Empire, evidently because both are denunciatory of men and things he dislikes, but said that he did not believe in Thiers.

We came finally under the shade of the great tower and into the gateway through which Napoleon entered the Kremlin; and there we parted with a hearty good-bye.

The question has been asked me, at various times since, whether, in my opinion, Tolstoi is really sincere; and allusion has been made to a book published by a lady who claims to have been in close relations with his family, which would seem to reveal a theatrical element in his whole life. To this my answer has always been, and still is, that I believe him to be one of the most sincere and devoted men alive, a man of great genius and, at the same time, of very deep sympathy with his fellow-creatures.

Out of this character of his come his theories of art and literature; and, despite their faults, they seem to me more profound and far-reaching than any put forth by any other man in our time.

There is in them, for the current cant regarding art and literature, a sound, sturdy, hearty contempt which braces and strengthens one who reads or listens to him. It does one good to hear his quiet sarcasms against the whole *fin-de-siècle* business—the "impressionism," the "sensationalism," the vague futilities of every sort, the "great poets" wallowing in the mud of Paris, the "great musicians" making night hideous in German concert-halls, the "great painters" of various countries mixing their colors with as much filth as the police will allow. His keen thrusts at these incarnations of folly and obscenity in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and especially at those who seek to hide the poverty of their ideas in the obscurity of their phrases, encourage one to think that in

the next generation the day of such pretenders will be done. His prophesying against "art for art's sake"; his denunciation of art which simply ministers to sensual pleasure; his ridicule of art which can be discerned only by "people of culture"; his love for art which has a sense, not only of its power, but of its obligations, which puts itself at the service of great and worthy ideas, which appeals to men as men—in this he is one of the best teachers of his time and of future times.

Yet here come in his unfortunate limitations. From his substitutions of assertion for inference, and from the inadequacy of his view regarding sundry growths in art, literature, and science, arises endless confusion.

For who will not be skeptical as to the value of any criticism by a man who pours contempt over the pictures of Puvis de Chavannes, stigmatizes one of Beethoven's purest creations as "corrupting," and calls Shakspere a "scribbler"!

Nothing can be more genuine than his manner: there is no posing, no orating, no phrase-making; a quiet earnestness pervades all his utterances. The great defect in him arises, as I have already said, from a peculiarity in the development of his opinions: namely, that during so large a part of his life he has been wont to discuss subjects with himself and not with other men; that he has, therefore, come to worship idols of his own creation, and often very unsubstantial idols, and to look with misgiving and distrust on the ideas of others. Very rarely during our conversations did I hear him speak with any real enthusiasm regarding any human being: his nearest approach to it was with reference to the writings of the Rev. Adin Ballou, when he declared him the foremost literary character that America has produced. A result of all this is that when he is driven into a corner his logic becomes so subtle as to be imperceptible, and he is very likely to take refuge in paradoxes.

At times, as we walked together, he would pour forth a stream of reasoning so lucid, out of depths so profound,

and reach conclusions so cogent, that he seemed fairly inspired. At other times he would develop a line of argument so outworn, and arrive at conclusions so inane, that I could not but look into his face closely to see if he could be really in earnest; but it always bore that same expression—forbidding the slightest suspicion that he was uttering anything save that which he believed, at least for the time being.

As to the moral side, the stream of his thought was usually limpid, but at times it became turbid and his better ideas seemed to float on the surface as iridescent bubbles.

Had he lived in any other country, he would have been a power mighty and permanent in influencing its thought and in directing its policy; as it is, his thought will pass mainly as the confused, incoherent wail and cry of a giant struggling against the heavy adverse currents in that vast ocean of Russian life:

"The cry of some strong swimmer in his agony."

The evolution of Tolstoi's ideas has evidently been mainly determined by his environment. During two centuries Russia has been coming slowly out of the middle ages—indeed, out of perhaps the most cruel phases of mediæval life. Her history is, in its details, discouraging; her daily life disheartening. Even the aspects of nature are to the last degree depressing: no mountains; no hills; no horizon; no variety in forests; a soil during a large part of the year frozen or parched; a people whose upper classes are mainly given up to pleasure and whose lower classes are sunk in fetishism; all their poetry and music in the minor key; old oppressions of every sort still lingering; no help in sight; and, to use their own cry, "God so high and the Czar so distant."

When, then, a great man arises in Russia, if he gives himself wholly to some well-defined purpose, looking to one high aim and rigidly excluding sight or thought of the ocean of sorrow about him, he may do great things. If he

be Suvaroff or Skobeleff or Gourko he may win great battles; if he be Mendeléieff he may reach some epoch-making discovery in science; if he be Derjavine he may write a poem like the "Ode to God"; if he be Antokolsky he may carve statues like "Ivan the Terrible"; if he be Nesselrode he may hold all Europe enchained to the ideas of the autocrat; if he be Miloutine or Samarine or Tcherkassky he may devise vast plans like those which enabled Alexander II to free twenty millions of serfs and to secure means of subsistence for each of them; if he be Prince Khilkoff he may push railway systems over Europe to the extremes of Asia; if he be De Witte he may reform a vast financial system.

But when a strong genius in Russia throws himself into philanthropic speculations of an abstract sort, with no chance of discussing his theories until they are full-grown and have taken fast hold upon him,—if he be a man of science like Prince Kropotkin, one of the most gifted scientific thinkers of our time,—the result may be a wild revolt, not only against the whole system of his own country, but against civilization itself, and finally the adoption of the theory and practice of anarchism, which logically results in the destruction of the entire human race. Or, if he be an accomplished statesman and theologian like Pobedonostzeff, he may reason himself back into mediæval methods, and endeavor to fetter all free thought and to crush out all forms of Christianity except the Russo-Greek creed and ritual. Or, if he be a man of the highest genius in literature, like Tolstoi, whose native kindliness holds him back from the extremes of nihilism, he may rear a fabric heaven-high, in which truths, errors, and paradoxes are piled up together until we have a new Tower of Babel. Then we may see this man of genius denouncing all science and commending what he calls "faith"; urging a return to a state of nature, which is simply Rousseau modified by misreadings of the New Testament; repudiating marriage, yet himself most happily married and the father of sixteen children; holding that Æschylus and Dante and

Shakspere were not great in literature, and making Adin Ballou a literary idol; holding that Michelangelo and Raphael were not great in sculpture and painting, yet insisting on the greatness of sundry unknown artists who have painted brutally; holding that Beethoven, Händel, Mozart, Haydn, and Wagner were not great in music, but that some unknown performer outside any healthful musical evolution has given us the music of the future; declaring Napoleon to have had no genius, but presenting Koutousoff as a military ideal; loathing science—that organized knowledge which has done more than all else to bring us out of mediæval cruelty into a better world—and extolling a "faith" which has always been the most effective pretext for bloodshed and oppression.

The long, slow, every-day work of developing a better future for his countrymen is to be done by others far less gifted than Tolstoi. His paradoxes will be forgotten; but his devoted life, his noble thoughts, and his lofty ideals will, as centuries roll on, more and more give life and light to the new Russia.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

OFFICIAL LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG—1892-1894

THE difficulties of a stranger seeking information in Russia seem at times insurmountable. First of these is the government policy of suppressing news. Foreign journals come to ordinary subscribers with paragraphs and articles rubbed out with pumice or blotted out with ink; consequently our Russian friends were wont to visit the legation, seeking to read in our papers what had been erased in their own, and making the most amusing discoveries as to the stupidity of the official censorship: paragraphs perfectly harmless being frequently blotted out, and really serious attacks on the government unnoticed.

Very striking, as showing control over the newspaper press, was an occurrence during my first summer at Helsingfors. One day our family doctor came in, and reported a rumor that an iron-clad monitor had sunk, the night before, on its way across the gulf from Reval. Soon the story was found to be true. A squadron of three ships had started; had encountered a squall; and in the morning one of them—an old-fashioned iron-clad monitor—was nowhere to be seen. She had sunk with all on board. Considerable speculation concerning the matter arose, and sundry very guarded remarks were ventured to the effect that the authorities at Cronstadt would have been wiser had they not allowed the ship to go out in such a condition that the first squall would send her to the bottom. This discussion continued for about a week, when

suddenly the proper authorities served notice upon the press that nothing more must be said on the subject.

This mandate was obeyed; the matter was instantly dropped; nothing more was said; and, a year or two afterward, on my inquiring of Admiral Makharoff whether anything had ever been discovered regarding the lost ship and its crew, he answered in the negative.

But more serious efforts than these were made to control thought. The censorship of books was even more strongly, and, if possible, more foolishly, exercised. At any of the great bookshops one could obtain, at once, the worst publications of the Paris press; but the really substantial and thoughtful books were carefully held back. The average Russian, in order to read most of these better works, must be specially authorized to do so.

I had a practical opportunity to see the system in operation. Being engaged on the final chapters of my book, and needing sundry scientific, philosophical, and religious treatises, such as can be bought freely in every city of Western Europe, I went to the principal bookseller in St. Petersburg, and was told that, by virtue of my diplomatic position, I could have them; but that, in order to do so, I must write an application, signing it with my own name, and that then he would sell them to me within a few days. This took place several times.

Still another difficulty is that, owing to lack of publicity, the truth can rarely be found as regards any burning question: in the prevailing atmosphere of secrecy and repression the simplest facts are often completely shut from the foreign observer.

Owing to the lack of public discussion, Russia is the classic ground of myth and legend. One sees myths and legends growing day by day. The legend regarding the cure of the Archbishop of St. Petersburg by Father Ivan of Cronstadt, which I have given in a previous chapter, is an example. The same growth of legend is seen with regard to every-day matters. For example, one meets half a dozen people at five-o'clock tea in a Russian house,

d one of them says: "How badly the Emperor looked at urt last night." Another says: "Yes; his liver is evintly out of order; he ought to go to Carlsbad." Anher says: "I think that special pains ought to be taken ith his food," etc., etc. People then scatter from this a-table, and in a day or two one hears that sufficient ecaution is not taken with the Emperor's food; that it ould not be strange if some nihilist should seek to poison m. A day or two afterward one hears that a nihilist as endeavored to poison the Emperor. The legend rows, details appear here and there, and finally there ome in the newspapers of Western Europe full and careul particulars of a thwarted plot to poison his Majesty.

Not the least of the embarrassments which beset an American minister in Russia is one which arose at varius times during my stay, its source being the generous promptness of our people to take as gospel any story regarding Russian infringement of human rights. One or two cases will illustrate this.

During my second winter, despatches by mail and wire came to me thick and fast regarding the alleged banishment of an American citizen to Siberia for political reasons; and with these came petitions and remonstrances signed by hundreds of Americans of light and leading; also newspaper articles, many and bitter.

On making inquiries through the Russian departments of foreign affairs and of justice, I found the fact to be that this injured American had been, twenty years before, a Russian police agent in Poland; that he had stolen funds intrusted to him and had taken refuge in America; that, relying on the amnesty proclaimed at the accession of the late Emperor, he had returned to his old haunts; that he had been seized, because the amnesty did not apply to the category of criminals to which he belonged; that he had not been sent to Siberia; that there was no thought of sending him there; but that the authorities proposed to recover the money he had stolen if they could.

Another case was typical: One day an excellent English

clergyman came to me in great distress, stating that an American citizen was imprisoned in the city. I immediately had the man brought before a justice, heard his testimony and questioned him, publicly and privately. He swore before the court, and insisted to me in private, that he had never before been in Russia; that he was an American citizen born of a Swedish father and an Alaskan mother upon one of the Alaskan islands; and he showed a passport which he had obtained at Washington by making oath to that effect. On the other hand appeared certain officers of the Russian navy, in excellent standing, who swore that they knew the man perfectly to be a former employee of their engineering department and a deserter from a Russian ship of war in the port of St. Petersburg. It was also a somewhat significant fact that he spoke Russian much better than English, and that he seemed to have a knowledge of Russian affairs very remarkable for a man who had never been in Russia; but to account for this he insisted upon the statement as to his birth in Alaska. Appearances were certainly very strongly against him, and he was remanded to await more testimony in his favor; but the next thing I heard was that he had escaped, had arrived in New York, was posing as a martyr, had graciously granted interviews to various representatives of the press, and had thereby stimulated some very lurid editorials against the Russian Government.

Another case was that of a Russian who, having reached the United States, burdened the files of the State Department and of the legation with complaints against the American minister because that official did not send out the man's wife to him. The minister had, indeed, forwarded the necessary passports, but the difficulty was that the German authorities would not allow the woman to enter Germany without showing herself to be in possession of means sufficient to prevent her becoming a public charge; and these her husband could not, or would not, send, insisting that now that he was naturalized he had a right to have his wife brought to America.

I have no apology to make for the Russian system—far from it; but I would state, in the interest of international comity, that it is best for Americans not to be too prompt in believing all the stories of alleged sufferers from Russian despotism, and especially of those who wish to use their American citizenship simply in order to return to Russia and enjoy business advantages superior to those of their neighbors.

That there are many meritorious refugees cannot be denied; but any one who has looked over extradition papers, as I have been obliged to do, and seen people posing as Russian martyrs who are comfortably carrying on in New York the business of counterfeiting bank-notes, and unctuously thanking God in their letters for their success in the business, will be slow to join in the outcries of refugees of doubtful standing claiming to be suffering persecution on account of race, religion, or political opinion.

Nor are Russian-Americans the only persons who weary an American representative. One morning a card was brought in bearing an undoubted American name, and presently there followed it a tall raw-boned man with long flaxen hair, who began orating to me as follows: "Sir, you are an ambassador from the President of the United States; I am an ambassador from God Almighty. I am sent here to save the Emperor. He is a good man; he is followed up by bad men who seek his life; I can save him; I will be his cup-bearer; *I will drive his team.*" This latter conception of the Emperor's means of locomotion struck me as naïve, especially in view of the fact that near my house was an immense structure filled with magnificent horses for the Emperor and court—a veritable equine palace. "Yes," said my visitor; "I will drive the Emperor's team. I want you to introduce me to him immediately." My answer was that it was not so easy to secure a presentation to the Emperor, offhand; that considerable time would be necessary in any case. To this my visitor answered: "I must see him at once; I am invited to come by the Empress." On my asking when he received this

invitation, he said that it was given him on board the steamer between New York and Hamburg, her Majesty and her children being the only other passengers besides himself in the second-class cabin. To this I said that there must certainly be some mistake; that her Majesty rarely, if ever, traveled on public lines of steamers; that if she had done so, she certainly would not have been a passenger in the second cabin. To this he answered that he was absolutely certain that it was the Empress who had given him the invitation and urged him to come and save the Emperor's life. On my asking him the date of this invitation, he looked through his diary and found it. At this, sending for a file of the official newspaper of St. Petersburg, I showed him that on the day named her Majesty was receiving certain officials at the palace in St. Petersburg; whereat he made an answer which for the moment threw me completely off my balance. He said, "Sir, I have lived long enough not to believe everything I see in the newspapers."

I quieted him as best I could, but on returning to his hotel he indulged in some very boisterous conduct, one of the minor features of which was throwing water in the faces of the waiters; so that, fearing lest actions like this and his loud utterances regarding the Emperor and Empress might get him into trouble, I wrote a friendly letter to the prefect of St. Petersburg, stating the case, and asking that, if it was thought best to arrest the man, he should be placed in some comfortable retreat for the insane and be well cared for until I could communicate with his friends in America. Accordingly, a day or two afterward, a handsome carriage drove up to the door of his hotel, bearing two kindly gentlemen, who invited him to accompany them. Taking it for granted that he was to be escorted to the palace to meet his Majesty, he went without making any objections, and soon found himself in commodious rooms and most kindly treated.

It being discovered that he was an excellent pianist, a grand piano was supplied him; and he was very happy

in his musical practice, and in the thought that he was lodged in the palace and would soon communicate his message to the Emperor. At various times I called upon him and found him convinced that his great mission would soon be accomplished; but after a week or ten days he began to have doubts, and said to me that he distrusted the Russians and would prefer to go on and deliver a message with which he was charged to the Emperor of China. On my showing him sundry difficulties, he said that at any rate there was one place where he would certainly be well received—Marlborough House in London; that he was sure the Prince of Wales would welcome him heartily. At last, means having been obtained from his friends, I sought to forward him from St. Petersburg; but, as no steamers thence would take a lunatic, I sent my private secretary with him to Helsingfors, and thence secured his passage to America.

A very curious feature in the case, as told me afterward by a gentleman who traveled in the same steamer, was that this American delighted the company day after day with his music, and that no one ever saw anything out of the way in his utterances or conduct. He seemed to have forgotten all about his great missions and to have become absorbed in his piano.

Among the things to which special and continued attention had to be given by the legation was the Chicago Exposition. I was naturally desirous to see it a success; indeed, it was my duty to do everything possible to promote it. The magnificent plans which the Chicago people had developed and were carrying out with such wonderful energy interested thinking Russians. But presently came endeavors which might easily have brought the whole enterprise into disrepute; for some of the crankish persons who always hang on the skirts of such enterprises had been allowed to use official stationery, and they had begun writing letters, and even instructions, to American diplomatic agents abroad.

The first of these which attracted my attention was one

requesting me to ask the Empress to write a book in the shape of a "Report on Women's Work in Russia," careful instructions being given as to how and at what length she must write it.

A letter also came from one of these quasi-officials at Chicago, not requesting, but instructing, me to ask the Emperor to report to his bureau on the condition of the empire; funnily enough, this "instruction" was evidently one of several, and they had been ground out so carelessly that the one which I was instructed to deliver to the Emperor was addressed to the "King of Holland." It was thus made clear that this important personage at Chicago, who usurped the functions of the Secretary of State, had not even taken the trouble to find out that there was no such person as a "King of Holland," the personage whom he vaguely had in mind being, no doubt, the Queen Regent of the Netherlands.

Soon there followed another of these quasi-instructions, showing another type of crankishness. Beginning with the weighty statement that "the school-boys of every country are the future men of that country," it went on with a declaration that it had been decided to hold a convention of the school-children of the world at Chicago, in connection with the Exposition, and ended by instructing me to invite to its deliberations the school-children of Russia. Of course I took especial care not to communicate any of these things to any Russian: to have done so would have made the Exposition, instead of the admiration, the laughing-stock of the empire; but I wrote a letter to the assistant secretary of state, Mr. Quincy, who presently put an end to these vagaries.

One is greatly struck in Russia by the number of able and gifted men and women scattered through Russian society, and at the remarkable originality of some of them. The causes of this originality I touch in my chapter on Tolstoi.

It was a duty as well as a pleasure for me to keep up my acquaintance with persons worth knowing; and, while

many of the visits thus made were perfunctory and tedious, some were especially gratifying. My rule was, after office hours in the afternoon, to get into the open sledge; to make my visits; and as a result, of course, to see and hear a vast deal of frivolity and futility, but, from time to time, more important things.

The entertainments given by wealthy Russian nobles to the diplomatic corps were by no means so frequent or so lavish as of old. Two reasons were assigned for this, one being the abolition of the serf system, which had impoverished the nobility, and the other the fact that the Emperor Alexander III had set the fashion of paying less attention to foreigners than had formerly been the custom.

The main hospitalities, so far as the Emperor and Empress were concerned, were the great festivities at the Winter Palace, beginning on the Russian New Year's day, which was twelve days later than ours. The scene was most brilliant. The vast halls were filled with civil and military officials from all parts of the empire, in the most gorgeous costumes, an especially striking effect being produced by the caftans, or long coats, of the various Cossack regiments, the armor and helmets of the Imperial Guards, and the old Russian costumes of the ladies. All of the latter, on this occasion, from the Empress down, wore these costumes: there was great variety in these; but their main features were the *kakoshniks*, or ornamental crowns, and the tunics in bright colors.

The next of these great ceremonies at the Winter Palace was the blessing of the waters upon the 8th of January. The diplomatic corps and other guests were allowed to take their places at the palace windows looking out over the Neva, and thence could see the entire procession, which, having gone down the ambassadors' staircase, appeared at a temple which had been erected over an opening in the ice of the river. The Emperor, the grand dukes, and the Archbishop of St. Petersburg, with his suffragan bishops, all took part in this ceremonial; and the

music, which was selected from the anthems of Bortniansky, was very solemn and impressive.

During the winter came court balls, and, above all, the "palm balls." The latter were, in point of brilliancy, probably beyond anything in any court of modern times. After a reception, during which the Emperor and Empress passed along the diplomatic circle, speaking to the various members, dancing began, and was continued until about midnight; then the doors were flung open into other vast halls, which had been changed into palm-groves. The palms for this purpose are very large and beautiful, four series of them being kept in the conservatories for this special purpose, each series being used one winter and then allowed to rest for three winters before it is brought out again. Under these palms the supper-tables are placed, and from fifteen hundred to two thousand people sit at these as the guests of the Czar and Czarina. These entertainments seem carried to the extreme of luxury, their only defect being their splendid monotony: only civil, military, and diplomatic officials are present, and a new-comer finds much difficulty in remembering their names. There are said to be four hundred Princes Galitzin in the empire, and I personally knew three Counts Tolstoi who did not know each other; but the great drawback is the fact that all these entertainments are exactly alike, always the same thing: merely civil and military functionaries and their families; and for strangers no occupation save to dance, play cards, talk futilities, or simply stare.

The Berlin court, though by no means so brilliant at first sight and far smaller,—since the most I ever saw in any gathering in the Imperial Schloss at the German capital was about fifteen hundred,—was really much more attractive, its greater interest arising from the presence of persons distinguished in every field. While at St. Petersburg one meets only civil and military functionaries, at Berlin one meets not only these, but the most prominent men in politics, science, literature, art, and the

higher ranges of agriculture, commerce, and manufacture. At St. Petersburg, when I wished to meet such men, who added to the peaceful glories of the empire, I went to their houses in the university quarter; at Berlin I met them also at court.

As to court episodes during my stay, one especially dwells in my memory. On arriving rather early one evening, I noticed a large, portly man, wearing the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and at once saw that he could be no other than Prince Victor Napoleon, the Bonaparte heir to the crown of France. Though he was far larger than the great Napoleon, and had the eyes of his mother, Princess Clothilde, his likeness to his father, Prince Napoleon ("Plon-Plon"), whom I had seen years before at Paris, was very marked. Presently his brother, who had just arrived from his regiment in the Caucasus, came up and began conversation with him. Both seemed greatly vexed at something. On the arrival of the Italian ambassador, he naturally went up and spoke to the prince, who was the grandson of King Victor Emmanuel; but the curious thing was that the French ambassador, Count de Montebello, and the prince absolutely cut each other. Neither seemed to have the remotest idea that the other was in the room, and this in spite of the fact that the Montebellos are descended from Jean Lannes, the stable-boy whom Napoleon made a marshal of France and Duke of Montebello, thus founding the family to which the French ambassador belonged. The show of coolness on the part of the imperial family evidently vexed the French pretender. He was, indeed, allowed to enter the room behind the imperial train; but he was not permitted to sit at the imperial table, being relegated to a distant and very modest seat. I was informed that, though the Emperor could, and did, have the prince to dine with him in private, he felt obliged, in view of the relations between Russia and the French Republic, to carefully avoid any special recognition of him in public.

A far more brilliant visitor was the Ameer of Bokhara!

I have already spoken of the way in which he was placed upon the throne by General Annenkoff. He now came to visit the Czar as his suzerain, and with him came his eldest son and a number of his great men. The satrap himself was a singular combination of splendor and stoicism, wearing a gorgeous dress covered with enormous jewels, and observing the brilliant scenes about him with hardly ever a word. Even when he took his place at the table beside the Empress he was very uncommunicative. Facing the imperial table sat his great men; and their embarrassment was evident, one special source of it being clearly their small acquaintance with European table utensils. The Ameer brought to St. Petersburg splendid presents of gold and jewels, after the Oriental fashion, and also the heir to his throne, whom he left as a sort of hostage to be educated at the capital.

An eminent Russian who was in very close relations with the Ameer gave me some account of this young man. Although he was then perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age, he was, as regards conduct, a mere baby, bursting out into loud boohooing the first time he was presented to the Emperor, and showing himself very immature in various ways. Curiously enough, when he was taken to the cadet school he was found to be unable to walk for any considerable distance. He had always been made to squat and be carried, and the first thing to be done toward making him a Russian officer was to train him in using his legs. He took an especial fancy to bicycles: in the park attached to the cadet school he became very proficient in the use of them; and, returning to Bokhara at his first vacation, he took with him, not only a bicycle for himself, but another for his brother. Shortly after his home-coming, the Ameer and court being assembled, he gave a display of his powers; but, to his great mortification, the Ameer was disgusted: the idea that the heir to the throne should be seen working his way in this fashion was contrary to all the ideas of that potentate, and he ordered the bicycles to be at once destroyed. But on the young man's

return to St. Petersburg he bought another; resumed his exercises upon it; and will, no doubt, when he comes to the throne, introduce that form of locomotion into the Mohammedan regions of Northern Asia.

Among the greater displays of my final year were a wedding and a funeral. The former was that of the Emperor's eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia, at Peterhof. It was very brilliant, and was conducted after the usual Russian fashion, its most curious features being the leading of the couple about the altar and their drinking out of the same cup.

Coming from the ceremony in the chapel, we of the diplomatic corps found ourselves, at the foot of the great staircase, in a crush. But just at the side was a large door of plate-glass opening upon an outer gallery communicating with other parts of the palace; and standing guard at this door was one of the "Nubians" whom I had noticed, from time to time, at the Winter Palace—an enormous creature, very black, very glossy, with the most brilliant costume possible. I had heard much of these "Nubians," and had been given to understand that they had been brought from Central Africa by special command. At great assemblages in the imperial palaces, just before the doors were flung open for the entrance of the Majesties and their cortège, two great black hands were always to be seen put through the doors, ready to open them in an instant—the hands of two of these "Nubians." I had built up in my mind quite a structure of romance regarding them, and now found myself in the crush at the foot of the grand staircase near one of them. As I looked up at him he said to me, with deferential compassion, "If you please, sah, would n't you like to git out of de crowd, sah, through dis yere doah?" By his dialect he was evidently one of my own compatriots, and, though in a sort of daze at this discovery, I mechanically accepted his invitation; whereupon he opened the door, let us through, and kept back the crowd.

Splendid, too, in its way, was the funeral of the Grand

Duchess Catherine at the Fortress Church. It was very impressive, almost as much so as the funeral of the Emperor Nicholas, which I had attended at the same place nearly forty years before. The Emperor Alexander III, with his brothers, had followed the hearse and coffin on foot, and his Majesty was evidently greatly fatigued. Soon he retired to take rest, and then it was that we began to have the first suspicion of his fatal illness. Up to that time there had been skepticism. Very few had thought it possible that a man of such giant frame and strength could be seriously ill, but now there could be no doubt of it. Standing near him, I noticed his pallor and evident fatigue, and was not surprised that he twice left the place, in order, evidently, to secure rest. There was need of it. In the Russian Church the rule is that all must stand, and all of us stood from about ten in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon; but two high officials covered with gold lace and orders, bearing tapers by the side of the grand duchess's coffin, toppled over from exhaustion and were removed.

As to other spectacles, one of the most splendid was the midnight mass on Easter eve. At my former visit I had seen this at the Kazan Church; now we went to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. The ceremony was brilliant almost beyond conception, as in the old days; the music was heavenly; and, as the clocks struck twelve, the cannons of the fortress of Peter and Paul boomed forth, all the bells of the city began chiming, and a light, appearing at the extreme end of the church, seemed to run in all directions through the vast assemblage, and presently all seemed ablaze. Every person in the church was holding a taper, and within a few moments all of these had been lighted.

Most beautiful of all was the music at another of these Easter ceremonies, when the choristers, robed in white, came forth from the sanctuary and sang hymns by the side of the empty sepulcher under the dome.

The singing by the choirs in Russia is, in many respects, more beautiful than similar music in any other part of

the world, save that of the cathedral choir of Berlin at its best. I have heard the Sistine, Pauline, and Lateran choirs at Rome; and they are certainly far inferior to these Russian singers. No instrumental music is allowed, and no voices of women. The choristers are men and boys. There are several fine choirs in St. Petersburg, but three are famous: that of the Emperor at the Winter Palace Chapel, that of the Archbishop at the Cathedral of St. Isaac, and that of the Nevski Monastery. Occasionally there were concerts when all were combined, and nothing in its way could be more perfect.

Operatic music also receives careful attention. Enormous subsidies are given to secure the principal singers of Europe at the Italian, French, and German theaters; but the most lavish outlay is upon the national opera: it is considered a matter of patriotism to maintain it at the highest point possible. The Russian Opera House is an enormous structure, and the finest piece which I saw given there was Glinka's "Life for the Czar." Being written by a Russian, on a patriotic subject, and from an ultra-loyal point of view, everything had been done to mount it in the most superb way possible: never have I seen more wonderful scenic effects, the whole culminating in the return of one of the old fighting czars to the Kremlin after his struggle with the Poles. The stage was enormous and the procession magnificent. The personages in it were the counterparts, as regarded dress, of the persons they represented, exact copies having been made of the robes and ornaments of the old Muscovite boyards, as preserved in the Kremlin Museum; and at the close of this procession came a long line of horses, in the most superb trappings imaginable, attended by guards and outriders in liveries of barbaric splendor, and finally the imperial coach. We were enabled to catch sight of the Cossack guards on the front of it, when, just as the body of the coach was coming into view, down came the curtain. This was the result of a curious prohibition, enforced in all theaters in Russia: on no account is it

permitted to represent the sacred person of any emperor upon the stage.

As to other music, very good concerts were occasionally given, the musicians being generally from Western Europe.

Very pleasant were sundry excursions, especially during the long summer twilight; and among these were serenade parties given by various members of the diplomatic corps. In a trim steam-yacht, and carrying singers with us, we sailed among the islands in the midnight hours, stopping, from time to time, to greet friends occupying cottages there.

As to excursions in the empire, I have already given, in my chapter on Tolstoi, some account of my second visit to Moscow; and a more complete account is reserved for a chapter on "Sundry Excursions and Experiences." The same may be said, also, regarding an excursion taken, during one of my vacations, in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

In 1893, a new administration having brought into power the party opposed to my own, I tendered to President Cleveland my resignation, and, in the full expectation that it would be accepted, gave up my apartment; but as, instead of an acceptance, there came a very kind indication of the President's confidence, good-will, and preference for my continuance at my post, I remained in the service a year longer, occupying my odds and ends of time in finishing my book. Then, feeling the need of going elsewhere to revise it, I wrote the President, thanking him for his confidence and kindness, but making my resignation final, and naming the date when it would be absolutely necessary for me to leave Russia. A very kind letter from him was the result; the time I had named was accepted; and on the 1st of November, 1894, to my especial satisfaction, I was once more free from official duty.

CHAPTER XXXIX

AS MEMBER OF THE VENEZUELA COMMISSION—1895–1896

EARLY one morning, just at the end of 1895, as I was at work before the blazing fire in my library at the university, the winter storms howling outside, a card was brought in bearing the name of Mr. Hamlin, assistant secretary of the treasury of the United States. While I was wondering what, at that time of the year, could have brought a man from such important duties in Washington to the bleak hills of central New York, he entered, and soon made known his business, which was to tender me, on the part of President Cleveland, a position upon the commission which had been authorized by Congress to settle the boundary between the republic of Venezuela and British Guiana.

The whole matter had attracted great attention, not only in the United States, but throughout the world. The appointment of the commission was the result of a chain of circumstances very honorable to the President, to his Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, and to Congress. For years the Venezuelan government had been endeavoring to establish a frontier between its territory and that of its powerful neighbor, but without result; and meantime the British boundary seemed to be pushed more and more into the territory of the little Spanish-American republic. For years, too, Venezuela had appealed to the United States, and the United States had appealed to Great Britain. American secretaries of state and ambassadors at the Court of St. James had "trusted," and "regretted,"

and had "the honor to renew assurances of their most distinguished consideration"; but all in vain. At last the matter had been presented by Secretary Olney to the government of Lord Salisbury; and now, to Mr. Olney's main despatch on the subject, Lord Salisbury, after some months' delay, had returned an answer declining arbitration, and adding that international law did not recognize the Monroe Doctrine. This seemed even more than cool; for, when one remembered that the Monroe Doctrine was at first laid down with the approval of Great Britain, that it was glorified in Parliament and in the British press of 1823 and the years following, and that Great Britain had laid down policies in various parts of the earth, especially in the Mediterranean and in the far East, which she insisted that all other powers should respect without reference to any sanction by international law, this argument seemed almost insulting.

So it evidently seemed to Mr. Cleveland. Probably no man less inclined to demagogism or to a policy of adventure ever existed; but as he looked over the case his American instincts were evidently aroused. He saw then, what is clear to everybody now, that it was the time of all times for laying down, distinctly and decisively, the American doctrine on the subject. He did so, and in a message to Congress proposed that, since Great Britain would not intrust the finding of a boundary to arbitration, the United States should appoint commissioners to find what the proper boundary was, and then, having ascertained it, should support its sister American republic in maintaining it.

Of course the President was attacked from all sides most bitterly; even those called "the better element" in the Republican and Democratic parties, who had been his ardent supporters, now became his bitter enemies. He was charged with "demagogism" and "jingoism," but he kept sturdily on. Congress, including the great body of the Republicans, supported him; the people at large stood by him; and, as a result, a commission to determine

the boundary was appointed and began its work in Washington, the commissioners being, in the order named by the President, David J. Brewer of Kansas, a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Chief Justice Alvey of the District of Columbia; Andrew D. White of New York; F. R. Coudert, an eminent member of the New York bar; and Daniel C. Gilman of Maryland, President of Johns Hopkins University.

On our arrival in Washington there was much discouragement among us. We found ourselves in a jungle of geographical and legal questions, with no clue in sight leading anywhither. The rights of Great Britain had been derived, in 1815, from the Netherlands; the rights of Venezuela had been derived, about 1820, from Spain; but to find the boundary separating the two in that vast territory, mainly unsettled, between the Orinoco and the Essequibo rivers, seemed impossible.

The original rights of the Netherlands had been derived from Spain by the treaty of Münster in 1648; and on examining that enormous document, which settled weighty questions in various parts of the world, after the life-and-death struggle, religious, political, and military, which had gone on for nearly eighty years, one little clause arrested our attention: that, namely, in which the Spaniards, despite their bitter hatred of the Dutch, agreed that the latter might carry on warlike operations against "certain other people" with reference to territorial rights in America. These "certain other people" were not precisely indicated; and we hoped, by finding who they were, to get a clue to the fundamental facts of the case. Straightway two of our three lawyers, Mr. Justice Brewer and Mr. Coudert, grappled on this question, one of them taking the ground that these "other people" referred to were the Caribbean Indians who had lived just south of the mouth of the Orinoco, and had been friendly to the Dutch but implacable toward the Spaniards, and that their territory was to be considered as virtually Dutch, and, therefore, as having passed finally to England. But the

other disputant insisted that it referred to the Brazilians and had no relation to the question with which we had to deal. During two whole sessions this ground was fought over in a legal way by these gentlemen, with great acumen, the rest of us hardly putting in a word.

At the beginning of the third session I ventured a remonstrance, saying that it was a historical, and not a legal, question; that it could not possibly be settled by legal argument; that the first thing to know was why the clause was inserted in the treaty, and that the next thing was to find, from the whole history leading up to it, who those "other persons" thus vaguely referred to and left by the Spaniards to the tender mercies of the Dutch might be; and I insisted that this, being a historical question, must be solved by historical experts. The commission acknowledged the justice of this; and on my nomination we called to our aid Mr. George Lincoln Burr, professor of history in Cornell University. It is not at all the very close friendship which has existed for so many years between us which prompts the assertion that, of all historical scholars I have ever known, he is among the very foremost, by his powers of research, his tenacity of memory, his almost preternatural accuracy, his ability to keep the whole field of investigation in his mind, and his fidelity to truth and justice. He was set at the problem, and given access to the libraries of Congress and of the State Department, as also to the large collections of books and maps which had been placed at the disposal of the commission. Of these the most important were those of Harvard University and the University of Wisconsin. Curious as it may seem, this latter institution, far in the interior of our country, possesses a large and most valuable collection of maps relating to the colonization history of South America. Within two weeks Professor Burr reported, and never did a report give more satisfaction. He had unraveled, historically, the whole mystery, and found that, the government of Brazil having played false to both Spaniards and Dutch, Spain had allowed the

Netherlands to take vengeance for the vexations of both. We also had the exceedingly valuable services, as to maps and early colonization history, of Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University, eminent both as historian and geographer, and of Professor Jameson of Brown University, who had also distinguished himself in these fields. Besides these, Mr. Marcus Baker of the United States Coast Survey aided us, from day to day, in mapping out any territories that we wished especially to study.

All this work was indispensable. At the very beginning of our sessions there had been laid before us the first of a series of British Blue Books on the whole subject; and, with all my admiration for the better things in British history, politics, and life, candor compels me to say that it was anything but creditable to the men immediately responsible for it. It made several statements that were absolutely baseless, and sought to rest them upon authorities which, when examined, were found not to bear in the slightest degree the interpretation put upon them. I must confess that nothing, save, perhaps, the conduct of British "experts" regarding the Behring Sea question, has ever come so near shaking my faith in "British fair play." Nor were the American commissioners alone in judging this document severely. Critics broke forth, even in the London "Times," denouncing it, until it was supplanted by another, which was fair and just.

I, of course, impute nothing to the leading British statesmen who had charge of the whole Venezuelan question. The culprits were, undoubtedly, sundry underlings whose zeal outran their honesty. They apparently thought that in the United States, which they probably considered as new, raw, and too much engaged in dollar-hunting to produce scholars, their citations from authorities more or less difficult of access would fail to be critically examined. But their conduct was soon exposed, and even their principals joined in repudiating some of their fundamental statements. Professor Burr was sent abroad, and at The Hague was able to draw treasures from the library

and archives regarding the old Dutch occupation and to send a mass of important material for our deliberations. In London also he soon showed his qualities, and these were acknowledged even by some leading British geographers. The latter had at first seemed inclined to indulge in what a German might call "tendency" geography; but the clearness, earnestness, and honesty of our agent soon gained their respect, and, after that, the investigators of both sides worked harmoniously together. While the distinguished lawyers above named had main charge of the legal questions, President Gilman, who had in his early life been professor of physical and general geography at Yale, was given charge of the whole matter of map-seeking and -making; and to me, with the others, was left the duty of studying and reporting upon the material as brought in. Taking up my residence at Washington, I applied myself earnestly to reading through masses of books, correspondence, and other documents, and studied maps until I felt as if I had lived in the country concerned and was personally acquainted with the Dutch governors on the Cuyuni and the Spanish monks on the Orinoco. As a result lines more or less tentative were prepared by each of us, Judge Brewer and myself agreeing very closely, and the others not being very distant from us at any important point. One former prime minister of Great Britain I learned, during this investigation, to respect greatly,—Lord Aberdeen, whom I well remembered as discredited and driven from power during my stay in Russia at the time of the Crimean War. He was wise enough in those days to disbelieve in war with Russia, and to desire a solution of the Turkish problem by peace, but was overruled, and the solution was attempted by a war most costly in blood and treasure, which was apparently successful, but really a failure. He was driven from his post with ignominy; and I well remembered seeing a very successful cartoon in "Punch" at that period, representing him, wearing coronet and mantle and fast asleep, at the helm of the ship of state, which was

rolling in the trough of the sea and apparently about to founder.

Since that time his wisdom has, I think, been recognized; and I am now glad to acknowledge the fact that, of all the many British statesmen who dealt with the Venezuelan question, he was clearly the most just. The line he drew seemed to me the fairest possible. He did not attempt to grasp the mouth of the Orinoco, nor did he meander about choice gold-fields or valuable strategic points, seeking to include them. The Venezuelans themselves had shown willingness to accept his proposal; but alleged, as their reason for not doing so, that the British government had preached to them regarding their internal policy so offensively that self-respect forbade them to acquiesce in any part of it.

Toward this Aberdeen line we tended more and more; and in the sequel we heard, with very great satisfaction, that the Arbitration Tribunal at Paris had practically adopted this line, which we of the commission had virtually agreed upon. It need hardly be stated that, each side having at the beginning of the arbitration claimed the whole vast territory between the Orinoco and the Essequibo, neither was quite satisfied with the award. But I believe it to be thoroughly just, and that it forms a most striking testimony to the value of international arbitration in such questions, as a means, not only of preserving international peace, but of arriving at substantial justice.

Our deliberations and conclusions were, of course, kept secret. It was of the utmost importance that nothing should get out regarding them. Our sessions were delayed and greatly prolonged, partly on account of the amount of work to be done in studying the many questions involved, and partly because we hoped that, more and more, British opinion would tend to the submission of the whole question to the judgment of a proper international tribunal; and that Lord Salisbury, the prime minister, who, in his rather cynical, "Saturday-Review," high-Tory way, had scouted the idea of arbitration,

would at last be brought to it. Of course, every thinking Englishman looked with uneasiness toward the possibility that a line might be laid down by the United States which it would feel obliged to maintain, and which would necessitate its supporting Venezuela, at all hazards, against Great Britain.

The statesmanship of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney finally triumphed. Most fortunately for both parties, Great Britain had at Washington a most eminent diplomatist, whose acquaintance I then made, but whom I afterward came to know, respect, and admire even more during the Peace Conference at The Hague—Sir Julian, afterward Lord, Pauncefote. His wise counsels prevailed; Lord Salisbury receded from his position; Great Britain agreed to arbitration; and the question entered into a new stage, which was finally ended by the award of the Arbitration Tribunal at Paris, presided over by M. de Martens of St. Petersburg, and having on its bench the chief justices of the two nations and two of the most eminent judges of their highest courts. It is with pride and satisfaction that I find their award agreeing, substantially, with the line which, after so much trouble, our own commission had worked out. Arbitration having been decided upon, our commission refrained from laying down a frontier-line, but reported a mass of material, some fourteen volumes in all, with an atlas containing about seventy-five maps, all of which formed a most valuable contribution to the material laid before the Court of Arbitration at Paris.

It was a happy solution of the whole question, and it was a triumph of American diplomacy in the cause of right and justice.

I may mention, in passing, one little matter which throws light upon a certain disgraceful system to which I have had occasion to refer at various other times in these memoirs; and I do so now in the hope of keeping people thinking upon one of the most wretched abuses in the United States. I have said above that we were, of course,

obliged to maintain the strictest secrecy. To have allowed our conclusions to get out would have thwarted the whole purpose of the investigation; but a person who claimed to represent one of the leading presses in Washington seemed to think that consideration of no special importance, and came to our rooms, virtually insisting on receiving information. Having been told that it could not be given him, he took his revenge by inserting a sensational paragraph in the papers regarding the extravagance of the commission. He informed the world that we were expending large sums of public money in costly furniture, in rich carpets, and especially in splendid silverware. The fact was that the rooms were furnished very simply, with plain office furniture, with cheap carpets, and with a safe for locking up the more precious documents intrusted to us and such papers as it was important to keep secret. The "silverware" consisted of two very plain plated jugs for ice-water; and I may add that after our adjournment the furniture was so wisely sold that very nearly the whole expenditure for it was returned into the treasury.

These details would be utterly trivial were it not that, with others which I have given in other places, they indicate that prostitution of the press to sensation-mongering which the American people should realize and reprove.

While I have not gone into minor details of our work, I have thought that thus much might be interesting. Of course, had these reminiscences been written earlier, this sketch of the interior history of the commission would have been omitted; but now, the award of the Paris tribunal having been made, there is no reason why secrecy should be longer maintained. Never, before that award, did any of us, I am sure, indicate to any person what our view as to the line between the possessions of Venezuela and Great Britain was; but now we may do so, and I feel that all concerned may be congratulated on the fact that two tribunals, each seeking to do justice, united on the same line, and that line virtually the same which one of

the most just of British statesmen had approved many years before.

During this Venezuela work in Washington I made acquaintance with many leading men in politics; and among those who interested me most was Mr. Carlisle of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury. He had been member of Congress, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and senator, and was justly respected and admired. Perhaps the most peculiar tribute that I ever heard paid to a public man was given him once in the House of Representatives by my friend Mr. Hiscock, then representative, and afterward senator, from the State of New York. Seated by his side in the House, and noting the rulings of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker, I asked, "What sort of man is this Speaker of yours?" Mr. Hiscock answered, "As you know, he is one of the strongest of Democrats, and I am one of the strongest of Republicans; yet I will say this: that my imagination is not strong enough to conceive of his making an unfair ruling or doing an unfair thing against the party opposed to him in this House."

Mr. Carlisle's talents were of a very high order. His speeches carried great weight; and in the campaign which came on later between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, he, in my opinion, and indeed in the opinion, I think, of every leading public man, did a most honorable thing when he deliberately broke from his party, sacrificed, apparently, all hopes of political preferment, and opposed the regular Democratic candidate. His speech before the working-men of Chicago on the issues of that period was certainly one of the two most important delivered during the first McKinley campaign, the other being that of Carl Schurz.

Another man whom I saw from time to time during this period was the Vice-President, Mr. Stevenson. I first met him at a public dinner in New York, where we sat side by side; but we merely talked on generalities. But the next time I met him was at a dinner given by the Secretary of War, and there I found that he was one of the most ad-

mirable raconteurs I had ever met. After a series of admirable stories, one of the party said to me: "He could tell just as good stories as those for three weeks running and never repeat himself."

One of these stories by the Vice-President, if true, threw a curious light over the relations of President Lincoln with three men very distinguished in American annals. It was as follows: One day, shortly before the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation, a visitor, finding Mr. Lincoln evidently in melancholy mood, said to him, "Mr. President, I am sorry to find you not feeling so well as at my last visit." Mr. Lincoln replied: "Yes, I am troubled. One day the best of our friends from the border States come in and insist that I shall not issue an Emancipation Proclamation, and that, if I do so, the border States will virtually cast in their lot with the Southern Confederacy. Another day, Charles Sumner, Thad Stevens, and Ben Wade come in and insist that if I do not issue such a proclamation the North will be utterly discouraged and the Union wrecked,—and, by the way, these three men are coming in this very afternoon." At this moment his expression changed, his countenance lighted up, and he said to the visitor, who was from the West, "Mr. ——, did you ever go to a prairie school?" "No," said the visitor, "I never did." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I did, and it was a very poor school, and we were very poor folks,—too poor to have regular reading-books, and so we brought our Bibles and read from them. One morning the chapter was from the Book of Daniel, and a little boy who sat next me went all wrong in pronouncing the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The teacher had great difficulty in setting him right, and before he succeeded was obliged to scold the boy and cuff him for his stupidity. The next verse came to me, and so the chapter went along down the class. Presently it started on its way back, and soon after I noticed that the little fellow began crying. On this I asked him, 'What 's the matter with you?' and he answered,

'Don't you see? Them three miserable cusses are coming back to me again.' "

I also at that period made the acquaintance of Senator Gray of Delaware, who seemed to me ideally fitted for his position as a member of the Upper House in Congress. Speaker Reed also made a great impression upon me as a man of honesty, lucidity, and force. The Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, I saw frequently, and was always impressed by the sort of bulldog tenacity which had gained his victory over Lord Salisbury in the arbitration matter.

But to give even the most hasty sketch of the members of the Supreme Court, the cabinet, and of both houses of Congress whom I met would require more time than is at my disposal.

This stay in Washington I enjoyed much. Our capital city is becoming the seat of a refined hospitality which makes it more and more attractive. Time was, and that not very long since, when it was looked upon as a place of exile by diplomatists, and as repulsive by many of our citizens; but all that is of the past: the courtesy shown by its inhabitants is rapidly changing its reputation.

Perhaps, of all the social enjoyments of that time, the most attractive to me was an excursion of the American Geographical Society to Monticello, the final residence of President Jefferson. Years before, while visiting the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, I had been intensely interested in that creation of Mr. Jefferson and in the surroundings of his home; but the present occupant of Monticello, having been greatly annoyed by visitors, was understood to be reluctant to allow any stranger to enter the mansion, and I would not intrude upon him. But now house and grounds were freely thrown open, and upon a delightful day. The house itself was a beautiful adaptation of the architecture which had reached its best development at the time of Jefferson's stay in France; and the decorations, like those which I had noted years before in some of the rooms of the university, were of an exquisite Louis Seize character.

Jefferson's peculiarities, also, came out in various parts of the house. Perhaps the most singular was his bed, occupying the whole space of an archway between two rooms, one of which, on the left, served as a dressing-room for him, and the other, on the right, for Mrs. Jefferson; and, there being no communication between them save by a long circuit through various rooms, it was evident that the ex-President had made up his mind that he would not have his intimate belongings interfered with by any of the women of the household, not even by his wife.

But most attractive of all was the view through the valleys and over the neighboring hills as we sat at our picnic-tables on the lawn. Having read with care every line of Jefferson's letters ever published, and some writings of his which have never been printed, my imagination was vivid. It enabled me to see him walking through the rooms and over the estate, receiving distinguished guests under the portico, discussing with them at his dinner-table the great questions of the day, and promulgating his theories, some of which were so beneficent and others so noxious.

The only sad part of this visit was to note the destruction, by the fire not long before, of the columns in front of the rotunda of the university. I especially mourned over the calcined remains of their capitals, for into these Jefferson had really wrought his own heart. With a passion for the modern adaptation of classic architecture, he had poured the very essence of his artistic feelings into them. He longed to see every stroke which his foreign sculptors made upon them. Daily, according to the chronicle of the time, he rode over to see how they progressed, and, between his visits, frequently observed them through his telescope; and now all their work was but calcined limestone. Fortunately, the burning of the old historical buildings aroused public spirit; large sums of money were poured into the university treasury; and the work was in process which, it is to be hoped, will restore the former

beauty of the colonnade and largely increase the buildings and resources of the institution.

During my work upon the commission I learned to respect more and more the calm, steady, imperturbable character of Mr. Cleveland. Of course the sensational press howled continually, and the press which was considered especially enlightened and which had steadily supported him up to this period, was hardly less bitter; but he persevered. During the period taken by the commission for its work, both the American and British peoples had time for calm thought. Lord Salisbury, especially, had time to think better of it; and when he at last receded from his former haughty position and accepted arbitration, Mr. Cleveland and the State Department gained one of the most honorable victories in the history of American diplomacy.

CHAPTER XL

AS AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY—1897-1903

ON the 1st of April, 1897, President McKinley nominated me ambassador to Berlin; and, the appointment having been duly confirmed by the Senate, I visited Washington to obtain instructions and make preparations. One of the most important of these preparations was the securing of a second secretary for the embassy. A long list of applicants for this position had appeared, several with strong backing from party magnates, cabinet officers, and senators; but, though all of them seemed excellent young men, very few had as yet any experience likely to be serviceable, and a look over the list suggested many misgivings. There was especially needed just then at Berlin a second secretary prepared to aid in disentangling sundry important questions already before the embassy. The first secretary, whom no person thought of displacing, was ideally fitted for his place—in fact, was fitted for any post in the diplomatic service; but a second secretary was needed to take, as an expert, a mass of work on questions relating to commerce and manufactures which were just then arising between the two nations in shapes new and even threatening.

While the whole matter was under advisement, there appeared a young man from Ohio, with no backing of any sort save his record. He had distinguished himself at one of our universities as a student in political economy and international law; had then taken a fellowship in the same field at another university; and had finally gone to Ger-

many and there taken his degree, his graduating thesis being on "The Commercial and Diplomatic Relations between the United States and Germany." In preparing this he had been allowed to work up a mass of material in our embassy archives, and had afterward expanded his thesis into a book which had gained him credit. As the most serious questions between the two countries were commercial, he seemed a godsend; and, going to the President, I stated the matter fully. Though the young man was as far as possible from having any "pull" in the State from which he came, was not at all known either to the President or the Secretary of State or assistant secretary of state, all of whom came from Ohio, and was equally unknown to either of the Ohio senators or to any representative, and though nothing whatever was known of his party affiliations, the President, on hearing a statement of the case, ignored all pressure in favor of rival candidates, sent in his nomination to the Senate, and it was duly confirmed.

The next thing was the appointment of a military attaché. The position is by no means a sinecure. Our government must always feel the importance of receiving the latest information as to the armies and navies of the great powers of the world; and therefore it is that, very wisely, it has attached military and naval experts to various leading embassies. It is important that these be not only thoroughly instructed and far-seeing, but gentlemen in the truest sense of the word; and I therefore presented a graduate of West Point who, having conducted an expedition in Alaska and served with his regiment on the Western plains most creditably, had done duty as military attaché with me during my mission at St. Petersburg, and had proved himself, in every respect, admirable. Though he had no other supporter at the national capital, the Secretary of War, Governor Alger, granted my request, and he was appointed.

These matters, to many people apparently trivial, are here alluded to because it is so often charged that political

considerations outweigh all others in such appointments, and because this charge was frequently made against President McKinley. The simple fact is that, with the multitude of nominations to be made, the appointing power cannot have personal knowledge of the applicants, and must ask the advice of persons who have known them and can, to some extent, be held responsible for them. In both the cases above referred to, political pressure of the strongest in favor of other candidates went for nothing against the ascertained interest of the public service.

The Secretary of State at this time was Mr. John Sherman. I had known him somewhat during his career as senator and Secretary of the Treasury, and had for his character, abilities, and services the most profound respect. I now saw him often. He had become somewhat infirm, but his mind seemed still clear; whether at the State Department or in social circles his reminiscences of public men and affairs were always interesting, and one of these confirmed an opinion I have expressed in another chapter. One night, at a dinner-party, the discussion having fallen upon President Andrew Johnson, and some slighting remarks having been made regarding him by one of our company, Mr. Sherman, who had been one of President Johnson's strongest opponents, declared him a man of patriotic motives as well as of great ability, and insisted that the Republican party had made a great mistake in attempting to impeach him. In the course of the conversation one of the foremost members of the House of Representatives, a man of the highest standing and character, stated that he had himself, when a young man, aided Mr. Johnson as secretary, and that he was convinced that the ex-President could write very little more than his signature. We had all heard the old story that after he had become of age his newly wedded wife had taught him the alphabet, but it was known to very few that he remained to the last so imperfectly equipped.

Of conversations with many other leading men of that period at Washington I remember that, at the house of my

friend Dr. Hill, afterward assistant secretary of state, mention being made of the Blaine campaign, an eminent justice of the Supreme Court said that Mr. Blaine always insisted to the end of his life that he had lost the Presidency on account of the Rev. Dr. Burchard's famous alliteration, "Rum, Romanism, and rebellion," and that the whole was really a Democratic trick. Neither the judge nor any other person present believed that Mr. Blaine's opinion in this matter was well founded.

An important part of my business during this visit was to confer with the proper persons at Washington, including the German ambassador, Baron von Thielmann, regarding sundry troublesome questions between the United States and Germany. The addition to the American tariff of a duty against the sugar imports from every other country equivalent to the sugar bounty allowed manufactures in that country had led to special difficulties. It had been claimed by Germany that this additional duty was contrary to the most-favored-nation clause in our treaties; and, unfortunately, the decisions on our side had been conflicting, Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State under Mr. Cleveland, having allowed that the German contention was right, and his successor, Mr. Olney, having presented an elaborate argument to show that it was wrong. On this point, conversations, not only with the Secretary of State and the German ambassador, but with leading members of the committees of Congress having the tariff in charge, and especially with Mr. Allison and Mr. Aldrich of the Senate and Governor Dingley of the House, showed me that the case was complicated, the various interests somewhat excited against each other, and that my work in dealing with them was to be trying.

There were also several other questions no less difficult, those relating to the exportation of American products to Germany and the troubles already brewing in Samoa being especially prominent; so that it was with anything but an easy feeling that, on the 29th of May, I sailed from New York.

On the 12th of June I presented the President's letter of credence to the Emperor William II. The more important of my new relations to the sovereign had given me no misgivings; for during my stay in Berlin as minister, eighteen years before, I had found him very courteous, he being then the heir apparent; but with the ceremonial part it was otherwise, and to that I looked forward almost with dismay.

For, since my stay in Berlin, the legation had been raised to an embassy. It had been justly thought by various patriotic members of Congress that it was incompatible, either with the dignity or the interests of so great a nation as ours, to be represented simply by a minister plenipotentiary, who, when calling at the Foreign Office to transact business, might be obliged to wait for hours, and even until the next day, while representatives from much less important countries who ranked as ambassadors went in at once. The change was good, but in making it Congress took no thought of some things which ought to have been provided for. Of these I shall speak later; but as regards the presentation, the trying feature to me was that there was a great difference between this and any ceremonial which I had previously experienced, whether as commissioner at Santo Domingo and Paris, or as minister at Berlin and St. Petersburg. At the presentation of a minister plenipotentiary he goes in his own carriage to the palace at the time appointed; is ushered into the presence of the sovereign; delivers to him, with some simple speech, the autograph letter from the President; and then, after a kindly answer, all is finished. But an ambassador does not escape so easily. Under a fiction of international law he is regarded as the direct representative of the sovereign power of his country, and is treated in some sense as such. Therefore it was that, at the time appointed, a high personage of the court, in full uniform, appeared at my hotel accompanied by various other functionaries, with three court carriages, attendants, and outriders, deputed to conduct me to the palace. Having been escorted to the first of the

carriages,—myself, in plain citizen's dress, on the back seat; my escort, in gorgeous uniform, facing me; and my secretaries and attachés in the other carriages,—we took up our march in solemn procession—carriages, outriders, and all—through the Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden. On either side was a gaping crowd; at the various *corps de garde* bodies of troops came out and presented arms; and on our arrival at the palace there was a presentation of arms and beating of drums which, for the moment, somewhat abashed me. It was an ordeal more picturesque than agreeable.

The reception by the Emperor was simple, courteous, and kindly. Neither of us made any set speech, but we discussed various questions, making reference to our former meeting and the changes which had occurred since. Among these changes I referred to the great improvement in Berlin, whereupon he said that he could not think the enormous growth of modern cities an advantage. My answer was that my reference was to the happy change in the architecture of Berlin rather than to its growth in population; that, during my first stay in the city, over forty years before, nearly all the main buildings were of brick and stucco, whereas there had now been a remarkable change from stucco to stone and to a much nobler style of architecture. We also discussed the standing of Germans in America and their relations to the United States. On my remarking that it was just eighteen years and one day since the first Emperor William had received me as minister in that same palace, he spoke of various things in the history of the intervening years; and then ensued an episode such as I had hardly expected. For just before leaving New York my old friend Frederick William Holls, after a dinner at his house on the Hudson, had given his guests examples of the music written by Frederick the Great, and one piece had especially interested us. It was a duet in which Mr. Holls played one part upon the organ, and his wife another upon the piano; and all of us were greatly impressed by the dignity and beauty of the whole.

It had been brought to light and published by the present Emperor, and after the performance some one of the party remarked, in a jocose way, "You should express our thanks to his Majesty, when you meet him, for the pleasure which this music has given us." I thought nothing more of the subject until, just at the close of the conversation above referred to, it came into my mind; and on my mentioning it the Emperor showed at once a special interest, discussing the music from various points of view; and on my telling him that we were all surprised that it was not amateurish, but really profound in its harmonies and beautiful in its melodies, he dwelt upon the musical debt of Frederick the Great to Bach and the special influence of Bach upon him. This conversation recurred to me later, when the Emperor, in erecting the statue to Frederick the Great on the Avenue of Victory, placed on one side of it the bust of Marshal Schwerin, and on the other that of Johann Sebastian Bach, thus honoring the two men whom he considered most important during Frederick's reign.

After presenting my embassy secretaries and attachés, military and naval, I was conducted with them into the presence of the Empress, who won all our hearts by her kindly, unaffected greeting. On my recalling her entrance into Berlin as a bride, in her great glass coach, seventeen years before, on one of the coldest days I ever knew, she gave amusing details of her stately progress down the Linden on that occasion; and in response to my congratulations upon her six fine boys and her really charming little daughter, it was pleasant to see how

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

her eyes lighting up with pride and joy, and her conversation gladly turning to the children.

It may be added here that the present Empress seems to have broken the unfortunate spell which for about half a century hung over the queens and empresses of the house of Hohenzollern. I remember well that, among the

Germans whom I knew in my Berlin-University days, all the sins of the period, political and religious, seemed to be traced to the influence of Queen Elizabeth, the consort of the reigning King Frederick William IV; and that, during my first official stay in the same capital as minister, a similar feeling was shown toward the Empress Augusta, in spite of her most kindly qualities and her devotion to every sort of charitable work; and that the crown princess, afterward the Empress Frederick, in spite of all her endowments of head and heart, was apparently more unpopular than either of her two predecessors. But the present Empress seems to have changed all this, and, doubtless, mainly by her devotion to her husband and her children, which apparently excludes from her mind all care for the great problems of the universe outside her family. So strong is this feeling of kindness toward her that it was comical to see, at one period during my stay, when she had been brought perilously near a most unpopular course of action, that everybody turned at once upon her agent in the matter, saying nothing about her, but belaboring him unmercifully, though he was one of the most attractive of men.

These presentations being finished, our return to the Kaiserhof Hotel was made with the same ceremony as that with which we had come to the palace, and happy was I when all was over.

Of the other official visits at this time, foremost in importance was that to the chancellor of the empire, Prince Hohenlohe. Although he was then nearly eighty years old and bent with age, his mind in discussing public matters was entirely clear. Various later conversations with him also come back to me—one, especially, at a dinner he gave at the chancellor's palace to President Harrison. On my recalling the fact that we were in the room where I had first dined with Bismarck, Prince Hohenlohe gave a series of reminiscences of his great predecessor, some of them throwing a strong light upon his ideas and methods. On one occasion, at my own table, he spoke very thoughtfully

on German characteristics, and one of his remarks surprised me: it was that the besetting sin of the Germans is envy (*Neid*); in which remark one may see a curious tribute to the tenacity of the race, since Tacitus justified a similar opinion. He seemed rather melancholy; but he had a way of saying pungent things very effectively, and one of these attributed to him became widely known. He was publicly advocating a hotly contested canal bill, when an opponent said, "You will find a solid rock in the way of this measure"; to which the chancellor rejoined, "We will then do with the rock as Moses did: we will smite it and get water for our canal."

As to the next visit of importance, I was especially glad to find at the Foreign Office the newly appointed minister, Baron (now Count) von Bülow. During the first part of my former stay, as minister, I had done business at the Foreign Office with his father, and found him in every respect a most congenial representative of the German Government. It now appeared that father and son were amazingly like each other, not only in personal manner, but in their mode of dealing with public affairs. With the multitude of trying questions which pressed upon me as ambassador during nearly six years, it hardly seems possible that I should be still alive were it not for the genial, hearty intercourse, at the Foreign Office and elsewhere, with Count von Bülow. Sundry German papers, indeed, attacked him as yielding to much to me, and sundry American papers attacked me for yielding too much to him; but both of us exerted ourselves to do the best possible, each for his own country, and at the same time to preserve peace and increase good feeling.

Interesting was it to me, from my first to my last days in Berlin, to watch him in the discharge of his great duties, especially in his dealings with hostile forces in Parliament. No contrast could be more marked than that between his manner and that of his great predecessor, the iron chancellor. To begin with, no personalities could be more unlike. In the place of an old man, big, rumbling, heavy,

fiery, minatory, objurgatory, there now stood a young man, quiet, self-possessed, easy in speech, friendly in manner, "sweet reasonableness" apparently his main characteristic, bubbling at times with humor, quick to turn a laugh on a hostile bungler, but never cruel; prompt in returning a serious thrust, but never venomous. Many of his speeches were masterpieces in their way of handling opponents. An attack which Bismarck would have met with a bludgeon, Bülow parried with weapons infinitely lighter, but in some cases really more effective. A very good example was on an occasion when the old charge of "Byzantinism" was flung at the present régime, to which he replied, not by a historical excursus or political disquisition, but by humorously deprecating a comparison of the good, kindly, steady-going, hard-working old privy councilors and other state officials of Berlin with fanatics, conspirators, and assassins who played leading parts at Constantinople during the decline of the Eastern Empire. In the most stormy discussions I never saw him other than serene; under real provocation he remained kindly; more than one bitter opponent he disarmed with a retort; but there were no poisoned wounds. The German Parliament, left to itself, can hardly be a peaceful body. The lines of cleavage between parties are many, and some of them are old chasms of racial dislike and abysses of religious and social hate; but the appearance of the young chancellor at his desk seemed, even on the darkest days, to bring sunshine.

Occasionally, during my walks in the Thiergarten, I met him on his way to Parliament; and, no matter how pressing public business might be, he found time to extend his walk and prolong our discussions. On one of these walks I alluded to a hot debate of the day before and to his suavity under provocation, when he answered: "Old ——, many years ago, gave me two counsels, and I have always tried to mind them. These were: 'Never worry; never lose your temper.'"

A pet phrase among his critics is that he is a diplomatist

and not a statesman. Like so many antitheses, this is misleading. It may be just to say that his methods are, in general, those of a diplomatist rather than of a statesman; but certain it is that in various debates of my time he showed high statesmanlike qualities, and notably at the beginning of the war with China and in sundry later contests with the agrarians and socialists. Even his much criticized remark during the imbroglio between Turkey and Greece, picturing Germany as laying down her flute and retiring from the "European Concert," which to many seemed mere persiflage, was the humorous presentation of a policy dictated by statesmanship. Nor were all his addresses merely light and humorous; at times, when some deep sentiment had been stirred, he was eloquent, rising to the height of great arguments and taking broad views.

No one claims that he is a Richelieu, a William Pitt, or a Cavour; but the work of such men is not what the German Empire just now requires. The man needed at present is the one who can keep things *going,* who can minimize differences, resist extremists, turn aside marplots, soothe doctrinaires, and thus give the good germs in the empire a chance to grow. For this work it would be hard to imagine a better man than the present chancellor. His selection and retention by the Emperor prove that the present monarch has inherited two of the best qualities of his illustrious grandfather: skill in recognizing the right man and firmness in standing by him.

The next thing which an ambassador is expected to do, after visiting the great representatives of the empire, is to become acquainted with the official world in general.

But he must make acquaintance with these under his own roof. On his arrival he is expected to visit the Emperor and the princes of his family, the imperial chancellor, and the minister of foreign affairs, but all others are expected to visit him; hence the most pressing duty on my arrival was to secure a house, and, during three months following, all the time that I could possibly spare, and

much that I ought not to have spared, was given to excursions into all parts of the city to find it. No house, no ambassador. A minister plenipotentiary can live during his first year in a hotel or in a very modest apartment; an ambassador cannot. He must have a spacious house fully furnished before he can really begin his duties; for, as above stated, one of the first of these duties is to make the acquaintance of the official world,—the ministers of the crown, the diplomatic corps, the members of the Imperial Parliament, the members of the Prussian legislature, the foremost men in the army and navy, and the leaders in public life generally,—and to this end he must give three very large receptions, at which all those personages visit him. This is a matter of which the court itself takes charge, so far as inviting and presenting the guests is concerned, high court officials being sent to stand by the side of the ambassador and ambassadress and make the introductions to them; but, as preliminary to all this, the first thing is to secure a residence fit for such receptions and for entertainments in connection with them.

Under the rules of European nations generally, these receptions must be held at the ambassador's permanent residence; but, unfortunately, such a thing as a large furnished apartment suitable for a foreign representative is rarely to be found in Berlin. In London and Paris such apartments are frequently offered, but in Berlin hardly ever. Every other nation which sends an ambassador to Berlin—and the same is true as regards the other large capitals of Europe—owns a suitable house, or at least holds a long lease of a commodious apartment; but, although President Cleveland especially recommended provision for such residence in one of his messages, nothing has yet been done by the American Congress, and the consequence is that every ambassador has to lose a great amount of valuable time, effort, and money in securing proper quarters, while his country loses much of its proper prestige and dignity by constant changes in the location of its embassy, and by the fact that the American representa-

tive is not infrequently obliged to take up his residence in unfit apartments and in an unsuitable part of the town.

After looking at dozens of houses, the choice was narrowed down to two; but, as one was nearly three miles from the center of the city, selection was made of the large apartment which I occupied during nearly four years, and which was bought from under my feet by one of the smallest governments in Europe as the residence for its minister. Immediately after my lease was signed there began a new series of troubles. Everything must be ready for the three receptions by the eighth day of January; and, being at the mercy of my landlord, I was at a great disadvantage. Though paying large rent for the apartment, I was obliged, at my own expense, to put it thoroughly in order, introducing electric light, perfecting heating apparatus, getting walls and floors in order, and doing a world of work which, under other circumstances, would have been done by the proprietor himself. As to furnishing, a peculiar difficulty arose. Berlin furnishers, as a rule, have only samples in stock, and a long time is required for completing sets. My former experience, when, as minister, I had been obliged to go through a similar ordeal, had shown me that the Berlin makers could never be relied upon to get the apartment furnished in time; and therefore it was that, having secured what was possible in Berlin, I was obliged to make large purchases at Dresden, London, and Paris, and to have the furniture from the last-named city hurried on to Berlin in special wadded cars, with attendants to put it in place. It was a labor and care to which no representative of the United States or of any other power ought to be subjected. The vexations and difficulties seemed unending; but at last carpenters, paper-hangers, electric-light men, furniture men, carpet-layers, upholsterers, and the like were driven from the house just five minutes before the chancellor of the empire arrived to open the first of these three official receptions. Happily they all went off well, and thereby began my acquaintance with the leaders in various departments of official life.

On my settling down to the business of the embassy, it appeared that the changes in public sentiment since my former stay as minister, eighteen years before, were great indeed. At that time German feeling was decidedly friendly to the United States. The Germans had sided with us in our Civil War, and we had come out victorious; we had sided with them in their war of 1870–1871, and they had come out victorious. But all this was now changed. German feeling toward us had become generally adverse and, in some parts of the empire, bitterly hostile. The main cause of this was doubtless our protective policy. Our McKinley tariff, which was considered almost ruinous to German manufactures, had been succeeded by the Dingley tariff, which went still further; and as Germany, in the last forty years, had developed an amazing growth of manufactures, much bitterness resulted.

Besides this, our country was enabled, by its vast extent of arable land, as well as by its cheap conveyance and skilful handling of freights, to sweep into the German markets agricultural products of various sorts, especially meats, and to undersell the native German producers. This naturally vexed the landed proprietors, so that we finally had against us two of the great influential classes in the empire: the manufacturers and the landowners.

But this was not all. These real difficulties were greatly increased by fictitious causes of ill feeling. Sensational articles, letters, telegrams, caricatures, and the like, sent from America to Germany and from Germany to America, had become more and more exasperating, until, at the time of my arrival, there were in all Germany but two newspapers of real importance friendly to the United States. These two journals courageously stood up for fairness and justice, but all the others were more or less hostile, and some bitterly so. The one which, on account of its zeal in securing news, I read every morning was of the worst. During the Spanish War it was especially virulent, being full of statements and arguments to show that corruption was the main characteristic of our government,

cowardice of our army and navy, and hypocrisy of our people. Very edifying were its quasi-philosophical articles; and one of these, showing the superiority of the Spanish women to their American sisters, especially as regards education, was a work of genius. The love of Spanish women for bull-fights was neatly glossed over, and various absurd charges against American women were put in the balance against it. A few sensational presses on our side were perhaps worse. Various newspapers in America repaid Teutonic hostility by copious insults directed at everything German, and this aroused the Germans yet more. One journal, very influential among the aristocratic and religious public of Northern Germany, regularly published letters of considerable literary merit from its American correspondent, in which every scandal which could be raked out of the gutters of the cities, every crime in the remotest villages, and all follies of individuals everywhere, were kneaded together into statements showing that our country was the lowest in the scale of human civilization. The *tu-quoque* argument might have been used by an American with much effect; for just about this period there were dragging along, in the Berlin and other city journals, accounts of German trials for fraud and worse, surpassing, in some respects, anything within my memory of American tribunals. The quantity of fig-leaves required in some of these trials was enormous; and, despite all precautions, some details which escaped into the press might well bring a blush to the most hardened American offender. It was both vexatious and comical to see the smug, Pharisaical way in which many journals ignored all these things, and held up their hands in horror at American shortcomings. Some trials, too, which at various times revealed the brutality of sundry military officers toward soldiers, were heartrending; and especially one or two duels, which occurred during my stay, presented features calculated to shock the toughest American rough-rider. But all this seemed not for a moment to withdraw the attention of our

Teutonic censors from American folly and wickedness. One of the main charges constantly made was that in America there was a "*Deutschen Hetze.*" Very many German papers had really persuaded themselves, and apparently had convinced a large part of the German people, that throughout our country there existed a hate, deep and acrid, of everything German and especially of German-Americans. The ingenuity of some German papers in supporting this thesis was wonderful. On one occasion a petty squabble in a Roman Catholic theological school in the United States between the more liberal element and a reactionary German priest, in which the latter came to grief, was displayed as an evidence that the American people were determined to drive out all German professors and to abjure German science. The doings of every scapegrace in an American university, of every silly woman in Chicago, of every blackguard in New York, of every snob at Newport, of every desperado in the Rocky Mountains, of every club loafer anywhere, were served up as typical examples of American life. The municipal governments of our country, and especially that of New York, were an exhaustless quarry from which specimens of every kind of scoundrelism were drawn and used in building up an ideal structure of American life; corruption, lawlessness, and barbarism being its most salient features.

Nor was this confined to the more ignorant. Men who stood high in the universities, men of the greatest amiability, who in former days had been the warmest friends of America, had now become our bitter opponents, and some of their expressions seemed to point to eventual war.

Yet I doubt whether we have any right to complain of such attacks and misrepresentations. As a matter of fact, no nation washes so much of its dirty linen in the face of the whole world as does our own; and, what is worse, there is washed in our country, with much noise and perversity, a great deal of linen which is not dirty. Many demagogues and some "reformers" are always doing this. There is in America a certain class of excellent people who

see nothing but the scum on the surface of the pot; nothing but the worst things thrown to the surface in the ebullition of American life. Or they may be compared to people who, with a Persian carpet before them, persist in looking at its seamy side, and finding nothing but odds and ends, imperfect joints, unsatisfactory combinations of color; the real pattern entirely escaping them. The shrill utterances of such men rise above the low hum of steady good work, and are taken in Germany as exact statements of the main facts in our national life.

Let me repeat here one example which I have given more than once elsewhere. Several years since, an effort was made to impeach the President of the United States. The current was strong, and most party leaders thought it best to go with it. Three senators of the United States sturdily refused, their leader being William Pitt Fessenden of Maine, who, believing the impeachment an attempt to introduce Spanish-American politics into our country, resolutely opposed it. The State convention of his party called upon him to vote for it, the national convention of the party took the same ground, his relatives and friends besought him to yield, but he stood firmly against the measure, and finally, by his example and his vote, defeated it. It was an example of Spartan fortitude, of Roman heroism, worthy to be chronicled by Plutarch. How was it chronicled? I happened to be traveling in Germany at the time, and naturally watched closely for the result of the impeachment proceedings. One morning I took up a German paper containing the news and read, "The impeachment has been defeated; three senators were bribed," and at the head of the list of bribed senators was the name of Fessenden! The time will come when his statue will commemorate his great example; let us hope that the time will also come when party spirit will not be allowed to disgrace our country by sending out to the world such monstrous calumnies.

As to attacks upon the United States, it is only fair to say that German publicists and newspaper writers were

under much provocation. Some of the American correspondents then in Germany showed wonderful skill in malignant invention. My predecessors in the embassy had suffered much from this cause. One of them, whom I had known from his young manhood as a gentleman of refined tastes and quiet habits, utterly incapable of rudeness of any sort, was accused, in a sensational letter published in various American journals, of having become so noisy and boisterous at court that the Emperor was obliged to rebuke him. Various hints of a foul and scandalous character were sent over and published. I escaped more easily, but there were two or three examples which were both vexatious and amusing.

Shortly after my arrival at my post, letters and newspaper articles began coming deploring the conduct of the Germans toward me, expressing deep sympathy with me, exhorting me to "stand firm," declaring that the American people were behind me, etc., etc., all of which puzzled me greatly until I found that some correspondent had sent over a telegram to the effect that the feeling against America had become so bitter that the Emperor himself had been obliged to intervene and command the officials of his empire to present themselves at my official reception; and with this statement was coupled a declaration that I had made the most earnest remonstrance to the Imperial Government against such treatment. The simple fact was that the notice was in the stereotyped form always used when an ambassador arrives. On every such occasion the proper authorities notify all the persons concerned, giving the time of his receptions, and this was simply what was done in my case. On another occasion, telegrams were sent over to American papers stating that the first secretary of the embassy and myself, on visiting Parliament to hear an important debate, had been grossly insulted by various members. The fact was that we had been received by everybody with the utmost kindness; that various members had saluted us in the most friendly manner from the floor or had come into the diplomatic gallery

to welcome us; and that there was not the slightest shadow of reason for the statement. As an example of the genius shown in some of these telegrams, another may be mentioned. A very charming American lady, niece of a member of Mr. McKinley's cabinet, having arrived on the Norwegian coast, her children were taken on board the yacht of the Emperor, who was then cruising in those regions; and later, on their arrival at Berlin, they with their father and mother were asked by him to the palace to meet his own wife and children. A few days afterward a telegram was published in America to the effect that the Emperor, in speaking to Mrs. White and myself regarding the children, had said that he was especially surprised, because he had always understood that American children were badly brought up and had very bad manners. The simple fact was that, while he spoke of the children with praise, the rest of the story was merely a sensational invention. One of the marvels of American life is the toleration by decent fathers and mothers of sensational newspapers in their households. Of all the demoralizing influences upon our people, and especially upon our young people, they are the most steadily and pervasively degrading. Horace Greeley once published a tractate entitled, "New Themes for the Clergy," and I would suggest the evil influence of sensation newsmongering as a most fruitful theme for the exhortations of all American clergymen to their flocks, whether Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant. May we not hope, also, that Mr. Pulitzer's new College of Journalism will give careful attention to this subject?

As to public questions then demanding attention, the first which I now recall was a bit of international comedy, serving as a prelude to more important matters, and worth mentioning here only as showing a misconception very absurd, yet not without dangers.

One morning, as I had just sat down to my office work, there was ushered in, with due ceremony, a young gentleman of light color, Parisian to the tips of his fingers,—

in accent, manner, and garb,—who was announced as the chargé d'affaires of Haiti. He was evidently under deep concern, and was soon in the midst of a somewhat impassioned statement of his business.

It appeared that his government, like so many which had preceded it, after a joyous career of proclamations, revolutions, throat-cutting, confiscation, paper money, and loans, public and private, had at last met a check, and that in this instance the check had come in the shape of a German frigate which had dropped into the harbor of Port-au-Prince, run out its guns, and demanded redress of injuries and payment of debts to Germany and German subjects; and the chargé, after dwelling upon the enormity of such a demand, pointed out the duty of the United States to oblige Germany to desist,—in short, to assert the Monroe Doctrine as he understood it.

The young diplomatist's statement interested me much; it brought back vividly to my mind the days when, as a commissioner from the United States, I landed at Port-au-Prince, observed the wreck and ruin caused by a recent revolution, experienced the beauties of a paper-money system carried out so logically that a market-basket full of currency was needed to buy a market-basket full of vegetables, visited the tombs of the presidents from which the bodies of their occupants had been torn and scattered, saw the ring to which President Salnave had recently been tied when the supporters of his successor had murdered him, and mused over the ruins of the presidential mansion, which had been torn in pieces by bombs from a patriotic vessel. My heart naturally warmed toward the representative of so much glory, and it seemed sad to quench his oratorical fire and fervor with a cold statement of fact. But my duty was plain: I assured him that neither the President whose name the famous "Doctrine" bears, nor the Secretary of State who devised it, nor the American people behind them, had any idea of protecting our sister republics in such conduct as that of which the Germans complained; and I concluded by fervently exhorting

him to advise his government and people simply to—pay their debts.

It gave me pleasure to learn, somewhat later, that this very prosaic solution of the difficulty had been adopted.

I make haste to add that nothing which may be said here or elsewhere in these recollections regarding sundry equatorial governments has any reference to our sister republics of South America really worthy of the name. No countries were in my time more admirably represented at Berlin than the Argentine Republic, Chile, and Brazil. The first-named sent as its minister the most eminent living authority on international law; the second, a gentleman deeply respected for character and ability, whose household was one of the most beautiful and attractive I have ever known; and the third, a statesman and scholar worthy of the best traditions of his country.

As to more complicated international matters with which my embassy had to deal, the first to assume a virulent form was that of the Samoan Islands.

During the previous twenty-five years the United States, Germany, and Great Britain had seemed to develop equal claims in Samoa. There had been clashes from time to time, in which good sense had generally prevailed; but in one case a cyclone which destroyed the German and American vessels of war in the main port of the islands seemed providential in preventing a worse form of trouble.

But now the chronic difficulties became acute. In the consuls of the three powers what Bismarck used to call the *furor consularis* was developed to the highest degree. Yet this was not the worst. Under the Berlin agreement, made some years before, there was a German president of the municipality of Apia with ill-defined powers, and an American chief justice with powers in some respects enormous, and each of these naturally magnified his office at the expense of the other. To complete the elements of discord, there were two great native parties, each supporting its candidate for kingship; and behind these,

little spoken of, but really at the bottom of the main trouble, were missionaries,—English Wesleyans on one side, and French Roman Catholics on the other,—each desiring to save the souls of the natives, no matter at what sacrifice of their bodies.

This tea-pot soon began to boil violently. The old king having died, the question arose as to the succession. The power of appointing the successor having been in the most clear and definite terms bestowed by the treaty upon the chief justice, he named for the position Malietoa Tanu, a young chieftain who had been induced to call himself a Protestant; but on the other side was Mataafa, an old chief who years before had made much trouble, had been especially obnoxious to the Germans, and had been banished, but had been recently allowed to return on his taking oath that he would abstain from all political action, and would be true to his allegiance to the Malietoan kings. He had been induced to call himself a Catholic.

But hardly had he returned when, having apparently been absolved from his oath, he became the leader of a political party and insisted on his right to the kingship.

The result was a petty civil war which cost many lives. Nor was this all. A drunken Swiss having one day amused himself by breaking the windows of the American chief justice's court and no effective punishment having been administered by the German president of Apia, the Yankee chief justice took the matter into his own hands, and this Little Pedlington business set in motion sensation-mongers throughout the world. They exerted themselves to persuade the universe that war might, and indeed ought to, result between the three great nations concerned. On the arrival of the American Admiral Kautz, he simply and naturally supported the decree which the chief justice had made, in strict accordance with the treaty of Berlin, and was finally obliged to fire upon the insurgents. Now came a newspaper carnival: screams of wrath from the sensation press of Germany and yells of defiance from the sensation press of the United States.

It was fortunate, indeed, that at this period the American Secretary of State was Mr. John Hay and the German minister of foreign affairs Count von Bülow. Both at Washington and Berlin the light of plain common sense was gradually let into this jungle of half truths and whole falsehoods; the appointment of an excellent special commission, who supplanted all the officials in the islands by new men, solved various preliminary problems, so that finally a treaty was made between the three nations concerned which swept away the old vicious system, partitioned the islands between the United States and Germany, giving Great Britain indemnity elsewhere, and settled all the questions involved, as we may hope, forever.

Among my duties and pleasures during this period was attendance upon important debates in the Imperial Parliament. That body presents many features suggestive of thought. The arrangement under which the Senate, representing the various states of the empire, and the House, representing the people as a whole, sit face to face in joint deliberation, strikes an American as especially curious; but it seems to work well, and has one advantage in bringing the most eminent servants of the various states into direct personal relations with the rank and file from the country at large. The German Parliament has various good points. Some one has asserted that the United States Senate is as much better than the British House of Lords as the British House of Commons is better than the American House of Representatives. There is much to be said for this contention, and there are some points in which the German Parliament also struck me as an improvement upon our Lower House: they do less than we in committee, and more in the main assemblage; German members are more attentive to the work in hand, and spread-eagleism and speeches to the galleries which are tolerated at Washington are not tolerated at Berlin. On the other hand, the members at Berlin, not being paid for their services, absent themselves in such numbers that the lack of a sufficient deliberating body has been found, at times, a serious evil.

As to men prominent in debate, allusion has already been made to the chancellor, and various ministers of the crown might be added, of whom I should give the foremost place to the minister of the interior, Count Posadowski. His discussions of all matters touching his department, and, indeed, of some well outside it, were masterly. Save, perhaps, our own Senator John Sherman, I have never heard so *useful* a speaker on fundamental questions of public business. As to the representatives, there were many well worth listening to; but the two who attracted most attention were Richter, the head of the "Progressist," or, as we should call it, the radical fraction, and Bebel, the main representative of the Socialists. Richter I had heard more than once in my old days, and had been impressed by his extensive knowledge of imperial finance, his wit and humor, his skill in making his points, and his strength in enforcing them. He was among the few still remaining after my long absence, and it was clear to me that he had not deteriorated,—that he had, indeed, mellowed in a way which made him even more interesting than formerly. As to Bebel, though generally disappointing at first, he was quite sure, in every speech, to raise some point which put the conservatives on their mettle. His strongest characteristic seems to be his earnestness: the earnestness of a man who has himself known what the hardest struggle for existence is, and what it means to suffer for his opinions. His weakest point seems to be a tendency to exaggeration which provokes distrust; but, despite this, he has been a potent force as an irritant in drawing attention to the needs of the working-classes, and so in promoting that steady uplifting of their condition and prospects which is one of the most striking achievements of modern Germany.

Among the many other members interesting on various accounts was one to whom both Germans and Americans might well listen with respect—Herr Theodor Barth, editor of "Die Nation," a representative of the best traditions of the old National Liberal party. He seemed to

me one of the very few Germans who really understood the United States. He had visited America more than once, and had remained long enough to get in touch with various leaders of American thought, and to penetrate below the mere surface of public affairs. Devoted as he was to his own fatherland, he seemed to feel intuitively the importance to both countries of accentuating permanent points of agreement rather than transient points of difference; hence it was that in his paper he steadily did us justice, and in Parliament was sure to repel any unmerited assault upon our national character and policy. He was clear and forcible, with, at times, a most effectively caustic utterance against unreason.

While the whole parliamentary body is suggestive to an American, the Parliament building is especially suggestive to a New-Yorker. This great edifice at Berlin is considerably larger on the ground than is the State Capitol at Albany. It is built of a very beautiful and durable stone, and, in spite of sundry criticisms on the dome in the center and the pavilions at the corners, is vastly superior, as a whole, to the Albany building. It is enriched in all parts, without and within, with sculpture recalling the historical glories of all parts of the empire and calculated to stir patriotic pride; it is beautified by paintings on a great scale by eminent artists; its interior fittings, in stone, marble, steel, bronze, and oak, are as beautiful and perfect as the art of the period has been able to make them; and the whole, despite minor architectural faults, is worthy of the nation. The building was completed and in use within ten years from the time of its beginning. The construction of the State-house at Albany, a building not so large, and containing to-day no work of art either in painting or sculpture worthy of notice, has dragged along during thirty years, and cost nearly four times as much as the Berlin edifice; the latter having demanded an outlay of a trifle over five million dollars, and the former considerably over twenty millions.

The German Parliament House, apart from slight de-

fects, as a great architectural creation is in a style worthy of its purpose—a style which is preserved in all its parts; while that at Albany is, perhaps, the most curious jumble in the whole history of architecture,—the lower stories being Palladian; the stories above these being, if anything, Florentine; the summit being, if anything, French Renaissance; while, as regards the interior, the great west staircase, which is said to have cost half a million of dollars, is in the Richardsonesque style; the eastern staircase is in classic style; and a circular staircase in the interior is in the most flamboyant Gothic which could be got for money. To be sure, there are rooms at Albany on which precious Siena marble and Mexican onyx are lavished, but these are used so as to produce mainly the effect of an unintelligent desire to spend money.

While in or near the Berlin edifice there is commemoration by sculpture or painting of a multitude of meritorious public servants, there is nowhere in the whole building at Albany a statue or any fit remembrance of the two greatest governors in the history of the State, DeWitt Clinton and William H. Seward.

The whole thing plunges one into reflection. If that single building at Albany, which was estimated, upon plans carefully made by the best of architects, to cost five millions of dollars, and to be completed in four years, required over thirty years and an expenditure of over twenty millions, what is a great "barge canal" to cost, running through the whole length of the State, encountering enormous difficulties of every sort, estimated at the beginning to cost one hundred millions of dollars, but including no estimate for "land damages," "water damages," "personal damages," "unprecedented floods," "unforeseen obstacles," "quicksands," "changes of plan," etc., etc., which have played such a costly and corrupting part in the past history of our existing New York canals? And how many years will it take to complete it? This was the train of thought and this was its resultant query forced upon me whenever I looked upon the Parliament House at Berlin.

CHAPTER XLI

AMERICA, GERMANY, AND THE SPANISH WAR—1897-1903

DURING the early days of this second official stay of mine at Berlin, Russia had, in one way and another, secured an entrance into China for her trans-Siberian railway, and seemed to have taken permanent possession of the vast region extending from her own territory to the Pacific at Port Arthur. Germany followed this example, and, in avenging the murder of certain missionaries, took possession of the harbor of Kiao-Chau. Thereby other nations were stirred to do likewise,—England, France, and Italy beginning to move for extensions of territory or commercial advantages, until it looked much as if China was to be parceled out among the greater European powers, or at least held in commercial subjection, to the exclusion of those nations which had pursued a more dilatory policy.

Seeing this danger, our government instructed its representatives at the courts of the great powers to request them to join in a declaration in favor of an "open-door policy" in China, thus establishing virtually an international agreement that none of the powers obtaining concessions or controlling "spheres of influence" in that country should secure privileges infringing upon the equality of all nations in competing for Chinese trade. This policy was pushed with vigor by the Washington cabinet, and I was instructed to secure, if possible, the assent of the German Government, which, after various conferences at the Foreign Office and communications with

been growing more and more happy and the German producers more and more unhappy over this fact, when suddenly there came from the American side accounts of the scale-insects discovered on pears in California, and of severe measures taken by sundry other States of our Union to prohibit their importation. The result was a prohibition of our fruits in Germany, and this was carried so far that not only pears from California, but all other fruits, from all other parts of the country, were at first put under the ban; and not only fresh but dried and preserved fruits. As a matter of fact, there was no danger whatever from the scale-insect, so far as fruit was concerned. The creature never stirs from the spot on the pear to which it fastens itself, and therefore by no possibility can it be carried from the house where the fruit is consumed to the nurseries where trees are grown. We took pains to show the facts in the case; dealing fairly and openly with the German Government, allowing that the importation of scale-infested trees and shrubs might be dangerous, and making no objection to any fair measures regarding these. The Foreign Office was reasonable, and gradually the most vexatious of these prohibitions were removed.

But the war with Spain drew on, and animosities, so far as the press on both sides of the water was concerned, grew worse. Various newspapers in Germany charged our government with a wonderful assortment of high crimes and misdemeanors; but, happily, in their eagerness to cover us with obloquy, they frequently refuted each other. Thus they one day charged us with having prepared long beforehand to crush Spain and to rob her of her West Indian possessions, and the next day they charged us with plunging into war suddenly, recklessly, utterly careless of the consequences. One moment they insisted that American sailors belonged to a deteriorated race of mongrels, and could never stand against pure-blooded Spanish sailors; and the next moment, that we were crushing the noble navy of Spain by brute force.

Various presses indulged in malignant prophecies: the Americans would find Spain a very hard nut to crack; Spanish soldiers would drive the American mongrels into the sea; when Cervera got out with his fleet, the American fleet would slink away; Spanish ships, being built under the safeguard of Spanish honor, must win the victory; American ships, built under a régime of corruption, would be found furnished with sham plating, sham guns, and sham supplies of every sort. It all reminded me of sundry prophecies we used to hear before our Civil War, to the effect that, when the Northern and Southern armies came into the presence of each other, the Yankee soldiers would trade off their muskets to the foe.

Against President McKinley every sort of iniquity was charged. One day he was an idiot; another day, the most cunning of intriguers; at one moment, an overbearing tyrant anxious to rush into war; at another, a coward fearing war. It must be confessed that this was mainly drawn from the American partizan press; but it was, none the less, hard to bear.

In the meantime President McKinley, his cabinet, and the American diplomatic corps in Europe did everything in their power to prevent the war. Just as long as possible the President clearly considered that his main claim on posterity would be for maintaining peace against pressure and clamor. Under orders from the State Department I met at Paris my old friend General Woodford, who was on his way to Spain as minister of the United States, and General Porter, the American ambassador to France, our instructions being to confer regarding the best means of maintaining peace; and we all agreed that everything possible be done to allay the excitement in Spain; that no claims of a special sort, whether pecuniary or otherwise, should be urged until after the tension ceased; that every concession possible should be made to Spanish pride; and that, just as far as possible, everything should be avoided which could complicate the general issue with personal considerations. All of us knew

that the greatest wish of the administration was to prevent the war, or, if that proved impossible, to delay it.

For years, in common with the great majority of American citizens, I had believed that the Spanish West Indies must break loose from Spain some day, but had hoped that the question might be adjourned until the middle or end of the twentieth century. For I knew well that the separation of Cuba from Spain would be followed, after no great length of time, by efforts for her annexation to the United States, and that if such annexation of Cuba should ever occur, she must come in as a *State;* that there is no use in considering any other form of government for an outlying dominion so large and so near; that there is no other way of annexing a dependency so fully developed, and that, even if there were, the rivalry of political parties contending for electoral votes would be sure to insist on giving her statehood. I dreaded the addition to our country of a million and a half of citizens whose ability to govern themselves was exceedingly doubtful, to say nothing of helping to govern our Union on the mainland. The thought of senators and representatives to be chosen by such a constituency to reside at Washington and to legislate for the whole country, filled me with dismay. Especially was the admission of Cuba to statehood a fearful prospect just at that time, when we had so many difficult questions to meet in the exercise of the suffrage. I never could understand then, and cannot understand now, what Senator Morgan of Alabama, who once had the reputation of being the strongest representative from the South, could be thinking of when he was declaiming in the Senate, first in behalf of the "oppressed Cubans," and next in favor of measures which tended to add them to the United States, and so to create a vast commonwealth largely made up of negroes and mulattos accustomed to equality with the whites, almost within musket-shot of the negroes and mulattos of the South, from whom the constituents of Mr. Morgan were at that very moment withholding the right of suffrage. I could

not see then, and I cannot see now, how he could possibly be blind to the fact that if Cuba ever becomes a State of our Union, she will soon begin to look with sympathy on those whom she will consider her "oppressed colored brethren" in the South; and that she will, just as inevitably, make common cause with them at Washington, and perhaps in some other places, and possibly not always by means so peaceful as orating under the roof of the Capitol.

Moreover, the nation had just escaped a terrible catastrophe at the last general election; the ignorant, careless, and perverse vote having gone almost solidly for a financial policy which would have wrecked us temporarily and disgraced us eternally. Time will, no doubt, develop a more conservative sentiment in the States where this vote for evil was cast; as civilization deepens and advances, better ideas will doubtless grow stronger; but it is sure that the addition of Cuba to the United States, if it ever comes, means the adding of a vast illiterate mass of voters to those who at that election showed themselves so dangerous.

On all these accounts I had felt very anxious to put off the whole Cuban question until our Republic should become so much larger and so much more mature that the addition of a few millions of Spanish-Americans would be of but small account in the total vote of the country.

Then, too, I had little sympathy with aspirations for what Spanish revolutionists call freedom, and no admiration at all for Central American republics. I had officially examined one of them thoroughly, had known much of others, and had no belief in the capacity of people for citizenship who prefer to carry on government by *pronunciamientos,* who never acknowledge the rights of majorities, who are ready to start civil war on the slightest pretext, and who, when in power, exercise a despotism more persistent and cruel than any since Nero and Caligula. No Russian autocrat, claiming to govern by divine right, has ever dared to commit the high-handed cruelties

which are common in sundry West Indian and equatorial republics. I felt that the great thing was to gain time before doing anything which might result in the admission of the millions trained under such influences into all the rights, privileges, and powers of American citizenship.

But there came the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, and thenceforward war was certain. The news was brought to me at a gala representation of the opera at Berlin, when, on invitation from the Emperor, the ambassadors were occupying a large box opposite his own. Hardly had the telegram announcing the catastrophe been placed in my hands when the Emperor entered, and on his addressing me I informed him of it. He was evidently shocked, and expressed a regret which, I fully believe, was deeply sincere. He instantly asked, with a piercing look, "Was the explosion from the outside?" My answer was that I hoped and believed that it was not; that it was probably an interior explosion. To my great regret, the official report afterward obliged me to change my mind on the subject; but I still feel that no Spanish officer or true Spaniard was concerned in the matter. It has been my good fortune to know many Spanish officers, and it is impossible for me to conceive one of their kind as having taken part in so frightful a piece of treachery; it has always seemed to be more likely that it was done by a party of wild local fanatics, the refuse of a West Indian seaport.

The Emperor remained firm in his first impression that the explosion was caused from the outside. Even before this was established by the official investigation, he had settled into that conclusion. On one occasion, when a large number of leading officers of the North Sea Squadron were dining with him, he asked their opinion on this subject, and although the great majority—indeed, almost all present—then believed that the catastrophe had resulted from an interior explosion, he adhered to his belief that it was from an exterior attack.

On various occasions before that time I had met my colleague the Spanish ambassador, Señor Mendez y Vigo, and my relations with him had been exceedingly pleasant. Each of us had tried to keep up the hopes of the other that peace might be preserved, and down to the last moment I took great pains to convince him of what I knew to be the truth—that the policy of President McKinley was to prevent war. But I took no less pains to show him that Spain must aid the President by concessions to public opinion. My personal sympathies, too, were aroused in behalf of my colleague. He had passed the allotted threescore years and ten, was evidently in infirm health, had five sons in the Spanish army, and his son-in-law had recently been appointed minister at Washington.

Notice of the declaration of war came to me under circumstances somewhat embarrassing. On the 21st of April, 1898, began the festivities at Dresden on the seventieth birthday of King Albert of Saxony, which was also the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession; and in view of the high character of the King and of the affection for him throughout Germany, and, indeed, throughout Europe, nearly every civilized power had sent its representatives to present its congratulations. In these the United States joined. Throughout our country are large numbers of Saxons, who, while thoroughly loyal to our Republic, cherish a kindly and even affectionate feeling toward their former King and Queen. Moreover, there was a special reason. For many years Dresden had been a center in which very many American families congregated for the purpose of educating their children, especially in the German language and literature, in music, and in the fine arts; no court in Europe had been so courteous to Americans properly introduced, and in various ways the sovereigns had personally shown their good feeling toward our countrymen.

It was in view of this that the Secretary of State instructed me to present an autograph letter of congratulation from the President to the King, and on the 20th of

April I proceeded to Dresden, with the embassy secretaries and attachés, for this purpose. About midnight between the 20th and 21st there came a loud and persistent knocking at my door in the hotel, and there soon entered a telegraph messenger with an enormously long despatch in cipher. Hardly had I set the secretaries at work upon it than other telegrams began to come, and a large part of the night was given to deciphering them. They announced the declaration of war and instructed me to convey to the various parties interested the usual notices regarding war measures: blockade, prohibitions, exemptions, regulations, and the like.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, court carriages having taken us over to the palace, we were going up the grand staircase in full force when who should appear at the top, on his way down, but the Spanish ambassador with his suite! Both of us were, of course, embarrassed. No doubt he felt, as I did, that it would have been more agreeable just then to meet the representative of any other power than of that with which war had just been declared; but I put out my hand and addressed him, if not so cordially as usual, at least in a kindly way; he reciprocated the greeting, and our embarrassment was at least lessened. Of course, during the continuation of the war, our relations lacked their former cordiality, but we remained personally friendly.

In my brief speech on delivering President McKinley's letter I tendered to the King and Queen the President's congratulations, with thanks for the courtesies which had been shown to my countrymen. This was not the first occasion on which I had discharged this latter duty, for, at a formal presentation to these sovereigns some time before, I had taken pains to show that we were not unmindful of their kindness to our compatriots. The festivities which followed were interesting. There were dinners with high state officials, gala opera, and historical representations, given by the city of Dresden, of a very beautiful character. On these occasions I met various

eminent personages, among others the Emperor of Austria and his prime minister, Count Goluchowsky, both of whom discussed current international topics with clearness and force; and I also had rather an interesting conversation with the papal nuncio at Munich, more recently in Paris, Lorenzelli, with reference to various measures looking to the possible abridgment of the war.

On the third day of the festivities came a great review, and a sight somewhat rare. To greet the King there were present the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, and various minor German sovereigns, each of whom had in the Saxon army a regiment nominally his own, and led it past the Saxon monarch, saluting him as he reviewed it. The two Emperors certainly discharged this duty in a very handsome, chivalric sort of way. In the evening came a great dinner at the palace, at which the King and Queen presided. The only speech on the occasion was one of congratulation made by the Emperor of Austria, and it was very creditable to him, being to all appearance extemporaneous, yet well worded, quiet, dignified, and manly. The ceremonies closed on Sunday with a grand "Te Deum" at the palace church, in the presence of all the majesties,—the joy expressed by the music being duly accentuated by cannon outside.

I may say, before closing this subject, that Thomas Jefferson's famous letter to Governor Langdon, describing royal personages as he knew them while minister to France before the French Revolution, no longer applies. The events which followed the Revolution taught the crowned heads of Europe that they could no longer indulge in the good old Bourbon, Hapsburg, and Braganza idleness and stupidity. Modern European sovereigns, almost without exception, work for their living, and work hard. Few business men go through a more severe training, or a longer and harder day of steady work, than do most of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe. This fact especially struck me on my presentation, about this time, to one of the best of the minor monarchs, the King of

Würtemberg. I found him a hearty, strong, active-minded man—the sort of man whom we in America would call "level-headed" and "a worker." Learning that I had once passed a winter in Stuttgart, he detained me long with a most interesting account of the improvements which had been made in the city since my visit, and showed public spirit of a sort very different from that which animated the minor potentates of Germany in the last century. The same may be said of the Grand Duke of Baden, who, in a long conversation, impressed me as a gentleman of large and just views, understanding the problems of his time and thoroughly in sympathy with the best men and movements.

Republican as I am, this acknowledgment must be made. The historical lessons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the pressure of democracy, are obliging the monarchs of Europe to fit themselves for their duties wisely and to discharge them intelligently. But this is true only of certain ruling houses. There seems to be a "survival of the fittest." At various periods in my life I have also had occasion to observe with some care various pretenders to European thrones, among them the husband of Queen Isabella of Spain; Prince Napoleon Victor, the heir to the Napoleonic throne; the Duke of Orleans; Don Carlos, the representative of the Spanish Bourbons; with sundry others; and it would be hard to conceive persons more utterly unfit or futile.

As to the conduct of Germany during our war with Spain, while the press, with two or three exceptions, was anything but friendly, and while a large majority of the people were hostile to us on account of the natural sympathy with a small power battling against a larger one, the course of the Imperial Government, especially of the Foreign Office under Count von Bülow and Baron von Richthofen, was all that could be desired. Indeed, they went so far on one occasion as almost to alarm us. The American consul at Hamburg having notified me by telephone that a Spanish vessel, supposed to be loaded with

arms for use against us in Cuba, was about to leave that port, I hastened to the Foreign Office and urged that vigorous steps be taken, with the result that the vessel, which in the meantime had left Hamburg, was overhauled and searched at the mouth of the Elbe. The German Government might easily have pleaded, in answer to my request, that the American Government had generally shown itself opposed to any such interference with the shipments of small arms to belligerents, and had contended that it was not obliged to search vessels to find such contraband of war, but that this duty was incumbent upon the belligerent nation concerned. This evidence of the fairness of Germany I took pains to make known, and in my address at the American celebration in Leipsic on the Fourth of July declared my belief that the hostility of the German people and press at large was only temporary, and that the old good relations would be restored. Knowing that my speech would be widely quoted in the German press, I took even more pains to show the reasons why we could bide our time and trust to the magnanimity of the German people. Of one thing I then and always reminded my hearers—namely, that during our Civil War, when our national existence was trembling in the balance and our foreign friends were few, the German press and people were steadily on our side.

The occasion was indeed a peculiar one. On the morning of the Fourth, when we had all assembled, bad news came. Certain German presses had been very prompt to patch together all sorts of accounts of American defeats, and to present them in the most unpleasant way possible; but while we were seated at table in the evening came a despatch announcing the annihilation of the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters, and this put us all in good humor. One circumstance may serve to show the bitterness at heart among Americans at this period. On entering the dining-hall with our consul, I noticed two things: first, that the hall was profusely decorated in a way I had never seen before and had never expected to see—namely, by

intertwined American and British flags; and, secondly, that there was not a German flag in the room. I immediately sent for the proprietor and told him that I would not sit down to dinner until a German flag was brought in. He at first thought it impossible to supply the want, but, on my insisting, a large flag was at last found. This was speedily given a place of honor among the interior decorations of our hall, and all then went on satisfactorily.

As the war with Spain progressed, various causes of difficulty arose between Germany and the United States; but I feel bound to say that the German Government continued to act toward us with justice. The sensational press, indeed, continued its work on both sides of the Atlantic. On our side it took pains to secure and publish stories of insults by the German Admiral Diederichs to the American Admiral Dewey, and to develop various legends regarding these two commanders. As a matter of fact, each of the two admirals, when their relations first began in Manila, was doubtless rather stiff and on his guard against the other; but these feelings soon yielded to different sentiments.

The foolish utterances of various individuals, spread by sundry American papers, were heartily echoed in the German press, the most noted among these being an alleged after-dinner speech by an American officer at a New York club, and a Congressional speech in which the person who made it declared that "the United States, having whipped Spain, ought now to whip Germany." Still, the thinking men intrusted with the relations between the two countries labored on, though at times there must have recurred to us a sense of the divine inspiration of Schiller's words, "Against stupidity even the gods fight in vain."

Of course the task of the embassy in protecting American citizens abroad was especially increased in those times of commotion. At such periods the number of ways in which American citizens, native or naturalized, can get into trouble seems infinite; and here, too, even from the

first moment of my arrival in Berlin as ambassador, I saw evidences of the same evil which had struck me during my previous missions in Berlin and St. Petersburg—namely, the constant and ingenious efforts to prostitute American citizenship. Among the manifold duties of an ambassador is the granting of passports. The great majority of those who ask for them are entitled to them; but there are always a considerable number of persons who, having left Europe just in time to escape military service, have stayed in America just long enough to acquire American citizenship, and then, having returned to their native country, seek to enjoy the advantages of both countries while discharging the duties of neither. Even worse were the cases of the descendants of such so-called Americans, most of them born in Europe and not able even to speak the English language; worst of all were the cases of sundry Russians—sometimes stigmatized as "predatory Hebrews"—who, having left Russia and gone to America, had stayed just long enough to acquire citizenship, and then returned and settled in the eastern part of Germany, as near the Russian frontier as possible. These were naturally regarded as fraudulent interlopers by both the German and Russian authorities, and much trouble resulted. Some of them led a life hardly outside the limits of criminality; but they never hesitated on this account to insist on their claims to American protection. When they were reminded that American citizenship was conferred upon them, not that they might shirk its duties and misuse its advantages in the land of their birth, but that they might enjoy it and discharge its duties in the land of their adoption, they scouted the idea and insisted on their right, as American citizens, to live where they pleased. Their communications to the embassy were, almost without exception, in German, Russian, or Polish; very few of them wrote or even spoke English, and very many of them could neither read nor write in any language. For the hard-working immigrant, whether Jew or Gentile, who comes to our country and

casts in his lot with us, to take his share not only of privilege but of duty, I have the fullest respect and sympathy, and have always been glad to intervene in his favor; but intervention in behalf of those fraudulent pretenders I always felt to be a galling burden.

Fortunately the rules of the State Department have been of late years strengthened to meet this evil, and it has finally become our practice to inform such people that if they return to America they can receive a passport for that purpose; but that unless they show a clear intention of returning, they cannot. Very many of them persist in their applications in spite of this, and one case became famous both at the State Department and at the embassy. Three Russians of the class referred to had emigrated with their families to America, and, after the usual manner, stayed just long enough to acquire citizenship, and had then returned to Germany. One of them committed a crime and disappeared; the other two went to the extreme eastern frontier of Prussia and settled there. Again and again the Prussian Government notified us that under the right exercised by every nation, and especially by our own, these "undesirable intruders" must leave Prussian territory or be expelled. Finally we discovered at the embassy that a secret arrangement had been made between Germany and Russia which obliged each to return the undesirable emigrants of the other. This seemed to put the two families in great danger of being returned to Russia; and, sooner than risk a new international trouble, a proposal was made to them, through the embassy, to pay their expenses back to America; but they utterly refused to leave, and continued to burrow in the wretched suburbs of one of the German cities nearest the Russian border. Reams of correspondence ensued—all to no purpose; a special messenger was sent to influence them—all in vain: they persisted in living just as near Russia as possible, and in calling themselves American, though not one of them spoke English.

From time to time appeared in our own country attacks

against the various American embassies and legations abroad for not protecting such American citizens, and a very common feature of these articles was an unfavorable comparison between the United States and England: it being claimed that Great Britain protects her citizens everywhere, while the United States does not. This statement is most misleading. Great Britain, while she is renowned for protecting her subjects throughout the world, —bringing the resources of her fleet, if need be, to aid them,—makes an exception as regards her adopted citizens in the land of their birth. The person who, having been naturalized in Great Britain, goes back to the country of his birth, does so at his or her own risk. The British Government considers itself, under such circumstances, entirely absolved from the duty of giving protection. The simple fact is that the United States goes much further in protecting adopted citizens than does any other country, and it is only rank demagogism which can find fault because some of our thinking statesmen do not wish to see American citizenship prostituted by persons utterly unfit to receive it, who frequently use it fraudulently, and who, as many cases prove, are quite ready to renounce it and take up their old allegiance if they can gain advantage thereby.

Another general duty of the embassy was to smooth the way for the large number of young men and women who came over as students. This duty was especially pleasing to me now, as it had been during my life as minister in Berlin twenty years before. At that time women were not admitted to the universities; but now large numbers were in attendance. The university authorities showed themselves very courteous, and, when there was any doubt as to the standing of the institution from which a candidate for admission came, allowed me to pass upon the question and accepted my certificate. Almost without exception, I found these candidates excellent; but there were some exceptions. The applicants were usually persons who had been graduated from some one of our

own institutions; but, from time to time, persons who had merely passed a freshman year in some little American college came abroad, anxious to secure the glory of going at once into a German university. Certificates for such candidates I declined to sign. To do so would have been an abuse sure to lead the German authorities finally to reject the great mass of American students: far better for applicants to secure the best advantages possible in their own country, and then to supplement their study at home by proper work abroad.

In sketches of my former mission to Berlin I have mentioned various applications, some of them psychological curiosities; these I found continuing, though with variations. Some compatriots expected me to forward to the Emperor begging letters, or letters suggesting to him new ideas, unaware that myriads of such letters are constantly sent which never reach him, and which even his secretaries never think of reading. Others sent books, not knowing the rule prevailing among crowned heads, never to accept a *published* book, and not realizing that if this rule were broken, not one book in a thousand would get beyond the office of his general secretary. Others sent medicine which they wished him to recommend; and one gentleman was very persistent in endeavoring to secure his Majesty's decision on a wager.

Then there were singers or performers on wind or string instruments wishing to sing or play before him, sculptors and painters wishing him to visit their studios, and writers of music wishing him to order their compositions to be brought out at the Royal Opera.

All these requests culminated in two, wherein the gentle reader will see a mixture of comic and pathetic. The first was from a person (not an American) who wished my good offices in enabling her to obtain a commission for a brilliant marriage,—she having in reserve, as she assured me, a real Italian duke whom, for a consideration, she would secure for an American heiress. The other, which was from an eminently respectable source, urged

me to induce the imperial authorities to station in the United States a young German officer with whom an American young lady had fallen in love. And these proposals I was expected to further, in spite of the fact that the rules for American representatives abroad forbid all special pleading of any kind in favor of individual interests or enterprises, without special instructions from the State Department. Discouraging was it to find that in spite of the elaborate statement prepared by me during my former residence, which had been freely circulated during twenty years, there were still the usual number of people persuaded that enormous fortunes were awaiting them somewhere in Germany.

One application, from a truly disinterested man, was grounded in nobler motives. This was an effort made by an eminent Polish scholar and patriot to wrest American citizenship for political purposes. He had been an instructor at various Russian and German universities, had shown in some of his books extraordinary ability, had gained the friendship of several eminent scholars in Great Britain and on the Continent, and was finally settled at one of the most influential seats of learning in Austrian Poland. He was a most attractive man, wide in his knowledge, charming in his manner; but not of this world. Having drawn crowds to his university lectures, he suddenly attacked the Emperor Franz Josef, who, more than any other, had befriended his compatriots; was therefore obliged to flee from his post; and now came to Berlin, proposing seriously that I should at once make him an American citizen, and thus, as he supposed, enable him to go back to his university and, in revolutionary speeches, bid defiance to Austria, Russia, and Germany. Great was his disappointment when he learned that, in order to acquire citizenship, he would be obliged to go to the United States and remain there five years. As he was trying to nerve himself for this sacrifice, I presented some serious considerations to him. Knowing him to be a man of honor, I asked him how he could reconcile

it with his sense of veracity to assume the rights of American citizenship with no intention to discharge its duties. This somewhat startled him. Then, from a more immediately practical point of view, I showed that, even if he acquired American citizenship, and could reconcile his conscience to break the virtual pledge he had made in order to obtain it, the government of Austria, and, indeed, all other governments, would still have a full right, under the simplest principles of international law, to forbid his entrance into their territories, or to turn him out after he had entered,—the right of expelling undesirable emigrants being constantly exercised, even by the United States. This amazed him. He had absolutely persuaded himself that I could, by some sleight of hand, transform him into an American citizen; that he could then at once begin attempts to reëstablish the fine old Polish anarchy in Austria, Russia, and Germany; and that no one of these nations would dare interfere with him. It was absurd but pathetic. My advice to him was to go back to his lecture-room and labor to raise the character of the younger generation of Poles, in the hope that Poland might do what Scotland had done—rise by sound mental and moral training from the condition of a conquered and even oppressed part of a great empire to a controlling position in it. This advice was, of course, in vain, and he is now building air-castles amid the fogs of London.

In my life at Berlin as ambassador there was a tinge of sadness. Great changes had taken place since my student days in that city, and even since my later stay as minister. A new race of men had come upon the stage in public affairs, in the university, and in literary circles. Gone was the old Emperor William, gone also was the Emperor Frederick, and Bismarck and Moltke and a host of others who had given dignity and interest to the great assemblages at the capital. Gone, too, from the university were Lepsius, Helmholtz, Curtius, Hoffmann, Gneist, Du Bois-Reymond, and Treitschke, all of whom, in the old days, had been my guests and friends. The main ex-

ceptions seemed to be in the art world. The number of my artist friends during my stay as minister had been large, and every one of them was living when I returned as ambassador; the reason, of course, being that when men distinguish themselves in art at all, they do so at an earlier age than do high functionaries of state and professors in the universities. It was a great pleasure to find Adolf Menzel, Ludwig Knaus, Carl Becker, Anton von Werner, and Paul Meyerheim, though grown gray in their beautiful ministry, still daily at work in their studios.

Three only of my friends of the older generation in the Berlin faculty remained; and as I revise these lines the world is laying tributes upon the grave of the last of them—Theodor Mommsen. With him my relations were so peculiar that they may deserve some mention.

During my earlier stays in Berlin he had always seemed especially friendly to the United States, and it was therefore with regret that on my return I found him in this respect greatly changed: he had become a severe critic of nearly everything American; his earlier expectations had evidently been disappointed; we clearly appeared to him big, braggart, noisy, false to our principles, unworthy of our opportunities. These feelings of his became even more marked as the Spanish-American War drew on. Whenever we met, and most often at a charming house which both of us frequented, he showed himself more and more bitter, so that finally our paths separated. There comes back to me vividly one evening when I sought to turn off a sharp comment of his upon some recent American news by saying: "You must give a young nation like ours more time." On this he exclaimed: "You cannot plead the baby act any longer. More time! You have *had* time; you are already three hundred years old!" Having sought in vain to impress on him the fact that the policy of our country is determined not wholly by the older elements in its civilization, but very largely by newer commonwealths which must require time to develop a policy satisfactory to sedate judges, he burst into

a tirade from which I took refuge in a totally different discussion.

Some days later came another evidence of his feeling. Meeting an eminent leader in political, and especially in journalistic, circles, I was shown the corrected proof-sheets of an "interview" on the conduct of the United States toward Spain, given by Mommsen. It was even more acrid than his previous utterances, and exhibited sharply and at great length our alleged sins and shortcomings. Certainly a representative of the American people was not bound to make supplication, in such a matter, even to so eminent a scholar and leader of thought, and my comment was simply as follows: "I have no request to make in the premises—of Mommsen or of anybody. The article will of course have no effect on the war; of that there can be but one result: the triumph of the United States and the liberation of the Spanish islands of the West Indies; but may there not be some considerations of a very different order as regards Mommsen himself? Why not ask him, simply, where his friends are; his readers, his old students, his disciples? Why not ask him whether he finds fewer clouds over the policy of Spain than over that of the United States; of which country, despite all its faults, he has most hope; and for which, in his heart, he has the greater feeling of brotherhood?"

How far this answer influenced him I know not, but the article was never published; and thenceforth there seemed some revival of the older kindly feeling. At my own table and elsewhere he more than once became, in a measure, like the Mommsen of old. One utterance of his amused me much. My wife happening, in a talk with him, to speak of a certain personage as "hardly an ideal man," he retorted: "Madam, is it possible that you have been married some years and still believe in the ideal man?"

His old better feeling toward America came out especially when I next called upon him with congratulations upon his birthday—his last, alas! But heartiest of all was he during the dinner given at my departure. My

speech was long,—over an hour,—for I had a message to deliver, and was determined to give it—a message which I hoped might impress upon my great audience reasons for a friendly judgment of my country. As I began, Mommsen came to my side—just back of me, his hand at his ear, listening intently. There the old man stood from the first word to the last, and on my conclusion he grasped me heartily with both hands—a demonstration rare indeed with him. It was our last greeting in this world.

Would that there were space to dwell upon those in the present generation of professors who honored me with their friendship; but one is especially suggested here, since he was selected to make a farewell address on the occasion above referred to—Adolf Harnack. At various times I had heard him discourse profoundly and brilliantly at the university, but came to know him best at the bicentenary of the Berlin Academy, when he had just added to the long list of his published works his history of the academy, in four quarto volumes: a wonderful work, whether considered from an historical, psychological, or philosophical point of view. His address on that occasion was masterly, and his conversation at various social functions instructive and pithy. I remember in one of them, especially, his delineation of the characteristics and services of Leibnitz, who was one of the founders of the Royal Academy, and it was perfection in that kind of conversation which is worthy of men claiming to possess immortal souls: for it brought out, especially, examples of Leibnitz's amazing forethought as to European policy, which seemed at times like divinely inspired prophecies. He also gave me a number of interesting things which he had noted in his studies of Frederick the Great. Some of them I had found already in my own reading, but one of them I did not remember, and it was both comical and characteristic. A rural Protestant pastor sent a petition to the King presenting a grievance and asking redress. It was to the effect that his church was on one side of a river in Silesia, and that a younger pastor, whose church was

on the opposite side, was drawing all his parishioners away from him. On the back of the petition Frederick simply wrote, "Tell him to go and preach on the other side of the river: that will drive his people back again."

Hearing Harnack and his leading colleagues in discourse at the university or academy, or in private, whether in their loftier or lighter moods, one could understand why the University of Berlin, though one of the youngest, is the foremost among the universities of the world.

CHAPTER XLII

AMERICA, GERMANY, AND THE CHINESE WAR—1899-1902

AN interesting event of this period was the appearance in Berlin of ex-President and Mrs. Harrison. The President had but recently finished his long and wearisome work before the Venezuela Arbitration Tribunal at Paris, and was very happy in the consciousness of duty accomplished and liberty obtained. Marks of high distinction were shown them. The sovereigns invited them to attend the festivities at Potsdam in honor of the Queen and Queen Mother of Holland, who were then staying there, and treated them not only with respect, but with cordiality. The Emperor conversed long with the President on various matters of public interest: on noted Americans whom he had met, on the growth of our fleet, on recent events in our history, and the like, characteristically ending with a discussion of the superb music which we had been hearing; and at the supper which followed insisted that Mrs. Harrison should sit at his side, the Empress giving a similar invitation to Mr. Harrison. At a later period a dinner was given to the ex-President by the chancellor of the empire, Prince Hohenlohe, at which a number of the leading personages in the empire were present; and it was a pleasure to show my own respect for the former chief magistrate by a reception which was attended by about two hundred of our American colony, and a dinner at which he and Mrs. Harrison made the acquaintance of leading representative Germans in various fields.

In another chapter of these memoirs I have spoken of President Harrison as of cold and, at times, abrupt manners; but the absence of these characteristics during his stay in Berlin, and afterward in New York, made it clear to me that the cold exterior which I had noted in him at Washington, especially when Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge, and sundry others of us urged upon him an extension of the classified civil service, was adopted as a means of preventing encroachments upon the time necessary for his daily duties. He now appeared in a very different light, his discussion of men and events showing not only earnest thought and deep penetration, but a rich vein of humor; his whole bearing being simple, kindly, and dignified.

During the winter of 1899–1900 came an addition to my experiences of what American representatives abroad have to expect under our present happy-go-lucky provision for the diplomatic service. As already stated, on arriving in Berlin, I had great difficulty in obtaining any fitting quarters, but at last secured a large and suitable apartment in an excellent part of the city, its only disadvantage being that my guests had to plod up seventy-five steps in order to reach it. Having been obliged to make large outlays for suitable fittings, extensive repairs, and furniture throughout, I found that more than the entire salary of my first year had been thus sunk; but I congratulated myself that I had at least obtained a residence good, comfortable, and suitable. To be sure, it was inferior to that of any other ambassador, but I had fitted it up so that it was considered creditable. Suddenly, about two years afterward, without a word of warning, came notice from the proprietor that my lease was void—that he had sold the house, and that I must leave it; so that it looked as if the American Embassy would, at an early day, be turned into the street. This was trying indeed. It was at the beginning of the social season, and interfered greatly with my duties of every sort. And there cropped out a feeling, among all conversant with the

case, which I cannot say was conducive to respect for the wisdom of those who give laws to our country.

But, happily, I had insisted on inserting in the lease a clause which seemed to make it doubtful whether the proprietor could turn me out so easily and speedily. Under German law it was a very precarious reliance, but on this I took my stand, and at last, thanks mainly to the kindness of my colleague who succeeded me as a tenant, made a compromise under which I was enabled to retain the apartment for something over a year longer.

It may be interesting for an American who has a proper feeling regarding the position of his country abroad to know that the purchaser of the entire house—not only of the floor which I had occupied, but of the similar apartment beneath, as well as that on the ground floor—was the little Grand Duchy of Baden, which in this way provided for its minister, secretaries, and others connected with its legation in the German capital.

On the theory of line upon line and precept upon precept, I again call attention, *not* to the wrong done *me* by this American policy, or rather want of policy,—for I knew in coming what I had to expect,—but to the injury thus done to the *proper standing of our country before the other nations of the world.* Again I insist that, in its own interest, a government like ours ought, in every capital where it is represented, to possess or to hold on long lease a house or apartment suitable to its representative and creditable to itself.

Early in the spring of 1900 came an event of some historical interest. On the 19th of March and the two days following was celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Academy of Sciences. The Emperor, as well as the Academy, had determined to make it a great occasion, and the result was a series of very brilliant pageants. These began by a solemn reception of the delegates from all parts of the world in the great hall of the palace, my duty being to represent the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and my colleagues being

Professors White and Wolf of Harvard, who had been sent by the American Academy of Sciences. The scene was very striking, all the delegates, except those from America and Switzerland, being in the costumes of the organizations they represented; most were picturesque, and some had a very mediæval appearance; those from the ancient universities of Würzburg and Prague, especially, looking as if they had just stepped out of an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century. At the time named for the beginning of the festival the Emperor entered, announced by the blare of trumpets, preceded by ministers bearing the sword, standard, and great seal, and by generals bearing the crown, scepter, and orb. He was surrounded by the highest officials of the kingdom and empire, and having taken his seat on the throne, there came majestic music preluding sundry orations and lists of honors conferred on eminent men of science in all parts of the world, among whom I was glad to note Professors Gibbs of Yale, James of Harvard, and Rowland of Johns Hopkins.

The Emperor's speech was characteristic. It showed that his heart was in the matter; that he felt a just pride in the achievements of German science, and was determined that no efforts of his should be wanting to increase and extend them. After the close of the function, which was made in the same stately way as its beginning, my colleagues drove home with me, and one of them said, "Well, I am an American and a republican, but when I am in a monarchy I like to see a thing of this kind done in the most magnificent way possible, as it was this morning." A day or two afterward, at the dinner given to the ambassadors by the Emperor, I told him this story. He laughed heartily, and then said: "Your friend is right: if a man is to be a monarch, let him be a monarch; Dom Pedro of Brazil tried to be something else, and it did not turn out well."

Impressive in a different way were the ceremonies attendant upon the coming of age of the German crown

prince, on the 6th of May, 1900. To do honor to the occasion, the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria-Hungary had sent word that he would be present, and for many days the whole city seemed mainly devoted to decorating its buildings and streets for his visit; the culmination of the whole being at the Pariser Platz, in front of the Brandenburg Gate, where a triumphal arch and obelisks were erected, with other decorations, patriotic and complimentary. On the morning of the 4th he arrived, and, entering the city at the side of the German Emperor, each in the proper uniform of the other, he was received by the burgomaster and town council of Berlin with a most cordial speech, and then, passing on through the Linden, which was showily decorated, he was enthusiastically greeted everywhere. No doubt this greeting was thoroughly sincere, since all good Germans look upon Franz Josef as their truest ally.

Next evening there was a "gala" performance at the Royal Opera, the play presented being, of all things in the world, Auber's "Bronze Horse," which is a farcical Chinese fairy tale set to very light and pleasing music. The stage setting was gorgeous, but the audience was still more so, delegates from all the greater powers of the world being present, including the heirs to the British and Italian thrones, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and a multitude of other scions of royalty. One feature was comical. Near me sat His Excellency the Chinese minister, surrounded by his secretaries and attachés, all apparently delighted; and on my asking him, through his interpreter, how he liked it, he said, "Very much; this shows the Europeans that in China we know how to amuse ourselves." Of the fact that it was a rather highly charged caricature of Chinese officialdom he seemed either really or diplomatically unconscious.

On the following morning I was received in audience by the German Emperor, bringing to him a warm message of congratulation from President McKinley; and when His Majesty had replied very cordially, he introduced me

to the crown prince standing at his side, to whom I gave the President's best wishes. Then came, in the chapel of the palace, an impressive religious service, the address by Dr. Dryander being eloquent, and the music, by the cathedral choir and, at times, by a great military orchestra, both far above us in the dome, beautiful. At its close the crown prince came forward, stood before the altar, where I had seen his parents married twenty years before, and the oath of allegiance, which was quite long, having been read to him by the colonel of his regiment, he repeated it, word for word, and made his solemn pledge, lifting one hand and grasping the imperial standard with the other. Then, after receiving affectionate embraces from his father and mother, he was congratulated by the sovereigns and royal personages. The ambassadors and ministers having been then received by the Emperor and Empress, the young prince came along the line and spoke to each of us in a very unaffected and manly way. He was at that time somewhat taller than his father, with an intelligent and pleasant face, and is likely, I should say, to do well in his great position, though not possessing, probably, anything like his father's varied gifts and graces.

In the evening came a dinner in the White Hall of the palace to several hundred guests, including the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, the King of Saxony, and other visiting personages, with the heads of the diplomatic missions, and the leading personages of the empire; and near the close of it the Emperor William arose and made an excellent speech, to all appearance extemporaneous. The answer by the Emperor of Austria-Hungary was read by him, and was sensible and appropriate.

That this visit did much to strengthen the ties which bind the two monarchies was shown not merely by hurrahs in the streets and dithyrambic utterances in the newspapers, but by a mass of other testimony. One curious thing was the great care everywhere taken in the decorations to honor the crown and flag of Hungary equally with

that of Austria, and this, as was shown by the Hungarian journals, had an excellent effect. By this meeting, no doubt, the Triple Alliance was somewhat strengthened, and the chances for continued peace increased, at least during the lifetime of the Emperor Franz Josef. As to what will follow his death all is dark. His successor is one of the least suitable of men,—unprepossessing, and even forbidding, in every respect. Brought up by the Jesuits, he is distrusted by a vast mass of the best people in the empire, Catholic and Protestant. A devout Catholic they would be glad to take, but a Jesuit pupil they dread, for they know too well what such have brought upon the empire hitherto, and, indeed, upon every kingdom which has allowed them in its councils. His previous career has not been edifying, and there is no reason to expect any change in him. The Emperor Franz Josef is probably as thoroughly beloved by his subjects as any sovereign in history has ever been. His great misfortunes—fearful defeats in the wars with France and Germany, the suicide of his only son, the assassination of his wife, and family troubles in more recent times—have thrown about him an atmosphere of romantic sympathy; while love for his kindly qualities is mingled with respect for his plain common sense. During his stay in Berlin I met him a second time. At my first presentation at Dresden, two years before, there was little opportunity for extended conversation; but he now spoke quite at length and in a manner which showed him to be observant of the world's affairs even in remote regions. He discussed the recent increase of our army, the progress of our war in the Philippines, and the extension of American enterprise in various parts of the world, in a way which was not at all perfunctory, but evidently the result of large information and careful observation. His empire, which is a seething caldron of hates, racial, religious, political, and local, is held together by love and respect for him; but when he dies this personal tie which unites all these different races, parties, and localities will disappear, and

in place of it will come the man who by force of untoward circumstances is to be his successor, and this is anything but a pleasing prospect to an Austro-Hungarian, or, indeed, to any thoughtful observer of human affairs.

Interesting to me at this period was a visit from representatives of the "Kriegerverein"—German-Americans who had formerly fought in the war between Germany and France, who had since become American citizens, and who were now revisiting their native land. They were a very manly body, evidently taking pride in the American flag which they carried, and also in the part they had played in Germany. Replying to a friendly address by their commanding officer, I took up some current American fallacies regarding Germany and Germans, encouraged my hearers to stand firm against sensational efforts to make trouble between the two countries, urged them to keep their children in knowledge of the German language and in touch with German civilization, while bringing them up as thoroughly loyal Americans, reminding them that every American who is interested in German history or literature or science or art is an additional link in the chain which binds together the two nations. The speech was of a very offhand sort; but it seemed to strike deep and speed far, for it evoked most kindly letters of congratulation and thanks from various parts of Germany and the United States.

The most striking episode in the history of the world during these years was the revolution in China. The first event which startled mankind was the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister at Peking, a man of remarkable abilities and accomplishments, who was thought sure to rise high among diplomatists, and who had especially attracted American friendships by his marriage with an American lady. The impression created by this calamity was made all the greater by the fact that, in the absence of further news from the Chinese capital, there was reason to fear that the whole diplomatic corps, with their families, might be murdered. American

action in the entanglements which followed was prompt and successful, and thinking men everywhere soon saw it to be so. Toward the end of July, 1900, being about to go to America for the summer, I took leave of Count von Bülow at the Foreign Office, and, on coming out, met one of my colleagues, who, although representing one of the lesser European powers, was well known as exceedingly shrewd and far-sighted. He said: "I congratulate you on the course pursued by your government during this fearful Chinese imbroglio. Other powers have made haste to jump into war; your admiral at Tientsin seems the only one who has kept his head; other governments have treated representatives of the Chinese Empire as hostile, and, in doing so, have cut themselves off from all direct influence on the Peking Government; the government at Washington has taken an opposite course, has considered the troubles as, *prima facie*, the work of insurrectionists, has insisted on claiming friendship with the constituted authorities in China, and, in view of this friendship, has insisted on being kept in communication with its representative at the Chinese capital, the result being that your government has been allowed to communicate with its representative, and has thereby gained the information and issued the orders which have saved the entire diplomatic corps, as well as the forces of the different powers now in Peking."

It was one of those contemporary testimonies to the skill of Mr. McKinley and Secretary Hay which indicate the verdict of history.

Our later policy was equally sound. It was to prevent any further territorial encroachments on China by foreign powers, and to secure the opening of the empire on equal terms to the commerce of the entire world. On the other hand, the German Government, exasperated by the murder of its minister at Peking, was at first inclined to go beyond this, and a speech of the Emperor to his troops as they were leaving Germany for the seat of war was hastily construed to mean that they were to carry out

a policy of extermination and confiscation. Even after the first natural outburst of indignation against the Chinese, it looked as if the ultimatum presented by the powers would include demands which could never be met, and would entangle all the powers in a long and tedious war, leading, perhaps, to a worse catastrophe. Quietly but vigorously, from first to last, the American policy was urged by Mr. Conger, American minister at Peking, and by other representatives of our government abroad; and it was a happy morning for me when, after efforts many and long continued, I received at the Berlin Foreign Office the assurance that Germany would not consider the earlier conditions presented by the powers to the Chinese Government as "irrevocable." My constant contention, during interviews at the Foreign Office, had been that the United States desired as anxiously to see the main miscreants punished as did any other nation, but that it was of no use to demand, upon members of the imperial family, and upon generals in command of great armies, extreme penalties which the Chinese Government was not strong enough to inflict, or indemnities which it was not rich enough to pay; that our aim was not quixotic but practical, and that, in advocating steadily the "open door" policy, we were laboring quite as much for all other powers as for ourselves. Of course we were charged in various quarters with cold-bloodedness, and with merely seeking to promote our own interest in trade; but the Japanese, who could understand the question better than the Western powers, steadily adhered to our policy, and more and more, in its main lines, it proved to be correct.

On the Fourth of July, 1900, came the celebration of our national independence at Leipsic, and being asked to respond to the first regular toast, and, having at my former visit dwelt especially upon the Presidency, my theme now became the character and services of the President himself, and it was a pleasure to find that my state-

ment was received by the German press in a way that showed a reaction from previous injustice.

During August and September preceding the political campaign which resulted in Mr. McKinley's reëlection I was in the United States. It was the hottest summer in very many years, and certainly, within my whole experience, there had been no torrid heat like that during my visits to Washington. Nearly every one seemed prostrated by it. Upon arriving at the Arlington Hotel, I found two old friends unnerved by the temperature, one of them not daring to risk a sunstroke by going to the train which would take him to his home in Chicago. Retiring to one's room at night, even in the best-situated hotels, was like entering an oven. The leading official persons were generally absent, and those who remained seemed hardly capable of doing business. But there was one exception. Going to the White House to pay my respects to the President, I found him the one man in Washington perfectly cool, serene, and unaffected by the burning heat or by the pressure of public affairs. Although matters in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, in China, and in the political campaign then going on must have been constantly in his mind, he had plenty of time, seemed to take trouble about nothing, and kept me in his office for a full hour, discussing calmly the various phases of the situation as they were affected by matters in Germany.

His discussion of public affairs showed the same quiet insight and strength which I had recognized in him when we first met, in 1884, as delegates at the Chicago National Convention. One thing during this Washington interview struck me especially: I asked him if he was to make any addresses during the campaign; he answered: "No; several of my friends have urged me to do so, but I shall not. I intend to return to what seems to me the better policy of the earlier Presidents: the American people have my administration before them; they have ample

material for judging it, and with them I shall silently leave the whole matter." He said this in a perfectly simple, quiet way, which showed that he meant what he said. At the time I regretted his decision; but it soon became clear that he was right.

At the beginning of the year 1901 came the two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Prussian kingdom. Representatives of the other governments of the world appeared at court in full force; and, under instructions from the President, I tendered his congratulations and best wishes to the monarch, as follows:

May it please Your Majesty: I am instructed by the President to present his hearty congratulations on this two-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Kingdom of Prussia, and, with his congratulations, his best wishes for Your Majesty's health and happiness, as well as the health and happiness of the Royal Family, and his earnest hopes for the continued prosperity of Your Majesty's Kingdom and Empire.

At the same time I feel fully authorized to present similar congratulations and good wishes from the whole people of the United States. The ties between the two nations, instead of being weakened by time, have constantly grown stronger. As regards material interests they are bound together by an enormous commerce, growing greatly every year: as regards deeper sentiments, no man acquainted with American History forgets that the House of Hohenzollern was one of the first European powers to recognize American Independence; and that it was Frederick the Great who made that first treaty,—a landmark in the history of International Law,—the only fault of which was that the world was not far enough advanced to appreciate it. We also remember that Germany was the only foreign country which showed decided sympathy for us during our Civil War—the second struggle for our national existence.

I also feel fully authorized, in view of Your Majesty's interest in everything that ministers to the highest interests of civilization, to express thanks for service which the broad policy of Germany has rendered the United States in throwing open to American scholars its Universities, its Technical Schools, its Conservatories of Art, its Museums, and its Libraries. Every University and advanced school of learning in the United States recognizes the fact that Germany has been our main foreign

teacher, as regards the higher ranges of Science, Literature, and Art, and I may be allowed to remind Your Majesty, that while Great Britain is justly revered by us as our mother country, Germany is beginning to hold to us a similar relation, not only as the fatherland of a vast number of American citizens, but as one of the main sources of the intellectual culture spread by our universities and schools for advanced learning.

Allow me, then, sir, to renew the best wishes of the President and people of the United States, with their hopes that every blessing may attend Your Majesty, the House of Hohenzollern, the Kingdom of Prussia, and the German Empire.

The Emperor in his reply spoke very cordially of the President's special telegram, which he had received that morning, and then gave earnest utterance to his belief that the time is coming when the three great peoples of Germanic descent will stand firmly together in all the great questions of the world.

The religious ceremonies in the Palace Chapel, with magnificent music; the banquet, which included pertinent speeches from the monarchs; and the gala representation at the opera all passed off well: but, perhaps, that which will dwell longest in my memory took place at the last. The performance consisted of two pieces: one a poem glorifying Prussia, recited with music; the other a play, in four acts, with long, musical interludes, deifying the great Elector and the house of Hohenzollern. Though splendid in scenic setting and brilliant in presentation, it was very long, and the ambassadors' box was crowded and hot. In the midst of it all the French ambassador, the Marquis de Noailles, one of the most suave, courteous, and placid of men, quietly said to me, with inimitable gravity, "What a bore this must be to those who understand German! (*Comme ça doit être ennuyeux à ceux qui comprennent l'Allemand!*)" This sudden revelation of a lower depth of boredom—from one who could not understand a word of the play—was worthy of his ancestors in the days of Saint-Simon and Dangeau.

During the following summer two great sorrows befell

me and mine, but there is nothing to be here chronicled save that in this, as in previous trials, I took refuge in work which seemed to be worthy. The diplomatic service in summer is not usually exacting, especially when one has, as I had, thoroughly loyal and judicious embassy secretaries. As in a former bereavement I had turned to a study of the character and services of John of Portugal and his great successors in the age of discovery, so now I turned to Fra Paolo Sarpi and the good fight he fought for Venice and humanity. To my large collection of books on the subject, made mainly in Italy, I added much from the old book-shops of Germany, and with these revised my Venetian studies. An old dream of mine had been to bring out a small book on Fra Paolo: now I sought, more modestly, to prepare an essay.[1] The work was good for me. Contemplation of that noblest of the three great Italians between the Renaissance and the Resurrection of Italy did something to lift me above sorrow; reading his words, uttered so calmly in all the storm and stress of his time, soothed me. Viewed from my work-table on the island of Rügen, the world became less dark as I thought upon this hero of three centuries ago.

Then came the death of the Empress Frederick. Even during her tragic struggle with Bismarck, and the unpopularity which beset her during my former official term at Berlin, she had been kind to me and mine. At my presentation to her in those days, at Potsdam, when she stood by the side of her husband, afterward the most beloved of emperors since Marcus Aurelius, she evidently exerted herself to make the interview pleasant to me. She talked of American art and the Colorado pictures of Moran, which she had seen and admired; of German art and the Madonna painted by Knaus for the Russian Empress, which Miss Wolfe had given the Metropolitan Museum at New York; and in reply to my congratulations upon a

[1] This essay has since been published in the "Atlantic Monthly" of January and February, 1904.

recent successful public speech of her eldest son, a student at Bonn, she had dwelt, in a motherly way, upon the difficulties which environ a future sovereign at a great university. In more recent days, and especially during the years before her death, she had been, at her table in Berlin and at her castle of Kronberg, especially courteous. There comes back to me pleasantly a kindly retort of hers. I had spoken to her of a portrait of George III which had interested me at the old castle of Homburg nearly forty years before. It had been sent to his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, who had evidently wished to see her father's face as it had really become; for it represented the King, not in the gold-laced uniform, not in the trim wig, not in the jauntily tied queue of his official portraits and statues, but as he was: in confinement, wretched and demented; in a slouching gown, with a face sad beyond expression; his long, white hair falling about it and over it; of all portraits in the world, save that, at Florence, of Charles V in his old age, the saddest. So, the conversation drifting upon George III and upon the old feeling between the United States and Great Britain, now so happily changed, I happened to say, "It is a remembrance of mine, now hard to realize, that I was brought up to *abhor* the memory of George III." At this she smiled and answered, "That was very unjust; for I was brought up to *adore* the memory of Washington." Then she spoke at length regarding the feeling of her father and mother toward the United States during our Civil War, saying that again and again she had heard her father argue to her mother, Queen Victoria, for the Union and against slavery. She discussed current matters of world politics with the strength of a statesman; yet nothing could be more womanly in the highest sense. On my saying that I hoped to see the day when Germany, Great Britain, and the United States would stand together in guarding the peace of the world, she threw up her hands and replied, "Heaven grant it; but you forget Japan." The funeral at Potsdam dwells in my mind as worthy of her. There were, indeed, pomp

and splendor, but subdued, as was befitting; and while the foreign representatives stood beside her coffin, the Emperor spoke to me, very simply and kindly, of his sorrow and of mine. Then, to the sound of funeral music and muffled church bells, he, with the King of Great Britain and members of their immediate family just behind the funeral car, the ambassadors accompanying them, and a long procession following, walked slowly along the broad avenue through that beautiful forest, until, in the Church of Peace, she was laid by the side of her husband, Emperor Frederick the Noble.

CHAPTER XLIII

BERLIN, YALE, OXFORD, AND ST. ANDREWS—1901-1903

DARKEST of all hours during my embassy was that which brought news of the assassination of President McKinley. It was on the very day after his great speech at Buffalo had gained for him the admiration and good will of the world. Then came a week of anxiety—of hope alternating with fear; I not hopeful: for there came back to me memories of President Garfield's assassination during my former official stay in Berlin, and of our hope against hope during his struggle for life: all brought to naught. Late in the evening of September 14 came news of the President's death—opening a new depth of sadness; for I had come not merely to revere him as a patriot and admire him as a statesman, but to love him as a man. Few days have seemed more overcast than that Sunday when, at the little American chapel in Berlin, our colony held a simple service of mourning, the imperial minister of foreign affairs and other representatives of the government having quietly come to us. The feeling of the German people—awe, sadness, and even sympathy—was real. Formerly they had disliked and distrusted the President as the author of the protective policy which had cost their industries so dear; but now, after his declaration favoring reciprocity,—with his full recognition of the brotherhood of nations,—and in view of this calamity, so sudden, so distressing, there had come a revulsion of feeling.

To see one whom I so honored, and who had formerly

been so greatly misrepresented, at last recognized as a great and true man was, at least, a solace.

At this period came the culmination of a curious episode in my official career. During the war in China the Chinese minister at Berlin, Lu-Haï-Houan, feeling himself cut off from relations with the government to which he was accredited, and, indeed, with all the other powers of Europe, had come at various times to me, and with him, fortunately, came his embassy counselor, Dr. Kreyer, whom I had previously known at Berlin and St. Petersburg as a thoughtful man, deeply anxious for the welfare of China, and appreciative of the United States, where he had received his education. The minister was a kindly old mandarin of high rank, genial, gentle, evidently struggling hard against the depression caused by the misfortunes of his country, and seeking some little light, if, perchance, any was to be obtained. In his visits to me, and at my return visits to him, the whole condition of things in China was freely and fully discussed, and never have I exerted myself more to give useful advice. First, I insisted upon the necessity of amends for the fearful wrong done by China to other nations, and then presented my view of the best way of developing in his country a civilization strong enough to resist hostile forces, exterior and interior. As to dealings with the Christian missionaries, against whom he showed no fanatical spirit, but who, as he thought, had misunderstood China and done much harm, I sought to show him that the presumption was in their favor, but that if the Chinese Government ultimately came to the decision that their stay in China was incompatible with the safety of the nation, its course was simple: that on no account was it to kill or injure any of them or of their converts; that while, in my view, it would be wise to arrange for their continuance in China under proper regulation, still, that if they must be expelled, it should be done in the most kindly and considerate way, and with due indemnity for any losses to which they might be subjected. Of course, there was no denying

that, under the simplest principles of international law, China has the right at any moment to shut its doors against, or to expel, any people whatever whom it may consider dangerous or injurious—this power being constantly exercised by all the other nations of the earth, and by none more than by the American Government, as so many Chinese seeking entrance to our ports have discovered; but again and again I warned him that this, if it were ever done at all, must be done without harshness and with proper indemnities, and that any return to the cruelties of the past would probably end in the dividing up of maritime China among the great powers of the world. As to the building up of the nation, I laid stress on the establishment of institutions for technical instruction; and took pains to call his attention to what had been done in the United States and by various European governments in this respect. He seemed favorably impressed by this, but dwelt on what he considered the fanaticism of sundry Chinese supporters of technical education against the old Chinese classical instruction. Here I suggested to him a system which might save what was good in the old mode of instruction: namely, the continuance of the best of the old classical training, but giving also high rank to modern studies.

We also talked over the beginning of a better development of the Chinese army and navy, of better systems of taxation, and of the nations from which good examples and competent instruction might be drawn in these various fields. Curious was his suggestion of a possible amalgamation of Chinese moral views with the religious creeds of the western world. He observed that Christianity seemed to be weak, mainly, on the moral side, and he suggested, at some length, a combination of the Christian religion with the Confucian morality. Interesting was it to hear him, as a Confucian, dwell on the services which might thus be rendered to civilization. There was a simple, kindly shrewdness in the man, and a personal dignity which was proof against the terrible misfortunes

which had beset his country. Again and again he visited me, always wishing to discuss some new phase of the questions at issue. I could only hope that, as he was about to return to China, some of the ideas brought out in our conversations might prove fruitful. One result of the relation thus formed was that when Prince Chun, the brother of the Emperor of China, came to make apology before the throne of the Emperor William, he called upon me. Unfortunately I was out, but, returning his visit, I met him, and, what was more to the purpose, the dignitaries of his suite, some of whom interested me much; and I was glad of a chance, through them, to impress some of the ideas brought out in my previous conversations with the minister. I cannot say that I indulged in any strong hopes as regards the prince himself; but, noting the counselors who surrounded him, and their handling of the questions at issue, I formed more hope for the conservation of China as a great and beneficent power than I had ever had before.

To this succeeded an episode of a very different sort. For some time Mr. Andrew Carnegie had done me the honor to listen to advice of mine regarding some of his intended benefactions in Scotland, the United States, and elsewhere. I saw and felt the great possibilities for good involved when so noble a heart, so shrewd a head, so generous a hand had command of one of the most colossal fortunes ever at the disposal of a human being; and the bright purposes and plans revealed in his letters shone through the clouds of that mournful summer. So it was that, on my journey to America, made necessary by the sudden death of my son, I accepted Mr. Carnegie's invitation to visit him at his castle of Skibo in the extreme north of Scotland. Very striking, during the two days' journey from London to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Bonar, were the evidences of mourning for President McKinley in every city, village, and hamlet. It seemed natural that, in the large towns and on great public buildings, flags at half-mast and in mourning should show a

sense of the calamity which had befallen a sister nation; but what appealed to me most were the draped and half-masted flags on the towers of the little country churches and cottages. Never before in the history of any two countries had such evidences of brotherly feeling been shown. Thank God! brotherly feeling had conquered demagogism.

The visit to Mr. Carnegie helped to give a new current to my thoughts. The attractions of his wonderful domain, forty thousand acres, with every variety of scenery,—ocean, forest, moor, and mountain,—the household with its quaint Scotch usages—the piper in full tartan solemnly going his rounds at dawn, and the music of the organ swelling, morning and evening, through the castle from the great hall—all helped to give me new strength. There was also good company: Frederic Harrison, thoughtful and brilliant, whom I had before known only by his books and a brief correspondence; Archdeacon Sinclair of London, worthy, by his scholarly accomplishments, of his descent from the friend of Washington; and others who did much to aid our hosts in making life at the castle beautiful. Going thence to America, I found time to co-operate with my old friend, President Gilman, in securing data for Mr. Carnegie, especially at Washington, in view of his plan of a national institution for the higher scientific research.

It was a sad home-coming; but these occupations and especially a visit to New Haven at the bicentennial celebration of Yale aided to cheer me. This last was indeed a noteworthy commemoration. There had come to me, in connection with it, perhaps the greatest honor of my life: an invitation to deliver one of the main addresses; but it had been received at the time of my deepest depression, and I had declined it, but with no less gratitude that the authorities of my Alma Mater had thought me worthy of that service. In so doing, I sacrificed much; for there was one subject which, under other circumstances, I would gladly have developed at such a time and before such an

audience. But as I listened to the admirable address given by my old college mate, Mr. Justice Brewer, when the honors of the university were conferred upon the President, the Secretary of State, and so many distinguished representatives from all parts of the world, it was a satisfaction to me, after all, that I could enjoy it quietly, with no sense of responsibility, and could, indeed, rest and be thankful.

As to my own personal history, there came at this time an event which could not but please me: the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin chose me as one of its foreign honorary members. It was a tribute of the sort for which I cared most, especially because it brought me into closer relations with leaders in science and literature whom I had so long admired.

To finish the chronicle of that period, I may add that, on my return from America, being invited to Potsdam for the purpose, I gave the Emperor the very hearty message which the President had sent him, and that, during this interview and the family dinner which followed it, he spoke most appreciatively and intelligently of the President, of the recent victory for good government in the city of New York, of the skill shown by Americans in great works of public utility, and especially of the remarkable advances in the development of our navy.

One part of this conversation had a lighter cast. At the close of that portion of the communication from the President which referred to various public affairs came a characteristic touch in the shape of an invitation to hunt in the Rocky Mountain regions: it was the simple message of one healthy, hearty, vigorous hunter to another, and was to the effect that the President especially envied the Emperor for having shot a whale, but that if his Majesty would come to America he should have the best possible opportunity to add to his trophies a Rocky Mountain lion, and that he would thus be the first monarch to kill a lion since Tiglath-Pileser, whose exploit is shown on the old monuments of Assyria. The hearty way in

which the message was received showed that it would have been gladly accepted had that been possible.

On New Year's day of 1902 began the sixth year of my official stay at Berlin. At his reception of the ambassadors the Emperor was very cordial, spoke most heartily regarding President Roosevelt, and asked me to forward his request that the President's daughter might be allowed to christen the imperial yacht then building in America. In due time this request was granted, and as the special representative of the sovereign at its launching he named his brother—Prince Henry. No man in the empire could have been more fitly chosen. His career as chief admiral of the German navy had prepared him to profit by such a journey, and his winning manners assured him a hearty welcome.

My more serious duties were now relieved by sundry festivities, and of these was a dinner on the night of the prince's departure from Berlin, given to the American Embassy by the Emperor, who justly hoped and believed that the proposed expedition would strengthen good feeling between the two countries. After dinner we all sat in the smoking-room of the old Schloss until midnight, and various pleasant features of the conversation dwell in my memory—particularly the Emperor's discussions of Mark Twain and other American humorists; but perhaps the most curious was his amusement over a cutting from an American newspaper—a printed recipe for an American concoction known as "Hohenzollern punch," said to be in readiness for the prince on his arrival. The number of intoxicants, and the ingenuity of their combination, as his Majesty read the list aloud, were amazing; it was a terrific brew, which only a very tough seaman could expect to survive.

But as we all took leave of the prince at the station afterward, there were in my heart and mind serious misgivings. I knew well that, though the great mass of the American people were sure to give him a hearty welcome, there were scattered along his route many fanatics, and,

most virulent of all, those who had just then been angered by the doings of sundry Prussian underlings in Poland. I must confess to uneasiness during his whole stay in America, and among the bright days of my life was that on which the news came that he was on board a German liner and on his return.

One feature of that evening is perhaps more worthy of record. After the departure of the prince, the Emperor's conversation took a more serious turn, and as we walked toward his carriage he said, "My brother's mission has no political character whatever, save in one contingency: If the efforts made in certain parts of Europe to show that the German Government sought to bring about a European combination against the United States during your Spanish war are persisted in, I have authorized him to lay before the President certain papers which will put that slander at rest forever." As it turned out, there was little need of this, since the course both of the Emperor and his government was otherwise amply vindicated.

The main matter of public business during the first months of the year was the Russian occupation of Manchuria, regarding which our government took a very earnest part, instructing me to press the matter upon the attention of the German Government, and to follow it up with especial care. Besides this, it was my duty to urge a fitting representation of Germany at the approaching St. Louis Exposition. Regarding this there were difficulties. The Germans very generally avowed themselves exposition-weary (*Ausstellungsmüde*); and no wonder, for exposition had succeeded exposition, now in this country, now in that, and then in various American cities, each anxious to outdo the other, until all foreign governments were well-nigh tired out. But the St. Louis Exposition encountered an adverse feeling much more serious than any caused by fatigue,—the American system of high protection having led the Germans to distrust all our expositions, whether at New Orleans, Chicago, Buffalo, or St.

Louis, and to feel that there was really nothing in these for Germany; that, in fact, German manufacturing interests would be better served by avoiding them than by taking part in them. Still, by earnest presentation of the matter at the Foreign Office and to the Emperor, I was able to secure a promise that German art should be well represented.

In March, a lull having come in public business as well as in social duty, I started on my usual excursion to Italy, its most interesting feature being my sixth stay in Venice. Ten days in that fascinating city were almost entirely devoted to increasing my knowledge of Fra Paolo Sarpi. Various previous visits had familiarized me with the main events in his wonderful career; but I now met with two pieces of especially good fortune. First, I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Robertson, an ardent admirer of Father Paul, and author of an excellent biography of him; and, next, I was able to add to my own material a mass of rare books and manuscripts relating to the great Venetian. Most interesting was my visit, in company with Dr. Robertson, to the remains of Father Paul's old monastery, where we found what no one, up to our time, seems to have discovered—the little door which the Venetian Senate caused to be made in the walls of the monastery garden, at Father Paul's request, in order that he might reach his gondola at once, and not be again exposed to assassins like those sent by Pope Paul V, who had attacked him and left him, to all appearances dead, in the little street near the monastery.

Returning to Berlin, the usual round of duty was resumed; but there seems nothing worthy to be chronicled, save possibly the visit of the Shah of Persia and the Crown Prince of Siam. Both were seen in all their glory at the gala opera given in their honor; but the Persian ruler appeared to little advantage, for he was obliged to retire before the close of the representation. He was evidently prematurely old and worn out. The feature of this social function which especially dwells in my memory was

a very interesting talk with the Emperor regarding the kindness shown his brother by the American people, at the close of which he presented me to his guest, the Crown Princess of Saxony. She was especially kindly and pleasing, discussing various topics with heartiness and simplicity; and it was a vast surprise to me when, a few months later, she became the heroine of perhaps the most astonishing escapade in the modern history of royalty.

As to matters of business, there came one which especially rejoiced me. Mr. Carnegie having established the institution for research which bears his name at Washington, with an endowment of ten million dollars, and named me among the trustees, my old friend Dr. Gilman had later been chosen President of the new institution, and now arrived in Berlin to study the best that Germans were doing as regards research in science. Our excursions to various institutions interested me greatly; both the men we met and things we saw were full of instruction to us, and of all public duties I have had to discharge, I recall none with more profit and pleasure. One thing in this matter struck me as never before—the quiet wisdom and foresight with which the various German governments prepare to profit by the best which science can be made to yield them in every field.

Upon these duties followed others of a very different sort. On the 19th of June died King Albert of Saxony, and in view of his high character and of the many kindnesses he had shown to Americans, I was instructed to attend his funeral at Dresden as a special representative of the President. The whole ceremonial was interesting; there being in it not only a survival of various mediæval procedures, but many elements of solemnity and beauty; and the funeral, which took place at the court church in the evening, was especially impressive. Before the high altar stood the catafalque; in front of it, the crown, scepter, orb, and other emblems of royalty; and at its summit, the coffin containing the body of the King. Around this structure were ranged lines of soldiers and pages in

picturesque uniforms and bearing torches. Facing these were the seats for the majesties, including the new King, who had at his right the Emperor of Austria, and at his left the German Emperor, while next these were the seats of foreign ambassadors and other representatives. Of all present, the one who seemed least in accord with his surroundings was the nephew of the old and the son of the new King, Prince Max, who was dressed simply as a priest, his plain black gown in striking contrast with the gorgeous uniforms of the other princes immediately about him. The only disconcerting feature was the sermon. It was given by one of the priests attached to the court church, and he evidently considered this an occasion to be made much of; for instead of fifteen minutes, as had been expected, his sermon lasted an hour and twenty minutes, much to the discomfort of the crowd of officials, who were obliged to remain standing from beginning to end, and especially to the chagrin of the two Emperors, whose special trains and time-tables, as well as the railway arrangements for the general public, were thereby seriously deranged.

But all fatigues were compensated by the music. The court choir of Dresden is famous, and for this occasion splendid additions had been made both to it and to the orchestra; nothing in its way could be more impressive, and as a climax came the last honors to the departed King, when, amid the music of an especially beautiful chorus, the booming of artillery in the neighboring square, and the tolling of the bells of the city on all sides, the royal coffin slowly sank into the vaults below.

On the following morning I was received by the new King. He seemed a man of sound sense, and likely to make a good constitutional sovereign. Our talk was simply upon the relations of the two countries, during which I took pains to bespeak for my countrymen sojourning at Dresden the same kindnesses which the deceased King had shown them.

During the summer a study of some of the most im-

portant industries at the Düsseldorf Exposition proved useful; but somewhat later other excursions had a more direct personal interest; for within a few hours of each other came two unexpected communications: one from the president of Yale University, commissioning me to represent my Alma Mater at the tercentenary of the Bodleian at Oxford; the other from the University of St. Andrews, inviting me to the installation of Mr. Andrew Carnegie as lord rector of that institution; and both these I accepted.

The celebration at Oxford was in every way interesting to me; but I may say frankly that of all things which gave me pleasure, the foremost was the speech of presentation, in the Sheldonian Theatre, when the doctorate of civil law was conferred upon me. The first feature in this speech, assigning the reasons for conferring the degree, was a most kindly reference to my part in establishing the Arbitration Tribunal at the International Conference of The Hague; and this, of course, was gratifying. But the second half of the speech touched me more nearly; for it was a friendly appreciation of my book regarding the historical relations between science and theology in Christendom. This was a surprise indeed! Years before, when writing this book, I had said to myself, "This ends all prospect of friendly recognition of any work I may ever do, so far as the universities and academies of the world are concerned. But so be it; what I believe I will say." And now, suddenly, unexpectedly, came recognition and commendation in that great and ancient center of religious thought and sentiment, once so reactionary, where, within my memory, even a man like Edward Everett was harshly treated for his inability to accept the shibboleths of orthodoxy.

This reviving of old and beginning of new friendships, with the hearty hospitality lavished upon us from all sides, left delightful remembrances. Several times, during the previous fifty years, I had visited Oxford and been cordially welcomed; but this greeting surpassed all others.

There was, indeed, one slight mishap. Being called upon to speak in behalf of the guests at the great dinner in Christ Church Hall, I endeavored to make a point which I thought new and perhaps usefully suggestive. Having referred to the increasing number of international congresses, expositions, conferences, academic commemorations, anniversaries, and the like, I dwelt briefly on their agency in generating friendships between men of influence in different countries, and therefore in maintaining international good will; and then especially urged, as the pith and point of my speech, that such agencies had recently been made potent for peace as never before. In support of this view, I called attention to the fact that the Peace Conference at The Hague had not only established an arbitration tribunal for *preventing* war, but had gained the adhesion of all nations concerned to a number of arrangements, such as international "Commissions of Inquiry," the system of "Seconding Powers," and the like, for *delaying* war, thus securing time during which better international feelings could assert themselves, and reasonable men on either side could work together to bring in the sober second thought; that thereby the friendships promoted by these international festivities had been given, as never before, time to assert themselves as an effective force for peace against jingo orators, yellow presses, and hot-heads generally; and finally, in view of this increased efficiency of such gatherings in promoting peace, I urged that they might well be multiplied on both sides of the Atlantic, and that as many delegates as possible should be sent to them.

"A poor thing, but mine own." Alas! next day, in the press, I was reported as simply uttering the truism that such gatherings increase the peaceful feeling of nations; and so the main point of my little speech was lost. But it was a slight matter, and of all my visits to Oxford, this will remain in my memory as the most delightful.[1]

The visit to St. Andrews was also happy. After the

[1] The full speech has since been published in the "Yale Alumni Weekly."

principal of the university had conferred the doctorate of laws upon several of the guests, including Mr. Choate, the American ambassador at London, and myself, Mr. Carnegie gave his rectorial address. It was decidedly original, its main feature being an argument in behalf of a friendly union of the United States and Great Britain in their political and commercial policy, and for a similar union between the Continental European nations for the protection of their industries and for the promotion of universal peace, with a summons to the German Emperor to put himself at the head of the latter. It was prepared with skill and delivered with force. Very amusing were the attempts of the great body of students to throw the speaker off his guard by comments, questions, and chaff. I learned later that, more than once, orators has thus been entrapped or entangled, and that on one occasion an address had been completely wrecked by such interruptions; but Mr. Carnegie's Scotch-Yankee wit carried him through triumphantly: he met all these efforts with equanimity and good humor, and soon had the audience completely on his side.

Returning to Berlin, there came preparations for closing my connection with the embassy. I had long before decided that on my seventieth birthday I would cease to hold any official position whatever. Pursuant to that resolution, my resignation had been sent to the President, with the statement that it must be considered final. In return came the kindest possible letters from him and from the Secretary of State; both of them attributing a value to my services much beyond anything I would dare claim.

On my birthday came a new outburst of kindness. From all parts of Europe and America arrived letters and telegrams, while from the Americans in various parts of Germany—especially from the Berlin colony—came a superbly engrossed address, and with it a succession of kindly visitors representing all ranks in Berlin society. One or two of these testimonials I may be pardoned for especially mentioning. Some time after the letter from

President Roosevelt above mentioned, there had come from him a second epistle, containing a sealed envelop on which were inscribed the words: "To be opened on your seventieth birthday." Being duly opened on the morning of that day, it was found to be even more heartily appreciative than his former letter, and the same was found to be true of a second letter by the Secretary of State, Mr. Hay; so that I add these to the treasures to be handed down to my grandchildren.

Shortly afterward came a letter from the chancellor of the empire, most kindly appreciative. It will be placed, with those above referred to, at the close of this chapter.

Especially noteworthy also was the farewell dinner given me at the Kaiserhof by the German-American Association. Never had I seen so many Germans eminent in politics, diplomacy, literature, science, art, education, and commerce assembled on any single occasion. Hearty speeches were made by the minister of the interior, Count Posadowsky, who presided, and by Professor Harnack of the university, who had been selected to present the congratulations of my entertainers. I replied at length, and as in previous speeches during my career, both as minister and ambassador, I had endeavored to present to my countrymen at home and abroad the claims of Germany upon American good will, I now endeavored to reveal to the great body of thinking Germans some of the deeper characteristics and qualities of the American people; my purpose being in this, as in previous speeches, to bring about a better understanding between the two nations.

The Emperor being absent in England, my departure from Berlin was delayed somewhat beyond the time I had fixed; but on the 27th of November came my final day in office. In the morning my wife and myself were received in special audience by both the sovereigns, who afterward welcomed us at their table. Both showed unaffected cordiality. The Emperor discussed with me various interesting questions in a most friendly spirit, and, on my taking leave, placed in my hands what is

known as the "Great Gold Medal for Art and Science," saying that he did this at the request of his advisers in those fields, and adding assurances of his own which greatly increased the value of the gift. Later in the day came a superb vase from the royal manufactory of porcelain, bearing his portrait and cipher, as a token of personal good will.

On the same evening was the American Thanksgiving dinner, with farewells to and from the American colony, and during the following days farewell gatherings at the houses of the dean of the ambassadors, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, and the chancellor of the empire; finally, on the evening of December 5, with hearty good-byes at the station from a great concourse of my diplomatic colleagues and other old friends, we left Berlin.

Our first settlement was at a pretty villa at Alassio, on the Italian Riviera; and here, in March, 1903, looking over my garden, a mass of bloom, shaded by palms and orange-trees in full bearing, and upon the Mediterranean beyond, I settled down to record these recollections of my life—making excursions now and then into interesting parts of Italy.

As to these later journeys, one, being out of the beaten track, may be worth mentioning. It was an excursion in the islands of Elba and Corsica. Though anything but a devotee of Napoleon, I could not but be interested in that little empire of his on the Italian coast, and especially in the town house, country-seat, and garden where he planned the return to Europe which led to the final catastrophe.

More interesting still was the visit to Corsica and, especially, to Ajaccio. There the traveler stands before the altar where Napoleon's father and mother were married, at the font where he was baptized, in the rooms where he was born, played with his brothers during his boyhood, and developed various scoundrelisms during his young manhood: the furniture and surroundings being as they were when he knew them.

Just around the corner from the house in which the Bonapartes lived was the more stately residence of the more aristocratic family of Pozzo di Borgo. It interested me as the nest in which was reared that early playmate and rival of Napoleon, who afterward became his most virulent, persistent, and successful enemy, who pursued him through his whole career as a hound pursues a wolf, and who at last aided most effectively in bringing him down.

After exhausting the attractions of Ajaccio, we drove up a broad, well-paved avenue, gradually rising and curving until, at a distance of six or seven miles, it ended at the country-seat of this same family of Pozzo di Borgo, far up among the mountains. There, on a plateau commanding an amazing view, and in the midst of a superb park, we found the rural retreat of the family; but, to our surprise, not a castle, not a villa, not like any other building for a similar purpose in Italy or anywhere else in the world, but a Parisian town house, recently erected in the style of the Valois period, with Mansard roof. As we approached it, I was struck by architectural details even more at variance with the surroundings than was the general style of the building: all its exterior decoration presenting the features of a pavilion from the old Tuileries at Paris; and in the garden hard by we found battered and blackened fragments of pilasters, shown by the emblems and ciphers upon them to have come from that part of the Tuileries once inhabited by Napoleon. The family being absent, we were allowed to roam through the house, and there found the statues, paintings, tapestries, books, and papers of Napoleon's arch-enemy, the great Pozzo di Borgo himself, all of them more or less connected with the great struggle. There, too, in the library were collected the decorations bestowed upon him by all the sovereigns of Europe for his successful zeal in hunting down the common enemy—"the Corsican Ogre." The palace, inside and out, is a monument to the most famous of Corsican vendettas.

My two winters at Alassio after leaving Berlin, though filled with deferred work, were restful. During a visit to America in 1903, I joined my class at Yale in celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, giving there a public address entitled "A Patriotic Investment." The main purpose of this address was to promote the establishment of Professorships of Comparative Legislation in our leading universities. I could not think then, and cannot think now, of any endowment likely to be more speedily and happily fruitful in good to the whole country. In the spring of 1904 I returned to my old house on the grounds of Cornell University, and there, with my family, old associates, and new friends about me, have devoted myself to various matters long delayed, and especially to writing sundry articles in the "Atlantic Monthly," the "Century Magazine," and various other periodicals, and to the discharge of my duties as a Trustee of Cornell and as a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution and a Trustee of the Carnegie Institution at Washington. It is, of course, the last of my life, but I count myself happy in living to see so much of good accomplished and so much promise of good in every worthy field of human effort throughout our country and indeed throughout the world.

Following are the letters referred to in this chapter.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK,
August 5, 1902.

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR WHITE:

It is with real regret that I accept your resignation, for I speak what is merely a self-evident truth when I say that we shall have to look with some apprehension to what your successor does, whoever that successor may be, lest he fall short of the standard you have set.

It is a very great thing for a man to be able to feel, as you will feel when on your seventieth birthday you prepare to leave

the Embassy, that you have been able to serve your country as it has been served by but a very limited number of people in your generation. You have done much for it in word and in deed. You have adhered to a lofty ideal and yet have been absolutely practical and, therefore, efficient, so that you are a perpetual example to young men how to avoid alike the Scylla of indifference and the Charybdis of efficiency for the wrong....

With regards and warm respect and admiration,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,
Ambassador to Germany,
Berlin, Germany.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK,
September 15, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

Will you read the inclosed on your seventieth birthday? I have sealed it so you can break the seal then.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,
U. S. Ambassador,
Berlin, Germany.

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

OYSTER BAY,
September 15, 1902.

MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

On the day you open this you will be seventy years old. I cannot forbear writing you a line to express the obligation which all the American people are under to you. As a diplomat you have come in that class whose foremost exponents are Benja-

min Franklin and Charles Francis Adams, and which numbers also in its ranks men like Morris, Livingston, and Pinckney. As a politician, as a publicist, and as a college president you have served your country as only a limited number of men are able to serve it. You have taught by precept, and you have taught by practice. We are all of us better because you have lived and worked, and I send you now not merely my warmest well-wishes and congratulations, but thanks from all our people for all that you have done for us in the past.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,
U. S. Ambassador,
Berlin, Germany.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

NEWBURY, N. H.,
August 3, 1902.

DEAR MR. WHITE:

I have received your very kind letter of the 21st July, which is the first intimation I have had of your intention to resign your post of ambassador to Germany. I am sorry to hear the country is to lose your services in the place you have filled with such distinguished ability and dignity. It is a great thing to say—as it is simple truth to say it—that you have, during your residence in Berlin, increased the respect felt for America not only in Germany but in all Europe. You have thus rendered a great public service,—independent of all the details of your valuable work. The man is indeed fortunate who can go through a long career without blame, and how much more fortunate if he adds great achievement to blamelessness. You have the singular felicity of having been always a fighting man, and having gone through life without a wound.

I congratulate you most on your physical and mental ability to enjoy the rest you have chosen and earned. . . .

My wife joins me in cordial regards to Mrs. White, and I am always,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) JOHN HAY.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, November 7, 1902.

DEAR MR. WHITE:

I cannot let the day pass without sending you a word of cordial congratulation on the beginning of what I hope will be the most delightful part of your life. Browning long ago sang, "The best is yet to be," and, certainly, if world-wide fame, troops of friends, a consciousness of well-spent years, and a great career filled with righteous achievement are constituents of happiness, you have everything that the heart of man could wish.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JOHN HAY.

His Excellency ANDREW D. WHITE, etc., etc., etc.

FROM THE CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

Wilhelm Str. 77.

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR:

On the occasion of this memorable day, I beg to send you my best wishes. May God grant you perfect health and happiness. Be assured that I always shall remember the excellent relations which have joined us during so many years, and accept the assurance of the highest esteem and respect of your most affectionate

BÜLOW.

7 Nov. 1902.

CHAPTER XLIV

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM II—1879-1903

AT various times since my leaving the Berlin Embassy various friends have said to me, "Why not give us something definite regarding the German Emperor?" And on my pleading sundry difficulties and objections, some of my advisers have recalled many excellent precedents, both American and foreign, and others have cited the dictum, "The man I don't like is the man I don't know."

The latter argument has some force with me. Much ill feeling between the United States and Germany has had its root in misunderstandings; and, as one of the things nearest my heart since my student days has been a closer moral and intellectual relation between the two countries, there is, perhaps, a reason for throwing into these misunderstandings some light from my own experience.

My first recollections of the present Emperor date from the beginning of my stay as minister at Berlin, in 1879. The official presentations to the Emperor and Empress of that period having been made, there came in regular order those to the crown prince and princess, and on my way to them there fell into my hands a newspaper account of the unveiling of the monument to the eminent painter Cornelius, at Düsseldorf, the main personage in the ceremony being the young Prince William, then a student at Bonn. His speech was given at some length, and it impressed me. There was a certain reality of conviction

and aspiration in it which seemed to me so radically different from the perfunctory utterances usual on such occasions that, at the close of the official interview with his father and mother, I alluded to it. Their response touched me. There came at once a kindly smile upon the father's face, and a glad sparkle into the mother's eyes: pleasing was it to hear her, while showing satisfaction and pride, speak of her anxiety before the good news came, and of the embarrassments in the way of her son at his first public address on an occasion of such importance; no less pleasing was it to note the father's happy acquiescence: there was in it all a revelation of simple home feeling and of wholesome home ties which clearly indicated something different from the family relations in sundry royal houses depicted by court chroniclers.

Not long afterward the young prince appeared at some of the court festivities, and I had many opportunities to observe him. He seemed sprightly, with a certain exuberance of manner in meeting his friends which was not unpleasing; but it was noticeable that his hearty salutations were by no means confined to men and women of his own age; he was respectful to old men, and that is always a good sign; it could be easily seen, too, that while he especially sought the celebrities of the Franco-Prussian War, he took pains to show respect to men eminent in science, literature, and art. There seemed a healthy, hearty life in him well befitting a young man of his position and prospects: very different was he from the heir to the throne in another country, whom I had occasion to observe at similar functions, and who seemed to regard the whole human race with indifference.

Making the usual visits in Berlin society, I found that people qualified to judge had a good opinion of his abilities; and not infrequent were prophecies that the young man would some day really accomplish something.

My first opportunity to converse with him came at his marriage, when a special reception was given by him and his bride to the diplomatic corps. He spoke at consider-

able length on American topics—on railways, steamers, public works, on Americans whom he had met, and of the things he most wished to see on our side the water; altogether he seemed to be broad-minded, alert, with a quick sense of humor, and yet with a certain solidity of judgment beneath it all.

After my departure from Berlin there flitted over to America conflicting accounts of him, and during the short reign of his father there was considerable growth of myth and legend to his disadvantage. Any attempt to distil the truth from it all would be futile; suffice it that both in Germany and Great Britain careful statements by excellent authorities on both sides have convinced me that in all that trying crisis the young man's course was dictated by a manly sense of duty.

The first thing after his accession which really struck me as a revelation of his character was his dismissal of Bismarck. By vast numbers of people this was thought the act of an exultant young ruler eager to escape all restraint, and this opinion was considerably promoted in English-speaking countries by an ephemeral cause: Tenniel's cartoon in "Punch" entitled "Dropping the Pilot." As most people who read this will remember, the iron chancellor was therein represented as an old, weather-beaten pilot, in storm-coat and sou'wester, plodding heavily down the gangway at the side of a great ship; while far above him, leaning over the bulwarks, was the young Emperor, jaunty, with a satisfied smirk, and wearing his crown. There was in that little drawing a spark of genius, and it sped far; probably no other cartoon in "Punch" ever produced so deep an effect, save, possibly, that which appeared during the Crimean War with the legend "General February turned Traitor"; it went everywhere, appealing to deep sentiment in human hearts.

And yet, to me—admiring Bismarck as the greatest German since Luther, but reflecting upon the vast interests involved—this act was a proof that the young monarch was a stronger man than any one had supposed him to be.

Certainly this dismissal must have caused him much regret; all his previous life had shown that he admired Bismarck—almost adored him. It gave evidence of a deep purpose and a strong will. Louis XIV had gained great credit after the death of Mazarin by declaring his intention of ruling alone—of taking into his own hands the vast work begun by Richelieu; but that was the merest nothing compared to this. This was, apparently, as if Louis XIII, immediately after the triumphs of Richelieu, had dismissed him and declared his purpose of henceforth being his own prime minister. The young Emperor had found himself at the parting of the ways, and had deliberately chosen the right path, and this in spite of almost universal outcries at home and abroad. The *old* Emperor William could let Bismarck have his way to any extent: when his chancellor sulked he could drive to the palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, pat his old servant on the back, chaff him, scold him, laugh at him, and set him going again, and no one thought less of the old monarch on that account. But for the *young* Emperor William to do this would be fatal; it would class him at once among the *rois fainéants*—the mere figureheads—"the solemnly constituted impostors," and in this lay not merely dangers to the young monarch, but to his dynasty and to the empire.

His recognition of this fact was, and is, to me a proof that the favorable judgments of him which I had heard expressed in Berlin were well founded.

But this decision did much to render him unpopular in the United States, and various other reports which flitted over increased the unfavorable feeling. There came reports of his speeches to young recruits, in which, to put it mildly, there was preached a very high theory of the royal and imperial prerogative, and a very exacting theory of the duty of the subject. Little account was taken by distant observers of the fundamental facts in the case; namely, that Germany, being a nation with no natural frontiers, with hostile military nations on all sides, and

with serious intestine tendencies to anarchy, must, if she is to live, have the best possible military organization and a central power strong to curb all the forces of the empire, and quick to hurl them. Moreover, these speeches, which seemed so absurd to the average American, hardly astonished any one who had lived long in Germany, and especially in Prussia. The doctrines laid down by the young monarch to the recruits were, after all, only what they had heard a thousand times from pulpit and school desk, and are a logical result of Prussian history and geography. Something, too, must be allowed to a young man gifted, energetic, suddenly brought into so responsible a position, looking into and beyond his empire, seeing hostile nations north, south, east, and west, with elements of unreason fermenting within its own borders, and feeling that the only reliance of his country is in the good right arms of its people, in their power of striking heavily and quickly, and in unquestioning obedience to authority.

In the history of American opinion at this time there was one comical episode. The strongholds of opinion among us friendly to Germany have been, for the last sixty years, our universities and colleges, in so many of which are professors and tutors who, having studied in Germany, have brought back a certain love for the German fatherland. To them there came in those days a curious tractate by a little-known German professor—one of the most curious satires in human history. To all appearance it was simply a biographical study of the young Roman emperor Caligula. It displayed the advantages he had derived from a brave and pious imperial ancestry, and especially from his devout and gifted father; it showed his natural gifts and acquired graces, his versatility, his growing restlessness, his manifold ambitious, his contempt of wise counsel, the dismissal of his most eminent minister, his carelessness of thoughtful opinion, his meddling in anything and everything, his displays in the theater and in the temples of the gods, his growth—until the world recognized him simply as a beast of prey, a mon-

ster. The whole narrative was so managed that the young prince who had just come to the German throne seemed the exact counterpart of the youthful Roman monarch—down to the cruel stage of his career; *that* was left to anticipation. The parallels and resemblances between the two were arranged with consummate skill, and whenever there was a passage which seemed to present an exact chronicle of some well-known saying or doing of the modern ruler there would follow an asterisk with a reference to a passage in Tacitus or Suetonius or Dion Cassius or other eminent authority exactly warranting the statement. This piece of historical jugglery ran speedily through thirty editions, while from all parts of Germany came refutations and counter-refutations by scores, all tending to increase its notoriety. Making a short tour through Germany at that period, and stopping in a bookseller's shop at Munich to get a copy of this treatise, I was shown a pile of pamphlets which it had called out, at least a foot high. Comically enough, its author could not be held responsible for it, since the name of the young Emperor William was never mentioned; all it claimed to give or did give was the life of Caligula, and certainly there was no crime in writing a condemnatory history of him or any other imperial miscreant who died nearly two thousand years ago. In the American colleges and universities this tractate doubtless made good friends of Germany uneasy, and it even shocked some excellent men who knew much of Roman history and little of mankind; but gradually common sense resumed its sway. As men began to think they began to realize that the modern German Empire resembles in no particular that debased and corrupt mass with which the imperial Roman wretches had to do, and that the new German sovereign, in all his characteristics and tendencies is radically a different being from any one of the crazy beasts of prey who held the imperial power during the decline of Rome.

Sundry epigrams had also come over to us; among

others, the characterization of the three German Emperors: the first William as "Der greise Kaiser," the Emperor Frederick as "Der weise Kaiser," and the second William as "Der Reise Kaiser"; and there were unpleasant murmurs regarding sundry trials for petty treason. But at the same time there was evident, in the midst of American jokes at the young Emperor's expense, a growing feeling that there was something in him; that, at any rate, he was not a fat-witted, Jesuit-ridden, mistress-led monarch of the old Bourbon or Hapsburg sort; that he had "go" in him—some fine impulses, evidently; and here and there a quotation from a speech showed insight into the conditions of the present world and aspiration for its betterment.

In another chapter I have given a general sketch of the conversation at my first presentation to him as ambassador; it strengthened in my mind the impression already formed,—that he was not a monarch of the old pattern. The talk was not conventional; he was evidently fond of discoursing upon architecture, sculpture, and music, but not less gifted in discussing current political questions, and in various conversations afterward this fact was observable. Conventional talk was reduced to a minimum; the slightest hint was enough to start a line of remark worth listening to.

Opportunities for conversation were many. Besides the usual "functions" of various sorts, there were interviews by special appointment, and in these the young monarch was neither backward in presenting his ideas nor slow in developing them. The range of subjects which interested him seemed unlimited, but there were some which he evidently preferred: of these were all things relating to ships and shipping, and one of the first subjects which came up in conversations between us was the books of Captain Mahan, which he discussed very intelligently, awarding great praise to their author, and saying that he required all his naval officers to read them.

Another subject in order was art in all its develop-

ments. During the first years of my stay he was erecting the thirty-two historical groups on the Avenue of Victory in the Thiergarten, near my house. My walks took me frequently by them, and they interested me, not merely by their execution, but by their historical purpose, commemorating as they do the services of his predecessors, and of the strongest men who made their reigns significant during nearly a thousand years. He was always ready to discuss these works at length, whether from the artistic, historical, or educational point of view. Not only to me, but to my wife he insisted on their value as a means of arousing intelligent patriotism in children and youth. He dwelt with pride on the large number of gifted sculptors in his realm, and his comments on their work were worth listening to. He himself has artistic gifts which in his earlier days were shown by at least one specimen of his work as a painter in the Berlin Annual Exhibition; and in the window of a silversmith's shop on the Linden I once saw a prize cup for a yacht contest showing much skill in invention and beauty in form, while near it hung the pencil drawing for it in his own hand.

His knowledge of music and love for it have been referred to elsewhere in these chapters. Noteworthy was it that his feeling was not at all for music of a thin, showy sort; he seemed to be touched by none of the prevailing fashions, but to cherish a profound love for the really great things in music. This was often shown, as, for example, at the concert at Potsdam to which he invited President and Mrs. Harrison, and in his comments upon the pieces then executed. But the most striking evidence of it was the music in the Royal Chapel. It has been given me to hear more than once the best music of the Sistine, Pauline, and Lateran choirs at Rome, of the three great choirs at St. Petersburg, of the chorus at Bayreuth, and of other well-known assemblages under high musical direction; but the cathedral choir at Berlin, in its best efforts, surpassed any of these, and the music, both instrumental and choral, which reverberates under the dome

of the imperial chapel at the great anniversaries there celebrated is nowhere excelled. For operatic music of the usual sort he seemed to care little. If a gala opera was to be given, the chances were that he would order the performance of some piece of more historical than musical interest. Hence, doubtless, it was that during my whole stay the opera at Dresden surpassed decidedly that at Berlin, while in the higher realms of music Berlin remained unequaled.

Dramatic art is another field in which he takes an enlightened interest: he has great reason for doing so, both as a statesman and as a man.

As a result of observation and reflection during a long life which has touched public men and measures in wide variety, I would desire for my country three things above all others, to supplement our existing American civilization: from Great Britain her administration of criminal justice; from Germany her theater; and from any European country, save Russia, Spain, and Turkey, its government of cities.

As to the second of these desired contributions, ten years in Germany at various periods during an epoch covering now nearly half a century have convinced me that her theater, next after her religious inheritance, gives the best stimulus and sustenance to the better aspirations of her people. Through it, and above all by Schiller, the Kantian ethics have been brought into the thinking of the average man and woman; and not only Schiller, but Lessing, Goethe, Gutzkow, and a long line of others have given an atmosphere in which ennobling ideals bloom for the German youth, during season after season, as if in the regular course of nature. The dramatic presentation, even in the smallest towns, is, as a rule, good; the theater and its surroundings are, in the main, free from the abuses and miseries of the stage in English-speaking lands, and, above all, from that all-pervading lubricity and pornographic stench which have made the French theater of the last half of the nineteenth century a main cause in the

decadence of the French people. In most German towns of importance one finds the drama a part of the daily life of its citizens—ennobling in its higher ranges, and in its influence clean and wholesome.

It may be added that in no city of any English-speaking country is Shakspere presented so fully, so well, and to such large and appreciative audiences as in Berlin. All this, and more, the Emperor knows, and he acts upon his knowledge. Interesting was it at various times to see him sitting with his older children at the theater, evidently awakening their interest in dramatic masterpieces; and among these occasions there come back to me, especially, the evenings when he thus sat, evidently discussing with them the thought and action in Shakspere's "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus," as presented on the stage before us. I could well imagine his comments on the venom of demagogues, on the despotism of mobs, on the weaknesses of strong men, and on the need, in great emergencies, of a central purpose and firm control. His view of the true character and mission of the theater he has given at various times, and one of his talks with the actors in the Royal Theater, shortly after my arrival, may be noted as typical. In it occur passages like the following: "When I came into the government, ten years ago, . . . I was convinced that this theater, under the guidance of the monarch, should, like the school and the university, have as its mission the development of the rising generation, the promotion of the highest intellectual good in our German fatherland, and the ennobling of our people in mind and character. . . . I beg of you that you continue to stand by me, each in his own way and place, serving the spirit of idealism, and waging war against materialism and all un-German corruptions of the stage."

After various utterances showing his steady purpose in the same direction, there came out, in one of the later years of my stay, sundry remarks of his showing a new phase of the same thought, as follows: "The theater should not only be an important factor in education and

in the promotion of morals, but it should also present incarnations of elegance, of beauty, of the highest conceptions of art; it should not discourage us with sad pictures of the past, with bitter awakenings from illusions, but be purified, elevated, strengthened for presenting the ideal. . . . Our ordinary life gives us every day the most mournful realities, and the modern authors whose pleasure it is to bring these before us upon the stage have accepted an unhealthy mission and accomplish a discouraging work."

In his desire to see the theater aid in developing German ideals and in enriching German life, he has promoted presentations of the great episodes and personages in German history. Some of these, by Wildenbruch and Lauff, permeated with veins of true poetry, are attractive and ennobling. Of course not all were entirely successful. I recall one which glorified especially a great epoch in the history of the house of Hohenzollern, the comical effect of which on one of my diplomatic colleagues I have mentioned elsewhere; but this, so far as my experience goes, was an exception.

There seems much reason for the Emperor's strenuous endeavors in this field. The German theater still remains more wholesome than that of any other country, but I feel bound to say that, since my earlier acquaintance with it, from 1854 to 1856 and from 1879 to 1881, there has come some deterioration, and this is especially shown in various dramas which have been held up as triumphs. In these, an inoculation from the French drama seems to have resulted in destruction of the nobler characteristics of the German stage. One detects the cant of Dumas, *fils*, but not his genius; and, when this cant is mingled with German pessimism, it becomes at times unspeakably repulsive. The zeal for this new drama seems to me a fad, and rather a slimy fad. With all my heart I wish the Emperor success in his effort to keep the German stage upon the higher planes.

Another subject which came up from time to time was

that of archæological investigation. Once, in connection with some talk on German railway enterprises in Asia Minor, I touched upon his great opportunities to make his reign illustrious by services to science in that region. He entered into the subject heartily; it was at once evident that he was awake to its possibilities, and he soon showed me much more than I knew before of what had been done and was doing, but pointed out special difficulties in approaching, at present, some most attractive fields of investigation.

Interesting also were his views on education, and more than once the conversation touched this ground. As to his own academic training, there is ample testimony that he appreciated the main classical authors whom he read in the gymnasium at Cassel; but it was refreshing to hear and to read various utterances of his against gerund-grinding and pedantry. He recognizes the fact that the worst enemies of classical instruction in Germany, as, indeed, elsewhere, have been they of its own household, and he has stated this view as vigorously as did Sydney Smith in England and Francis Wayland in America. Whenever he dwelt on this subject the views which he presented at such length to the Educational Commission were wont to come out with force and piquancy.

On one occasion our discussion turned upon physical education, and especially upon the value to students of boating. As an old Yale boating man, a member of the first crew which ever sent a challenge to Harvard, and one who had occasion in the administration of an American university to consider this form of exercise from various standpoints, I may say that his view of its merits and his way of promoting it seemed to me thoroughly sensible.

From time to time some mention from me of city improvements observed during my daily walks led to an interesting discussion. The city of Berlin is wonderfully well governed, and exhibits all those triumphs of modern municipal skill and devotion which are so conspicu-

ously absent, as a rule, from our American cities. While his capital preserves its self-governing powers, it is clear that he purposes to have his full say as to everything within his jurisdiction. There were various examples of this, and one of them especially interested me: the renovation of the Thiergarten. This great park, virtually a gift of the Hohenzollern monarchs, which once lay upon the borders of the city, but is now in the very heart of it, had gradually fallen far short of what it should have been. Even during my earlier stays in Berlin it was understood that some of his predecessors, and especially his father, had desired to change its copse-like and swampy character and give it more of the features of a stately park, but that popular opposition to any such change had always shown itself too bitter and uncompromising. This seemed a great pity, for while there were some fine trees, a great majority of them were so crowded together that there was no chance of broad, free growth either for trees or for shrubbery. There was nothing of that exquisitely beautiful play, upon expanses of green turf, of light and shade through wide-expanded boughs and broad masses of foliage, which gives such delight in any of the finer English or American parks. Down to about half a dozen years since it had apparently been thought best not to interfere, and even when attention was called to the dark, swampy characteristics of much of the Thiergarten, the answer was that it was best to humor the Berliners; but about the beginning of my recent stay the young Emperor intervened with decision and force, his work was thorough, and as my windows looked out over one corner of this field of his operations, their progress interested me, and they were alluded to from time to time in our conversations. Interesting was it to note that his energy was all-sufficient; the Berliners seemed to regard his activity as Arabs regard a sand-storm,—as predestined and irresistible,—and the universal verdict now justifies his course, both on sanitary and artistic grounds.

The same thing may be said, on the whole, of the in-

fluence he has exerted on the great adornments of his capital city. The position and character of various monuments on which he has impressed his ideas, and the laying out and decoration of sundry streets and parks, do credit not merely to his artistic sense, but to his foresight.

This prompt yet wise intervention, actuated by a public spirit not only strong but intelligent, is seen, in various other parts of the empire, in the preservation and restoration of its architectural glories. When he announced to me at Potsdam his intention to present specimens representative of German architecture and sculpture to the Germanic Museum at Harvard, he showed, in enumerating and discussing the restorations at Marienburg and Naumburg, the bas-reliefs at Halberstadt, the masks and statues of Andreas Schlüter at Berlin, and the Renaissance and rococo work at Lübeck and Danzig, a knowledge and appreciation worthy of a trained architect and archæologist.

As to his feeling for literature, his addresses on various occasions show amply that he has read to good purpose, not only in the best authors of his own, but of other countries. While there is not the slightest tinge of pedantry in his speeches or talk, there crop out in them evidences of a curious breadth and universality in his reading. His line of reading for amusement was touched when, at the close of an hour of serious official business, an illustration of mine from Rudyard Kipling led him to recall many of that author's most striking situations, into which he entered with great zest; and at various other times he cited sayings of Mark Twain which he seemed especially to enjoy. Here it may be mentioned that one may note the same breadth in his love for art; for not only does he rejoice in the higher achievements of architecture, sculpture, and painting, but he takes pleasure in lighter work, and an American may note that he is greatly interested in the popular illustrations of Gibson.

I once asked some of the leading people nearest him how he found time to observe so wide a range, and re-

ceived answer that it was as much a marvel to them as to me; he himself once told me that he found much time for reading during his hunting excursions.

Nor does he make excursions into various fields of knowledge by books alone. Any noteworthy discovery or gain in any leading field of thought or effort attracts his attention at once, and must be presented to him by some one who ranks among its foremost exponents.

But here it should be especially noted that, active and original as the Emperor is, he is not, and never has been, caught by *fads* either in art, science, literature, or in any other field of human activity. The great artists who cannot draw or paint, and who, therefore, despise those who can and are glorified by those who cannot; the great composers who can give us neither harmony nor melody, and therefore have a fanatical following among those who labor under like disabilities; the great writers who are unable to attain strength, lucidity, or beauty, and therefore secure praise for profundity and occult wisdom,—none of these influence him. In these, as in other things, the Hohenzollern sanity asserts itself. He recognizes the fact that normal and healthy progress is by an evolution of the better out of the good, and that the true function of genius in every field is to promote some phase of this evolution either by aiding to create a better environment, or by getting sight of higher ideals.

As to his manner, it is in ordinary intercourse simple, natural, kindly, and direct, and on great public occasions dignified without the slightest approach to pomposity. I have known scores of our excellent fellow-citizens in little offices who were infinitely more assuming. It was once said of a certain United States senator that "one must climb a ladder to speak with him"; no one would dream of making any assertion of this sort regarding the present ruler of the Prussian Kingdom and German Empire.

But it would be unjust to suppose that minor gifts and acquirements form the whole of his character; they

are but a part of its garb. He is certainly developing the characteristics of a successful ruler of men and the solid qualities of a statesman. It was my fortune, from time to time, to hear him discuss at some length current political questions; and his views were presented with knowledge, clearness, and force. There was nothing at all flighty in any of his statements or arguments. There is evidently in him a large fund of that Hohenzollern common sense which has so often happily modified German, and even European, politics. He recognizes, of course, as his ancestors generally have done, that his is a military monarchy, and that Germany is and must remain a besieged camp; hence his close attention to the army and navy. Every one of our embassy military attachés expressed to me his surprise at the efficiency of his inspections of troops, of his discrimination between things essential and not essential, and of his insight into current military questions. Even more striking testimony was given to me by our naval attachés as to his minute knowledge not only of his own navy, but of the navies of other powers, and especially as to the capabilities of various classes of ships and, indeed, of individual vessels. One thoroughly capable of judging told me that he doubted whether there was any admiral in our service who knew more about every American ship of any importance than does the Kaiser. It has been said that his devotion to the German navy is a whim. That view can hardly command respect among those who have noted his labor for years upon its development, and his utterances regarding its connection with the future of his empire. As a simple matter of fact, he recognizes the triumphs of German commercial enterprises, and sees in them a guarantee for the extension of German power and for a glory more permanent than any likely to be obtained by military operations in these times. When any candid American studies what has been done, or, rather, what has *not* been done, in his own country, with its immense seacoast and its many harbors on two oceans, to build up

a great merchant navy, and compares it with what has been accomplished during the last fifty years by the steady, earnest, honest enterprise of Germany, with merely its little strip of coast on a northern inland sea, and with only the Hanseatic ports as a basis, he may well have searchings of heart. The "Shipping Trust" seems to be the main outcome of our activity, and lines of the finest steamers running to all parts of the world the outcome of theirs. There is a history here which we may well ponder; the young Emperor has not only thought but acted upon it.

As to yet broader work, the crucial test of a ruler is his ability to select *men*, to stand by them when he has selected them, and to decide wisely how far the plans which he has thought out, and they have thought out, can be fused into a policy worthy of his country. Judged by this test, the young monarch would seem worthy of his position; the men he has called to the various ministries are remarkably fit for their places, several of them showing very high capacity, and some of them genius.

As to his relation to the legislative bodies, it is sometimes claimed that he has lost much by his too early and open proclamation of his decisions, intentions, and wishes; and it can hardly be denied that something must be pardoned to the ardor of his patriotic desire to develop the empire in all its activities; but, after all due allowance has been made, there remains undeniable evidence of his statesmanlike ability to impress his views upon the national and state legislatures. A leading member of one of the parliamentary groups, very frequently in opposition to government measures, said to me: "After all, it is impossible for us to resist him; he knows Germany so well, and his heart is so thoroughly in his proposals, that he is sure to gain his points sooner or later."

An essential element of strength in this respect is his acquaintance with men and things in every part of his empire. Evidences of this were frequent in his public letters and telegrams to cities, towns, groups, and indi-

viduals. Nor was it "meddling and muddling." If any fine thing was done in any part of the empire, he seemed the first to take notice of it. Typical of his breadth of view were the cases of various ship captains and others who showed heroism in remote parts of the world, his telegram of hearty approval being usually the first thing they received on coming within reach of it, and substantial evidence of his gratitude meeting them later.

On the other hand, as to his faculty for minute observation and prompt action upon it: a captain of one of the great liners between Hamburg and New York told me that when his ship was ready to sail the Emperor came on board, looked it over, and after approving various arrangements said dryly, "Captain, I should think you were too old a sailor to let people give square corners to your tables." The captain quietly acted upon this hint; and when, many months later, the Kaiser revisited the ship, he said, "Well, captain, I am glad to see that you have rounded the corners of your tables."

He is certainly a working man. The record of each of his days at Berlin or Potsdam, as given in the press, shows that every hour, from dawn to long after dusk, brings its duties—duties demanding wide observation, close study, concentration of thought, and decision. Nor is his attention bounded by German interests. He is a keen student of the world at large. At various interviews there was ample evidence of his close observation of the present President of the United States, and of appreciation of his doings and qualities; so, too, when the struggle for decent government in New York was going on, he showed an intelligent interest in Mr. Seth Low; and in various other American matters there was recognition of the value of any important stroke of good work done by our countrymen.

As to his view of international questions, two of the opportunities above referred to especially occur to me here.

The first of these was during the troubles in Crete

between the Greeks and the Turks. As I talked one evening with one of my colleagues who represented a power especially interested in the matter, the Emperor came up and at once entered into the discussion. He stated the position of various powers in relation to it, and suggested a line of conduct. There was straightforward good sense in his whole contention, a refreshing absence of conventionalities, and a very clear insight into the realities of the question, with a shrewd forecast of the result. More interesting to me was another conversation, in the spring of 1899. As the time drew near for the sessions of the Peace Conference at The Hague, I was making preparations for leaving Berlin to take up my duty in that body, when one morning there appeared at the embassy a special messenger from the Emperor requesting me to come to the palace. My reception was hearty, and he plunged at once into the general subject by remarking, "What the conference will most need is good common sense; and I have sent Count Münster, my ambassador at Paris, because he has lots of it." With this preface, he went very fully into the questions likely to come before the conference, speaking regarding the attitude of the United States and the various powers of Europe and Asia with a frankness, fullness, and pungency which at times rather startled me. On the relations between the United States, Germany, and Great Britain he was especially full. Very suggestive also were his remarks regarding questions in the far East, and especially on the part likely to be played by Japan and China—the interests of various powers in these questions being presented in various aspects, some of them decidedly original and suggestive. While there were points on which we could hardly agree, there were some suggestions which proved to be of especial value, and to one of them is due the fact that on most questions the German delegates at The Hague stood by the Americans, and that on the most important question of all they finally, after a wide divergence from our view, made common cause with Great Britain and the United States. I regret that the time has

not come when it is permissible to give his conversation in detail; it treated a multitude of current topics, and even burning questions, with statesmanlike breadth, and at the same time with the shrewdness of a man of the world. There were in it sundry personal touches which interested me; among others, a statement regarding Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, and a reference to sundry doings and sayings of his own which had been misrepresented, especially in England. One point in this was especially curious. He said, "Some people find fault with me for traveling so much; but this is part of my business: I try to know my empire and my people, to see for myself what they need and what is going on, what is doing and who are doing it. It is my duty also to know men and countries outside the empire. I am not like ——," naming a sovereign well known in history, "who never stirred out of the house if he could help it, and so let men and things go on as they pleased."

This union of breadth and minuteness in his view of his empire and of the world is, perhaps, his most striking characteristic. It may be safely said that, at any given moment, he knows directly, or will shortly know, the person and work of every man in his empire who is really taking the lead in anything worthy of special study or close attention. The German court is considered very exclusive, but one constantly saw at its assemblages men noted in worthy fields from every part of Germany and, indeed, of Europe. Herein is a great difference between the German and Russian courts. If, during my official life at St. Petersburg, I wished to make the acquaintance of a man noted in science, literature, or art, he must be found at professorial gatherings across the Neva. He rarely, if ever, appeared in the throng of military and civil officials at the Winter Palace. But at Berlin such men took an honored place at the court among those whom the ruler sought out and was glad to converse with.

As to the world outside the empire, I doubt whether any other sovereign equals him in personal acquaintance

with leaders in every field of worthy activity. It was interesting from time to time to look over the official lists of his guests at breakfast, or luncheon, or dinner, or supper, or at military exercises, or at the theater; for they usually embraced men noted in civil, ecclesiastical, or military affairs, in literature, science, art, commerce, or industry from every nation. One class was conspicuous by its absence at all such gatherings, large or small; namely, the *merely* rich. Rich men there were, but they were always men who had done something of marked value to their country or to mankind; for the mere "fatty tumors" of the financial world he evidently cared nothing.

A special characteristic in the German ruler is independence of thought. This quality should not be confounded, as it often is, with mere offhand decision based upon prejudices or whimsies. One example, which I have given elsewhere, may be here referred to as showing that his rapid judgments are based upon clear insight: his *own* insight, and not that of others. On my giving him news of the destruction of the *Maine* at Havana, he at once asked me whether the explosion was from the outside; and from first to last, against the opinions of his admirals and captains, insisted that it must have been so.

He is certainly, in the opinion of all who know him, impulsive—indeed, a very large proportion of his acts which strike the attention of the world seem the result of impulse; but, as a rule, it will be found that beneath these impulses is a calm judgment. Even when this seems not to be the case, they are likely to appeal all the more strongly to humanity at large. Typical was his impulsive proposal to make up to the Regent of Bavaria the art appropriation denied by sundry unpatriotic bigots. Its immediate result was a temporary triumph for the common enemy, but it certainly drew to the Emperor the hearts of an immense number of people, not only inside, but outside his empire; and, in the long run, it will doubtless be found to have wrought powerfully for right reason. As an example of an utterance of his which to many

might seem to be the result of a momentary impulse, but which reveals sober contemplation of problems looming large before the United States as well as Germany, I might cite a remark made last year to an American eminent in public affairs. He said, "You in America may do what you please, but I will not suffer capitalists in Germany to suck the life out of the workingmen and then fling them like squeezed lemon-skins into the gutter."

Any one who runs through the printed volume of his speeches will see that he is fertile in ideas on many subjects, and knows how to impress them upon his audiences. His voice and manner are good, and at times there are evidences of deep feeling, showing the man beneath the garb of the sovereign. This was especially the case in his speech at the coming of age of his son. The audience was noteworthy, there being present the Austrian Emperor, members of all the great ruling houses of Europe, the foremost men in contemporary German history, and the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers—an audience representing wide differences in points of view and in lines of thought, yet no one of them could fail to be impressed by sundry references to the significance of the occasion.

Even the most rapid sketch of the Emperor would be inadequate without some reference to his religious views. It is curious to note that while Frederick the Great is one of the gods of his idolatry, the two monarchs are separated by a whole orb of thought in their religious theories and feelings. While a philosophical observer may see in this the result of careful training in view of the evident interests of the monarchy in these days, he must none the less acknowledge the reality and depth of those feelings in the present sovereign. No one who has observed his conduct and utterances, and especially no one who has read his sermon and prayer on the deck of one of his war-ships just at the beginning of the Chinese war, can doubt that there is in his thinking a genuine substratum of religious feeling. It is true that at times one is

reminded of the remark made to an American ecclesiastic by an eminent German theological professor regarding that tough old monarch, Frederick William I; namely, that while he was deeply religious, his religion was "of an Old Testament type." Of course, the religion of the present Emperor is of a type vastly higher than that of his ancestor, whose harshness to the youth who afterward became the great Frederick has been depicted in the "Memoirs" of the Margravine of Bayreuth; but there remains clearly in the religion of the present Emperor a certain "Old Testament" character—a feeling of direct reliance upon the Almighty, a consciousness of his own part in guiding a chosen people, and a readiness, if need be, to smite the Philistines. One phase of this feeling appears in the music at the great anniversaries, when the leading men of the empire are brought together beneath the dome of the Palace Church. The anthems executed by the bands and choirs, and the great chorals sung by the congregation, breathe anything but the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount; they seem rather to echo the grim old battle-hymns of the Thirty Years' War and the war in the Netherlands.

And yet it must be said that there goes with this a remarkable feeling of justice to his subjects of other confessions than his own, and a still more remarkable breadth of view as regards the relations of modern science to what is generally held as orthodox theology. The fearlessness with which he recently summoned Professor Delitzsch to unfold to him and to his family and court the newly revealed relations of Assyrian research to biblical study, which gave such alarm in highly orthodox circles, and his fairness in estimating these researches, certainly revealed breadth of mind as well as trust in what he considered the fundamental verities of religion.

A good example of the curious union, in his mind, of religious feeling, tolerance, and shrewd policy is shown in various dealings with his Roman Catholic subjects.

Of course he is not ignorant that his very existence as

King of Prussia and German Emperor is a thorn in the side of the Roman Curia; he knows, as every thinking German knows, that, with the possible exception of the British monarchy, no other is so hated by the Vatican monsignori as his own. He is perfectly aware of the part taken in that quarter against his country and dynasty at all times, and especially during the recent wars; and yet all this seems not to influence him in the slightest as regards justice to his Roman Catholic subjects. He does, indeed, resist the return of the Jesuits into the empire,—his keen insight forbids him to imitate the policy of Frederick the Great in this respect,—but his dealings with the Roman Catholic Church at large show not merely wisdom, but kindliness. If he felt bound to resist, and did successfully resist, the efforts of Cardinal Rampolla to undermine German rule and influence in Alsace and Lorraine, there was a quiet fairness and justice in his action which showed a vast deal of tolerant wisdom. His visits to the old Abbey of Laach, his former relations with its young abbot, his settlement of a vexed question by the transfer of the abbot to the bishopric of Metz, his bringing of a loyal German into episcopal power at Strasburg, his recent treatment of the prince bishop of Breslau and the archbishop of Cologne, all show a wise breadth of view. Perhaps one of the brightest diplomatic strokes in his career was his dealing with a Vatican question during his journey in the East. For years there had been growing up in world politics the theory that France, no matter how she may deal with monks and nuns and ultramontane efforts within her own immediate boundaries, is their protector in all the world beside, and especially in the Holy Land. The relation of this theory to the Crimean War, fifty years ago, is one of the curious things of history, and from that day to this it has seemed to be hardening more and more into a fixed policy—even into something like a doctrine of international law. Interesting was it, then, to see the Emperor, on his visit to the Sultan, knock the ground from

under the feet of all this doctrine by securing for the Roman Catholic interest at Jerusalem what the French had never been able to obtain—the piece of ground at the Holy City, so long coveted by pious Catholics, whereon, according to tradition, once stood the lodging of the Virgin Mary. This the Emperor quietly obtained of the Sultan, and, after assisting at the dedication of a Lutheran church at Jerusalem, he telegraphed to the Pope and to other representatives of the older church that he had made a gift of this sacred site to those who had so long and so ardently desired it.

Considerable criticism has been made on the score of his evident appreciation of his position, and his theory of his relation to it; but when his point of view is cited, one perhaps appreciates it more justly. I have already shown this point of view in the account of the part taken by him at the two-hundredth anniversary of the Royal Academy, and of his remark, afterward, contrasting his theory of monarchy with that of Dom Pedro of Brazil. Jocose as was the manner of it, it throws light upon his idea of his duty in the state. While a constitutional monarch, he is not so in the British sense. British constitutional monarchy is made possible by the "silver streak"; but around the German Empire, as every German feels in his heart, is no "silver streak." This fact should be constantly borne in mind by those who care really to understand the conditions of national existence on the continent of Europe. Herein lies the answer to one charge that has been so often made against the German Emperor—of undue solicitude regarding his official and personal position, as shown in sundry petty treason trials. The simple fact is that German public opinion, embodied in German law, has arrived at the conclusion that it is not best to allow the head of the state to be the sport of every crank or blackguard who can wield a pen or pencil. The American view, which allowed Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley to be attacked in all the moods and tenses of vituperation, and to be artistically

portrayed as tyrants, drunkards, clowns, beasts of prey, and reptiles, has not yet been received into German modes of thought. Luther said that he "would not suffer any man to treat the Gospel as a sow treats a sack of oats"; and that seems to be the feeling inherent in the German mind regarding the treatment of those who represent the majesty of the nation.

And here a word regarding the relation of Kaiser and people. In one of the letters to John Adams written by Thomas Jefferson as they both were approaching the close of life, the founder of American democracy declared that he had foreseen the failure of French popular rule, and had therefore favored in France, democrat though he was, a constitutional monarchy. Had Jefferson lived in our time, he would doubtless have arrived at a similar conclusion regarding Germany, for he would have taken account of the difference between a country like ours, with no long period of history which had given to dominant political ideas a religious character,—a country stretching from ocean to ocean, with no neighbors to make us afraid, —and a country like Germany, with an ancient historic head, with no natural frontiers, and beset on every side by enemies; and Jefferson would doubtless have taken account also of the fact that, were the matter submitted to popular vote, the present sovereign, with his present powers, would be the choice of an overwhelming majority of the German people. The German imperial system, like our own American republican system, is the result of an evolution during many generations—an evolution which has produced the present government, decided its character, fixed its form, allotted its powers, and decided on the men at the head of it; and this fact an American, no matter how devoted to republicanism and democracy in his own country, may well acknowledge to be as fixed in the political as in the physical world.

Of course some very bitter charges have been made against him as regards Germany, the main one being that he does not love parliamentary government and has, at

various times, infringed upon the constitution of the empire.

As to loving parliamentary government, he would probably say that he cannot regard a system as final which, while attaching to the front of the chariot of progress a full team to pull it forward, attaches another team to the rear to pull it backward. But whatever his theory, he has in practice done his best to promote the efficiency of parliamentary government, and to increase respect for it in his kingdom of Prussia, by naming as life members of the Senate sundry men of the highest character and of immense value in the discussion of the most important questions. Two of these, appointed during my stay, I knew and admired. The first, Professor Gustav Schmoller, formerly rector of the University of Berlin, is one of the leading economists of the world, who has shown genius in studying and exhibiting the practical needs of the German people, and in discerning the best solutions of similar problems throughout the world—profound, eloquent, conciliatory, sure to be of immense value as a senator. The second, Professor Slaby, director of the great technical institution of Germany at Charlottenburg, is one of the leading authorities of the world on everything that pertains to the applications of electricity, a great administrator, a wise counselor on questions pertaining to the German educational system. Neither of these men *orates*, but both are admirable speakers, and are sure to be of incalculable value. I name them simply as types: others were appointed, equally distinguished in other fields. If, then, the Emperor is blamed for not liking parliamentary and party government, it is only fair to say that he has taken the surest way to give it strength and credit.

As to the alleged violations of the German constitution, the same, in a far higher degree, were charged against Kaiser William I and Bismarck,—and these charges were true,—but it is also true that thereby those men saved and built up their country. As a matter of fact, the intuitive

sense as well as the reflective powers of Germans seem to show them that the real dangers to their country come from a very different quarter—from men who promote hatreds of race, class, and religion within the empire, and historic international hatreds without it.

So, too, various charges have been made against the Emperor as regards the United States. From time to time there came, during my stay, statements in sundry American newspapers, some belligerent, some lacrymose, regarding his attitude toward our country. It seemed to be taken for granted by many good people during our Spanish War that the Emperor was personally against us. It is not unlikely that he may have felt sympathy for that forlorn, widowed Queen Regent of Spain, making so desperate a struggle to save the kingdom for her young son; if so, he but shared a feeling common to a very large part of humanity, for certainly there have been few more pathetic situations; but that he really cared anything for the success of Spain is exceedingly doubtful. The Hohenzollern common sense in him must have been for years vexed at the folly and fatuity of Spanish policy. He probably inherits the feeling of his father, who, when visiting the late Spanish monarch some years before his death, showed a most kindly personal feeling toward Spain and its ruler, and an intense interest in various phases of art developed in the Spanish peninsula; but, in his diary, let fall remarks which show his feeling toward the whole existing Spanish system. One of these I recall especially. Passing a noted Spanish town, he remarks: "Here are ten churches, twenty monasteries, and not a single school." No Hohenzollern is likely to waste much sympathy on a nation which brings on its fate by preferring monasticism to education; and never during the Spanish War did he or his government, to my knowledge, show the slightest leaning toward our enemies. Certain it is that when sundry hysterical publicists and meddlesome statesmen of the Continent proposed measures against what they thought the dangerous encroachments of our Republic, he

quietly, but resolutely and effectually, put his foot upon them.

Another complaint sometimes heard in America really amounts to this: that the Emperor is pushing German interests in all parts of the world, and is not giving himself much trouble about the interests of other countries. There is truth in this, but the complainants evidently never stop to consider that every thinking man in every nation would despise him were it otherwise.

Yet another grievance, a little time since, was that, apparently with his approval, his ships of war handled sundry Venezuelans with decided roughness. This was true enough and ought to warm every honest man's heart.

The main facts in the case were these: a petty equatorial "republic," after a long series of revolutions,—one hundred and four in seventy years, Lord Lansdowne tells us, —was enjoying peace and the beginnings of prosperity. Thanks to the United States, it had received from an international tribunal the territory to which it was entitled, was free from disturbance at home or annoyance abroad, and was under a regular government sanctioned by its people. Suddenly, an individual started another so-called "revolution." He was the champion of no reform, principle, or idea; he simply represented the greed of himself and a pack of confederates whose ideal was that of a gang of burglars. With their aid he killed, plundered, or terrorized until he got control of the government—or, rather, became himself the government. Under the name of a "republic" he erected a despotism and usurped powers such as no Russian autocrat would dare claim. Like the men of his sort who so often afflict republics in the equatorial regions of South America, he had no hesitation in confiscating the property and taking the lives, not only of such of his fellow-citizens as he thought dangerous to himself, but also of those whom he thought likely to become so. He made the public treasury his own, and doubtless prepared the way, as so many other patriots of his sort in such "republics" have

done, for retirement into a palace at Paris, with ample funds for enjoying the pleasures of that capital, after he, like so many others, shall have been, in turn, kicked out of his country by some new bandit stronger than he.

So far so good. If the citizens of Venezuela like or permit that sort of thing, outside nations have no call to interfere; but this petty despot, having robbed, maltreated, and even murdered citizens of his own country, proceeded to maltreat and rob citizens of other countries, and, among them, those of the German Empire. He was at first asked in diplomatic fashion to desist and to make amends, but for such appeals he simply showed contempt. His purpose was evidently to plunder all German subjects within his reach, and to cheat all German creditors beyond his reach. At this the German Government, as every government in similar circumstances is bound to do, demanded redress and sent ships to enforce the demand. This was perfectly legitimate; but immediately there arose in the United States an outcry against a "violation of the Monroe Doctrine." As a matter of fact, the Monroe Doctrine was no more concerned in the matter than was the doctrine of the Perseverance of the Saints; but there was enough to start an outcry against Germany, and so it began to spread. The Germans were careful to observe the best precedents in international law, yet every step they took was exhibited in sundry American papers as a menace to the United States. There was no more menace to the United States than to the planet Saturn. The conduct of the German Government was in the interest of the United States as well as of every other decent government. Finally, the soldiers in a Venezuelan fort wantonly fired upon a German war vessel—whereupon the commander of the ship, acting entirely in accordance, not only with international law, but with natural right, defended himself, and knocked the fort about the ears of those who occupied it, thus giving the creatures who directed them a lesson which ought to rejoice every thinking American. At this the storm on paper against Ger-

many, both in America and Great Britain, broke out with renewed violence, and there was more talk about dangers to the Monroe Doctrine. As one who, at The Hague Conference, was able to do something for recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by European powers, and who, as a member of the Venezuelan Commission, did what was possible to secure justice to Venezuela, I take this opportunity to express the opinion that the time has come for plain speaking in this matter. Even with those of us who believe in the Monroe Doctrine there begins to arise a question as to which are nearest the interests and the hearts of Americans,—the sort of "dumb driven cattle" who allow themselves to be governed by such men as now control Venezuela, or the people of Germany and other civilized parts of Europe, as well as those of the better South American republics, like Chile, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and others, whose interests, aspirations, ideals, and feelings are so much more closely akin to our own.

Occasionally, too, there have arisen plaintive declarations that the Emperor does not love the United States or admire its institutions. As to that I never saw or heard of anything showing dislike to our country; but, after all, he is a free man, and there is nothing in international law or international comity requiring him to love the United States; it is sufficient that he respects what is respectable in our government and people, and we may fairly allow to him his opinion on sundry noxious and nauseous developments among us which we hope may prove temporary. As to admiring our institutions, he is probably not fascinated by our lax administration of criminal justice, which leaves at large more unpunished criminals, and especially murderers, than are to be found in any other part of the civilized world, save, possibly, some districts of lower Italy and Sicily. He probably does not admire Tammany Hall or the Philadelphia Ring, and has his own opinion of cities which submit to such tyranny; quite likely he has not been favorably impressed by the reck-

less waste and sordid jobbery recently revealed at St. Louis and Minneapolis; it is exceedingly doubtful whether he admires some of the speeches on national affairs made for the "Buncombe district" and the galleries; but that he admires and respects the men in the United States who do things worth doing, and say things worth saying; that he takes a deep interest in those features of our policy, or achievements of our people, which are to our credit; that he enjoys the best of our literature; that he respects every true American soldier and sailor, every American statesman or scholar or writer or worker of any sort who really accomplishes anything for our country, is certain.

To sum up his position in contemporary history: As the German nation is the result of an evolution of individual and national character in obedience to resistless inner forces and to its environment, so out of the medley of imperial and royal Hohenstaufens, Hapsburgs, Wittelsbachs, Wettins, Guelphs, and the like, have arisen, as by a survival of the fittest, the Hohenzollerns. These have given to the world various strong types, and especially such as the Great Elector, Frederick II, and William I. Mainly under them and under men trained or selected by them, Germany, from a great confused mass of warriors and thinkers and workers, militant at cross-purposes, wearing themselves out in vain struggles, and preyed upon by malevolent neighbors, has become a great power in arms, in art, in science, in literature; a fortress of high thought; a guardian of civilization; the natural ally of every nation which seeks the better development of humanity. And the young monarch who is now at its head—original, yet studious of the great men and deeds of the past; brave, yet conciliatory; never allowing the mail-clad fist to become unnerved, but none the less devoted to the conquests of peace; standing firmly on realities, but with a steady vision of ideals—seems likely to add a new name to the list of those who, as leaders of Germany, have advanced the world.

CHAPTER XLV

AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE: I—1899

ON the 24th of August, 1898, the Russian Government proposed, in the name of the Emperor Nicholas II, a conference which should seek to arrest the constantly increasing development of armaments and thus contribute to a durable peace; and on the 11th of January, 1899, his minister of foreign affairs, Count Mouravieff, having received favorable answers to this proposal, sent forth a circular indicating the Russian view as to subjects of discussion. As to the place of meeting, there were obvious reasons why it should not be the capital of one of the greater powers. As to Switzerland, the number of anarchists and nihilists who had taken refuge there, and the murder of the Empress of Austria by one of them shortly before, at Geneva, in broad daylight, had thrown discredit over the ability of the Swiss Government to guarantee safety to the conference; the Russian Government therefore proposed that its sessions be held at The Hague, and this being agreed to, the opening was fixed for the 18th of May.

From the first there was a misunderstanding throughout the world as to what the Emperor Nicholas really proposed. Far and near it was taken for granted that he desired a general disarmament, and this legend spread rapidly. As a matter of fact, this was neither his proposal nor his purpose; the measures he suggested being designed "to put an end to the constantly increasing development of armaments."

At the outset I was skeptical as to the whole matter.

What I had seen of the Emperor Nicholas during my stay in Russia had not encouraged me to expect that he would have the breadth of view or the strength of purpose to carry out the vast reforms which thinking men hoped for. I recalled our conversation at my reception as minister, when, to my amazement, he showed himself entirely ignorant of the starving condition of the peasantry throughout large districts in the very heart of the empire.[1] That he was a kindly man, wishing in a languid way the good of his country, could not be doubted; but the indifference to everything about him evident in all his actions, his lack of force even in the simplest efforts for the improvement of his people, and, above all, his yielding to the worst elements in his treatment of the Baltic provinces and Finland, did not encourage me to believe that he would lead a movement against the enormous power of the military party in his vast empire. On this account, when the American newspapers prophesied that I was to be one of the delegates, my feelings were strongly against accepting any such post. But in due time the tender of it came in a way very different from anything I had anticipated: President McKinley cabled a personal request that I accept a position on the delegation, and private letters from very dear friends, in whose good judgment I had confidence, gave excellent reasons for my doing so. At the same time came the names of my colleagues, and this led me to feel that the delegation was to be placed on a higher plane than I had expected. In the order named by the President, they were as follows: Andrew D. White; Seth Low, President of Columbia University; Stanford Newel, Minister at The Hague; Captain Mahan, of the United States navy; Captain Crozier, of the army; and the Hon. Frederick W. Holls as secretary. In view of all this, I accepted.

Soon came evidences of an interest in the conference more earnest and wide-spread than anything I had

[1] See account of this conversation in "My Mission to Russia," Chapter XXXIII, pp. 9–10.

dreamed. Books, documents, letters, wise and unwise, thoughtful and crankish, shrewd and childish, poured in upon me; in all classes of society there seemed fermenting a mixture of hope and doubt; even the German Emperor apparently felt it, for shortly there came an invitation to the palace, and on my arrival I found that the subject uppermost in his mind was the approaching conference. Of our conversation, as well as of some other interviews at this period, I speak elsewhere.

On the 16th of May I left Berlin, and arrived late in the evening at The Hague. As every day's doings were entered in my diary, it seems best to give an account of this part of my life in the shape of extracts from it.

May 17, 1899.

This morning, on going out of our hotel, the Oude Doelen, I found that since my former visit, thirty-five years ago, there had been little apparent change. It is the same old town, quiet, picturesque, full of historical monuments and art treasures. This hotel and the neighboring streets had been decorated with the flags of various nations, including our own, and crowds were assembled under our windows and in the public places. The hotel is in one of the most attractive parts of the city architecturally and historically, and is itself interesting from both points of view. It has been a hostelry ever since the middle ages, and over the main entrance a tablet indicates rebuilding in 1625. Connected with it by interior passages are a number of buildings which were once private residences, and one of the largest and best of these has been engaged for us. Fortunately the present Secretary of State, John Hay, has been in the diplomatic service; and when I wrote him, some weeks ago, on the importance of proper quarters being secured for us, he entered heartily into the matter, giving full powers to the minister here to do whatever was necessary, subject to my approval. The result is that we are quite as well provided for as any other delegation at the conference.

In the afternoon our delegation met at the house of the American minister and was duly organized. Although named by the President first in the list of delegates, I preferred to leave the matter of the chairmanship entirely to my associates, and they now unanimously elected me as their President.

The instructions from the State Department were then read. These were, in effect, as follows:

The first article of the Russian proposals, relating to the non-augmentation of land and sea forces, is so inapplicable to the United States at present that it is deemed advisable to leave the initiative, upon this subject, to the representatives of those powers to which it may properly apply.

As regards the articles relating to the non-employment of new firearms, explosives, and other destructive agencies, the restricted use of the existing instruments of destruction, and the prohibition of certain contrivances employed in naval warfare, it seems to the department that they are lacking in practicability and that the discussion of these articles would probably provoke divergency rather than unanimity of view. The secretary goes on to say that "it is doubtful if wars will be diminished by rendering them less destructive, for it is the plain lesson of history that the periods of peace have been longer protracted as the cost and destructiveness of war have increased. The expediency of restraining the inventive genius of our people in the direction of devising means of defense is by no means clear, and, considering the temptations to which men and nations may be exposed in a time of conflict, it is doubtful if an international agreement of this nature would prove effective."

As to the fifth, sixth, and seventh articles, aiming, in the interest of humanity, to succor those who by the chance of battle have been rendered helpless, to alleviate their sufferings, and to insure the safety of those whose mission is purely one of peace and beneficence, we are in-

structed that any practicable proposals should receive our earnest support.

On the eighth article, which proposes the wider extension of "good offices, mediation, and arbitration," the secretary dwells with much force, and finally says: "The proposal of the conference promises to offer an opportunity thus far unequaled in the history of the world for initiating a series of negotiations that may lead to important practical results." The delegation is therefore enjoined to propose, at an opportune moment, a plan for an International Tribunal of Arbitration which is annexed to the instructions, and to use their influence in the conference to procure the adoption of its substance.

And, finally, we are instructed to propose to the conference the principle of extending to strictly private property at sea the immunity from destruction or capture by belligerent powers analogous to that which such property already enjoys on land, and to endeavor to have this principle incorporated in the permanent law of civilized nations. A well-drawn historical résumé of the relations of the United States to the question of arbitration thus far is added, and a historical summary of the action of the United States, hitherto, regarding the exemption of private property at sea from seizure during war.

The document of most immediate importance is the plan furnished us for international arbitration. Its main features are as follows:

First, a tribunal "composed of judges chosen, on account of their personal integrity and learning in international law, by a majority of the members of the highest court now existing in each of the adhering states, one from each sovereign state participating in the treaty, who shall hold office until their successors are appointed by the same body."

Secondly, the tribunal to meet for organization not later than six months after the treaty shall have been ratified by nine powers; to organize itself as a permanent court, with such officers as may be found neces-

sary, and to fix its own place of session and rules of procedure.

The third article provides that "the contracting nations will mutually agree to submit to the international tribunal all questions of disagreement between them, excepting such as may relate to or involve their political independence or territorial integrity."

The fifth article runs as follows: "A bench of judges for each particular case shall consist of not fewer than three nor more than seven, as may be deemed expedient, appointed by the unanimous consent of the tribunal, and shall not include any member who is either a native, subject, or citizen of the state whose interests are in litigation in the case."

The sixth article provides that the general expenses of the tribunal be divided equally among the adherent powers; but that those arising from each particular case be provided for as may be directed by the tribunal; also that non-adherent states may bring their cases before it, on condition of the mutual agreement that the state against which judgment shall be found shall pay, in addition to the judgment, the expenses of the adjudication.

The seventh article makes provision for an appeal, within three months after the notification of the decision, upon presentation of evidence that the judgment contains a substantial error of fact or law.

The eighth and final article provides that the treaty shall become operative when nine sovereign states, whereof at least six shall have taken part in the conference of The Hague, shall have ratified its provisions.

It turns out that ours is the only delegation which has anything like a full and carefully adjusted plan for a court of arbitration. The English delegation, though evidently exceedingly desirous that a system of arbitration be adopted, has come without anything definitely drawn. The Russians have a scheme; but, so far as can be learned, there is no provision in it for a permanent court.

In the evening there was a general assemblage of the members of the conference at a reception given by Jonkheer van Karnebeek, formerly Dutch minister of foreign affairs, and now first delegate from the Netherlands to the conference. It was very brilliant, and I made many interesting acquaintances; but, probably, since the world began, never has so large a body come together in a spirit of more hopeless skepticism as to any good result. Though no one gives loud utterance to this feeling, it is none the less deep. Of course, among all these delegates acquainted with public men and measures in Europe, there is considerable distrust of the intentions of Russia; and, naturally, the weakness of the Russian Emperor is well understood, though all are reticent regarding it. The only open utterances are those attributed to one or two of the older European diplomatists, who lament being sent on an errand which they fear is to be fruitless. One of these is said to have bewailed this mission as a sad ending to his public services, and to have declared that as he had led a long life of devotion to his country and to its sovereign, his family might well look upon his career as honorable; but that now he is probably doomed to crown it with an open failure.

May 18.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the conference held its open session at the "House in the Wood." The building is most interesting, presenting as it does the art and general ideas of two hundred and fifty years ago; it is full of historical associations, and the groves and gardens about it are delightful. The walls and dome of the great central hall are covered with immense paintings in the style of Rubens, mainly by his pupils; and, of these, one over the front entrance represents Peace descending from heaven, bearing various symbols and, apparently, entering the hall. To this M. de Beaufort, our honorary president, the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs, made a graceful allusion in his opening speech,

expressing the hope that Peace, having entered the hall, would go forth bearing blessings to the world. Another representation, which covers one immense wall, is a glorification of various princes of Orange: it is in full front of me, as I sit, the Peace fresco being visible at my left, and a lovely view of the gardens, and of the water beyond, through the windows at my right.

The "House in the Wood" was built early in the seventeenth century by a princess of the house of Orange, the grandmother of William III of England. The central hall under the dome, above referred to, is now filled up with seats and desks, covered with green cloth, very neat and practical, and mainly arranged like those in an English college chapel. Good fortune has given me one of the two best seats in the house; it being directly in front of the secretaries, who are arranged in a semicircle just below the desk of the president; at my left are the other members of our delegation, and facing me, across the central aisle, is Count Münster, at the head of the German delegation. This piece of good luck comes from the fact that we are seated in the alphabetical order of our countries, beginning with *Allemagne,* continuing with *Amérique,* and so on down the alphabet.

The other large rooms on the main floor are exceedingly handsome, with superb Japanese and Chinese hangings, wrought about the middle of the last century to fit the spaces they occupy; on all sides are the most perfect specimens of Japanese and Chinese bronzes, ivory carvings, lacquer-work, and the like: these rooms are given up to the committees into which the whole body is divided. Up-stairs is a dining-hall in which the Dutch Government serves, every working-day, a most bounteous lunch to us all, and at this there is much opportunity for informal discussion. Near the main hall is a sumptuous saloon, hung round with interesting portraits, one of them being an admirable likeness of Motley the historian, who was a great favorite of the late Queen, and frequently her guest in this palace.

Our first session was very interesting; the speech by the honorary president, M. de Beaufort, above referred to, was in every way admirable, and that by the president, M. de Staal, thoroughly good. The latter is the Russian ambassador to London; I had already met him in St. Petersburg, and found him interesting and agreeable. He is, no doubt, one of the foremost diplomatists of this epoch; but he is evidently without much knowledge of parliamentary procedure. Congratulatory telegrams were received from the Emperor of Russia and the Queen of the Netherlands and duly answered.

May 19.

At eleven in the morning, in one of the large rooms of the hotel, the presidents of delegations met to decide on a plan of organization and work; and, sitting among them, I first began to have some hopes of a good result. Still, at the outset, the prospect was much beclouded. Though a very considerable number of the foremost statesmen in Europe were present, our deliberations appeared, for a time, a hopeless chaos: the unfamiliarity of our president, Baron de Staal, with parliamentary usages seemed likely to become embarrassing; but sundry statesmen, more experienced in such matters, began drawing together, and were soon elaborating a scheme to be presented to the entire conference. It divided all the subjects named in the Mouravieff circular among three great committees, the most important being that on "Arbitration." The choice of representatives on these from our delegation was made, and an ex-officio membership of all three falls to me.

In the course of the day I met and talked with various interesting men, among them Count Nigra, formerly Cavour's private secretary and ambassador at the court of Napoleon III, where he accomplished so much for Italian unity; Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington; and M. Bernaert, president of the Belgian Chamber. In the evening, at a reception given by the

minister of foreign affairs, M. de Beaufort, I made further acquaintances and had instructive conversations.

In addition to the strict duties of the conference, there is, of course, a mass of social business, with no end of visits, calls, and special meetings, to say nothing of social functions, on a large scale, at the houses of sundry ministers and officials; but these, of course, have their practical uses.

The Dutch Government is showing itself princely in various ways, making every provision for our comfort and enjoyment.

In general, I am considerably encouraged. The skeptical feeling with which we came together seems now passing away; the recent speech of the Emperor William at Wiesbaden has aroused new hopes of a fairly good chance for arbitration, and it looks as if the promise made me just before I left Berlin by Baron von Bülow, that the German delegation should coöperate thoroughly with our own, is to be redeemed. That delegation assures us that it is instructed to stand by us as far as possible on all the principal questions. It forms a really fine body, its head being Count Münster, whom I have already found very agreeable at Berlin and Paris, and its main authority in the law of nations being Professor Zorn, of the University of Königsberg; but, curiously enough, as if by a whim, the next man on its list is Professor Baron von Stengel of Munich, who has written a book *against* arbitration; and next to him comes Colonel Schwartzhoff, said to be a man of remarkable ability in military matters, but strongly prejudiced against the Russian proposals.

As to arbitration, we cannot make it compulsory, as so many very good people wish; it is clear that no power here would agree to that; but even to provide regular machinery for arbitration, constantly in the sight of all nations, and always ready for use, would be a great gain.

As to disarmament, it is clear that nothing effective can be done at present. The Geneva rules for the better care

of the wounded on land will certainly be improved and extended to warfare on sea, and the laws of war will doubtless be improved and given stronger sanction.

Whether we can get our proposals as to private property on the high seas before the conference is uncertain; but I think we can. Our hopes are based upon the fact that they seem admissible under one heading of the Mouravieff circular. There is, of course, a determination on the part of leading members to exclude rigorously everything not provided for in the original programme, and this is only right; for, otherwise, we might spend years in fruitless discussion. The Armenians, for example, are pressing us to make a strong declaration in their behalf. Poland is also here with proposals even more inflammatory; so are the Finlanders; and so are the South African Boers. Their proposals, if admitted, would simply be bombshells sure to blow all the leading nations of Europe out of the conference and bring everything to naught. Already pessimists outside are prophesying that on account of these questions we are doomed to utter failure.

The peace people of all nations, including our own, are here in great force. I have accepted an invitation from one of them to lunch with a party of like mind, including Baroness von Suttner, who has written a brilliant book, "Die Waffen Nieder," of which the moral is that all nations shall immediately throw down their arms. Mr. Stead is also here, vigorous as usual, full of curious information, and abounding in suggestions.

There was a report, on our arriving, that the Triple Alliance representatives are instructed to do everything to bring the conference into discredit, but this is now denied. It is said that their programme is changed, and things look like it. On the whole, though no one is sanguine, there is more hope.

May 21.

In the morning went with Dr. Holls to a Whitsunday service at the great old church here. There was a crowd,

impressive chorals, and a sermon at least an hour long. At our request, we were given admirable places in the organ-loft, and sat at the side of the organist as he managed that noble instrument. It was sublime. After the closing voluntary Holls played remarkably well.

To me the most striking feature in the service was a very earnest prayer made by the clergyman for the conference. During the afternoon we also visited the old prison near the Vijver, where the De Witts and other eminent prisoners of state were confined, and in front of which the former were torn in pieces by the mob. Sadly interesting was a collection of instruments of torture, which had the effect of making me better satisfied with our own times than I sometimes am.

In the evening, with our minister, Mr. Newel, and the Dean of Ely, his guest, to an exceedingly pleasant "tea" at the house of Baroness Gravensteen, and met a number of interesting people, among them a kindly old gentleman who began diplomatic life as a British attaché at Washington in the days of Webster and Clay, and gave me interesting accounts of them.

The queer letters and crankish proposals which come in every day are amazing. I have just added to my collection of diplomatic curiosities a letter from the editor of a Democratic paper in southern Illinois, addressed to me as ambassador at *Mayence*, which he evidently takes to be the capital of Germany, asking me to look after a great party of Western newspaper men who are to go up the Rhine this summer and make a brief stay in the above-named capital of the empire. I also receive very many letters of introduction, which of course make large demands upon my time. The number of epistles, also, which come in from public meetings in large and small American towns is very great, some evidently representing no persons other than the writers. As I write the above, I open mechanically a letter from a peace meeting assembled in Ledyard, Connecticut, composed of "Rogerine Quakers"; but what a "Rogerine Quaker" is I know not. Some of these letters are touching, and some have

a comic side. A very good one comes from May Wright Sewall; would that all the others were as thoughtful!

It goes without saying that the Quakers are out in full force. We have been answering by cable some of the most important communications sent us from America; the others we shall try to acknowledge by mail, though they are so numerous that I begin to despair of this. If these good people only knew how all this distracts us from the work which we have at heart as much as they, we should get considerably more time to think upon the problems before us.

May 22.

In the afternoon came M. de Bloch, the great publicist, who has written four enormous volumes on war in modern times, summaries of which, in the newspapers, are said to have converted the young Emperor Nicholas to peace ideas, and to have been the real cause of his calling the conference together. I found him interesting, full of ideas, and devoted most earnestly to a theory that militarism is gradually impoverishing all modern states, and that the next European war will pauperize most of them.

Just afterward Count Welsersheimb, president of the Austrian delegation, called, and was very anxious to know the line we are to take. I told him frankly that we are instructed to present a plan of arbitration, and to urge a resolution in favor of exempting private property, not contraband of war, from seizure on the high seas; that we are ready to go to the full length in improving the laws of war, and in extending the Geneva rules to maritime warfare; but that we look on the question of reducing armaments as relating wholly to Europe, no part of it being applicable to the United States.

As he seemed strongly in favor of our contention regarding private property on the high seas, but fearful that Russia and England, under a strict construction of the rules, would not permit the subject to be introduced,

I pointed out to him certain clauses in the Mouravieff circular which showed that it was entirely admissible.

May 23.

In the morning came a meeting of the American delegation on the subject of telegraphing Washington for further instructions. We find that some of the details in our present instructions are likely to wreck our proposals, and there is a fear among us that, by following too closely the plan laid down for us at Washington, we may run full in the face of the Monroe Doctrine. It is, indeed, a question whether our people will be willing to have matters of difference between South American States, or between the United States and a South American State, or between European and South American States, submitted to an arbitration in which a majority of the judges are subjects of European powers. Various drafts of a telegram were made, but the whole matter went over.

At ten the heads of delegations met and considered a plan of organizing the various committees, and the list was read. Each of the three great committees to which the subjects mentioned in the Mouravieff circular are assigned was given a president, vice-president, and two honorary presidents. The first of these committees is to take charge of the preliminary discussion of those articles in the Mouravieff circular concerning the non-augmentation of armies and the limitation in the use of new explosives and of especially destructive weapons. The second committee has for its subject the discussion of humanitarian reforms—namely, the adaptation of the stipulations of the Convention of Geneva of 1864 to maritime warfare, the neutralization of vessels charged with saving the wounded during maritime combats, and the revision of the declaration concerning customs of war elaborated in 1874 by the Conference of Brussels, which has never yet been ratified. The third committee has charge of the subject of arbitration, mediation, and the like.

The president of the first committee is M. Bernaert, a leading statesman of Belgium, who has made a most excellent impression on me from the first; and the two honorary presidents are Count Münster, German ambassador at Paris, and myself.

The president of the second committee is M. de Martens, the eminent Russian authority on international law; and the two honorary presidents, Count Welsersheimb of Austria-Hungary, and the Duke of Tetuan from Spain.

The third committee receives as its president M. Leon Bourgeois, who has held various eminent positions in France; the honorary presidents being Count Nigra, the Italian ambassador at Vienna, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington.

There was much discussion and considerable difference of opinion on many points, but the main breeze sprang up regarding the publicity of our doings. An admirable speech was made by Baron de Bildt, who is a son of my former Swedish colleague at Berlin, has held various important positions at Washington and elsewhere, has written an admirable history of Queen Christina of Sweden, and is now minister plenipotentiary at Rome. He spoke earnestly in favor of considerable latitude in communications to the press from the authorities of the conference; but the prevailing opinion, especially of the older men, even of those from constitutional states, seemed to second the idea of Russia,—that communications to the press should be reduced to a minimum, comprising merely the external affairs of the conference. I am persuaded that this view will get us into trouble; but it cannot be helped at present.

May 24.

As was to be expected, there has begun some reaction from the hopes indulged shortly after the conference came together. At our arrival there was general skepticism; shortly afterward, and especially when the organization of the arbitration committee was seen to be

so good, there came a great growth of hope; now comes the usual falling back of many. But I trust that this will not be permanent. Yesterday there was some talk which, though quiet, was none the less bitter, to the effect that the purpose of Russia in calling the conference is only to secure time for strengthening her armaments; that she was never increasing her forces at a greater rate, especially in the southwestern part of the empire and in the Caucasus, and never intriguing more vigorously in all directions. To one who stated this to me my answer simply was that bad faith to this extent on the part of Russia is most unlikely, if not impossible; that it would hand down the Emperor and his advisers to the eternal execration and contempt of mankind; and that, in any case, our duty is clear: to go on and do the best we can; to perfect plans for a permanent tribunal of arbitration; and to take measures for diminishing cruelty and suffering in war.

Meeting Count Münster, who, after M. de Staal, is very generally considered the most important personage here, we discussed the subject of arbitration. To my great regret, I found him entirely opposed to it, or, at least, entirely opposed to any well-developed plan. He did not say that he would oppose a moderate plan for voluntary arbitration, but he insisted that arbitration must be injurious to Germany; that Germany is prepared for war as no other country is or can be; that she can mobilize her army in ten days; and that neither France, Russia, nor any other power can do this. Arbitration, he said, would simply give rival powers time to put themselves in readiness, and would therefore be a great disadvantage to Germany.

Later came another disappointment. M. de Martens, having read the memorandum which I left with him yesterday on the subject of exempting private property, not contraband of war, from seizure upon the high seas, called, and insisted that it would be impossible, under any just construction of the Mouravieff programme, to bring

the subject before the second committee as we had hoped to do; that Russia would feel obliged to oppose its introduction; and that Great Britain, France, and Italy, to say nothing of other powers, would do the same. This was rather trying, for I had especially desired to press this long-desired improvement in international law; and I showed him how persistent the United States had been as regards this subject throughout our whole history, how earnest the President and his cabinet are in pressing it now, and how our delegation are bound, under our instructions, to bring it before the conference. I insisted that we should at least have the opportunity to present it, even if it were afterward declared out of order. To this he demurred, saying that he feared it would arouse unpleasant debate. I then suggested that the paper be publicly submitted to our whole body for special reference to a future conference, and this he took into consideration. Under other circumstances, I would have made a struggle in the committee and, indeed, in the open session of the full conference; but it is clear that what we are sent here for is, above all, to devise some scheme of arbitration, and that anything which comes in the way of this, by provoking ill-feeling or prolonging discussion on other points, will diminish our chances of obtaining what the whole world so earnestly desires.

During the day our American delegation held two sessions; and, as a result, a telegram of considerable length to the State Department was elaborated, asking permission to substitute a new section in our original instructions regarding an arbitration tribunal, and to be allowed liberty to make changes in minor points, as the development of opinion in the conference may demand. The substitute which we suggested referred especially to the clash between the original instructions and the Monroe Doctrine. I was very reluctant to send the despatch; but, on the whole, it seemed best, and it was adopted unanimously.

In the afternoon, at five, the presidents of all the dele-

gations went to the palace, by appointment, and were presented to the young Queen and to the Queen-mother. The former is exceedingly modest, pretty, and pleasant; and as she came into the room, about which were ranged that line of solemn, elderly men, it seemed almost pathetic. She was evidently timid, and it was, at first, hard work for her; but she got along well with Count Münster, and when she came to me I soon brought the conversation upon the subject of the "House in the Wood" by thanking her for the pains her government had taken in providing so beautiful a place for us. This new topic seemed to please her, and we had quite a long talk upon it; she speaking of her visits to the park, for skating and the like, and I dwelling on the beauty of the works of art and the views in the park. Then the delegates, going to the apartments of the Queen-mother, went through a similar formality with her. She is very stout, but fine-looking, with a kindly face and manner. Both mother and daughter spoke, with perfect ease, Dutch, French, German, English, and how many other languages I know not. The young Queen was very simply dressed, like any other young lady of seventeen, except that she had a triple row of large pearls about her neck. In the evening, at 9.30, the entire delegations were received at a great presentation and ball. The music was very fine, but the most interesting thing to me was the fact that, as the palace was built under Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, the main rooms were in the most thoroughgoing *style Empire*, not only in their decorations, but in their furniture and accessories,—clocks, vases, candelabra, and the like. I have never seen that style, formerly so despised, but now so fashionable, developed as fully.

After the presentation I met Sir John Fisher, one of the English delegates, an admiral in the British navy, and found him very intelligent. He said that he was thoroughly for peace, and had every reason to be so, since he knew something of the horrors of war. It appears that in one of the recent struggles in China he went

ashore with eleven hundred men and returned with only about five hundred; but, to my regret, I found him using the same argument as regards the sea that Count Münster had made regarding the land. He said that the navy of Great Britain was and would remain in a state of complete preparation for war; that a vast deal depended on prompt action by the navy; and that the truce afforded by arbitration proceedings would give other powers time, which they would otherwise not have, to put themselves into complete readiness. He seemed uncertain whether it was best for Great Britain, under these circumstances, to support a thoroughgoing plan of arbitration; but, on the whole, seemed inclined to try it to some extent. Clearly what Great Britain wants is a permanent system of arbitration with the United States; but she does not care much, I think, for such a provision as regards other powers.

There is considerable curiosity among leading members to know what the United States really intends to do; and during the day Sir Julian Pauncefote and others have called to talk over the general subject.

The London "Times" gives quite correctly a conversation of mine, of rather an optimistic nature, as to the possibilities and probabilities of arbitration, and the improvement of the customs of war; but in another quarter matters have not gone so well: the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan publishes a circumstantial interview with me, which has been copied extensively in the European press, to the effect that I have declared my belief in the adoption of compulsory arbitration and disarmament. This is a grotesque misstatement. I have never dreamed of saying anything of the kind; in fact, have constantly said the contrary; and, what is more, I have never been interviewed by the correspondent of that or of any other Continental paper.

CHAPTER XLVI

AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE—II

May 25.

THIS morning a leading delegate of one of the great European powers called and gave me a very interesting account of the situation as he sees it.

He stated that the Russian representatives, on arriving here, gave out that they were not prepared with any plan for a definite tribunal of arbitration; but that shortly afterward there appeared some discrepancy on this point between the statements of the various members of their delegation; and that they now propose a system of arbitration, mediation, and examination into any cause of difficulty between nations.

In the evening our secretary spoke of the matter to M. de Staal, the president of the Russian delegation and of the conference, and was told that this plan would, within a day or two, be printed and laid before the whole body.

This is a favorable sign. More and more it looks as if the great majority of us are beginning to see the necessity of some scheme of arbitration embracing a court and definite, well-contrived accessories.

The above-mentioned discrepancy between various statements of the Russians leads me to think that what Count Münster told me some days since may have some truth in it—namely, that Pobedonostzeff, whom I knew well, when minister to Russia, as the strongest man on

moral, religious, and social questions in that country, is really the author of the documents that were originally given to the world as emanating from the Russian Foreign Office, and that he has now added to them this definite scheme for arbitration. Remembering our old conversations, in which he dwelt upon the great need of money in order to increase the stipends of the Russian clergy, and so improve their moral as well as religious condition, I can understand easily that he may have greatly at heart a plan which would save a portion of the enormous expenditure of Russia on war, and enable him to do more for the improvement of the church.

Dined at the British legation with the minister, my old friend of St. Petersburg days, Sir Henry Howard, De Martens, the real head of the Russian delegation, being of the party, and had a long talk with the latter about Russia and Russians. He told me that Pobedonostzeff is now becoming old and infirm, and it appears that there has been a sort of cleaning out of the Foreign Office and the Ministry of the Interior—a procedure which was certainly needed in my time.

Later in the evening we went to a reception by Baron van Hardenbroek, the grand chamberlain, where I met various interesting persons, especially M. Descamps, the eminent Belgian delegate, who, in the fervor of his speech yesterday morning, upset his inkstand and lavished its contents on his neighbors. He is a devotee of arbitration, and is preparing a summary for the committee intrusted with that subject. There seemed to be, in discussing the matter with various delegates at this reception, a general feeling of encouragement.

During the day Mr. Loeher, a Berlin sculptor, called, and carried me off to see his plan of a great statue of "Peace" which he hopes to induce the Emperor Nicholas to erect in Paris. It seems to me well conceived, all except the main figure, which I could not induce myself to like. In the anxiety of the sculptor to avoid any more female figures, and to embody virile aspirations for peace,

he has placed this main figure at the summit of the monument in something like a long pea-jacket, with an insufficient mantle at the back, and a crown upon its head.

The number of people with plans, schemes, notions, nostrums, whimsies of all sorts, who press upon us and try to take our time, is enormous; and when to this is added the pest of interviewers and photographers, life becomes serious indeed.

May 26.

At two the committee on arbitration met, and, as it is the largest of all, its session was held in the main hall under the dome. The Russian plan was presented, and was found to embrace three distinct features:

First, elements of a plan of mediation; secondly, a plan for international arbitration; thirdly, a plan for the international examination of questions arising between powers, such examination being conducted by persons chosen by each of the contestants. This last is a new feature, and is known as a *commission internationale d'enquête.*

The project for a plan of arbitration submits a number of minor matters to compulsory arbitration, but the main mass of differences to voluntary arbitration.

But there was no definite proposal for a tribunal, and there was an evident feeling of disappointment, which was presently voiced by Sir Julian Pauncefote, who, in the sort of plain, dogged way of a man who does not purpose to lose what he came for, presented a resolution looking definitely to the establishment, here and now, of an international tribunal of arbitration. After some discussion, the whole was referred to a subcommittee, to put this and any other proposals submitted into shape for discussion by the main committee. In the course of the morning the American delegation received an answer to its telegram to the State Department, which was all that could be desired, since it left us virtually free to take the course which circumstances might authorize, in view of the main object to be attained. But it came too late to

enable us to elaborate a plan for the meeting above referred to, and I obtained permission from the president, M. Leon Bourgeois, to defer the presentation of our scheme until about the middle of next week.

Just before the session of the main committee, at which the Russian plan was received, I had a long and very interesting talk with Mr. van Karnebeek, one of the leading statesmen of the Netherlands, a former minister of foreign affairs, and the present chief of the Dutch delegation in the conference. He seems clear-headed and far-sighted, and his belief is that the conference will really do something of value for arbitration. He says that men who arrived here apparently indifferent have now become interested, and that *amour propre,* if nothing else, will lead them to elaborate something likely to be useful. He went at considerable length into the value of an international tribunal, even if it does nothing more than keep nations mindful of the fact that there is some way, other than war, of settling disputes.

A delegate also informed me that in talking with M. de Staal the latter declared that in his opinion the present conference is only the first of a series, and that it is quite likely that another will be held next winter or next spring.

In the evening I made the acquaintance of Mr. Marshall, a newspaper correspondent, who is here preparing some magazine articles on The Hague and the conference. He is a very interesting man on various accounts, and especially at present, since he has but just returned from the Cuban campaign, where he was fearfully wounded, receiving two shots which carried away parts of the vertebral column, a bullet being left in his body. He seems very cheerful, though obliged to get about on crutches.

May 27.

In the morning, calls from various people urging all kinds of schemes for arbitration and various other good

things for the human race, including considerable advantages, in many cases, for themselves.

Best of all, by far, was John Bellows of Gloucester, our old Quaker friend at St. Petersburg, whom I was exceedingly glad to take by the hand: he, at least, is a thoroughly good man—sincere, honest, earnest, and blessed with good sense.

The number of documents, printed and written, coming in upon us is still enormous. Many are virtually sermons displaying the evils of war, the blessings of peace, and the necessity of falling back upon the Bible. Considering the fact that our earlier sacred books indicate approval by the Almighty of some of the most bloodthirsty peoples and most cruel wars ever known, such a recommendation seems lacking in "actuality."

This morning we had another visit from Sir Julian Pauncefote, president of the British delegation, and discussed with him an amalgamation of the Russian, British, and American proposals for an arbitration tribunal. He finds himself, as we all do, agreeably surprised by the Russian document, which, inadequate as it is, shows ability in devising a permanent scheme both for mediation and arbitration.

During the day President Low, who had been asked by our delegation to bring the various proposals agreed to by us into definite shape, made his report; it was thoroughly well done, and, with some slight changes, was adopted as the basis for our final project of an arbitration scheme. We are all to meet on Monday, the 29th, for a study of it.

In the evening to the concert given to the conference by the burgomaster and city council. It was very fine, and the audience was large and brilliant. There was music by Tschaikovsky, Grieg, and Wagner, some of which was good, but most of it seemed to me noisy and tending nowhither; happily, in the midst of it came two noble pieces, one by Beethoven and the other by Mozart, which gave a delightful relief.

May 28.

Drove with Dr. Holls to Delft, five miles, and attended service at the "New Church." The building was noble, but the service seemed very crude and dismal, nearly the whole of it consisting of two long sermons separated by hymns, and all unspeakably dreary.

Afterward we saw the tombs of William of Orange and Grotius, and they stirred many thoughts. I visited them first nearly forty years ago, with three persons very dear to me, all of whom are now passed away. More than ever it is clear to me that of all books ever written—not claiming divine inspiration—the great work of Grotius on "War and Peace" has been of most benefit to mankind. Our work here, at the end of the nineteenth century, is the direct result of his, at the beginning of the seventeenth.

Afterward to the Prinzenhof, visiting the place where William of Orange was assassinated. Was glad to see the new statue of Grotius in front of the church where he lies buried.

May 29.

In the morning President Low and myself walked, and talked over various proposals for arbitration, especially our own. It looks much as if we can amalgamate the Russian, British, and original American plans into a good arrangement for a tribunal. We also discussed a scheme for the selection, by disagreeing nations, of "seconding powers," who, before the beginning of hostilities, or even after, shall attempt to settle difficulties between powers, or, if unsuccessful, to stop them as soon after war begins as the honor of the nations concerned may allow. The Germans greatly favor this plan, since it resembles their tribunal of honor (*Ehrengericht*); it was originally suggested to us by our secretary, Dr. Holls.

In the evening, at six, the American delegation met. We had before us type-written copies of our whole arbitration project as elaborated in our previous sessions,

and sundry changes having been made, most of them verbal, the whole, after considerable discussion, was adopted.

At ten I left, via Hook of Holland and Harwich, for London, arriving about ten the next morning, and attending to various matters of business. It was fortunate for me that I could have for this purpose an almost complete lull in our proceedings, the first and second committees of the conference being at work on technical matters, and the third not meeting until next Monday.

In the evening I went to the Lyceum Theatre, saw Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in Sardou's "Robespierre," and for the first time in my life was woefully disappointed in them. The play is wretchedly conceived, and it amazes me that Sardou, who wrote "Thermidor," which is as admirable as "Robespierre" is miserable, could ever have attached his name to such a piece.

For the wretchedness of its form there is, no doubt, some excuse in the fact that it has been done into English, and doubtless cut, pieced, and altered to suit the Lyceum audiences; but when one compares the conspiracy part of it with a properly conceived drama in which a conspiracy is developed, like Schiller's "Fiesco," the difference is enormously in favor of the latter. As literature the play in its English dress is below contempt.

As to its historical contents, Sardou resorts to an expedient which, although quite French in its character, brings the whole thing down to a lower level than anything in which I had ever seen Irving before. The center of interest is a young royalist who, having been present with his mother and sister at the roll-call of the condemned and the harrowing scenes resulting therefrom, rushes forth, determined to assassinate Robespierre, but is discovered by the latter to be his long-lost illegitimate son, and then occur a series of mystifications suited only to the lowest boulevard melodrama.

As to the action of the piece, the only thing that showed Irving's great ability was the scene in the forest of Montmorency, where, as Robespierre, he reveals at one

moment, in his talk with the English envoy, his ambition, his overestimate of himself, his suspicion of everybody and everything, his willingness to be cruel to any extent in order to baffle possible enemies; and then, next moment, on the arrival of his young friends, boys and girls, the sentimental, Rousseau side of his character. This transition was very striking. The changes in the expression of Irving's face were marvelous—as wonderful as those in his Louis XI; but that was very nearly all. In everything else, Coquelin, as I had seen him in Sardou's "Thermidor," was infinitely better.

Besides this, the piece was, in general, grotesquely unhistorical. It exhibits Robespierre's colleagues in the Committee of Public Safety as noisy and dirty street blackguards. Now, bad as they were, they were not at all of that species, nor did their deliberations take place in the manner depicted. Billaud-Varennes is represented as a drunken vagabond sitting on a table at the committee and declaiming. He was not this at all, nor was Tallien, vile as he was, anything like the blackguard shown in this piece.

The final scene, in which Robespierre is brought under accusation by the Convention, was vastly inferior to the same thing in "Thermidor"; and, what was worse, instead of paraphrasing or translating the speeches of Billaud-Varennes, Tallien, and Robespierre, which he might have found in the "Moniteur," Sardou, or rather Irving, makes the leading characters yell harangues very much of the sort which would be made in a meeting of drunken dock laborers to-day. Irving's part in this was not at all well done. The unhistorical details now came thick and fast, among them his putting his head down on the table of the tribune as a sign of exhaustion, and then, at the close, shooting himself in front of the tribunal. If he did shoot himself, which is doubtful, it was neither at that time nor in that place.

But, worst of all, the character of Robespierre was made far too melodramatic, and was utterly unworthy of

Irving, whom, in all his other pieces, I have vastly admired. He completely misconceives his hero. Instead of representing him as, from first to last, a shallow Rousseau sentimentalist, with the proper mixture of vanity, suspicion, and cruelty, he puts into him a great deal too much of the ruffian, which was not at all in Robespierre's character.

The most striking scene in the whole was the roll-call at the prison. This was perhaps better than that in Sardou's "Thermidor," and the tableaux were decidedly better.

The scene at the "Festival of the Supreme Being" was also very striking, and in many respects historical; but, unless I am greatly mistaken, the performance referred to did not take place as represented, but in the garden directly in front of the Tuileries. The family scene at the house of Duplay the carpenter was exceedingly well managed; old Duplay, smoking his pipe, listening to his daughters playing on a spinet and singing sentimental songs of the Rousseau period, was perfect. The old carpenter and his family evidently felt that the golden age had at last arrived; that humanity was at the end of its troubles; and that the world was indebted for it all to their lodger Robespierre, who sat in the midst of them reading, writing, and enjoying the coddling and applause lavished upon him. And he and they were to go to the guillotine within a week!

Incidentally there came a little touch worthy of Sardou; for, as Robespierre reads his letters, he finds one from his brother, in which he speaks of a young soldier and revolutionist of ability whose acquaintance he has just made, whom he very much likes, and whose republicanism he thoroughly indorses—one Buonaparte. This might have occurred, and very likely did occur, very much as shown on the stage; for one of the charges which nearly cost Bonaparte his life on the Ninth Thermidor was that he was on friendly terms with the younger Robespierre, who was executed with his more famous brother.

On the whole, the play was very disappointing. It would certainly have been hissed at the Porte St. Martin, and probably at any other Paris theater.

June 1.

Having left London last evening, I arrived at The Hague early this morning and found, to my great satisfaction, that the subcommittee of the third committee had unanimously adopted the American plan of "seconding powers," and that our whole general plan of arbitration will be to-day in print and translated into French for presentation. I also find that Sir Julian Pauncefote's arbitration project has admirable points.

The first article in Sir Julian's proposal states that, with the desire to facilitate immediate recourse to arbitration by nations which may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiations differences arising between them, the signatory powers agree to organize a permanent tribunal of international arbitration, accessible at all times, to be governed by a code, provided by this conference, so far as applicable and consistent with any special stipulations agreed to between the contesting parties.

Its second provision is the establishment of a permanent central office, where the records of the tribunal shall be preserved and its official business transacted, with a permanent secretary, archivist, and suitable staff, who shall reside on the spot. This office shall make arrangements for the assembling of the tribunal, at the request of contesting parties.

Its third provision is that each of the signatory powers shall transmit the names of two persons who shall be recognized in their own country as jurists or publicists of high character and fitness, and who shall be qualified to act as judges. These persons shall be members of the tribunal, and a list of their names shall be recorded in the central office. In case of death or retirement of any one of these, the vacancy shall be filled up by new appointment.

Its fourth provision is that any of the signatory powers desiring to have recourse to the tribunal for the settlement of differences shall make known such desire to the secretary of the central office, who shall thereupon furnish the powers concerned with a list of the members of the tribunal, from which such powers may select such number of judges as they may think best. The powers concerned may also, if they think fit, adjoin to these judges any other person, although his name may not appear on the list. The persons so selected shall constitute the tribunal for the purpose of such arbitration, and shall assemble at such date as may be most convenient for the litigants.

The tribunal shall ordinarily hold its sessions at ——; but it shall have power to fix its place of session elsewhere, and to change the same from time to time, as circumstances may suggest.

The fifth provision is that any power, even though not represented in the present conference, may have recourse to the tribunal on such terms as may be prescribed by the regulations.

Provision sixth: The government of —— is charged by the signatory powers, on their behalf, as soon as possible after the conclusion of this convention, to name a permanent council of administration, at ——, composed of five members and a secretary. This council shall organize and establish the central office, which shall be under its control and direction. It shall make such rules and regulations as may be necessary for the office; it shall dispose of all questions that may arise in relation to the working of the tribunal, or which may be referred to it by the central office; it shall make all subordinate appointments, may suspend or dismiss all employees, and shall fix their salaries and control their expenditure. This council shall select its president, who shall have a casting-vote. The remuneration of the members shall be fixed from time to time by accord between the signatory powers.

Provision seventh: The signatory powers agree to share among them the expenses pertaining to the administration of the central office and the council of administration; but the expenses incident to every arbitration, including the remuneration of the arbiters, shall be equally borne by the contesting powers.

From a theoretical point of view, I prefer to this our American plan of a tribunal permanently in session: the judges, in every particular case, to be selected from this. Thus would be provided a court of any odd number between three and nine, as the contesting powers may desire. But from the practical point of view, even though the Russian plan of requiring the signatory powers to send to the tribunal a multitude of smaller matters, such as those connected with the postal service, etc., is carried out, the great danger is that such a court, sitting constantly as we propose, would, for some years, have very little to do, and that soon we should have demagogues and feather-brained "reformers" ridiculing them as "useless," "eating their heads off," and "doing nothing"; that then demagogic appeals might lead one nation after another to withdraw from an arrangement involving large expense apparently useless; and in view of this latter difficulty I am much inclined to think that we may, under our amended instructions, agree to support, in its essential features as above given, the British proposal, and, with some reservations, the code proposed by the Russians.

Among the things named by the Russians as subjects which the agreeing powers must submit to arbitration, are those relating to river navigation and international canals; and this, in view of our present difficulties in Alaska and in the matter of the Isthmus Canal, we can hardly agree to. During the morning Sir Julian came in and talked over our plan of arbitration as well as his own and that submitted by Russia. He said that he had seen M. de Staal, and that it was agreed between them that the latter should send Sir Julian, at the first moment possible, an amalgamation of the Russian and British

plans, and this Sir Julian promised that he would bring to us, giving us a chance to insert any features from our own plan which, in our judgment, might be important. He seemed much encouraged, as we all are.

Returning to our rooms, I found Count Münster. As usual, he was very interesting; and, after discussing sundry features of the Russian plan, he told one or two rather good stories. He said that during his stay in St. Petersburg as minister, early in the reign of Alexander II, he had a very serious quarrel with Prince Gortchakoff, the minister of foreign affairs, who afterward became the famous chancellor of the empire.

Count Münster had received one day from a professor at Göttingen a letter stating that a young German *savant*, traveling for scientific purposes in Russia, had been seized and treated as a prisoner, without any proper cause whatever; that, while he was engaged in his peaceful botanizing, a police officer, who was taking a gang of criminals to Siberia, had come along, and one of his prisoners having escaped, this officer, in order to avoid censure, had seized the young *savant*, quietly clapped the number of the missing man on his back, put him in with the gang of prisoners, and carried him off along with the rest; so that he was now held as a convict in Siberia. The count put the letter in his pocket, thinking that he might have an opportunity to use it, and a day or two afterward his chance came. Walking on the quay, he met the Emperor (Alexander II), who greeted him heartily, and said, "Let me walk with you." After walking and talking some time, the count told the story of the young German, whereupon the Emperor asked for proofs of its truth. At this Münster pulled the letter out of his pocket; and, both having seated themselves on a bench at the side of the walk, the Emperor read it. On finishing it, the Emperor said: "Such a thing as this can happen only in Russia." That very afternoon he sent a special police squad, post-haste, all the way to Siberia, ordering them to find the young German and bring him back to St. Petersburg.

Next day Count Münster called at the Foreign Office on current business, when Gortchakoff came at him in a great rage, asking him by what right he communicated directly with the Emperor; and insisting that he had no business to give a letter directly to the Emperor, that it ought to have gone through the Foreign Office. Gortchakoff reproached the count bitterly for this departure from elementary diplomatic etiquette. At this Münster replied: "I gave the letter to the Emperor because he asked me for it, and I did not give it to you because I knew perfectly well that you would pigeonhole it and the Emperor would never hear of it. I concede much in making any answer at all to your talk, which seems to me of a sort not usual between gentlemen." At this Gortchakoff was much milder, and finally almost obsequious, becoming apparently one of Münster's devoted friends, evidently thinking that; as Münster had gained the confidence of the Emperor, he was a man to be cultivated.

The sequel to the story was also interesting. The policemen, after their long journey to Siberia, found the young German and brought him to St. Petersburg, where the Emperor received him very cordially and gave him twenty thousand rubles as an indemnity for the wrong done him. The young *savant* told Münster that he had not been badly treated, that he had been assigned a very pleasant little cottage, and had perfect freedom to pursue his scientific researches.

On my talking with the count about certain Russian abuses, and maintaining that Russia, at least in court circles, had improved greatly under Alexander III as regarded corruption, he said that he feared she was now going back, and he then repeated a remark made by the old Grand Duke Michael, brother of Alexander II, who said that if any Russian were intrusted with the official care of a canary he would immediately set up and maintain a coach and pair out of it.

At six o'clock our American delegation met and heard reports, especially from Captain Mahan and Captain

Crozier, with reference to the doings in the subcommittees. Captain Mahan reported that he had voted against forbidding asphyxiating bombs, etc., evidently with the idea that such a provision would prove to be rather harmful than helpful to the cause of peace.

Captain Crozier reported that his subcommittee of committee No. 2 had, at its recent meeting, tried to take up the exemption of private property from seizure on the high seas in time of war, but had been declared out of order by the chairman, De Martens, the leading Russian delegate, who seems determined to prevent the subject coming before the conference. The question before our American delegation now was, Shall we try to push this American proposal before the subcommittee of the second committee, or before the entire conference at a later period? and the general opinion was in favor of the latter course. It was not thought best to delay the arbitration plan by its introduction at present.

In the evening dined with Minister Newel, and had a very interesting talk with Van Karnebeek, who had already favorably impressed me by his clear-headedness and straightforwardness; also with Messrs. Asser, member of the Dutch Council of State, and Rahusen, member of the Upper Chamber of the States General, both of whom are influential delegates.

All three of these men spoke strongly in favor of our plan for the exemption of private property on the high seas, Van Karnebeek with especial earnestness. He said that, looking merely at the material interests of the Netherlands, he might very well favor the retention of the present system, since his country is little likely to go into war, and is certain to profit by the carrying trade in case of any conflict between the great powers; that, of course, under such circumstances, a large amount of commerce would come to Holland as a neutral power; but that it was a question of right and of a proper development of international law, and that he, as well as the two other gentlemen above named, was very earnestly in favor of

joint action by the powers who are in favor of our proposal. He thought that the important thing just now is to secure the coöperation of Germany, which seems to be at the parting of the ways, and undecided which to take.

In the course of the evening one of my European colleagues, who is especially familiar with the inner history of the calling of the conference, told me that the reason why Professor Stengel was made a delegate was not that he wrote the book in praise of war and depreciating arbitration, which caused his appointment to be so unfavorably commented upon, but because, as an eminent professor of international law, he represented Bavaria; and that as Bavaria, though represented at St. Petersburg, was not invited, it was thought very essential that a well-known man from that kingdom should be put into the general German delegation.

On my asking why Brazil, though represented at St. Petersburg, was not invited, he answered that Brazil was invited, but showed no desire to be represented. On my asking him if he supposed this was because other South American powers were not invited, he said that he thought not; that it was rather its own indifference and carelessness, arising from the present unfortunate state of government in that country. On my saying that the Emperor Dom Pedro, in his time, would have taken the opportunity to send a strong delegation, he said: "Yes, he certainly would have done so; but the present government is a poor sort of thing."

I also had a talk with one of the most eminent publicists of the Netherlands, on the questions dividing parties in this country, telling him that I found it hard to understand the line of cleavage between them. He answered that it is, in the main, a line between religious conservatives and liberals; the conservatives embracing the Roman Catholics and high orthodox Protestants, and the liberals those of more advanced opinions. He said that socialism plays no great part in Holland; that the number of its representatives is very small compared with that in many Eu-

ropean states; that the questions on which parties divide are mainly those in which clerical ideas are more or less prominent; that the liberal party, if it keeps together, is much the stronger party of the two, but that it suffers greatly from its cliques and factions.

On returning home after dinner, I found a cipher despatch from the Secretary of State informing us that President McKinley thinks that our American commission ought not to urge any proposal for "seconding powers"; that he fears lest it may block the way of the arbitration proposals. This shows that imperfect reports have reached the President and his cabinet. The fact is that the proposal of "seconding powers" was warmly welcomed by the subcommittee when it was presented; that the members very generally telegraphed home to their governments, and at once received orders to support it; that it was passed by a unanimous vote of the subcommittee; and that its strongest advocates were the men who are most in favor of an arbitration plan. So far from injuring the prospects of arbitration, it has increased them; it is very generally spoken of as a victory for our delegation, and has increased respect for our country, and for anything we may hereafter present.

June 2.

This morning we sent a cipher telegram to the Secretary of State, embodying the facts above stated.

The shoals of telegrams, reports of proceedings of societies, hortatory letters, crankish proposals, and peace pamphlets from America continue. One of the telegrams which came late last night was pathetic; it declared that three millions of Christian Endeavorers bade us "God-speed," etc., etc.

During the morning De Martens, Low, Holls, and myself had a very thoroughgoing discussion of the Russian, British, and American arbitration plans. We found the eminent Russian under very curious misapprehensions regarding some minor points, one of them being that

he had mistaken the signification of our word "publicist"; and we were especially surprised to find his use of the French word "publiciste" so broad that it would include M. Henri Rochefort, Mr. Stead, or any newspaper writer; and he was quite as surprised to find that with us it would include only such men as Grotius, Wheaton, Calvo, and himself.

After a long and intricate discussion we separated on very good terms, having made, I think, decided progress toward fusing all three arbitration plans into one which shall embody the merits of all.

One difficulty we found, of which neither our State Department nor ourselves had been fully aware. Our original plan required that the judges for the arbitration tribunal should be nominated by the highest courts of the respective nations; but De Martens showed us that Russia has no highest court in our sense of the word. Then, too, there is Austria-Hungary, which has two supreme courts of equal authority. This clause, therefore, we arranged to alter, though providing that the original might stand as regards countries possessing supreme courts.

At lunch we had Baron de Bildt, Swedish minister at Rome and chief of the Swedish delegation at the conference, and Baron de Bille, Danish minister at London and chief delegate from Denmark. De Bille declared himself averse to a permanent tribunal to be in constant session, on the ground that, having so little to do, it would be in danger of becoming an object of derision to the press and peoples of the world.

We were all glad to find, upon the arrival of the London "Times," that our arbitration project seemed to be receiving extensive approval, and various telegrams from America during the day indicated the same thing.

It looks more and more as if we are to accomplish something. The only thing in sight calculated to throw a cloud over the future is the attitude of the German press against the whole business here; the most virulent in its attacks being the high Lutheran conservative—and re-

ligious!—journal in Berlin, the "Kreuz-Zeitung." Still, it is pleasant to see that eminent newspaper find, for a time, some other object of denunciation than the United States.

June 3.

In the afternoon drove to Scheveningen and took tea with Count Münster and his daughter. He was somewhat pessimistic, as usual, but came out very strongly in favor of the American view as regards exemption of private property on the high seas. Whether this is really because Germany would derive profit from it, or because she thinks this question a serviceable entering wedge between the United States and Great Britain, there is no telling at present. I am sorry to say that our hopes regarding it are to be dashed, so far as the present conference is concerned. Sundry newspaper letters and articles in the "Times" show clearly that the English Government is strongly opposed to dealing with it here and now; and as France and Russia take the same position, there is no hope for any action, save such as we can take to keep the subject alive and to secure attention to it by some future conference.

CHAPTER XLVII

AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE: III—1899

June 4.

WE have just had an experience which "adds to the gaiety of nations." Some days since, representatives of what is called "the Young Turkish party" appeared and asked to be heard. They received, generally, the cold shoulder, mainly because the internal condition of Turkey is not one of the things which the conference was asked to discuss; but also because there is a suspicion that these "Young Turks" are enabled to live in luxury at Paris by blackmailing the Sultan, and that their zeal for reform becomes fervid whenever their funds run low, and cools whenever a remittance comes from the Bosphorus. But at last some of us decided to give them a hearing, informally; the main object being to get rid of them. At the time appointed, the delegation appeared in evening dress, and, having been ushered into the room, the spokesman began as follows, very impressively:

"Your Excellencies, ve are ze Young Turkeys."

This was too much for most of us, and I think that, during our whole stay at The Hague thus far, we have never undertaken anything more difficult, physically, than to keep our faces straight during the harangue which followed.

Later, we went with nearly all the other members of the conference to Haarlem, in a special train, by invitation of the burgomaster and town council, to the "Fête

Hippique" and the "Fête des Fleurs." We were treated very well indeed, refreshments being served on the grand stand during the performances, which consisted of hurdle races, etc., for which I cared nothing, followed by a procession of peasants in old chaises of various periods, and in the costumes of the various provinces of the Netherlands, which interested me much. The whole closed with a long train of fine equipages superbly decorated with flowers.

Discussing the question of the immunity of private property, not contraband of war, on the high seas, I find that the main argument which our opponents are now using is that, even if the principle were conceded, new and troublesome questions would arise as to what really constitutes contraband of war; that ships themselves would undoubtedly be considered as contraband, since they can be used in conveying troops, coal, supplies, etc.

June 5.

Having given up the morning of the 5th mainly to work on plans of arbitration, mediation, and the like, I went to the meeting, at the "House in the Wood," of the third great committee of the conference—namely, that on arbitration.

The session went off satisfactorily, our duty being to pass upon the report from the subcommittee which had put the various propositions into shape for our discussion. The report was admirably presented by M. Descamps, and, after considerable discussion of details, was adopted in all essential features. The matters thus discussed and accepted for presentation to the conference as a whole related:

(1) To a plan for tendering "good offices."

(2) To a plan for examining into international differences.

(3) To the "special mediation" plan.

The last was exceedingly well received, and our delegation has obtained much credit for it. It is the plan of

allowing any two nations drifting into war to appoint "seconding nations," who, like "seconds" in a duel, shall attempt to avert the conflict; and, if this be unsuccessful, shall continue acting in the same capacity, and endeavor to arrest the conflict at the earliest moment possible.

Very general good feeling was shown, and much encouragement derived from the fact that these preliminary matters could be dealt with in so amicable and business-like a spirit.

Before the meeting I took a long walk in the garden back of the palace with various gentlemen, among them Mr. van Karnebeek, who discussed admirably with me the question of the exemption of private property from seizure on the high seas. He agreed with me that even if the extreme doctrine now contended for—namely, that which makes ships, coal, provisions, and very nearly everything else, contraband—be pressed, still a first step, such as the exemption of private property from seizure, would be none the less wise, leaving the subordinate questions to be dealt with as they arise.

I afterward called with Dr. Holls at the house of the burgomaster of The Hague, and thanked him for his kindness in tendering us the concert last Saturday, and for various other marks of consideration.

On the whole, matters continue to look encouraging as regards both mediation and arbitration.

June 6.

In the morning Sir Julian Pauncefote called, and again went over certain details in the American, British, and Russian plans of arbitration, discussing some matters to be stricken out and others to be inserted. He declared his readiness to strike out a feature of his plan to which from the first, I have felt a very great objection—namely, that which, after the tribunal is constituted, allows the contesting parties to call into it and mix with it persons simply chosen by the contestants *ad hoc*. This seems to me a dilution of the idea of a permanent tribunal, and a

means of delay and of complications which may prove unfortunate. It would certainly be said that if the contestants were to be allowed to name two or more judges from outside the tribunal, they might just as well nominate all, and thus save the expense attendant upon a regularly constituted international court chosen by the various governments.

Later in the day I wrote a private letter to the Secretary of State suggesting that our American delegation be authorized to lay a wreath of silver and gold upon the tomb of Grotius at Delft, not only as a tribute to the man who set in motion the ideas which, nearly three hundred years later, have led to the assembling of this conference, but as an indication of our gratitude to the Netherlands Government for its hospitality and the admirable provision it has made for our work here, and also as a sign of good-will toward the older governments of the world on the occasion of their first meeting with delegates from the new world, in a conference treating of matters most important to all nations.

In the evening to Mr. van Karnebeek's reception, and there met Mr. Raffalovitch, one of the Russian secretaries of the conference, who, as councilor of the Russian Empire and corresponding member of the French Institute, has a European reputation, and urged him to aid in striking out the clause in the plan which admits judges other than those of the court. My hope is that it will disappear in the subcommittee and not come up in the general meeting of the third great committee.

June 8.

The American delegation in the afternoon discussed at length the proposals relating to the Brussels Conference rules for the more humane carrying on of war. Considerable difference of opinion has arisen in the section of the conference in which the preliminary debates are held, and Captain Crozier, our representative, has been in some doubt as to the ground to be taken between these

opposing views. On one side are those who think it best to go at considerable length into more or less minute restrictions upon the conduct of invaders and invaded. On the other side, M. Bernaert of Belgium, one of the two most eminent men from that country, and others, take the ground that it would be better to leave the whole matter to the general development of humanity in international law. M. de Martens insists that now is the time to settle the matter, rather than leave it to individuals who, in time of war, are likely to be more or less exasperated by accounts of atrocities and to have no adequate time for deciding upon a policy. After considerable discussion by our delegation, the whole matter went over.

In the evening to a great reception at the house of Sir Henry Howard, British minister at this court. It was very brilliant, and the whole afforded an example of John Bull's good sense in providing for his representatives abroad, and enabling them to exercise a social influence on the communities where they are stationed, which rapidly becomes a political influence with the governments to which they are accredited. Sir Henry is provided with a large, attractive house, means to entertain amply, and has been kept in the service long enough to know everybody and to become experienced in the right way of getting at the men he wishes to influence, and of doing the things his government needs to have done. Throughout the whole world this is John Bull's wise way of doing things. At every capital I have visited, including Washington, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Rome, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, the British representative is a man who has been selected with reference to his fitness, kept in the service long enough to give him useful experience, and provided with a good, commodious house and the means to exercise social and, therefore, political influence. The result is that, although, in every country in the world, orators and editors are always howling at John Bull, he everywhere has his way:

to use our vernacular, he "gets there," and can laugh in his sleeve at the speeches against him in public bodies, and at the diatribes against him in newspapers. The men who are loudest in such attacks are generally the most delighted to put their legs under the British ambassador's mahogany, or to take their daughters to his receptions and balls, and then quietly to follow the general line of conduct which he favors.

June 9.

In the morning an interesting visit from M. de Staal, president of the conference. We discussed arbitration plans, Brussels rules and Geneva rules, and, finally, our social debts to the Dutch authorities.

As to the general prospects of arbitration, he expressed the belief that we can, by amalgamating the British, Russian, and American plans, produce a good result.

During the day, many members of the conference having gone to Rotterdam to see the welcoming of the Queen in that city, I took up, with especial care, the Brussels rules for the conduct of war, and the amendments of them now proposed in the conference, some of which have provoked considerable debate. The more I read the proposals now made, the more admirable most of them seem to be, and the more it seems to me that we ought, with a few exceptions, to adopt them. Great Britain declines to sanction them as part of international law, but still agrees to adopt them as a general basis for her conduct in time of war; and even this would be a good thing for us, if we cannot induce our government to go to the length of making them fully binding.

At six o'clock Dr. Holls, who represents us upon the subcommittee on arbitration, came in with most discouraging news. It now appears that the German Emperor is determined to oppose the whole scheme of arbitration, and will have nothing to do with any plan for a regular tribunal, whether as given in the British or the American scheme. This news comes from various

sources, and is confirmed by the fact that, in the subcommittee, one of the German delegates, Professor Zorn of Königsberg, who had become very earnest in behalf of arbitration, now says that he may not be able to vote for it. There are also signs that the German Emperor is influencing the minds of his allies—the sovereigns of Austria, Italy, Turkey, and Roumania—leading them to oppose it.

Curiously enough, in spite of this, Count Nigra, the Italian ambassador at Vienna and head of the Italian delegation, made a vigorous speech showing the importance of the work in which the committee is engaged, urging that the plan be perfected, and seeming to indicate that he will go on with the representatives who favor it. This, coming from perhaps the most earnest ally of Germany, is noteworthy.

At the close of the session Sir Julian Pauncefote informed Dr. Holls that he was about to telegraph his government regarding the undoubted efforts of the German Emperor upon the sovereigns above named; and I decided to cable our State Department, informing them fully as to this change in the condition of affairs.

At eight went to the dinner of our minister, Mr. Newel, and found there three ambassadors, De Staal, Münster, and Pauncefote, as well as M. Leon Bourgeois, president of the French delegation; Sir Henry Howard, the British minister; Baron de Bildt, the Swedish minister; and some leading Netherlands statesmen. Had a long talk with M. de Staal and with Sir Julian Pauncefote regarding the state of things revealed this afternoon in the subcommittee on arbitration. M. de Staal has called a meeting of the heads of delegations for Saturday afternoon. Both he and Sir Julian are evidently much vexed by the unfortunate turn things have taken. The latter feels, as I do, that the only thing to be done is to go on and make the plan for arbitration as perfect as possible, letting those of the powers who are willing to do

so sign it. I assured him and De Staal that we of the United States would stand by them to the last in the matter.

Late in the evening went to a reception of M. de Beaufort, the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs, and discussed current matters with various people, among them Count Nigra, whom I thanked for his eloquent speech in the afternoon, and Baron de Bildt, who feels, as I do, that the right thing for us is to go on, no matter who falls away.

June 10.

This morning I gave to studies of the various reports sent in from the subcommittees, especially those on arbitration and on the Brussels Conference rules. Both have intensely interested me, my main attention being, of course, centered on the former; but the Brussels rules seem to me of much greater importance now than at first, and my hope is that we shall not only devise a good working plan of arbitration, but greatly humanize the laws of war.

At four o'clock in the afternoon met the four other ambassadors and two or three other heads of delegations, at the rooms of M. de Staal, to discuss the question of relaxing the rules of secrecy as regards the proceedings of committees, etc. The whole original Russian plan of maintaining absolute secrecy has collapsed; just as the representatives from constitutional countries in the beginning said it would. Every day there are published minute accounts in Dutch, French, and English journals which show that, in some way, their representatives obtain enough information to enable them, with such additional things as they can imagine, to make readable reports. The result is that various gentlemen in the conference who formerly favored a policy of complete secrecy find themselves credited with speeches which they did not make, and which they dislike to be considered capable of making.

After a great deal of talk, it was decided to authorize the chairman of each committee to give to the press complete reports, so far as possible, keeping in the background the part taken by individuals.

At six the American delegation met, and the subject of our instructions regarding the presentation of the American view of the immunity of private property on the high seas in time of war was taken up. It was decided to ask some of the leading supporters of this view to meet us at luncheon at 12.30 on Monday, in order to discuss the best way of overcoming the Russian plan of suppressing the matter, and to concert means for getting the whole subject before the full conference.

June 11.

Instead of going to hear the Bishop of Hereford preach on "Peace," I walked with Dr. Holls to Scheveningen, four miles, to work off a nervous headache and to invite Count Münster to our luncheon on Monday, when we purpose to take counsel together regarding private property on the high seas. He accepted, but was out of humor with nearly all the proceedings of the conference. He is more than ever opposed to arbitration, and declares that, in view of the original Russian programme under which we were called to meet, we have no right to take it up at all, since it was not mentioned. He was decidedly pessimistic regarding the continuance of the sessions, asking me when I thought it would all end; and on my answering that I had not the slightest idea, he said that he was entirely in the dark on the subject; that nobody could tell how long it would last, or how it would break off.

June 12.

At half-past twelve came our American luncheon to Count Münster, Mr. van Karnebeek, and Baron de Bildt, each of whom is at the head of his delegation,—our purpose being to discuss with them the best manner of getting the subject of immunity of private property at sea,

not contraband, before the conference, these gentlemen being especially devoted to such a measure.

All went off very well, full interchange of views took place, and the general opinion was that the best way would be for us, as the only delegation instructed on the subject, to draw up a formal memorial asking that the question be brought before the conference, and sending this to M. de Staal as our president.

Curious things came out during our conversation. Baron de Bildt informed me that, strongly as he favored the measure, and prepared as he was to vote for it, he should have to be very careful in discussing it publicly, since his instructions were to avoid, just as far as possible, any clash between the opinions expressed by the Swedish representatives and those of the great powers. Never before have I so thoroughly realized the difficult position which the lesser powers in Europe hold as regards really serious questions.

More surprising was the conversation of Count Münster, he being on one side of me and Mr. van Karnebeek on the other. Bearing in mind that the Emperor William, during his long talk with me just before I left Berlin, in referring to the approaching Peace Congress had said that he was sending Count Münster because what the conference would most need would be "common sense," and because, in his opinion, Count Münster had "lots of it," some of the count's utterances astonished me. He now came out, as he did the day before in his talk with me, utterly against arbitration, declaring it a "humbug," and that we had no right to consider it, since it was not mentioned in the first proposals from Russia, etc., etc.

A little later, something having been said about telegraphs and telephones, he expressed his belief that they are a curse as regards the relations between nations; that they interfere with diplomacy, and do more harm than good. This did not especially surprise me, for I had heard the same opinions uttered by others; but what did surprise me greatly was to hear him say, when the

subject of bacteria and microbes was casually mentioned, that they were "all a modern humbug."

It is clear that, with all his fine qualities,—and he is really a splendid specimen of an old-fashioned German nobleman devoted to the diplomatic service of his country, —he is saturated with the ideas of fifty years ago.

Returning from a drive to Scheveningen with Major Burbank of the United States army, I sketched the first part of a draft for a letter from our delegation to M. de Staal, and at our meeting at six presented it, when it met with general approval. President Low had also sketched a draft which it was thought could be worked very well into the one which I had offered, and so we two were made a subcommittee to prepare the letter in full.

June 13.

This morning come more disquieting statements regarding Germany. There seems no longer any doubt that the German Emperor is opposing arbitration, and, indeed, the whole work of the conference, and that he will insist on his main allies, Austria and Italy, going with him. Count Nigra, who is personally devoted to arbitration, allowed this in talking with Dr. Holls; and the German delegates—all of whom, with the exception of Count Münster, are favorably inclined to a good arbitration plan—show that they are disappointed.

I had learned from a high imperial official, before I left Berlin, that the Emperor considered arbitration as derogatory to his sovereignty, and I was also well aware, from his conversation, that he was by no means in love with the conference idea; but, in view of his speech at Wiesbaden, and the petitions which had come in to him from Bavaria, I had hoped that he had experienced a "change of heart."

Possibly he might have changed his opinion had not Count Münster been here, reporting to him constantly against every step taken by the conference.

There seems danger of a catastrophe. Those of us who are faithful to arbitration plans will go on and do the best we can; but there is no telling what stumbling-blocks Germany and her allies may put in our way; and, of course, the whole result, without their final agreement, will seem to the world a failure and, perhaps, a farce.

The immediate results will be that the Russian Emperor will become an idol of the "plain people" throughout the world, the German Emperor will be bitterly hated, and the socialists, who form the most dreaded party on the continent of Europe, will be furnished with a thoroughly effective weapon against their rulers.

Some days since I said to a leading diplomatist here, "The ministers of the German Emperor ought to tell him that, should he oppose arbitration, there will be concentrated upon him an amount of hatred which no minister ought to allow a sovereign to incur." To this he answered, "That is true; but there is not a minister in Germany who dares tell him."

June 14.

This noon our delegation gave a breakfast to sundry members of the conference who are especially interested in an effective plan of arbitration, the principal of these being Count Nigra from Italy; Count Welsersheimb, first delegate of Austria; M. Descamps of Belgium; Baron d'Estournelles of France; and M. Asser of the Netherlands. After some preliminary talk, I read to them the proposal, which Sir Julian had handed me in the morning, for the purpose of obviating the objection to the council of administration in charge of the court of arbitration here in The Hague, which was an important feature of his original plan, but which had been generally rejected as involving expensive machinery. His proposal now is that, instead of a council specially appointed and salaried to watch over and provide for the necessities of the court, such council shall simply be made up of the ministers of sundry powers residing here,—thus doing

away entirely with the trouble and expense of a special council.

This I amended by adding the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs as ex-officio president, there being various reasons for this, and among these the fact that, without some such provision, the Netherlands would have no representative in the council.

The plan and my amendment were well received, and I trust that our full and friendly discussion of these and various matters connected with them will produce a good effect in the committees.

Count Nigra expressed himself to me as personally most earnestly in favor of arbitration, but it was clear that his position was complicated by the relations of his country to Germany as one of the Triple Alliance; and the same difficulty was observable in the case of Count Welsersheimb, the representative of Austria, the third ally in the combination of which Germany is the head.

In the course of our breakfast, Baron d'Estournelles made a statement which I think impressed every person present. It was that, as he was leaving Paris, Jaurès, the famous socialist, whom he knows well, said to him, "Go on; do all you can at The Hague, but you will labor in vain: you can accomplish nothing there, your schemes will fail, and we shall triumph," or words to that effect. So clear an indication as this of the effect which a failure of the conference to produce a good scheme of arbitration will have in promoting the designs of the great international socialist and anarchist combinations cannot fail to impress every thinking man.

Dined in the evening with the French minister at this court, and very pleasantly. There were present M. Leon Bourgeois, the French first delegate, and the first delegates from Japan, China, Mexico, and Turkey, with subordinate delegates from other countries. Sitting next the lady at the right of the host, I found her to be the wife of the premier, M. Piersoon, minister of finance, and

very agreeable. I took in to dinner Madame Behrends, wife of the Russian chargé, evidently a very thoughtful and accomplished woman, who was born, as she told me, of English parents in the city of New York when her father and mother were on their way to England. I found her very interesting, and her discussions of Russia, as well as of England and the Netherlands, especially good.

In the smoking-room I had a long talk with M. Leon Bourgeois, who, according to the papers, is likely to be appointed minister of foreign affairs in the new French cabinet. He dwelt upon the difficulties of any plan for a tribunal, but seemed ready to do what he could for the compromise plan, which is all that, during some time past, we have hoped to adopt.

June 15.

Early this morning Count Münster called, wishing to see me especially, and at once plunged into the question of the immunity of private property from seizure on the high seas. He said that he had just received instructions from his government to join us heartily in bringing the question before the conference; that his government, much as it inclines to favor the principle, could not yet see its way to commit itself fully; that its action must, of course, depend upon the conduct of other powers in the matter, as foreshadowed by discussions in the conference, but that he was to aid us in bringing it up.

I told him I was now preparing a draft of a memorial to the conference giving the reasons why the subject ought to be submitted, and that he should have it as soon as completed.

This matter being for the time disposed of, we took up the state of the arbitration question, and the consequences of opposition by Germany and her two allies to every feasible plan.

He was very much in earnest, and declared especially against compulsory arbitration. To this I answered that the plan thus far adopted contemplated entirely volun-

tary arbitration, with the exception that an obligatory system was agreed upon as regards sundry petty matters in which arbitration would assist all the states concerned; and that if he disliked this latter feature, but would agree to the others, we would go with him in striking it out, though we should vastly prefer to retain it.

He said, "Yes; you have already stricken out part of it in the interest of the United States," referring to the features concerning the Monroe Doctrine, the regulation of canals, rivers, etc.

"Very true," I answered; "and if there are any special features which affect unfavorably German policy or interests, move to strike them out, and we will heartily support you."

He then dwelt in his usual manner on his special hobby, which is that modern nations are taking an entirely false route in preventing the settlement of their difficulties by trained diplomatists, and intrusting them to arbitration by men inexperienced in international matters, who really cannot be unprejudiced or uninfluenced; and he spoke with especial contempt of the plan for creating a bureau, composed, as he said, of university professors and the like, to carry on the machinery of the tribunal.

Here I happened to have a trump card. I showed him Sir Julian Pauncefote's plan to substitute a council composed of all the ministers of the signatory powers residing at The Hague, with my amendment making the Dutch minister of foreign affairs its president. This he read and said he liked it; in fact, it seemed to remove a mass of prejudice from his mind.

I then spoke very earnestly to him—more so than ever before—about the present condition of affairs. I told him that the counselors in whom the Emperor trusted—such men as himself and the principal advisers of his Majesty—ought never to allow their young sovereign to be exposed to the mass of hatred, obloquy, and opposition which would converge upon him from all nations in case he became known to the whole world as the sov-

ereign who had broken down the conference and brought to naught the plan of arbitration. I took the liberty of telling him what the Emperor said to me regarding the count himself—namely, that what the conference was most likely to need was good common sense, and that he was sending Count Münster because he possessed that. This seemed to please him, and I then went on to say that he of all men ought to prevent, by all means, placing the young Emperor in such a position. I dwelt on the gifts and graces of the young sovereign, expressed my feeling of admiration for his noble ambitions, for his abilities, for the statesmanship he had recently shown, for his grasp of public affairs, and for his way of conciliating all classes, and then dwelt on the pity of making such a monarch an object of hatred in all parts of the world.

He seemed impressed by this, but said the calling of the conference was simply a political trick—the most detestable trick ever practised. It was done, he said, mainly to embarrass Germany, to glorify the young Russian Emperor, and to put Germany and nations which Russia dislikes into a false position. To this I answered, "If this be the case, why not trump the Russian trick? or, as the poker-players say, 'Go them one better,' take them at their word, support a good tribunal of arbitration more efficient even than the Russians have dared to propose; let your sovereign throw himself heartily into the movement and become a recognized leader and power here; we will all support him, and to him will come the credit of it.

"Then, in addition to this, support us as far as you can as regards the immunity of private property on the high seas, and thus you will gain another great point; for, owing to her relations to France, Russia has not dared commit herself to this principle as otherwise she doubtless would have done, but, on the contrary, has opposed any consideration of it by the conference.

"Next, let attention be called to the fact—and we will

gladly aid in making the world fully aware of it—that Germany, through you, has constantly urged the greatest publicity of our proceedings, while certain other powers have insisted on secrecy until secrecy has utterly broken down, and then have made the least concession possible. In this way you will come out of the conference triumphant, and the German Emperor will be looked upon as, after all, the arbiter of Europe. Everybody knows that France has never wished arbitration, and that Russian statesmen are really, at heart, none too ardent for it. Come forward, then, and make the matter thoroughly your own; and, having done this, maintain your present attitude strongly as regards the two other matters above named,—that is, the immunity from seizure of private property on the high seas, and the throwing open of our proceedings,—and the honors of the whole conference is yours."

He seemed impressed by all this, and took a different tone from any which has been noted in him since we came together. I then asked him if he had heard Baron d'Estournelles's story. He said that he had not. I told it to him, as given in my diary yesterday; and said, "You see there what the failure to obtain a result which is really so much longed for by all the peoples of the world will do to promote the designs of the socialistic forces which are so powerful in all parts of the Continent, and nowhere more so than in Germany and the nations allied with her."

This, too, seemed to impress him. I then went on to say, "This is not all. By opposing arbitration, you not only put a club into the hands of socialists, anarchists, and all the other anti-social forces, but you alienate the substantial middle class and the great body of religious people in all nations. You have no conception of the depth of feeling on this subject which exists in my own country, to say nothing of others; and if Germany stands in the way, the distrust of her which Americans have felt, and which as minister and ambassador at Berlin

I have labored so hard to dispel, will be infinitely increased. It will render more and more difficult the maintenance of proper relations between the two countries. Your sovereign will be looked upon as the enemy of all nations, and will be exposed to every sort of attack and calumny, while the young Emperor of Russia will become a popular idol throughout the world, since he will represent to the popular mind, and even to the minds of great bodies of thinking and religious people, the effort to prevent war and to solve public questions as much as possible without bloodshed; while the Emperor of Germany will represent to their minds the desire to solve all great questions by force. Mind, I don't say this is a just view: I only say that it is the view sure to be taken, and that by resisting arbitration here you are playing the game of Russia, as you yourself have stated it—that is, you are giving Russia the moral support of the whole world at the expense of the neighboring powers, and above all of Germany."

I then took up an argument which, it is understood, has had much influence with the Emperor,—namely, that arbitration must be in derogation of his sovereignty,—and asked, "How can any such derogation be possible? Your sovereign would submit only such questions to the arbitration tribunal as he thought best; and, more than all that, you have already committed yourselves to the principle. You are aware that Bismarck submitted the question of the Caroline Islands for arbitration to the Pope, and the first Emperor William consented to act as arbiter between the United States and Great Britain in the matter of the American northwestern boundary. How could arbitration affect the true position of the sovereign? Take, for example, matters as they now stand between Germany and the United States. There is a vast mass of petty questions which constantly trouble the relations between the two countries. These little questions embitter debates, whether in your Reichstag on one hand, or in our Congress on the other, and

make the position of the Berlin and Washington governments especially difficult. The American papers attack me because I yield too much to Germany, the German papers attack Von Bülow because he yields too much to America, and these little questions remain. If Von Bülow and I were allowed to sit down and settle them, we could do so at short notice; but behind him stands the Reichstag, and behind our Secretary of State and myself stands the American Congress."

I referred to such questions as the tonnage dues, the additional tariff on bounty-promoted sugar, Samoa, the most-favored-nation clause, in treaties between Germany and the United States, in relation to the same clause in sundry treaties between the United States and other powers, and said, "What a blessing it would be if all these questions, of which both governments are tired, and which make the more important questions constantly arising between the two countries so difficult to settle, could be sent at once to a tribunal and decided one way or the other! In themselves they amount to little. It is not at all unlikely that most of them—possibly all of them—would be decided in favor of Germany; but the United States would acquiesce at once in the decision by a tribunal such as is proposed. And this is just what would take place between Germany and other nations. A mass of vexatious questions would be settled by the tribunal, and the sovereign and his government would thus be relieved from parliamentary chicanery based, not upon knowledge, but upon party tactics or personal grudges or inherited prejudices."

He seemed now more inclined to give weight to these considerations, and will, I hope, urge his government to take a better view than that which for some time past has seemed to be indicated by the conduct of its representatives here.

In the afternoon I went to the five-o'clock tea of the Baroness d'Estournelles, found a great crowd there, including the leading delegates, and all anxious as to the

conduct of Germany. Meeting the Baroness von Suttner, who has been writing such earnest books in behalf of peace, I urged her to write with all her might to influence public prints in Austria, Italy, and Germany in behalf of arbitration, telling her that we are just arriving at the parting of the ways, and that everything possible must be done now, or all may be lost. To this she responded very heartily, and I have no doubt will use her pen with much effect.

In the evening went to a great reception at the house of the Austrian ambassador, M. Okolicsanyi. There was a crush. Had a long talk with Mr. Stead, telling him D'Estournelles's story, and urging him to use it in every way to show what a boon the failure of arbitration would be to the anti-social forces in all parts of Europe.

In the intervals during the day I busied myself in completing the memorial to the conference regarding the immunity from seizure of private property at sea. If we cannot secure it now, we must at least pave the way for its admission by a future international conference.

CHAPTER XLVIII

AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE: IV—1899

June 16.

THIS morning Count Münster called and seemed much excited by the fact that he had received a despatch from Berlin in which the German Government—which, of course, means the Emperor—had strongly and finally declared against everything like an arbitration tribunal. He was clearly disconcerted by this too literal acceptance of his own earlier views, and said that he had sent to M. de Staal insisting that the meeting of the subcommittee on arbitration, which had been appointed for this day (Friday), should be adjourned on some pretext until next Monday; "for," said he, "if the session takes place to-day, Zorn *must* make the declaration in behalf of Germany which these new instructions order him to make, and that would be a misfortune." I was very glad to see this evidence of change of heart in the count, and immediately joined him in securing the adjournment he desired. The meeting of the subcommittee has therefore been deferred, the reason assigned, as I understand, being that Baron d'Estournelles is too much occupied to be present at the time first named. Later Count Münster told me that he had decided to send Professor Zorn to Berlin at once in order to lay the whole matter before the Foreign Office and induce the authorities to modify the instructions. I approved this course strongly, whereupon he suggested that I should do something to the same

purpose, and this finally ended in the agreement that Holls should go with Zorn.

In view of the fact that Von Bülow had agreed that the German delegates should stand side by side with us in the conference, I immediately prepared a letter of introduction and a personal letter to Bülow for Holls to take, and he started about five in the afternoon. This latter is as follows:

(Copy.)

(*Personal.*)

June 16, 1899.

DEAR BARON VON BÜLOW:

I trust that, in view of the kindly relations which exist between us, succeeding as they do similar relations begun twenty years ago with your honored father, you will allow me to write you informally, but fully and frankly, regarding the interests of both our governments in the peace conference. The relations between your delegates and ours have, from the first, been of the kindest; your assurances on this point have been thoroughly carried out. But we seem now to be at "the parting of the ways," and on the greatest question submitted to us,—the greatest, as I believe, that any conference or any congress has taken up in our time,—namely, the provision for a tribunal of arbitration.

It is generally said here that Germany is opposed to the whole thing, that she is utterly hostile to anything like arbitration, and that she will do all in her power, either alone or through her allies, to thwart every feasible plan of providing for a tribunal which shall give some hope to the world of settling some of the many difficulties between nations otherwise than by bloodshed.

No rational man here expects all wars to be ended by anything done here; no one proposes to submit to any such tribunal questions involving the honor of any nation or the inviolability of its territory, or any of those things which nations feel instinctively must be reserved for their own decision. Nor does any thinking man here

propose obligatory arbitration in any case, save, possibly, in sundry petty matters where such arbitration would be a help to the ordinary administration of all governments; and, even as to these, they can be left out of the scheme if your government seriously desires it.

The great thing is that there be a provision made for easily calling together a court of arbitration which shall be seen of all nations, indicate a sincere desire to promote peace, and, in some measure, relieve the various peoples of the fear which so heavily oppresses them all—the dread of an outburst of war at any moment.

I note that it has been believed by many that the motives of Russia in proposing this conference were none too good,—indeed, that they were possibly perfidious; but, even if this be granted, how does this affect the conduct of Germany? Should it not rather lead Germany to go forward boldly and thoughtfully, to accept the championship of the idea of arbitration, and to take the lead in the whole business here?

Germany, if she will do this, will certainly stand before the whole world as the leading power of Europe; for she can then say to the whole world that she has taken the proposal of Russia *au sérieux;* has supported a thoroughly good plan of arbitration; has done what Russia and France have not been willing to do,—favored the presentation to the conference of a plan providing for the immunity of private property from seizure on the high seas during war,—and that while, as regards the proceedings of the conference, Russia has wished secrecy, Germany has steadily, from the first, promoted frankness and openness.

With these three points in your favor, you can stand before the whole world as the great Continental power which has stood up for peace as neither Russia nor France has been able to do. On the other hand, if you do not do this, if you put a stumbling-block in the way of arbitration, what results? The other powers will go on and create as good a tribunal as possible, and what-

ever failure may come will be imputed to Germany and to its Emperor. In any case, whether failure or success may come, the Emperor of Russia will be hailed in all parts of the world as a deliverer and, virtually, as a saint, while there will be a wide-spread outburst of hatred against the German Emperor.

And this will come not alone from the anti-social forces which are hoping that the conference may fail, in order that thereby they may have a new weapon in their hands, but it will also come from the middle and substantial classes of other nations.

It is sure to make the relations between Germany and the United States, which have been of late improving, infinitely more bitter than they have ever before been, and it is no less sure to provoke the most bitter hatred of the German monarchy in nearly all other nations.

Should his advisers permit so noble and so gifted a sovereign to incur this political storm of obloquy, this convergence of hatred upon him? Should a ruler of such noble ambitions and such admirable powers be exposed to this? I fully believe that he should not, and that his advisers should beg him not to place himself before the world as the antagonist of a plan to which millions upon millions in all parts of the world are devoted.

From the United States come evidences of a feeling wide-spread and deep on this subject beyond anything I have ever known. This very morning I received a prayer set forth by the most conservative of all Protestant religious bodies—namely, the American branch of the Anglican Church—to be said in all churches, begging the Almighty to favor the work of the peace conference; and this is what is going on in various other American churches, and in vast numbers of households. Something of the same sort is true in Great Britain and, perhaps, in many parts of the Continent.

Granted that expectations are overwrought, still this fact indicates that here is a feeling which cannot be disregarded.

Moreover, to my certain knowledge, within a month, a leading socialist in France has boasted to one of the members of this conference that it would end in failure; that the monarchs and governments of Europe do not wish to diminish bloodshed; that they would refuse to yield to the desire of the peoples for peace, and that by the resentment thus aroused a new path to victory would be open to socialism.

Grant, too, that this is overstated, still such a declaration is significant.

I know it has been said that arbitration is derogatory to sovereignty. I really fail to see how this can be said in Germany. Germany has already submitted a great political question between herself and Spain to arbitration, and the Emperor William I was himself the arbiter between the United States and Great Britain in the matter of our northwestern boundary.

Bear in mind again that it is only *voluntary* arbitration that is proposed, and that it will always rest with the German Emperor to decide what questions he will submit to the tribunal and what he will not.

It has also been said that arbitration proceedings would give the enemies of Germany time to put themselves in readiness for war; but if this be feared in any emergency, the Emperor and his government are always free to mobilize the German army at once.

As you are aware, what is seriously proposed here now, in the way of arbitration, is not a tribunal constantly in session, but a system under which each of the signatory powers shall be free to choose, for a limited time, from an international court, say two or more judges who can go to The Hague if their services are required, but to be paid only while actually in session here; such payment to be made by the litigating parties.

As to the machinery, the plan is that there shall be a dignified body composed of the diplomatic representatives of the various signatory powers, to sit at The Hague, presided over by the Netherlands minister of

foreign affairs, and to select and to control such secretaries and officers as may be necessary for the ordinary conduct of affairs.

Such council would receive notice from powers having differences with each other which are willing to submit the questions between them to a court, and would then give notice to the judges selected by the parties. The whole of the present plan, except some subordinate features of little account, which can easily be stricken out, is voluntary. There is nothing whatever obligatory about it. Every signatory power is free to resort to such a tribunal or not, as it may think best. Surely a concession like this may well be made to the deep and wide sentiment throughout the world in favor of some possible means of settling controversies between nations other than by bloodshed.

Pardon me for earnestly pressing upon you these facts and considerations. I beg that you will not consider me as going beyond my province. I present them to you as man to man, not only in the interest of good relations between Germany and the United States, but of interests common to all the great nations of the earth,—of their common interest in giving something like satisfaction to a desire so earnest and wide-spread as that which has been shown in all parts of the world for arbitration.

I remain, dear Baron von Bülow,

Most respectfully and sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) ANDREW D. WHITE.

P. S. Think how easily, if some such tribunal existed, your government and mine could refer to it the whole mass of minor questions which our respective parliamentary bodies have got control of, and entangled in all sorts of petty prejudices and demagogical utterances; for instance, Samoa, the tonnage dues, the sugar-bounty question, the most-favored-nation clause, etc., etc., which keep the two countries constantly at loggerheads. Do you not see that submission of such questions to such

a tribunal as is now proposed, so far from being derogatory to sovereignty, really relieves the sovereign and the Foreign Office of the most vexatious fetters and limitations of parliamentarianism. It is not at all unlikely that such a court would decide in your favor; and if so, every thoughtful American would say, "Well and good; it appears that, in spite of all the speeches in Congress, we were wrong." And the matter would then be ended with the good-will of all parties.

(Sgd.) A. D. W.

It is indeed a crisis in the history of the conference, and perhaps in the history of Germany. I can only hope that Bülow will give careful attention to the considerations which Münster and myself press upon him.

Later in the day Sir Julian Pauncefote called, evidently much vexed that the sitting of the subcommittee had been deferred, and even more vexed since he had learned from De Staal the real reason. He declared that he was opposed to stringing out the conference much longer; that the subcommittee could get along perfectly well without Dr. Zorn; that if Germany did not wish to come in, she could keep out; etc., etc. He seemed to forget that Germany's going out means the departure of Austria and Italy, to say nothing of one or two minor powers, and therefore the bringing to naught of the conference. I did not think it best to say anything about Holls's departure, but soothed him as much as I could by dwelling on the success of his proposal that the permanent council here shall be composed of the resident diplomatic representatives.

The other members of our commission, and especially President Low, were at first very much opposed to Dr. Holls's going, on the ground that it might be considered an interference in a matter pertaining to Germany; but I persisted in sending him, agreeing to take all the responsibility, and declaring that he should go simply as a messenger from me, as the American ambassador at Berlin, to the imperial minister of foreign affairs.

June 17.

The morning was given largely to completing my draft of our memorial to the conference regarding the immunity of private property in time of war from seizure on the high seas.

In the afternoon drove to Scheveningen to make sundry official visits, and in the evening to the great festival given by the Netherlands Government to the conference.

Its first feature was a series of tableaux representing some of the most famous pictures in the Dutch galleries, the most successful of all being Rembrandt's "Night Watch." Jan Steen's "Wedding Party" was also very beautiful. Then came peasant dances given, in the midst of the great hall, by persons in the costumes of all the different provinces. These were characteristic and interesting, some of them being wonderfully quaint.

The violinist of the late King, Johannes Wolff, played some solos in a masterly way.

The music by the great military band, especially the hymn of William of Nassau and the Dutch and Russian national anthems, was splendidly rendered, and the old Dutch provincial music played in connection with the dances and tableaux was also noteworthy.

It was an exceedingly brilliant assemblage, and the whole festival from first to last a decided success.

June 18, Sunday.

Went to Leyden to attend service at St. Peter's. Both the church and its monuments are interesting. Visited also the church of St. Pancras, a remarkable specimen of Gothic architecture, and looked upon the tomb of Van der Werf, the brave burgomaster who defended the town against the Spaniards during the siege.

At the university I was much interested in the public hall where degrees are conferred, and above all in the many portraits of distinguished professors. Lingered next in the botanical gardens back of the university, which are very beautiful.

Then to the Museum of Antiquities, which is remark-

ably rich in Egyptian and other monuments. Roman art is also very fully represented.

Thence home, and, on arriving, found, of all men in the world, Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of our House of Representatives. Mr. Newel, our minister, took us both for a drive to Scheveningen, and Mr. Reed's conversation was exceedingly interesting; he is well read in history and, apparently, in every field of English literature. There is a bigness, a heartiness, a shrewdness, and a genuineness about him which greatly attract me.

June 19.

Called on M. de Staal to show him Holls's telegram from Berlin, which is encouraging. De Staal thinks that we may have to give up the tenth section of the arbitration plan, which includes obligatory arbitration in sundry minor matters; but while I shall be very sorry to see this done, we ought to make the sacrifice if it will hold Germany, Italy, and Austria to us.

A little later received a hearty telegram from the Secretary of State authorizing our ordering the wreath of silver and gold and placing it on the tomb of Grotius. Telegraphed and wrote Major Allen at Berlin full directions on the subject. I am determined that the tribute shall be worthy of our country, of its object, and of the occasion.

In the afternoon took Speaker Reed, with his wife and daughter, through the "House in the Wood," afterward through the grounds, which are more beautiful than ever, and then to Delft, where we visited the tombs of William the Silent and Grotius, and finally the house in which William was assassinated. It was even more interesting to me than during either of my former visits, and was evidently quite as interesting to Mr. Reed.

At six attended a long meeting of the American delegation, which elaborated the final draft of our communication to M. de Staal on the immunity of private property on the high seas. Various passages were stricken

out, some of them—and, indeed, one of the best—in deference to the ideas of Captain Mahan, who, though he is willing, under instructions from the government, to join in presenting the memorial, does not wish to sign anything which can possibly be regarded as indicating a personal belief in the establishment of such immunity. His is the natural view of a sailor; but the argument with which he supports it does not at all convince me. It is that during war we should do everything possible to weaken and worry the adversary, in order that he may be the sooner ready for peace; but this argument proves too much, since it would oblige us, if logically carried out, to go back to the marauding and atrocities of the Thirty Years' War.

June 20.

Went to the session of one of the committees at the "House in the Wood," and showed Mr. van Karnebeek our private-property memorial, which he read, and on which he heartily complimented us.

I then made known to him our proposal to lay a wreath on the tomb of Grotius, and with this he seemed exceedingly pleased, saying that the minister of foreign affairs, M. de Beaufort, would be especially delighted, since he is devoted to the memory of Grotius, and delivered the historical address when the statue in front of the great church at Delft was unveiled.

A little later submitted the memorial, as previously agreed upon, to Count Münster, who also approved it.

Holls telegraphs me from Berlin that he has been admirably received by the chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, and by Baron von Bülow, and that he is leaving for Hamburg to see the Emperor.

At four P.M. to a meeting of the full conference to receive report on improvements and extension of the Red Cross rules, etc. This was adopted in a happy-go-lucky, unparliamentary way, for the eminent diplomatist who presides over the conference still betrays a Russian lack

of acquaintance with parliamentary proceedings. So begins the first full movement of the conference in the right direction; and it is a good beginning.

Walked home through the beautiful avenues of the park with Mr. van Karnebeek and Baron d'Estournelles, who is also a charming man. He has been a minister plenipotentiary, but is now a member of the French Chamber of Deputies and of the conference.

June 21.

Early in the morning received a report from Holls, who arrived from Hamburg late last night. His talks with Bülow and Prince Hohenlohe had been most encouraging. Bülow has sent to the Emperor my long private letter to himself, earnestly urging the acceptance by Germany of our plan of arbitration. Prince Hohenlohe seems to have entered most cordially into our ideas, giving Holls a card which would admit him to the Emperor, and telegraphing a request that his Majesty see him. But the Emperor was still upon his yacht, at sea, and Holls could stay no longer. Bülow is trying to make an appointment for him to meet the Emperor at the close of the week.

Early in the afternoon went with Minister Newel and Mr. Low to call on M. de Beaufort regarding plans for the Grotius celebration, on July 4, at Delft. It was in general decided that we should have the ceremony in the great church at eleven o'clock, with sundry speeches, and that at half-past twelve the American delegation should give a luncheon to all the invited guests in the town hall opposite.

Holls tells me that last night, at the dinner of the president of the Austrian delegation, he met Münster, who said to him, "I can get along with Hohenlohe, and also with Bülow, but not with those d—d lawyers in the Foreign Office" (*"Mit Hohenlohe kann ich auskommen, mit Bülow auch, aber mit diesen verdammten Juristen im Auswärtigen Amt, nicht"*).

June 22.

Up at four o'clock and at ten attended a session of the first section at the "House in the Wood." Very interesting were the discussions regarding bullets and asphyxiating bombs. As to the former, Sir John Ardagh of the British delegation repelled earnestly the charges made regarding the British bullets used in India, and offered to substitute for the original proposal one which certainly would be much more effective in preventing unnecessary suffering and death; but the Russians seemed glad to score a point against Great Britain, and Sir John's proposal was voted down, its only support being derived from our own delegation. Captain Crozier, our military delegate, took an active part in supporting Sir John Ardagh, but the majority against us was overwhelming.

As to asphyxiating bombs, Captain Mahan spoke at length against the provision to forbid them: his ground being that not the slightest thing had yet been done looking to such an invention; that, even if there had been, their use would not be so bad as the use of torpedoes against ships of war; that asphyxiating men by means of deleterious gases was no worse than asphyxiating them with water; indeed, that the former was the less dangerous of the two, since the gases used might simply incapacitate men for a short time, while the blowing up of a ship of war means death to all or nearly all of those upon it.

To this it was answered—and, as it seemed to me, with force—that asphyxiating bombs might be used against towns for the destruction of vast numbers of non-combatants, including women and children, while torpedoes at sea are used only against the military and naval forces of the enemy. The original proposal was carried by a unanimous vote, save ours. I am not satisfied with our attitude on this question; but what can a layman do when he has against him the foremost contemporary military and naval experts? My hope is that the

United States will yet stand with the majority on the record.

I stated afterward in a bantering way to Captain Mahan, as well as others, that while I could not support any of the arguments that had been made in favor of allowing asphyxiating bombs, there was one which somewhat appealed to me—namely, that the dread of them might do something to prevent the rush of the rural population to the cities, and the aggregation of the poorer classes in them, which is one of the most threatening things to modern society, and also a second argument that such bombs would bring home to warlike stay-at-home orators and writers the realities of war.

At noon received the French translation of our memorial to De Staal, but found it very imperfect throughout, and in some parts absolutely inadmissible; so I worked with Baron de Bildt, president of the Swedish delegation here, all the afternoon in revising it.

At six the American delegation met and chose me for their orator at the approaching Grotius festival at Delft. I naturally feel proud to discharge a duty of this kind, and can put my heart into it, for Grotius has long been to me almost an object of idolatry, and his main works a subject of earnest study. There are few men in history whom I so deeply venerate. Twenty years ago, when minister at Berlin, I sent an eminent American artist to Holland and secured admirable copies of the two best portraits of the great man. One of these now hangs in the Law Library of Cornell University, and the other over my work-table at the Berlin Embassy.

June 23.

At work all the morning on letters and revising final draft of memorial on immunity of private property at sea, and lunched afterward at the "House in the Wood" to talk it over with Baron de Bildt.

At the same table met M. de Martens, who has just returned by night to his work here, after presiding a

day or two over the Venezuela arbitration tribunal at Paris. He told me that Sir Richard Webster, in opening the case, is to speak for sixteen days, and De Martens added that he himself had read our entire Venezuelan report, as well as the other documents on the subject, which form quite a large library. And yet we do not include men like him in "the working-classes"!

In the evening to a reception at the house of M. de Beaufort, minister of foreign affairs, and was cordially greeted by him and his wife, both promising that they would accept our invitation to Delft. I took in to the buffet the wife of the present Dutch prime minister, who also expressed great interest in our proposal, and declared her intention of being present.

Count Zanini, the Italian minister and delegate here, gave me a comical account of two speeches in the session of the first section this morning; one being by a delegate from Persia, Mirza Riza Khan, who is minister at St. Petersburg. His Persian Excellency waxed eloquent over the noble qualities of the Emperor of Russia, and especially over his sincerity as shown by the fact that when his Excellency tumbled from his horse at a review, his Majesty sent twice to inquire after his health. The whole effect upon the conference was to provoke roars of laughter.

But the great matter of the day was the news, which has not yet been made public, that Prince Hohenlohe, the German chancellor, has come out strongly for the arbitration tribunal, and has sent instructions here accordingly. This is a great gain, and seems to remove one of the worst stumbling-blocks. But we will have to pay for this removal, probably, by giving up section 10 of the present plan, which includes a system of obligatory arbitration in various minor matters,—a system which would be of use to the world in many ways. While the American delegation, as stated in my letter which Holls took to Bülow, and which has been forwarded to the Emperor, will aid in throwing out of the arbitration

plan everything of an obligatory nature, if Germany insists upon it, I learn that the Dutch Government is much opposed to this concession, and may publicly protest against it.

A curious part of the means used in bringing about this change of opinion was the pastoral letter, elsewhere referred to, issued by the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Texas, calling for prayers throughout the State for the success of the conference in its efforts to diminish the horrors of war. This pastoral letter, to which I referred in my letter to Minister von Bülow, I intrusted to Holls, authorizing him to use it as he thought fit. He showed it to Prince Hohenlohe, and the latter, although a Roman Catholic, was evidently affected by it, and especially by the depth and extent of the longing for peace which it showed. It is perhaps an interesting example of an indirect "answer to prayer," since it undoubtedly strengthened the feelings in the prince chancellor's mind which led him to favor arbitration.

June 24.

Sent to M. de Staal, as president of the conference, the memorial relating to the exemption of private property, not contraband of war, from capture on the high seas. Devoted the morning to blocking out my Grotius address, and afterward drove with Holls to Delft to look over the ground for our Fourth-of-July festival. The town hall is interesting and contains, among other portraits, one which is evidently a good likeness of Grotius; the only difficulty is that, for our intended luncheon, the rooms, though beautiful, seem inadequate.

Thence to the church, and after looking over that part of it near the monuments, with reference to the Grotius ceremony, went into the organ-loft with the organist. There I listened for nearly an hour while he and Holls played finely on that noble instrument; and as I sat and looked down over the church and upon the distant monuments, the old historic scenes of four hundred years

ago came up before me, with memories almost overpowering of my first visit thirty-five years ago. And all then with me are now dead.

June 25.

At nine in the morning off with Holls to Rotterdam, and on arriving took the tram through the city to the steamboat wharf, going thence by steamer to Dort. Arrived, just before the close of service, at the great church where various sessions of the synod were held. The organ was very fine; the choir-stalls, where those wretched theologians wrangled through so many sessions and did so much harm to their own country and others, were the only other fine things in the church, and they were much dilapidated. I could not but reflect bitterly on the monstrous evils provoked by these men who sat so long there spinning a monstrous theology to be substituted for the teachings of Christ himself.

Thence back to The Hague and to Scheveningen, and talked over conference matters with Count Münster. Received telegrams from Count von Bülow in answer to mine congratulating him on his promotion, also one from Baron von Mumm, the German minister at Luxemburg, who goes temporarily to Washington.

June 26.

At work all the morning on my Grotius address. Lunched at the "House in the Wood," and walked to town with sundry delegates. In the afternoon went to a "tea" at the house of Madame Boreel and met a number of charming people; but the great attraction was the house, which is that formerly occupied by John De Witt—that from which he went to prison and to assassination. Here also Motley lived, and I was shown the room in which a large part of his history was written, and where Queen Sophia used to discuss Dutch events and personages with him.

The house is beautiful, spacious, and most charmingly

decorated, many of the ornaments and paintings having been placed there in the time of De Witt.

June 27.

At all sorts of work during the morning, and then, on invitation of President Low, went with the other members of the delegation to Haarlem, where we saw the wonderful portraits by Frans Hals, which impressed me more than ever, and heard the great organ. It has been rebuilt since I was there thirty-five years ago; but it is still the same great clumsy machine, and very poorly played,—that is, with no spirit, and without any effort to exhibit anything beyond the ordinary effects for which any little church organ would do as well.

In the evening dined with Count Zanini, the Italian minister and delegate, and discussed French matters with Baron d'Estournelles. He represents the best type of French diplomatist, and is in every way attractive.

Afterward to Mr. van Karnebeek's reception, meeting various people in a semi-satisfactory way.

June 29.

In the morning, in order to work off the beginnings of a headache, I went to Rotterdam and walked until noon about the streets and places, recalling my former visit, which came very vividly before me as I gazed upon the statue of Erasmus, and thought upon his life here. No man in history has had more persistent injustice done him. If my life were long enough I would gladly use my great collection of Erasmiana in illustrating his services to the world. To say nothing of other things, the modern "Higher Criticism" has its roots in his work.

June 30.

Engaged on the final revision of my Grotius speech, and on various documents.

At noon to the "House in the Wood" for lunch, and afterward took a walk in the grounds with Beldiman, the

Roumanian delegate, who explained to me the trouble in Switzerland over the vote on the Red Cross Conference.

It appears that whereas Switzerland initiated the Red Cross movement, has ever since cherished it, and has been urged by Italy and other powers to take still further practical measures for it, the Dutch delegation recently interposed, secured for one of their number the presidency of the special conference, and thus threw out my Berlin colleague, Colonel Roth, who had been previously asked to take the position and had accepted it, with the result that the whole matter has been taken out of the hands of Switzerland, where it justly belonged, and put under the care of the Netherlands. This has provoked much ill feeling in Switzerland, and there is especial astonishment at the fact that when Beldiman moved an amendment undoing this unjust arrangement it was, by some misunderstanding lost, and that therefore there has been perpetuated what seems much like an injustice against Switzerland. I promised to exert myself to have the matter rectified so far as the American delegation was concerned, and later was successful in doing so.

In the evening dined at Minister Newel's. Sat between Minister Okolicsanyi of the Austrian delegation, and Count Welsersheimb, the chairman of that delegation, and had interesting talks with them, with the Duke of Tetuan, and others. It appears that the Duke, who is a very charming, kindly man, has, like myself, a passion both for cathedral architecture and for organ music; he dwelt much upon Burgos, which he called the gem of Spanish cathedrals.

Thence to the final reception at the house of M. de Beaufort, minister of foreign affairs, who showed me a contemporary portrait of Grotius which displays the traits observable in the copies which Burleigh painted for me twenty years ago at Amsterdam and Leyden. Talked with Sir Julian Pauncefote regarding the Swiss

matter; he had abstained from voting for the reason that he had no instructions in the premises.

July 2.

In the morning Major Allen, military attaché of our embassy at Berlin, arrived, bringing the Grotius wreath. Under Secretary Hay's permission, I had given to one of the best Berlin silversmiths virtually *carte blanche*, and the result is most satisfactory. The wreath is very large, being made up, on one side, of a laurel branch with leaves of frosted silver and berries of gold, and, on the other, of an oak branch with silver leaves and gold acorns, both boughs being tied together at the bottom by a large knot of ribbon in silver gilded, bearing the arms of the Netherlands and the United States on enameled shields, and an inscription as follows:

To the Memory of HUGO GROTIUS;
In Reverence and Gratitude,
From the United States of America;
On the Occasion of the International Peace Conference
of The Hague.
July 4th, 1899.

It is a superb piece of work, and its ebony case, with silver clasps, and bearing a silver shield with suitable inscription, is also perfect: the whole thing attracts most favorable attention.

CHAPTER XLIX

AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE: V—1899

July 4.

ON this day the American delegation invited their colleagues to celebrate our national anniversary at the tomb of Grotius, first in the great church, and afterward in the town hall of Delft. Speeches were made by the minister of foreign affairs of the Netherlands, De Beaufort; by their first delegate, Van Karnebeek; by Mr. Asser, one of their leading jurists; by the burgomaster of Delft; and by Baron de Bildt, chairman of the Swedish delegation and minister at Rome, who read a telegram from the King of Sweden referring to Grotius's relations to the Swedish diplomatic service; as well as by President Low of Columbia University and myself: the duty being intrusted to me of laying the wreath upon Grotius's tomb and making the address with reference to it. As all the addresses are to be printed, I shall give no more attention to them here. A very large audience was present, embracing the ambassadors and principal members of the conference, the Netherlands ministers of state, professors from the various universities of the Netherlands, and a large body of other invited guests.

The music of the chimes, of the organ, and of the royal choir of one hundred voices was very fine; and, although the day was stormy, with a high wind and driving rain, everything went off well.

After the exercises in the church, our delegation gave

a breakfast, which was very satisfactory. About three hundred and fifty persons sat down to the tables at the town hall, and one hundred other guests, including the musicians, at the leading restaurant in the place. In the afternoon the Americans gathered at the reception given by our minister, Mr. Newel, and his wife, and in the evening there was a large attendance at an "American concert" given by the orchestra at the great hall in Scheveningen.

July 5.

Early in the morning to the second committee of the conference, where I spoke in behalf of the Beldiman resolution, doing justice to Switzerland as regards the continuance of the Red Cross interests in Swiss hands; and on going to a vote we were successful.

Then, the question of a proper dealing with our memorial regarding the immunity of private property on the high seas coming up, I spoke in favor of referring it to the general conference, and gave the reasons why it should not simply be dropped out as not coming within the subjects contemplated in the call to the conference. Though my speech was in French, it went off better than I expected.

In the afternoon, at the full conference, the same subject came up; and then, after a preface in French, asking permission to speak in English, I made my speech, which, probably, three quarters of all the delegates understood, but, at my request, a summary of it was afterward given in French by Mr. van Karnebeek.

The occasion of this speech was my seconding the motion, made in a very friendly manner by M. de Martens, to refer the matter to a future conference; but I went into the merits of the general subject to show its claims upon the various nations, etc., etc., though not, of course, as fully as I would have done had the matter been fully under discussion. My speech was very well received, and will, I hope, aid in keeping the subject alive.

In the afternoon drove to Ryswyck, to the house of M. Cornets de Groot, the living representative of the Grotius family. The house and grounds were very pleasant, but the great attraction was a collection of relics of Grotius, including many manuscripts from his own hand, —among these a catechism for his children, written in the prison of Loewenstein; with official documents, signed and sealed, connected with the public transactions of his time; also letters which passed between him and Oxenstiern, the great Swedish chancellor, some in Latin and some in other languages; besides sundry poems. There were also a multitude of portraits, engravings, and documents relating to Olden-Barneveld and others of Grotius's contemporaries.

The De Groot family gave us a most hearty reception, introducing their little girl, who is the latest-born descendant of Grotius, and showing us various household relics of their great ancestor, including cups, glasses, and the like. Mr. De Groot also gave me some curious information regarding him which I did not before possess; and, among other things, told me that when Grotius's body was transferred, shortly after his death, from Rostock to Delft, the coffin containing it was stoned by a mob at Rotterdam; also that at the unveiling of the statue of Grotius in front of the church at Delft, a few years ago, the high-church Calvinists would not allow the children from their church schools to join the other children in singing hymns. The old bitterness of the extreme Calvinistic party toward their great compatriot was thus still exhibited, and the remark was made at the time, by a member of it, that the statue was perfectly true to life, since "its back was turned toward the church"; to which a reply was made that "Grotius's face in the statue, like his living face, was steadily turned toward justice." This latter remark had reference to the fact that a court is held in the city hall, toward which the statue is turned.

In the evening to a dinner given by Mr. Piersoon, min-

ister of finance and prime minister of the Netherlands, to our delegation and to his colleagues of the Dutch ministry. Everything passed off well, Mr. Piersoon proposing a toast to the health of the President of the United States, to which I replied in a toast to the Queen of the Netherlands. In the course of his speech Mr. Piersoon thanked us for our tribute to Grotius, and showed really deep feeling on the subject. There is no doubt that we have struck a responsive chord in the hearts of all liberal and thoughtful men and women of the Netherlands; from every quarter come evidences of this.

A remark of his, regarding arbitration, especially pleased us. He said that the arbitration plan, as it had come from the great committee, was like a baby:—apparently helpless, and of very little value, unable to do much, and requiring careful nursing; but that it had one great merit:—*it would grow.*

This I believe to be a very accurate statement of the situation. The general feeling of the conference becomes better and better. More and more the old skepticism has departed, and in place of it has come a strong ambition to have a share in what we are beginning to believe may be a most honorable contribution to the peace of the world. I have never taken part in more earnest discussions than those which during the last two weeks have occupied us, and especially those relating to arbitration.

I think I may say, without assuming too much, that our Grotius celebration has been a contribution of some value to this growth of earnestness. It has, if I am not greatly mistaken, revealed to the conference, still more clearly than before, the fact that it is a historical body intrusted with a matter of vast importance and difficulty, and that we shall be judged in history with reference to this fact.

July 6.

At 5.30 P.M. off in special train with the entire conference to Amsterdam. On arriving, we found a long train

of court carriages which took us to the palace, the houses on each side throughout the entire distance being decorated with flags and banners, and the streets crowded with men, women, and children. We were indeed a brave show, since all of us, except the members of our American delegation, wore gorgeous uniforms with no end of ribbons, stars, and insignia of various offices and orders.

On reaching our destination, we were received by the Queen and Queen-mother, and shortly afterward went in to dinner. With the possible exception of a lord mayor's feast at the Guildhall, it was the most imposing thing of the kind that I have ever seen. The great banqueting-hall, dating from the glorious days of the Dutch Republic, is probably the largest and most sumptuous in continental Europe, and the table furniture, decorations, and dinner were worthy of it. About two hundred and fifty persons, including all the members of the conference and the higher officials of the kingdom, sat down, the Queen and Queen-mother at the head of the table, and about them the ambassadors and presidents of delegations. My own place, being very near the Majesties, gave me an excellent opportunity to see and hear everything. Toward the close of the banquet the young Queen arose and addressed us, so easily and naturally that I should have supposed her speech extemporaneous had I not seen her consulting her manuscript just before rising. Her manner was perfect, and her voice so clear as to be heard by every one in the hall. Everything considered, it was a remarkable effort for a young lady of seventeen. At its close an excellent reply was made by our president, M. de Staal; and soon afterward, when we had passed into the great gallery, there came an even more striking exhibition of the powers of her youthful Majesty, for she conversed with every member of the conference, and with the utmost ease and simplicity. To me she returned thanks for the Grotius tribute, and in very cordial terms, as did later also the Queen-mother; and I cannot but believe that they were sincere, since, three

months later, at the festival given them at Potsdam, they both renewed their acknowledgments in a cordial way which showed that their patriotic hearts were pleased. Various leading men of the Netherlands and of the conference also thanked us, and one of them said, "You Americans have taught us a lesson; for, instead of a mere display of fireworks to the rabble of a single city, or a ball or concert to a few officials, you have, in this solemn recognition of Grotius, paid the highest compliment possible to the entire people of the Netherlands, past, present, and to come."

July 7.

In the morning to the great hall of the "House in the Wood," where the "editing committee" (*comité de rédaction*) reported to the third committee of the conference the whole arbitration plan. It struck me most favorably,—indeed, it surprised me, though I have kept watch of every step. I am convinced that it is better than any of the plans originally submitted, not excepting our own. It will certainly be a gain to the world.

At the close of the session we adjourned until Monday, the 17th, in order that the delegates may get instructions from their various governments regarding the signing of the protocols, agreements, etc.

July 8.

In the evening dined with M. de Mier, the Mexican minister at Paris and delegate here, and had a very interesting talk with M. Raffalovitch, to whom I spoke plainly regarding the only road to disarmament. I told him that he must know as well as any one that there is a vague dread throughout Europe of the enormous growth of Russia, and that he must acknowledge that, whether just or not, it is perfectly natural. He acquiesced in this, and I then went on to say that the Emperor Nicholas had before him an opportunity to do more good and make a nobler reputation than any other czar had

ever done, not excepting Alexander II with his emancipation of the serfs; that I had thought very seriously of writing, at the close of the conference, to M. Pobedonostzeff, presenting to him the reasons why Russia might well make a practical beginning of disarmament by dismissing to their homes, or placing on public works, say two hundred thousand of her soldiers; that this would leave her all the soldiers she needs, and more; that he must know, as everybody knows, that no other power dreams of attacking Russia or dares to do so; that there would be no disadvantage in such a dismissal of troops to peaceful avocations, but every advantage; and that if it were done the result would be that, in less than forty years, Russia would become, by this husbanding of her resources, the most powerful nation on the eastern continent, and able to carry out any just policy which she might desire. I might have added that one advantage of such a reduction would certainly be less inclination by the war party at St. Petersburg to plunge into military adventures. (Had Russia thus reduced her army she would never have sunk into the condition in which she finds herself now (1905), as I revise these lines. Instead of sending Alexeieff to make war, she would have allowed De Witte to make peace—peace on a basis of justice to Japan, and a winter access to the Pacific, under proper safeguards, for herself.)

Raffalovitch seemed to acquiesce fully in my view, except as to the number of soldiers to be released, saying that fifty or sixty thousand would do perfectly well as showing that Russia is in earnest.

He is one of the younger men of Russia, but has very decided ability, and this he has shown not only in his secretaryship of the conference, but in several of his works on financial and other public questions published in Paris, which have secured for him a corresponding membership of the French Institute.

It is absolutely clear in my mind that, if anything is to be done toward disarmament, a practical beginning must

be made by the Czar; but the unfortunate thing is that with, no doubt, fairly good intentions, he is weak and ill informed. The dreadful mistake he is making in violating the oath sworn by his predecessors and himself to Finland is the result of this weakness and ignorance; and should he attempt to diminish his overgrown army he would, in all probability, be overborne by the military people about him, and by petty difficulties which they would suggest, or, if necessary, create. It must be confessed that there is one danger in any attempted disarmament, and this is that the military clique might, to prevent it, plunge the empire into a war.

The Emperor is surrounded mainly by inferior men. Under the shade of autocracy men of independent strength rarely flourish. Indeed, I find that the opinion regarding Russian statesmen which I formed in Russia is confirmed by old diplomatists, of the best judgment, whom I meet here. One of them said to me the other day: "There is no greater twaddle than all the talk about far-seeing purposes and measures by Russian statesmen. They are generally weak, influenced by minor, and especially by personal, considerations, and inferior to most men in similar positions in the other great governments of Europe. The chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff, of whom so much has been said, was a weak, vain man, whom Bismarck found it generally very easy to deal with."

As to my own experience, I think many of those whom I saw were far from the best of their kind with whom I have had to do. I have never imagined a human being in the position of minister of the interior of a great nation so utterly futile as the person who held that place at St. Petersburg in my time; and the same may be said of several others whom I met there in high places. There are a few strong men, and, unfortunately, Pobedonostzeff is one of them. Luckily, De Witte, the minister of finance, is another.

July 10.

The evil which I dreaded, as regards the formation of public opinion in relation to the work of our conference, is becoming realized. The London "Spectator," just received, contains a most disheartening article, "The Peace Conference a Failure," with an additional article, more fully developed, to the same effect. Nothing could be more unjust; but, on account of the "Spectator's" "moderation," it will greatly influence public opinion, and doubtless prevent, to some extent, the calling of future conferences needed to develop the good work done in this. Fortunately the correspondent of the "Times" gives a better example, and shows, in his excellent letters, what has been accomplished here. The "New York Herald," also, is thus far taking the right view, and maintaining it with some earnestness.

July 17.

This morning, at ten, to the "House in the Wood" to hear Mr. van Karnebeek's report on disarmament, checking invention, etc., before the session of committee No. 1. It was strongly attacked, and was left in shreds: the whole subject is evidently too immature and complicated to be dealt with during the present conference.

In the afternoon came up an especially interesting matter in the session of the arbitration committee, the occasion being a report of the subcommittee. Among the points which most interested us as Americans was a provision for an appeal from the decision of the arbitration tribunal on the discovery of new facts.

De Martens of Russia spoke with great force against such right of appeal, and others took ground with him. Holls really distinguished himself by a telling speech on the other side—which is the American side, that feature having been present in our original instructions; Messrs. Asser and Karnebeek both spoke for it effectively, and the final decision was virtually in our favor, for Mr.

Asser's compromise was adopted, which really gives us the case.

The Siamese representatives requested that the time during which an appeal might be allowed should be six instead of three months, which we had named; but it was finally made a matter of adjustment between the parties.

July 18.

The American delegation met at ten, when a cable message from the State Department was read authorizing us to sign the protocol.

July 19.

Field day in the arbitration committee. A decided sensation was produced by vigorous speeches by my Berlin colleague, Beldiman, of the Roumanian delegation, and by Servian, Greek, and other delegates, against the provision for *commissions d'enquête,*—De Martens, Descamps, and others making vigorous speeches in behalf of them. It looked as if the Balkan states were likely to withdraw from the conference if the *commission d'enquête* feature was insisted upon: they are evidently afraid that such "examining commissions" may be sent within their boundaries by some of their big neighbors—Russia, for example—to spy out the land and start intrigues. The whole matter was put over.

In the evening to Count Münster's dinner at Scheveningen, and had a very interesting talk on conference matters with Sir Julian Pauncefote, finding that in most things we shall be able to stand together as the crisis approaches.

July 20.

For several days past I have been preparing a possible speech to be made in signing the protocol, etc., which, if not used for that purpose, may be published, and, perhaps, aid in keeping public opinion in the right line as regards the work of the conference after it has closed.

In the afternoon to the "House in the Wood," the committee on arbitration meeting again. More speeches were made by the Bulgarians and Servians, who are still up in arms, fearing that the *commission d'enquête* means intervention by the great states in their affairs. Speeches to allay their fears were made by Count Nigra, Dr. Zorn, Holls, and Leon Bourgeois. Zorn spoke in German with excellent effect, as did Holls in English; Nigra was really impressive; and Bourgeois, from the chair, gave us a specimen of first-rate French oratory. He made a most earnest appeal to the delegates of the Balkan states, showing them that by such a system of arbitration as is now proposed the lesser powers would be the very first to profit, and he appealed to their loyalty to humanity. The speech was greatly and justly applauded.

The Balkan delegates are gradually and gracefully yielding.

July 21.

In the morning to the "House in the Wood," where a plenary session of the conference was held. It was a field day on explosive, flattening and expanding bullets, etc. Our Captain Crozier, who evidently knows more about the subject than anybody else here, urged a declaration of the principle that balls should be not more deadly or cruel than is absolutely necessary to put soldiers *hors de combat;* but the committee had reported a resolution which, Crozier insists, opens the door to worse missiles than those at present used. Many and earnest speeches were made. I made a short speech, moving to refer the matter back to the committee, with instructions to harmonize and combine the two ideas in one article—that is, the idea which the article now expresses, and Crozier's idea of stating the general principle to which the bullets should conform—namely, that of not making a wound more cruel than necessary; but the amendment was lost.

July 22.

Sir Julian Pauncefote called to discuss with us the signing of the *Acte Final.* There seems to be general doubt as to what is the best manner of signing the conventions, declarations, etc., and all remains in the air.

In the morning the American delegation met and Captain Mahan threw in a bomb regarding article 27, which requires that when any two parties to the conference are drifting into war, the other powers should consider it a duty (*devoir*) to remind them of the arbitration tribunal, etc. He thinks that this infringes the American doctrine of not entangling ourselves in the affairs of foreign states, and will prevent the ratification of the convention by the United States Senate. This aroused earnest debate, Captain Mahan insisting upon the omission of the word "*devoir,*" and Dr. Holls defending the article as reported by the subcommittee, of which he is a member, and contending that the peculiar interests of America could be protected by a reservation. Finally, the delegation voted to insist upon the insertion of the qualifying words, "*autant que les circonstances permettent,*" but this decision was afterward abandoned.

July 23.

Met at our Minister Newel's supper Sir Henry Howard, who told me that the present Dutch ministry, with Piersoon at its head and De Beaufort as minister of foreign affairs, is in a very bad way; that its "subserviency to Italy," in opposition to the demands of the Vatican for admittance into the conference, and its difficulties with the socialists and others, arising from the police measures taken against Armenian, Finnish, New Turkish, and other orators who have wished to come here and make the conference and the city a bear-garden, have led both the extreme parties—that is, the solid Roman Catholic party on one side, and the pretended votaries of liberty on the other—to hate the ministry

equally. He thinks that they will join hands and oust the ministry just as soon as the conference is over.

Some allowance is to be made for the fact that Sir Henry is a Roman Catholic: while generally liberal, he evidently looks at many questions from the point of view of his church.[1]

July 24.

For some days—in fact, ever since Captain Mahan on the 22d called attention to article 27 of the arbitration convention as likely to be considered an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine—our American delegation has been greatly perplexed. We have been trying to induce the French, who proposed article 27, and who are as much attached to it as is a hen to her one chick, to give it up, or, at least, to allow a limiting or explanatory clause to be placed with it. Various clauses of this sort have been proposed. The article itself makes it the duty of the other signatory powers, when any two nations are evidently drifting toward war, to remind these two nations that the arbitration tribunal is open to them. Nothing can be more simple and natural; but we fear lest, when the convention comes up for ratification in the United States Senate, some over-sensitive patriot may seek to defeat it by insisting that it is really a violation of time-honored American policy at home and abroad—the policy of not entangling ourselves in the affairs of foreign nations, on one side, and of not allowing them to interfere in our affairs, on the other.

At twelve this day our delegation gave a large luncheon at the Oude Doelen—among those present being Ambassadors De Staal, Count Nigra, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, Bourgeois, Karnebeek, Basily, Baron d'Estournelles, Baron de Bildt, and others—to discuss means of getting out of the above-mentioned difficulty. A most earnest

[1] As it turned out, he was right: the ministry was ousted, but not so soon as he expected, for the catastrophe did not arrive until about two years later. Then came in a coalition of high Calvinists and Roman Catholics which brought in the Kuyper ministry.

effort was made to induce the French to allow some such modification as has been put into other articles—namely, the words, "*autant que possible,*" or some limiting clause to the same effect; but neither Bourgeois nor D'Estournelles, representing France, would think of it for a moment. Bourgeois, as the head of the French delegation, spoke again and again, at great length. Among other things, he gave us a very long disquisition on the meaning of "*devoir*" as it stands in the article—a disquisition which showed that the Jesuits are not the only skilful casuists in the world.

I then presented my project of a declaration of the American doctrine to be made by us on signing. It had been scratched off with a pencil in the morning, hastily; but it was well received by Bourgeois, D'Estournelles, and all the others.

Later we held a meeting of our own delegation, when, to my project of a declaration stating that nothing contained in any part of the convention signed here should be considered as requiring us to intrude, mingle, or entangle ourselves in European politics or internal affairs, Low made an excellent addition to the effect that nothing should be considered to require any abandonment of the traditional attitude of the United States toward questions purely American; and, with slight verbal changes, this combination was adopted.

July 25.

All night long I have been tossing about in my bed and thinking of our declaration of the Monroe Doctrine to be brought before the conference to-day. We all fear that the conference will not receive it, or will insist on our signing without it or not signing at all.

On my way to The Hague from Scheveningen I met M. Descamps, the eminent professor of international law in the University of Louvain, and the leading delegate in the conference as regards intricate legal questions connected with the arbitration plan. He thought that

our best way out of the difficulty was absolutely to insist on a clause limiting the *devoir* imposed by article 27, and to force it to a vote. He declared that, in spite of the French, it would certainly be carried. This I doubt. M. Descamps knows, perhaps, more of international law than of the temper of his associates.

In the afternoon to the "House in the Wood," where the "Final Act" was read. This is a statement of what has been done, summed up in the form of three conventions, with sundry declarations, *vœux*, etc. We had taken pains to see a number of the leading delegates, and all, in their anxiety to save the main features of the arbitration plan, agreed that they would not oppose our declaration. It was therefore placed in the hands of Raffalovitch, the Russian secretary, who stood close beside the president, and as soon as the "Final Act" had been recited he read this declaration of ours. This was then brought before the conference in plenary session by M. de Staal, and the conference was asked whether any one had any objection, or anything to say regarding it. There was a pause of about a minute, which seemed to me about an hour. Not a word was said,—in fact, there was dead silence,—and so our declaration embodying a reservation in favor of the Monroe Doctrine was duly recorded and became part of the proceedings.

Rarely in my life have I had such a feeling of deep relief; for, during some days past, it has looked as if the arbitration project, so far as the United States is concerned, would be wrecked on that wretched little article 27. . .

I had before me notes of a speech carefully prepared, stating our reasons and replying to objections, to be used in case we were attacked, but it was not needed. In the evening I was asked by Mr. Lavino, the correspondent of the London "Times," to put the gist of it into an "interview" for the great newspaper which he serves, and to this I consented; for, during the proceedings this afternoon in the conference, Sir Julian Pauncefote showed

great uneasiness. He was very anxious that we should withdraw the declaration altogether, and said, "It will be charged against you that you propose to evade your duties while using the treaty to promote your interests"; but I held firm and pressed the matter, with the result above stated. I feared that he would object in open conference; but his loyalty to arbitration evidently deterred him. However, he returned to the charge privately, and I then promised to make a public statement of our reasons for the declaration, and this seemed to ease his mind. The result was a recasting of my proposed speech, and this Mr. Lavino threw into the form of a long telegram to the "Times."

July 26.

At ten to a meeting of our American delegation, when another bombshell was thrown among us—nothing less than the question whether the Pope is to be allowed to become one of the signatory powers; and this question has now taken a very acute form. Italy is, of course, utterly opposed to it, and Great Britain will not sign if any besides those agreed upon by the signatory powers are allowed to come in hereafter, her motive being, no doubt, to avoid trouble in regard to the Transvaal.

Mr. Low stated that in the great committee the prevailing opinion seemed to be that the signatory powers had made a sort of partnership, and that no new partners could be added without the consent of all. This is the natural ground, and entirely tenable.

I would have been glad to add the additional requirement that no power should be admitted which would not make arbitration reciprocal—that is, no power which, while aiding to arbitrate for others, would not accept arbitration between itself and another power. This would, of course, exclude the Vatican; for, while it desires to judge others, it will allow no interests of its own, not even the most worldly and trivial, to be submitted to any earthly tribunal.

The question now came up in our American delegation

as to signing the three conventions in the *Acte Final*—namely, those relating to arbitration, to the extension of the Geneva rules, and to the laws and customs of war. We voted to sign the first, to send the second to Washington without recommendation, and to send the third with a recommendation that it be there signed. The reason for sending the second to Washington without recommendation is that Captain Mahan feels that, in its present condition, it may bring on worse evils than it prevents. He especially and, I think, justly objects to allowing neutral hospital ships to take on board the wounded and shipwrecked in a naval action, with power to throw around them the safeguards of neutrality and carry them off to a neutral port whence they can again regain their own homes and resume their status as combatants.

The reason for submitting the third to Washington, with a recommendation to sign it there, is that considerable work will be required in conforming our laws of war to the standard proposed by the conference, and that it is best that the Washington authorities look it over carefully.

I was very anxious to sign all three conventions, but the first is the great one, and I yielded my views on the last two.

The powers are to have until the 31st of December, if they wish it, before signing.

July 27.

Early in the morning to a meeting of our American delegation, Mr. van Karnebeek being present. We agreed to sign the arbitration convention, attaching to our signatures a reservation embodying our declaration of July 25 regarding the maintenance of our American policy—the Monroe Doctrine. A telegram was received from the State Department approving of this declaration.

The imbroglio regarding the forcing of the Pope into the midst of the signatory powers continues. The ultramontanes are pushing on various delegates, especially

sundry Austrians and Belgians, who depend on clerical support for their political existence, and, in some cases, for their daily bread; and the result is that M. Descamps, one of the most eminent international lawyers in Europe, who has rendered great services during the conference, but who holds a professorship at the University of Louvain, and can hold it not one moment longer than the Jesuits allow him, is making a great display of feeling on the subject. Italy, of course, continues to take the strongest ground against the proposal to admit his Holiness as an Italian sovereign.

Our position is, as was well stated in the great committee by Mr. Low, that the contracting parties must all consent before a new party can come in; and this under one of the simplest principles of law. We ought also to add that any power thus admitted shall not only consent to arbitrate on others, but to be arbitrated upon. This, of course, the Vatican monsignori will never do. They would see all Europe deluged in blood before they would submit the pettiest question between the kingdom of Italy and themselves to arbitration by lay powers. All other things are held by them utterly subordinate to the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, though they must know that if it were restored to him to-morrow he could not hold it. He would be overthrown by a revolution within a month, even with all the troops which France or Austria could send to support him; and then we should have the old miserable state of things again in Italy, with bloodshed, oppression, and exactions such as took place throughout the first half of this century, and, indeed, while I was in Italy, under the old papal authority, in 1856.

In the afternoon to the "House in the Wood" to go over documents preliminary to signing the "Final Act."

July 28.

In the afternoon in plenary session of the conference, hearing the final reports as to forms of signing, etc.

To-day appears in the London "Times" the interview which its correspondent had with me yesterday. It develops the reasons for our declaration, and seems to give general satisfaction. Sir Julian Pauncefote told Holls that he liked it much.

The committee on forms of the "Final Act," etc., has at last, under pressure of all sorts, agreed that the question of admitting non-signatory powers shall be decided by the signatory powers, hereafter, through the ordinary medium of diplomatic correspondence. This is unfortunate for some of the South American republics, but it will probably in some way inure to the benefit of the Vatican monsignori.

July 29.

The last and culminating day of the conference.

In the morning the entire body gathered in the great hall of the "House in the Wood," and each delegation was summoned thence to sign the protocol, conventions, and declarations. These were laid out on a long table in the dining-room of the palace, which is adorned with very remarkable paintings of mythological subjects imitating bas-reliefs.

All these documents had the places for each signature prepared beforehand, and our seals, in wax, already placed upon the pages adjoining the place where each signature was to be. At the request of the Foreign Office authorities for my seal, I had sent a day or two beforehand the seal ring which Goldwin Smith gave me at the founding of Cornell University. It is an ancient carnelian intaglio which he obtained in Rome, and bears upon its face, exquisitely engraved, a Winged Victory. This seal I used during my entire connection with Cornell University, and also as a member of the Electoral College of the State of New York at General Grant's second election, when, at the request of the president of that body, Governor Woodford, it was used in sealing certificates of the election, which were

sent, according to law, to certain high officials of our government.

I affixed my signature to the arbitration convention, writing in, as agreed, the proviso that our signatures were subject to the Monroe Doctrine declaration made in open session of the conference on July 25. The other members of the American delegation then signed in proper order. But the two other conventions we left unsigned. It was with deep regret that I turned away from these; but the majority of the delegation had decreed it, and it was difficult to see what other course we could pursue. I trust that the Washington authorities will rectify the matter by signing them both.

We also affixed our signatures to the first of the "declarations."

At three P.M. came the formal closing of the conference. M. de Staal made an excellent speech, as did Mr. van Karnebeek and M. de Beaufort, the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs. To these Count Münster, the presiding delegate from Germany, replied in French, and apparently extemporaneously. It must have been pain and grief to him, for he was obliged to speak respectfully, in the first place, of the conference, which for some weeks he had affected to despise; and, secondly, of arbitration and the other measures proposed, which, at least during all the first part of the conference, he had denounced as a trick and a humbug; and, finally, he had to speak respectfully of M. de Staal, to whom he has steadily shown decided dislike. He did the whole quite well, all things considered; but showed his feelings clearly, as regarded M. de Staal, by adding to praise of him greater praise for Mr. van Karnebeek, who has been the main managing man in the conference in behalf of the Netherlands Government.

Then to the hotel and began work on the draft of a report, regarding the whole work of the conference, to the State Department. I was especially embarrassed by the fact that the wording of it must be suited to the

scruples of my colleague, Captain Mahan. He is a man of the highest character and of great ability, whom I respect and greatly like; but, as an old naval officer, wedded to the views generally entertained by older members of the naval and military service, he has had very little, if any, sympathy with the main purposes of the conference, and has not hesitated to declare his disbelief in some of the measures which we were especially instructed to press. In his books he is on record against the immunity of private property at sea, and in drawing up our memorial to the conference regarding this latter matter, in making my speech with reference to it in the conference, and in preparing our report to the State Department, I have been embarrassed by this fact. It was important to have unanimity, and it could not be had, so far as he was concerned, without toning down the whole thing, and, indeed, leaving out much that in my judgment the documents emanating from us on the subject ought to contain. So now, in regard to arbitration, as well as the other measures finally adopted, his feelings must be considered. Still, his views have been an excellent tonic; they have effectively prevented any lapse into sentimentality. When he speaks the millennium fades and this stern, severe, actual world appears.

I worked until late at night, and then went to Scheveningen almost in despair.

July 30.

Returned to The Hague early in the morning, and went on again with the report, working steadily through the day upon it. For the first time in my life I have thus made Sunday a day of work. Although I have no conscientious scruples on the subject, it was bred into me in my childhood and boyhood that Sunday should be kept free from all manner of work; and so thoroughly was this rule inculcated that I have borne it in mind ever since, often resisting very pressing temptation to depart from it.

But to-day there was no alternative, and the whole time until five o'clock in the afternoon was given to getting my draft ready.

At five P.M. the American delegation came together, and, to my surprise, received my report with every appearance of satisfaction. Mr. Low indicated some places which, in his opinion, needed modification; and to this I heartily agreed, for they were generally places where I was myself in doubt.

My draft having thus been presented, I turned it over to Mr. Low, who agreed to bring it to-morrow morning with such modifications, omissions, and additions as seemed best to him. The old proverb, "'T is always darkest just before daylight," seems exemplified in the affairs of to-day, since the kind reception given to my draft of the report, and the satisfaction expressed regarding it, form a most happy and unexpected sequel to my wretched distrust regarding the whole matter last night.

July 31.

The American delegation met at eleven in the morning and discussed my draft. Mr. Low's modifications and additions were not many and were mainly good. But he omitted some things which I would have preferred to retain: these being in the nature of a plea in behalf of arbitration, or, rather, an exhibition of the advantages which have been secured for it by the conference; but, between his doubts and Captain Mahan's opposition, I did not care to contest the matter, and several pages were left out.

At six in the afternoon came the last meeting of our delegation. The reports, duly engrossed,—namely, the special reports, signed by Captain Mahan and Captain Crozier, from the first and second committees of the conference; the special report made by myself, Mr. Low, and Dr. Holls as members of the third committee; and the general report covering our whole work, drawn al-

most entirely by me, but signed by all the members of the commission,—were presented, re-read, and signed, after which the delegation adjourned, *sine die*.

August 1.

After some little preliminary work on matters connected with the winding up of our commission, went with my private secretary, Mr. Vickery, to Amsterdam, visiting the old church, the palace, the Zoölogical Gardens, etc. Thence to Gouda and saw the stained-glass windows in the old church there, which I have so long desired to study.

August 3.

At 8.30 left The Hague and went by rail, via Cologne and Ehrenbreitstein, to Homburg, arriving in the evening.

August 5.

This morning resumed my duties as ambassador at Berlin.

There was one proceeding at the final meeting of the conference which I have omitted, but which really ought to find a place in this diary. Just before the final speeches, to the amazement of all and almost to the stupefaction of many, the president, M. de Staal, handed to the secretary, without comment, a paper which the latter began to read. It turned out to be a correspondence which had taken place, just before the conference, between the Queen of the Netherlands and the Pope.

The Queen's letter—written, of course, by her ministers, in the desire to placate the Catholic party, which holds the balance of power in the Netherlands—dwelt most respectfully on the high functions of his Holiness, etc., etc., indicating, if not saying, that it was not the fault of her government that he was not invited to join in the conference.

The answer from the Pope was a masterpiece of Vati-

can skill. In it he referred to what he claimed was his natural position as a peacemaker on earth, dwelling strongly on this point.

The reading of these papers was received in silence, and not a word was publicly said afterward regarding them, though in various quarters there was very deep feeling. It was felt that the Dutch Government had taken this means of forestalling local Dutch opposition, and that it was a purely local matter of political partizanship that ought never to have been intruded upon a conference of the whole world.

I had no feeling of this sort, for it seemed to me well enough that the facts should be presented; but a leading representative of one of the great Catholic powers, who drove home with us, was of a different mind. This eminent diplomatist from one of the strongest Catholic countries, and himself a Catholic, spoke in substance as follows: "The Vatican has always been, and is to-day, a storm-center. The Pope and his advisers have never hesitated to urge on war, no matter how bloody, when the slightest of their ordinary worldly purposes could be served by it. The great religious wars of Europe were entirely stirred up and egged on by them; and, as everybody knows, the Pope did everything to prevent the signing of the treaty of Münster, which put an end to the dreadful Thirty Years' War, even going so far as to declare the oaths taken by the plenipotentiaries at that congress of no effect.

"All through the middle ages and at the Renaissance period the Popes kept Italy in turmoil and bloodshed for their own family and territorial advantages, and they kept all Europe in turmoil, for two centuries after the Reformation,—in fact, just as long as they could,—in the wars of religion. They did everything they could to stir up the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, thinking that Austria, a Catholic power, was sure to win; and then everything possible to stir up the war of France against Prussia in 1870 in order to accomplish the same pur-

pose of checking German Protestantism; and now they are doing all they can to arouse hatred, even to deluge Italy in blood, in the vain attempt to recover the temporal power, though they must know that they could not hold it for any length of time even if they should obtain it.

"They pretend to be anxious to 'save souls,' and especially to love Poland and Ireland; but they have for years used those countries as mere pawns in their game with Russia and Great Britain, and would sell every Catholic soul they contain to the Greek and English churches if they could thereby secure the active aid of those two governments against Italy. They have obliged the Italian youth to choose between patriotism and Christianity, and the result is that the best of these have become atheists. Their whole policy is based on stirring up hatred and promoting conflicts from which they hope to draw worldly advantage.

"In view of all this, one stands amazed at the cool statements of the Vatican letter."

These were the words of an eminent Roman Catholic representative of a Roman Catholic power, and to them I have nothing to add.

In looking back calmly over the proceedings of the conference, I feel absolutely convinced that it has accomplished a great work for the world.

The mere assembling of such a body for such a purpose was a distinct gain; but vastly more important is the positive outcome of its labors.

First of these is the plan of arbitration. It provides a court definitely constituted; a place of meeting easily accessible; a council for summoning it always in session; guarantees for perfect independence; and a suitable procedure.

Closely connected with this is the provision for "international commissions of inquiry," which cannot fail to do much in clearing up issues likely to lead to war between nations. Thus we may hope, when there is danger of war, for something better than that which the world

has hitherto heard—the clamor of interested parties and the shrieks of sensation newspapers. The natural result will be, as in the Venezuelan difficulty between the United States and Great Britain, that when a commission of this sort has been set at work to ascertain the facts, the howling of partizans and screaming of sensation-mongers will cease, and the finding of the commission be calmly awaited.

So, too, the plans adopted for mediation can hardly fail to aid in keeping off war. The plans for "special mediation" and "seconding powers," which emanated entirely from the American delegation, and which were adopted unanimously by the great committee and by the conference, seem likely to prove in some cases an effective means of preventing hostilities, and even of arresting them after they have begun. Had it been in operation during our recent war with Spain, it would probably have closed it immediately after the loss of Cervera's fleet, and would have saved many lives and much treasure.

Secondly, the extension of the Geneva rules, hitherto adopted for war on land, to war also on the sea is a distinct gain in the cause of mercy.

Thirdly, the amelioration and more careful definition of the laws of war must aid powerfully in that evolution of mercy and right reason which has been going on for hundreds of years, and especially since the great work of Grotius.

In addition to these gains may well be mentioned the declarations, expressions of opinion, and utterance of wishes for continued study and persevering effort to make the instrumentalities of war less cruel and destructive.

It has been said not infrequently that the conference missed a great opportunity when it made the resort to arbitration voluntary and not obligatory. Such an objection can come only from those who have never duly considered the problem concerned. Obligatory arbitration between states is indeed possible in various petty

matters, but in many great matters absolutely impossible. While a few nations were willing to accept it in regard to these minor matters,—as, for example, postal or monetary difficulties and the like,—not a single power was willing to bind itself by a hard-and-fast rule to submit all questions to it—and least of all the United States.

The reason is very simple: to do so would be to increase the chances of war and to enlarge standing armies throughout the world. Obligatory arbitration on all questions would enable any power, at any moment, to bring before the tribunal any other power against which it has, or thinks it has, a grievance. Greece might thus summon Turkey; France might summon Germany; the Papacy, Italy; England, Russia; China, Japan; Spain, the United States, regarding matters in which the deepest of human feelings—questions of religion, questions of race, questions even of national existence—are concerned. To enforce the decisions of a tribunal in such cases would require armies compared to which those of the present day are a mere bagatelle, and plunge the world into a sea of troubles compared to which those now existing are as nothing. What has been done is to provide a way, always ready and easily accessible, by which nations can settle most of their difficulties with each other. Hitherto, securing a court of arbitration has involved first the education of public opinion in two nations; next, the action of two national legislatures; then the making of a treaty; then the careful selection of judges on both sides; then delays by the jurists thus chosen in disposing of engagements and duties to which they are already pledged—all these matters requiring much labor and long time; and this just when speedy action is most necessary to arrest the development of international anger. Under the system of arbitration now presented, the court can be brought into session at short notice—easily, as regards most nations, within a few weeks, at the farthest. When to these advantages are added the provisions for delaying war and for improving the laws of war, the calm judgment of

mankind will, I fully believe, decide that the conference has done a work of value to the world.

There is also another gain—incidental, but of real and permanent value; and this is the inevitable development of the Law of Nations by the decisions of such a court of arbitration composed of the most eminent jurists from all countries. Thus far it has been evolved from the writings of scholars often conflicting, from the decisions of national courts biased by local patriotism, from the practices of various powers, on land and sea, more in obedience to their interests than to their sense of justice; but now we may hope for the growth of a great body of international law under the best conditions possible, and ever more and more in obedience to the great impulse given by Grotius in the direction of right reason and mercy.

CHAPTER L

HINTS FOR REFORMS IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

IN view of a connection with the diplomatic service of the United States begun nearly fifty years ago and resumed at various posts and periods since, I have frequently been asked for my opinion of it, as compared with that of other nations, and also what measures I would suggest for its improvement. Hitherto this question has somewhat embarrassed me: answering it fully might have seemed to involve a plea for my own interests; so that, while I have pointed out, in public lectures and in letters to men of influence, sundry improvements, I have not hitherto thought it best to go fully into the subject.

But what I now say will not see the light until my diplomatic career is finished forever, and I may claim to speak now for what seems to me the good of the service and of the country. I shall make neither personal complaint of the past nor personal plea for the future. As to the past, my experience showed me years ago what I had to expect if I continued in the service—insufficient salary, unfit quarters, inadequate means of discharging my duties, and many other difficulties which ought not to have existed, but which I knew to exist when I took office, and of which I have therefore no right to complain. As to the future, I can speak all the more clearly and earnestly because even my enemies, if I have any, must confess that nothing which is now to be done can inure to my personal benefit.

As to the present condition, then, of our diplomatic service, it seems to me a mixture of good and evil. It is by no means so bad as it once was, and by no means so good as it ought to be and as it could very easily be made. There has been great improvement in it since the days of the Civil War. The diplomatic service of no other country, probably, was so disfigured by eminently unworthy members as was our own during the quarter of a century preceding the inauguration of President Lincoln, and, indeed, during a part of the Lincoln administration itself.

During one presidential term previous to that time our ministers at three of the most important centers of Europe were making unedifying spectacles of themselves, whenever it was possible for them to do so, before the courts to which they were accredited. On one occasion of court festivity, one of them, in a gorgeous uniform such as American ministers formerly wore, ran howling through the mud in the streets of St. Petersburg, the high personages of the empire looking out upon him from the windows of the Winter Palace. Sundry other performances of his, to which I have referred in the account of my Russian mission, were quite as discreditable.

Another American representative, stationed at Berlin during that same period, disgraced his country by notorious drunkenness; and though some of our countrymen at that capital sought to keep him sober for his first presentation to the King, they were unsuccessful. Happily, his wild conduct did not culminate abroad; for a murder which he committed in a drunken fit did not occur until after his return to our country. A third American representative at that period published regularly, in his home newspaper, such scurrilous letters regarding the authorities of the country to which he was accredited, his colleagues in the diplomatic service, and, indeed, the country itself, that, according to common report, his early return home was caused by his desire to escape the consequences. These were the worst, but there were others

utterly unfit,—men who not only spoke no other language used in diplomatic intercourse, but could not even speak with fairly grammatical decency their own. As to the early days of Mr. Lincoln's administration, there is a well-authenticated story that, a gentleman having expostulated with the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, for sending to a very important diplomatic post a man whose conduct was the reverse of exemplary, Mr. Seward replied, "Sir, some persons are sent abroad because they are needed abroad, and some are sent because they are *not* wanted at home."

It is a great pleasure to note that since the war both of the political parties have greatly improved in this respect, and that the standard of diplomatic appointments has become much higher. It is a duty as well as a pleasure to acknowledge here that no President of the United States has ever taken more pains to make the diplomatic and consular services what they should be than a representative of the party to which I have always been opposed—President Cleveland. Especially encouraging is the fact that public opinion has become sensitive on this subject, and that the only recent case of gross misconduct by an American minister in foreign parts was immediately followed by his recall.

And it ought also to be said, even regarding our diplomatic system in the past, that sundry sneers of the pessimists do our country wrong. It is certain that no other country has been steadily represented in Great Britain by a series of more distinguished citizens than has our own,—beginning with John Adams, and including the gentleman who at present holds the position of ambassador to the Court of St. James. Much may also be said to the credit of our embassies and legations generally at the leading capitals of Europe. As to unfortunate exceptions, those who are acquainted with diplomatists in different parts of the world know that, whatever may have been the failings of the United States in this respect, she has not been the only

nation which has made mistakes in selecting foreign representatives.

Our service at the present day is, in some respects, excellent; but it is badly organized, insufficiently provided for, and, as a rule, has not the standing which every patriotic American should wish for it.

I have frequently received letters from bright, active-minded young men stating that they were desirous of fitting themselves for a diplomatic career, and asking advice regarding the best way of doing so; but I have felt obliged to warn every one of them that, strictly speaking, there is no American diplomatic service; that there is no guarantee of employment to them, even if they fit themselves admirably; no security in their tenure of office, even if they were appointed; and little, if any, probability of their promotion, however excellent their record. Moreover, I have felt obliged to tell them that the service, such as it is, especially as regards ambassadors and ministers, is a service with a property qualification; that it is not a democratic service resting upon merit, but an aristocratic service resting largely upon wealth,—a very important—indeed, essential—qualification for it being that any American who serves as ambassador must, as a rule, be able to expend, in addition to his salary, at least from twelve to twenty thousand dollars a year, and that the demands upon ministers plenipotentiary are but little less.

And yet, if Congress would seriously give attention to the matter, calling before a proper committee those of its own members, and others, who are well acquainted with the necessities of the service, and would take common-sense advice, it could easily be made one of the best, and quite possibly the best, in the world. The most essential and desirable improvements which I would present are as follows:

I. As regards the first and highest grade in the diplomatic service, that of ambassadors, I would have at least one half their whole number appointed from those who

have distinguished themselves as ministers plenipotentiary, and the remaining posts filled, as at present, from those who, in public life or in other important fields, have won recognition at home as men fit to maintain the character and represent the interests of their country abroad.

II. As regards the second grade in the service,—namely, that of ministers plenipotentiary,—I would observe the same rule as in appointing ambassadors, having at least a majority of these at the leading capitals appointed from such as shall have especially distinguished themselves at the less important capitals, and a majority of the ministers plenipotentiary at these less important capitals appointed from those who shall have distinguished themselves as ministers resident, or as secretaries of embassy or of legation.

III. As to the third grade in our service, that of ministers resident, I would observe the general rule above suggested for the appointment of ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary; that is, I would appoint a majority of them from among those who shall have rendered most distinguished service as first secretaries of embassy or of legation. When once appointed I would have them advanced, for distinguished service, from the less to the more important capitals, and, so far as possible, from the ranks of ministers resident to those of ministers plenipotentiary.

IV. As to the lower or special or temporary grades, whether that of diplomatic agent or special chargé d'affaires or commissioner, I would have appointments made from the diplomatic or consular service, or from public life in general, or from fitting men in private life, as the President or the Secretary of State might think the most conducive to the public interest.

V. I would have two grades of secretaries of legation, and three grades of secretaries of embassy. I would have the lowest grade of secretaries appointed on the recommendation of the Secretary of State from those who have shown themselves, on due examination, best quali-

fied in certain leading subjects, such as international law, the common law, the civil law, the history of treaties, and general modern history, political economy, a speaking knowledge of French, and a reading knowledge of at least one other foreign language. I would make the examination in all the above subjects strict, and would oblige the Secretary of State to make his selection of secretaries of legation from the men thus presented. But, in view of the importance of various personal qualifications which fit men to influence their fellow-men, and which cannot be ascertained wholly by examination, I would leave the Secretary of State full liberty of choice among those who have honorably passed the examinations above required. The men thus selected and approved I would have appointed as secretaries of lower grades,—that is, third secretaries of embassy and second secretaries of legation,—and these, when once appointed, should be promoted, for good service, to the higher secretaryships of embassy and legation, and from the less to the more important capitals, under such rules as the State Department might find most conducive to the efficiency of the service. No secretaries of any grade should thereafter be appointed who had not passed the examinations required for the lowest grade of secretaries as above provided; but all who had already been in the service during two years should be eligible for promotion, without any further examination, from whatever post they might be occupying.

VI. I would attach to every embassy three secretaries, to every legation two, and to every post of minister resident at least one.

One of the thoroughly wise arrangements of every British embassy or legation—an arrangement which has gone for much in Great Britain's remarkable series of diplomatic successes throughout the world—is to be seen in her maintaining at every capital a full number of secretaries and attachés, who serve not only in keeping the current office work in the highest efficiency, but who be-

come, as it were, the *antennæ* of the ambassador or minister—additional eyes and ears to ascertain what is going on among those most influential in public affairs. Every embassy or legation thus equipped serves also as an actual and practical training-school for the service.

VII. I would appoint each attaché from the ranks of those especially recommended, and certified to in writing by leading authorities in the department to which he is expected to supply information: as, for example, for military attachés, the War Department; for naval attachés, the Navy Department; for financial attachés, the Treasury Department; for commercial attachés, the Department of Commerce; for agricultural attachés, the Department of Agriculture; but always subject to the approval of the Secretary of State as regards sundry qualifications hinted at above, which can better be ascertained by an interview than by an examination.

I would have a goodly number of attachés of these various sorts, and, in our more important embassies, one representing each of the departments above named. Every attaché, if fit for his place, would be worth far more than his cost to our government, for he would not only add to the influence of the embassy or legation, but decidedly to its efficiency. As a rule, all of them could also be made of real use after the conclusion of their foreign careers: some by returning to the army or navy and bringing their knowledge to bear on those branches of the service; some by taking duty in the various departments at Washington, and aiding to keep our government abreast of the best practice in other countries; some by becoming professors in universities and colleges, and thus aiding to disseminate useful information; some by becoming writers for the press, thus giving us, instead of loose guesses and haphazard notions, information and suggestions based upon close knowledge of important problems and of their solution in countries other than our own.

From these arrangements I feel warranted in expecting a very great improvement in our diplomatic service.

Thus formed, it would become, in its main features, like the military and naval services, and, indeed, in its essential characteristics as to appointment and promotion, like any well-organized manufacturing or commercial establishment. It would absolutely require ascertained knowledge and fitness in the lowest grades, and would give promotion for good service from first to last. Yet it would not be a cast-iron system: a certain number of men who had shown decided fitness in various high public offices, or in important branches of public or private business, could be appointed, whenever the public interest should seem to require it, as ministers resident, ministers plenipotentiary, and ambassadors, without having gone through examination or regular promotion.

But the system now proposed, while thus allowing the frequent bringing in of new and capable men from public life at home, requires that a large proportion of each grade above that of secretary, save a very small number of diplomatic agents, commissioners, and the like, shall be appointed from those thoroughly trained for the service, and that all secretaries, without exception, shall be thoroughly trained and fitted. Scope would thus be given to the activity of both sorts of men, and the whole system made sufficiently elastic to meet all necessities.

In the service thus organized, the class of ambassadors and ministers fitted by knowledge of public affairs at home for important negotiations, but unacquainted with diplomatic life or foreign usages and languages, would be greatly strengthened by secretaries who had passed through a regular course of training and experience. An American diplomatic representative without diplomatic experience, on reaching his post, whether as ambassador or minister, would not find—as was once largely the case—secretaries as new as himself to diplomatic business, but men thoroughly prepared to aid him in the multitude of minor matters, ignorance of which might very likely cripple him as regards very important business: secretaries so experienced as to be able to set

him in the way of knowing, at any court, who are the men of real power, and who mere parasites and pretenders, what relations are to be cultivated and what avoided, which are the real channels of influence, and which mere illusions leading nowhither. On the other hand, the secretaries thoroughly trained would doubtless, in their conversation with a man fresh from public affairs at home, learn many things of use to them.

Thus, too, what is of great importance throughout the entire service, every ambassador, minister plenipotentiary, or minister resident would possess, or easily command, large experience of various men in various countries. At the same time, each would be under most powerful incentives to perfect his training, widen his acquaintance, and deepen his knowledge—incentives which, under the old system,—which we may hope is now passing away,—with its lack of appointment for ascertained fitness, lack of promotion for good service, and lack of any certainty of tenure, do not exist.

The system of promotion for merit throughout the service is no mere experiment; the good sense of all the leading nations in the world, except our own, has adopted it, and it works well. In our own service the old system works badly; excellent men, both in its higher and lower grades, have been frequently crippled by want of proper experience or aid. We have, indeed, several admirable secretaries—some of them fit to be ambassadors or ministers, but all laboring under conditions the most depressing—such as obtain in no good business enterprise. During my stay as minister at St. Petersburg, the secretary of legation, a man ideally fitted for the post, insisted on resigning. On my endeavoring to retain him, he answered as follows: "I have been over twelve years in the American diplomatic service as secretary; I have seen the secretaries here, from all other countries, steadily promoted until all of them still remaining in the service are in higher posts, several of them ministers, and some ambassadors. I remain as I was at the beginning, with no

promotion, and no probability of any. I feel that, as a rule, my present colleagues, as well as most officials with whom I have to do, seeing that I have not been advanced, look upon me as a failure. They cannot be made to understand how a man who has served so long as secretary has been denied promotion for any reason save inefficiency. I can no longer submit to be thus looked down upon, and I must resign."

While thus having a system of promotion based upon efficiency, I would retain during good behavior, up to a certain age, the men who have done thoroughly well in the service. Clearly, when we secure an admirable man,—recognized as such in all parts of the world,—like Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Townsend Harris, Mr. Washburne, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Phelps, and others who have now passed away, not to speak of many now living, we should keep him at his post as long as he is efficient, without regard to his politics. This is the course taken very generally by other great nations, and especially by our sister republic of Great Britain (for Great Britain is simply a republic with a monarchical figurehead lingering along on good behavior): she retains her representatives in these positions, and promotes them without any regard to their party relations. During my first official residence at Berlin, although the home government at London was of the Conservative party, it retained at the German capital, as ambassador, Lord Ampthill, a Liberal; and, as first secretary, Sir John Walsham, a Tory. From every point of view, the long continuance in diplomatic positions of the most capable men would be of great advantage to our country.

But, as the very first thing to be done, whether our diplomatic service remains as at present or be improved, I would urge, as a condition precedent to any thoroughly good service, that there be in each of the greater capitals of the world at which we have a representative, a suitable embassy or legation building or apartment, owned or

leased for a term of years by the American Government. Every other great power, and many of the smaller nations, have provided such quarters for their representatives, and some years ago President Cleveland recommended to Congress a similar policy. Under the present system the head of an American embassy or mission abroad is at a wretched disadvantage. In many capitals he finds it at times impossible to secure a proper furnished apartment; and, in some, very difficult to find any suitable apartment at all, whether furnished or unfurnished. Even if he finds proper rooms, they are frequently in an unfit quarter of the town, remote from the residences of his colleagues, from the public offices, from everybody and everything related to his work. His term of office being generally short, he is usually considered a rather undesirable tenant, and is charged accordingly. Besides this, the fitting and furnishing of such an apartment is a very great burden, both as regards trouble and expense. I have twice thus fitted and furnished a large apartment in Berlin, and in each case this represented an expenditure of more than the salary for the first year. Within my own knowledge, two American ministers abroad have impoverished their families by expenditures of this kind. But this is not the worst. The most serious result of the existing system concerns our country. I have elsewhere shown how, in one very important international question at St. Petersburg, our mistaken policy in this respect once cost the United States a sum which would have forever put that embassy, and, indeed, many others besides, on the very best footing. If an American ambassador is to exercise a really strong influence for the United States as against other nations, he must be properly provided for as regards his residence and support,—not provided for, indeed, so largely as some representatives of other nations; for I neither propose nor desire that the American representative shall imitate the pomp of certain ambassadors of the greater European powers. But he ought to be enabled to live

respectably, and to discharge his duties efficiently. There should be, in this respect, what Thomas Jefferson acknowledged in the Declaration of Independence as a duty,—"a decent regard for the opinions of mankind." The present condition of things is frequently humiliating. In the greater capitals of Europe the general public know the British, French, Austrian, Italian, and all other important embassies or legations, except that of our country. The American embassy or legation has no settled home, is sometimes in one quarter of the town, sometimes in another, sometimes almost in an attic, sometimes almost in a cellar, generally inadequate in its accommodations, and frequently unfortunate in its surroundings. Both my official terms at St. Petersburg showed me that one secret of the great success of British diplomacy, in all parts of the world, is that especial pains are taken regarding this point, and that, consequently, every British embassy is the center of a wide-spread social influence which counts for very much indeed in her political influence. The United States, as perhaps the wealthiest nation in existence,—a nation far-reaching in the exercise of its foreign policy, with vast and increasing commercial and other interests throughout the world,—should, in all substantial matters, be equally well provided for. Take our recent relations with Turkey. We have insisted on the payment of an indemnity for the destruction of American property, and we have constantly a vast number of Americans of the very best sort, and especially our missionaries, who have to be protected throughout the whole of that vast empire. Each of the other great powers provides its representative at Constantinople with a residence honorable, suitable, and within a proper inclosure for its protection; but the American minister lives anywhere and everywhere,—in such premises, over shops and warehouses, as can be secured,—and he is liable, in case of trouble between the two nations, to suffer personal violence and to have his house sacked by a Turkish mob. No foreign people, and

least of all an Oriental people, can highly respect a diplomatic representative who, by his surroundings, seems not to be respected by his own people. The American Government can easily afford the expenditure needed to provide proper houses or apartments for its entire diplomatic corps, but it can hardly afford *not* to provide these. Full provision for them would not burden any American citizen to the amount of the half of a Boston biscuit. Leaving matters in their present condition is, in the long run, far more costly. I once had occasion to consider this matter in the light of economy, and found that the cost of the whole diplomatic service of the United States during an entire year was only equal to the expenditure in one of our recent wars during four hours; so that if any member of the diplomatic service should delay a declaration of war merely for the space of a day, he would defray the cost of the service for about six years.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, by his admirable diplomatic dealing with the British Foreign Office at the crisis of our Civil War, prevented the coming out of the later Confederate cruisers to prey upon our commerce, and, in all probability, thus averted a quarrel with Great Britain which would have lengthened our Civil War by many years, and doubtless have cost us hundreds of millions.

General Woodford, our recent minister at Madrid, undoubtedly delayed our war with Spain for several months, and skilful diplomatic intervention brought that war to a speedy close just as soon as our military and naval successes made it possible.

The cases are also many where our diplomatic representatives have quieted ill feelings which would have done great harm to our commerce. These facts show that the diplomatic service may well be called "The Cheap Defense of Nations."

When, in addition to this, an American recalls such priceless services to civilization, and to the commerce of our country and of the world, as those rendered by Mr.

Townsend Harris while American minister in Japan, the undoubted saving through a long series of years of many lives and much property by our ministers in such outlying parts of the world as Turkey and China, the promotion of American commercial and other interests, and the securing of information which has been precious to innumerable American enterprises, it seems incontestable that our diplomatic service ought not to be left in its present slipshod condition. It ought to be put on the best and most effective footing possible, so that everywhere the men we send forth to support and advance the manifold interests of our country shall be thoroughly well equipped and provided for. To this end the permanent possession of a suitable house or apartment in every capital is the foremost and most elementary of necessities.

And while such a provision is the first thing, it would be wise to add, as other nations do, a moderate allowance for furniture, and for keeping the embassy or legation properly cared for during the interim between the departure of one representative and the arrival of another.

If this were done, the prestige of the American name and the effectiveness of the service would be vastly improved, and diplomatic posts would be no longer so onerous and, indeed, ruinous as they have been to some of the best men we have sent abroad.

And in order fully to free my mind I will add that, while the provision for a proper embassy or legation building is the first of all things necessary, it might also be well to increase somewhat the salaries of our representatives abroad. These may seem large even at present; but the cost of living has greatly increased since they were fixed, and the special financial demands upon an ambassador or minister at any of the most important posts are always far beyond the present salary. It is utterly impossible for an American diplomatic representative to do his duty upon the salary now given, even while living on the most moderate scale known in the diplomatic corps. To attempt to do so would deprive him

of all opportunity to exercise that friendly, personal, social influence which is so important an element in his success.

To sum up my suggestions as to this part of the subject, I should say: First, that, as a rule, there should be provided at each diplomatic post where the United States has a representative a spacious and suitable house, either bought by our government or taken on a long lease; and that there should be a small appropriation each year for maintaining it as regards furniture, care, etc. Secondly, that American representatives of the highest grade—namely, ambassadors—should have a salary of at least $25,000 a year; and that diplomatic representatives of lower grade should have their salaries raised in the same proportion. Thirdly, that an additional number of secretaries and attachés should be provided in the manner and for the reasons above recommended.

If the carrying out of these reforms should require an appropriation to the diplomatic service fifty per cent. higher than it now is,—which is an amount greater than would really be required by all the expenditures I propose, including interest upon the purchase money of appropriate quarters for our representatives abroad,—the total additional cost to each citizen of the United States would be less than half a cent each year.

The first result of these and other reforms which I have indicated, beginning with what is of the very first importance,—provision for a proper house or apartment in every capital,—would certainly be increased respect for the United States and increased effectiveness of its foreign representatives.

As to the other reforms, such as suitable requirements for secretaryships, and proper promotion throughout the whole service, they would vastly increase its attractiveness, in all its grades, to the very men whom the country most needs. They would open to young men in our universities and colleges a most honorable career, leading such institutions to establish courses of instruction with

reference to such a service—courses which were established long since in Germany, but which have arrived nearest perfection in two of our sister republics—at the University of Zurich in Switzerland, and in the École Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris.

It seems certain that a diplomatic service established and maintained in the manner here indicated would not only vastly increase the prestige and influence of the United States among her sister nations, but, purely from a commercial point of view, would amply repay us. To have in diplomatic positions at the various capitals men thoroughly well fitted not only as regards character and intellect, but also as regards experience and acquaintance, and to have them so provided for as to become the social equals of their colleagues, would be, from every point of view, of the greatest advantage to our country materially and politically, and would give strength to our policy throughout the world.

And, finally, to a matter worth mentioning only because it has at sundry times and in divers manners been comically argued and curiously misrepresented—the question as to a diplomatic uniform.

As regards any principle involved, I have never been able to see any reason, *a priori*, why, if we have a uniform for our military service and another for our naval service, we may not have one for our diplomatic service. It has, indeed, been asserted by sundry orators dear to the galleries, as well as by various "funny-column" men, that such a uniform is that of a lackey; but this assertion loses force when one reflects on the solemn fact that "plain evening dress," which these partizans of Jeffersonian simplicity laud and magnify, and which is the only alternative to a uniform, is worn by table-waiters the world over.

Yet, having conceded so much, truth compels me to add that, having myself never worn anything save "plain evening dress" at any court to which I have been accredited, or at any function which I have attended, I

have never been able to discover the slightest disadvantage to my country or myself from that fact.

Colleagues of mine, clad in resplendent uniforms, have, indeed, on more than one occasion congratulated me on being allowed a more simple and comfortable costume; and though such expressions are, of course, to be taken with some grains of allowance, I have congratulated myself with the deepest sincerity on my freedom from what seems to me a most tiresome yoke.

The discussion of a question of such vast importance – to the censors above referred to—would be inadequate were mention not made of a stumbling-block which does not seem to have been adequately considered by those who propose a return to the earlier practice of our Republic—and this is, that the uniform is, at any European court, but a poor thing unless it bears some evidence of distinguished service, in the shape of stars, crosses, ribbons, and the like. A British ambassador, or minister plenipotentiary, in official uniform, but without the ribbon or star of the Bath or other honorable order, would appear to little advantage indeed. A representative of the French Republic would certainly prefer to wear the plainest dress rather than the most splendid uniform unadorned by the insignia of the Legion of Honor, and, in a general way, the same may be said of the representatives of all nations which approve the wearing of a diplomatic uniform.

But our own Republic bestows no such "decorations," and allows none of its representatives, during their term of office, to receive them; so that, if put into uniform, these representatives must appear to the great mass of beholders as really of inferior quality, undistinguished by any adornments which indicate good service.

All this difficulty our present practice avoids. The American ambassador, or minister, is known at once by the fact that he alone wears plain evening dress; and this fact, as well as the absence of decorations, being recognized as in simple conformity with the ideas and

customs of his country, rather adds to his prestige than diminishes it, as far as I have been able to discover. Perhaps the well-known case of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna is in point. In the midst of the throng of his colleagues, all of them most gorgeously arrayed in uniforms, stars, and decorations of every sort, he appeared in the simplest evening attire; and the attention of Metternich being called to this fact, that much experienced, infinitely bespangled statesman answered, "*Ma foi! il est bien distingué.*"

Of course we ought to give due weight to the example set by Benjamin Franklin when presented to Louis XVI, and the fact that his simple shoe-strings nearly threw the court chamberlains into fainting-fits, and that his plain dress had an enormous influence on public opinion; but, alas! we have also to take account of the statement by an eminent critic to the effect that Franklin, at his previous presentation to Louis XV, had worn court dress, and that he wore similar gorgeous attire at various other public functions, with the inference that he was prevented from doing so, when received by Louis XVI, only by the fact that somehow his court dress was inaccessible.[1]

All these facts, conflicting, but more or less pertinent, being duly considered, I would have the rule regarding dress remain as it is, save in the rare cases when the sovereign of a country, at some special function, requests some modification of it. In such case the Secretary of State might, one would suppose, be allowed to grant a dispensation from the ordinary rule without any danger to American liberty.

For the more profound considerations which this vast subject suggests, the judicious reader may well consult "Sartor Resartus."

[1] See Sainte-Beuve, "Causeries du Lundi," Vol. VII, Article of November 29, 1852.

PART VI

SUNDRY JOURNEYS AND EXPERIENCES

CHAPTER LI

EARLIER EXCURSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES—1838–1875

FROM my boyhood I have been fond of travel, and at times this fondness has been of great use to me. My constitution, though never robust, has thus far proved elastic, and whenever I have at last felt decidedly the worse for overwork or care, the best of all medicines has been an excursion, longer or shorter, in our own country or in some other. Thus it has happened that, besides journeys into nearly every part of the United States, and official residences in Russia, France, Germany, and the West Indies, I have made frequent visits to Europe—among them ten or twelve to Italy, and even more to Germany, France, and England, besides excursions into the Scandinavian countries, Egypt, Greece, and Turkey. To most of these I have alluded in other chapters; but there are a few remaining possibly worthy of note.

The first of these journeys was taken when I went with my father and mother from the little country town where we then lived to Syracuse, Buffalo, and Niagara. This must have been in 1838, when I was about six years of age. Every step of it interested me keenly. Like the shop-girl in Émile Souvestre's story, who journeyed from Paris to St. Cloud, I was "amazed to find the world so large." Syracuse, which now has about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, had then, perhaps, five thousand; the railways which were afterward consolidated into the New York Central were not yet built, and

we traveled mainly upon the canal, though at times over wretchedly muddy roads. Niagara made a great impression upon me, and Buffalo, with its steamers, seemed as great then as London seems now.

Four years later, in 1842, I was taken to the hills of middle Massachusetts to visit my great-grandfather and great-grandmother, and thence to Boston, where Faneuil Hall, the Bunker Hill Monument, Harvard College, and Mount Auburn greatly impressed me. Returning home, we came by steamer through the Sound to the city of New York, and stayed at a hotel near Trinity Church, which was then a little south of the central part of the city. On another visit, somewhat later, we were lodged at the Astor House, near the City Hall, which was then at the very center of everything, and thence took excursions far northward into the uttermost parts of the city, and even beyond it, to see the newly erected Grace Church and the reservoir at Forty-second Street, which were among the wonders of the town. Most of all was I impressed by the service in the newly erected Trinity Church. The idea uppermost in my mind was that here was a building which was to last for hundreds of years, and that the figures in the storied windows above the altar would look down upon new generations of worshipers, centuries after I, with all those living, should have passed away. My feeling for religious music was then, as since, very deep; and the organ of Trinity gave satisfaction to this feeling; the tremulous ground-tone of the great pedal diapasons thrilling me through and through.

At this period, about 1843, began my visits with the family to Saratoga. My grandfather, years before, had derived benefit from its waters, and the tradition of this, as well as the fact that my father there met socially his business correspondents from different parts of the State, led to our going year after year. Drinking the waters, taking life easily upon the piazzas of the great hotels festooned with Virginia creepers, and driving to the lake, formed then, as now, the main occupations of the day.

But there was then one thing which has now ceased: in many of the greater hotels public prayers were held every evening, some eminent clergyman officiating; and a leader in these services was David Leavitt, a famous New York bank president, shrewd, but pious. Now and then, as the political campaigns drew on, we had speeches from eminent statesmen; and I give in the chapters on "My Religion" reminiscences of speeches on religious subjects made by Archbishop Hughes and Father Gavazzi. An occasional visit from Washington Irving or Senator (afterward President) Buchanan, as well as other men of light and leading, aroused my tendencies toward hero-worship; but perhaps the event most vividly stamped into my memory was the parade of Mme. Jumel. One afternoon at that period she appeared in the streets of Saratoga in an open coach-and-four, her horses ridden by gaily dressed postilions. This was regarded by very many visitors as an affront not merely to good morals, but to patriotism, for she had the fame of having been in relations, more intimate than edifying, with Aaron Burr, who was widely considered as a traitor to his country as well as the murderer of Alexander Hamilton; and on the second day of her parade, another carriage, with four horses and postilions, in all respects like her own, followed her wherever she went, and sometimes crossed her path: but this carriage contained an enormous negro, black and glossy, a porter at one of the hotels, dressed in the height of fashion, who very gravely rose and doffed his hat to the applauding multitudes on either side of the way. Mme. Jumel and her friends were, of course, furious; and it was said that her postilions would in future be armed with pistols and directed to fire upon the rival equipage should it again get in their way. But no catastrophe occurred; Mme. Jumel took one or two more drives, and that was the end of it.

In my college days, from 1849 to 1853, going to and from New Haven, I frequently passed through New York,

and the progress of the city northward since my earlier visits was shown by the fact that the best hotel nearest the center of business had become first the Irving House, just at the upper end of the City Hall Park, and later the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan hotels, some distance up Broadway. Staying in 1853 at a hotel looking out upon what was to be Madison Square, I noticed that all north of that was comparatively vacant, save here and there a few houses and churches.

Going abroad shortly afterward, I gave three years to my attachéship and student life in Europe, traveling across the continent to St. Petersburg and back, as well as through Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy, all of which were then under the old régime of disunion and despotism. To these journeys I refer elsewhere.

Interesting to me, after my return home, were visits to Chicago in 1858 and at various times afterward. At my first visits the city was wretchedly unkempt. Workmen were raising its grade, and their mode of doing this was remarkable. Under lines of brick and stone houses, in street after street, screws were placed; and, large forces of men working at these, the vast buildings went up steadily. My first stay was at the Tremont House, then a famous hostelry; and during the whole of my visit the enormous establishment, several stories in height, was going on as usual, though it was all open beneath and rising in the air perceptibly every day. Years afterward, when Mr. George Pullman had become deservedly one of the powers of Chicago, he gave me a dinner, at which I had the pleasure of meeting a large number of the most energetic and distinguished men of the city. Being asked by a guest as to the time when I first visited Chicago, I stated the facts above given, when my interlocutor remarked, "Yes, and if you had gone down into the cellar beneath the Tremont House you would have found our host working at one of the jack-screws." I had already an admiration for Mr. Pullman; for he had told me of his creation of the Pullman cars, and had

shown me through the beautiful artisan town which bears his name; but by this remark my respect for him was greatly augmented.

My first visit to the upper Mississippi left an indelible impression on my mind. No description of that vast volume of water slowly moving before my eyes ever seemed at all adequate until, years afterward, I read Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," and his account of the scene when his hero awakes on a raft floating down the great river struck a responsive chord in my heart. It was the first description that ever answered at all to the picture in my mind. Very interesting to me were sundry later excursions to Boston, generally on university or other business. At one of these I purchased the library of President Sparks for the university, and, staying some days, had the pleasure of meeting many noted men—among them Mr. Josiah Quincy, whose reminiscences were to me very interesting, his accounts of conversations with John Adams perhaps more so than anything else. At various clubs I met most charming people, the most engrossing of these being Arthur Gilman, the architect: then, and at other times, I sat up with him late into the night,—once, indeed, the entire night,—listening to his flow of quaint wit and humor. The range of his powers was perhaps best shown in a repetition of what he claimed to be the debate in the city council of Boston on his plans for a new city hall, which were afterward adopted. The speeches in Irish brogue, Teutonic jargon, and down-east Yankee dialect, with utterances interposed here and there by solemnly priggish members, were inimitable. His pet antipathy seemed to be the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Eastburn. Stories were told to the effect that Gilman, early in life, had desired to take orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but that the bishop refused to ordain him, on the ground that he lacked the requisite discretion. Hence, perhaps, his zeal in preaching what he claimed to be the bishop's sermons. Dr. Eastburn was much given to amplification,

and Gilman always insisted that he had heard him once, when preaching on the parable of Dives and Lazarus, discuss the prayer of Dives in torments for a drop of water, as follows: "To this, my brethren, under the circumstances entirely natural, but, at the same time, no less completely inadmissible request, the aged patriarch replied."

The bishop, who enjoyed a reputation for eloquence, was wont to draw his lungs full of air at frequent periods during his discourses, thus keeping his voice strong, as skilful elocutionists advise; and on one very warm summer afternoon, according to Gilman's account, a little boy in the congregation, son of one of the most distinguished laymen in the diocese, becoming very uneasy and begging his mother to allow him to go home, she had quieted him several times by assuring him that the bishop would soon be through, when, just at one of the most impressive passages, the bishop having drawn in his breath as usual, the little boy screamed so as to be heard throughout the church, "No, he won't stop, mama; no, he won't stop; don't you see he has just blowed hisself up again?"

Gilman also told us a story of the bishop's catechizing the children in a Boston church, when, having taken the scriptural account of Jonah and carried the prophet into the whale's belly, he asked very impressively, "And now, children, how do you suppose that Jonah felt?" Whereupon little Sohier, son of the noted lawyer, piped out, "Down in the mouth, sir." Gilman insisted that the bishop was exceeding wroth, and complained to the boy's father, who was unable to conceal from the bishop his delight at his son's answer.

At one visit or another, mainly during the years of my connection with Cornell University, I met at Boston, pleasantly, the men who were then most distinguished in American literature. One of these, who interested me especially, was Ticknor, author of the "History of Spanish Literature." Longfellow always seemed to me a most

lovely being, whether at Nahant or at Cambridge. Lowell was wonderfully brilliant as well as kindly, and Edward Everett Hale delightful. It was the time of Hale's short stories in the "Atlantic Monthly," which seem to me the best ever written. Oliver Wendell Holmes I met so rarely that I have little memory of his brilliant conversation. Emerson I met then and at other times,—once, especially, in a railway train during one of his Western lecture tours; he was then reading the first volume of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," and, on my asking him how he liked it, instead of showing his usual devotion to the author, he burst forth into a stream of protests against Carlyle's "everlasting scolding at Dryasdust." A man who was as much overrated then as he is underrated now was Whipple, the essayist; he was always bright, and often suggestive; but too reliant upon a style which is now out of date,—frequently summoning "alliteration's artful aid," and resorting to other devices, fashionable then, but now discarded. Perhaps the best of all his sentences was the one on the three great statesmen of that period, to the effect that Webster was *in*ductive, Calhoun *de*ductive, and Clay *se*ductive; which was not only well stated but true. Very vividly comes back to me a supper-party given early in 1875 at the house of James T. Fields, in celebration of Bayard Taylor's birthday. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Fields and Taylor were present Richard H. Dana, eminent in law and letters; Cranch, then known both as a painter and poet; Mr. Osgood; and myself. Taylor recited, as I had heard him do at other times, from the productions of the Georgia poet, Chivers, and especially from the "Eonx of Ruby." Chivers, according to Taylor's showing, had become infatuated with Poe, and adorned his verses with every sort of beautiful word which he could coin, the result being as nonsensical a medley as was ever known. Earlier in the evening, Taylor, Fields, and myself had each of us been giving a lecture, and this led Taylor to speak of a recent experience of his while holding

forth in one of the smaller towns of Massachusetts. The chairman of the lecture committee, being seated beside him on the platform, and wishing to entertain him with edifying conversation while the audience was coming in remarked that they had had rather a trying experience during the lecture of the week before. On Taylor's asking what it was, the chairman answered: "The lecturer was seized by a *virago* on the stage." He meant *vertigo*. Dana told good stories of old Dr. Osgood of Medford, whose hatred of Democracy was shown not only in his well-known reading of Governor Gerry's proclamation, but in his bitter sermon at the election of Thomas Jefferson. At this some one gave a story regarding our contemporary Dr. Osgood, the eminent Unitarian clergyman, who, toward the end of his life, had gone into the Protestant Episcopal Church. I had known him as a man of much ability and power, but with a rather extraordinary way of asserting himself and patronizing people. He had recently died, and a legend had arisen that, on his arrival in the New Jerusalem, being presented to St. Paul, he said: "Sir, I have derived both profit and pleasure from your writings, and have commended them to my congregation."

Our host, Fields, was especially delightful. He gave reminiscences of his stay with Tennyson on the Isle of Wight—among others, of taking a walk with him one dark evening when, suddenly, the great poet fell on his knees, and seeming to burrow in the grass called out gutturally and gruffly: "Man, get down on your marrow-bones; here are violets." Fields also gave reminiscences of Charles Sumner, showing the great senator's utter lack of any sense of humor, and among them a story of his summoning his office-boy to his presence on the eve of the Fourth of July and addressing him on this wise: "Patrick, to-morrow is the natal day of our Republic; it is a day for public rejoicing, a time of patriotic festivity. You need not come to the office; go out and rejoice with our fellow-citizens that your lot is cast in so happy a country.

Here are fifty cents; I advise you to pass the day at the cemetery of Mount Auburn."

Very interesting to me were sundry excursions in the Southern States, the first as far back as 1864. After attending the Baltimore Convention which renominated Mr. Lincoln, and paying my respects to him at Washington, as stated in my political reminiscences, I went somewhat later to Richmond. Libby Prison had a sad interest for me, as for many at that time, and on all sides was seen the havoc of war; but perhaps the most curious feature of my stay was a visit to the house which had served as the White House of the Confederacy—the dwelling of Jefferson Davis, for, just as I entered the door I met one of the arch antislavery men of New England, Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven. Both of us were happy at the outcome of the war, but it was with a very solemn sort of joy that we thus met in such a place. I seemed to hear, as so often in the South of that day, and, indeed, in the North also, that fearful prophecy of Thomas Jefferson—when speaking of slavery in the Southern States—beginning with the words, "I tremble when I remember that God is just." Halting at Gettysburg on my return northward, I found marks of the terrible contest of the previous year still vivid. For miles, in all directions, on the roads and through the fields, were fragments of shell, of cannon, of harness, of clothing, and equipments of every sort. The trees, especially those near the great centers of the struggle, where the cemetery now is, were gashed and torn in trunk and branches, and here and there were to be seen fragments of human bodies which, having been too hastily buried, had been washed out by the rains.

About ten years later,—February, 1875,—being much worn with labor and care at the university, I made a short stay in the more Southern States, my first stop being at Washington, where I passed an interesting evening at the Executive Mansion with President Grant, who was as simple and cordial in manner as ever. The next

day I left Washington for Richmond and the far South, and on the morning following was aroused at one of the way-stations by hearing negroes singing in a neighboring car. They were happy at the prospect of breakfast, but a curious preliminary was that each came out upon the platform, and, taking a currycomb which was hung up for the purpose, curried himself, much as an ostler administers that treatment to a horse—every negro grasping in his turn the large wooden handle and pulling the iron teeth through his plentiful wool.

Stopping next at Columbia in South Carolina, I saw flagrant examples of carpet-bag rule; but of those in the State-house I have already spoken. Here was a focus of Southern feeling; and at the State University, which was charmingly situated, and altogether a most fitting home for scholars and thinkers, I was taken into the library where formerly stood the bust of Francis Lieber, once a professor in the institution. Never had the South a wiser or better friend. In after years I knew, loved, and respected him. No man with a deeper knowledge of free institutions, or with greater love for them, has ever lived in our country; but when the news came to his old university, where he had been so greatly admired, that he was true to the Union, his marble bust was torn from its place, dishonored, and destroyed. There could be no better illustration of Bishop Butler's idea of "a possible insanity of States."

On Sunday, having been taken by one of the professors in the university to a Protestant Episcopal church for colored people, of which he was rector, I was surprised at the light color and real beauty of many of the women present: nowhere, save in Jamaica, had I seen people of mixed races so attractive. In Charleston there were on all sides ruins, due not only to the Civil War, but to the more recent fire and earthquake. It all seemed as if the vengeance of Heaven had been wrought upon the city. My sympathies were deeply enlisted; I felt no anger over the past, no exultation. I was taken to a home for Con-

federate orphans and to another for widows, and in both were pointed out to me members of families, now hopelessly destitute, who before the war lived in luxury. In no city, at home or abroad, have I ever seen a line of stately mansions which seemed more fitting abodes for wealth and culture than those upon the esplanade at Charleston; in the days gone by a noble hospitality had centered there, but all was now silent and distressed.

On the 4th of March we arrived in Florida and found it fascinating. Never before had I been farther south upon the mainland of the United States than Charleston, and never had I seen anything of this region, save when the frigate bearing the Santo Domingo Commission touched at Key West. Among the most characteristic things at Jacksonville was a large church belonging to the negro Baptists, who were evidently the leading sect. The church was large, but unfinished, and a main feature of every service was passing the hat for contributions. The services were singular indeed. There was one old negro pastor who, though he could read little, if at all, had schooled himself to look into the Bible while reciting parts of chapters, and to keep his eyes upon the pages of his hymnal while repeating the hymns; and a very weighty function was the reading of notices of every sort of social gathering, especial prominence being given to meetings of fire-engine companies. The number of Northern visitors was very large, and it was evident that the negro managers of the congregation felt the importance of keeping on good terms with all of them, without regard to party; for, on one occasion, as the pastor was giving these notices, slowly deciphering them, with the aid of a younger minister, and reading them mechanically, he began as follows: "Dere will be a meetin.' of de Republikins of dis ward"—and instantly a number of the brethren started to their feet, and put up their hands with a long "Hu-u-u-sh!" The preacher was greatly embarrassed and passed on immediately to "There will be a meeting of No. 2 Fire Company," etc.,

etc. Most hearty of all was the singing, in which the whole congregation joined loudly and with voices clear and silvery. After the services were over there came regularly what was called the "*sperritual* part." Some one of the more gifted singers—of whom, perhaps, the most satisfactory was a young colored man in a black velvet coat and a brilliant red tie—came forward, stood before the pulpit, and began a long solo—as a rule, with scores of verses. One was on the creation, another on the flood, each verse paraphrasing the scriptural account; and the refrain, in which the whole congregation joined, was as follows:

"Ole Pharaoh he got law-s-t—
Got law-s-t, got law-s-t—
Ole Pharaoh he got drownded
In the Re-e-e-e-d Sea."

But soon came a song which amazed me. It was totally different in character from any of the others, and was called "The Seven Glories of Mary." One of the verses ran as follows:

"An' de berry next glory dat Mary she had,
It was de glory of sebben—
It was dat her Son Jesus he tolled de bells of hebben;"

and then, as at the end of each verse, came from the whole congregation the refrain:

"Oh, trials an' tribulashuns!
I 'm gwine to quit dis world."

Next day I sent for the singer and asked him where he had learned his songs. His answer was, "Boss, I made 'em up myself." To this I answered, "Quite likely, some of them; but not 'The Seven Glories of Mary.'" He thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, boss, you 're right; dat song I brought down from ole Virginny."

It was as I had thought. The song was an old Christmas carol, evidently brought from England in Colonial times; and the negroes, having substituted here and there a word or a phrase which struck them as finer than the original, had preserved it.

Strange, indeed, were the devotions of this great congregation. Occasionally some old plantation negro, gray-headed and worn with labor, would rise and lead in the prayers with a real inspiration, pouring out his whole heart, with all its hopes and sorrows. Never have I heard more pathetic supplications. More than once I have seen tears streaming from the eyes of the Northern visitors, and then, almost in a moment, the same faces wreathed in smiles at some farce in giving out the notices or in taking up the collections.

A charming episode in this Florida stay was an excursion up the St. John's River, through beautiful semi-tropical vegetation. But one thing was exceedingly vexatious. On the deck of the steamer were various tourists who enjoyed themselves by shooting the beautiful birds and interesting saurians of the region—mere wanton killing, with never any stop to pick up the bodies of these creatures. It reminded me of the old wastefulness in the North,—the exhaustive fishing of the rivers and streams, especially the trout-streams; the killing of deer by hundreds; and the wanton extermination of the buffalo. Wonderful to me were the great springs of the region—springs so large that the little steamer could make its way to them and upon them, so that from the deck we could look far, far down into the depths as through clear crystal. Most interesting of the people I met were Professor and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who were passing the winter in their house at Mandarin near by, and invited us to visit them. Theirs was a happy-go-lucky sort of life, in a simple cottage surrounded by great orange orchards, beyond which was a fringe of palmettos. On the morning after our arrival, Mrs. Stowe came in and said, "Well, we shall have din-

ner." To which I said, "Of course we shall." "No," said she, "not 'of course,' for when I awoke this morning there was nothing for dinner in the house, and no prospect of anything in the village; but, taking my walk, I met a negro with a magnificent wild turkey which he had just shot, and that we will have." Just before dinner, our hostess and I walked out into the orange orchard and there picked from the trees a large market-basket full of the most beautiful oranges ever seen,—large, sweet, and juicy; and these, embedded deftly by her in a great mass of rich green leaves, glorified the table during the discussion of the turkey, and became our dessert. Never was there a more sumptuous dinner, and never better talk. Mrs. Stowe was at her best, and the Doctor abounded in quaint citations from French memoirs, of which he was an indefatigable reader.

On the way North I stopped again at Charleston, visiting Drayton Hall, a fine old mansion dating from 1740, but never completed, surrounded by beautiful gardens filled with great azaleas in full bloom, the most gorgeous I have ever seen in any part of the world; but a cloud seemed to rise over it all when we were told that, except in winter, remaining on the island was for white people certain death. In all this journey through the South I added much to my library regarding Secession and the Civil War; accumulating newspapers, tracts, and books which became the nucleus of the large Civil War collection at Cornell. Then, too, there were talks with people on the train and in the hotels, sometimes profitable and sometimes amusing. As to the feeling between the whites and the negroes, a former master said to me, "My old niggers will do anything I wish except cast their ballots for me; they will give me anything they have in this world except their votes; they would starve themselves for me, but they won't vote for me." Among myriads of stories I heard one which seemed to argue more philosophic power in the negro than many suppose him to possess. A young planter at one of the Southern

watering-places appeared every day terribly bitten by mosquitos, so that, finally, some of the guests said to his negro body-servant, "Bob, why don't you take pains to protect your master with mosquito curtains?" To which the negro answered, "No use in it, sah; de fact is, sah, dat in de night-time Mars Tom is too drunk to care for de skeeters, and in de daytime de skeeters is too drunk to care for Mars Tom." There was also a revelation of negro religious feeling in a story told me regarding "Thad" Stevens. Mr. Stevens was in his day, on many accounts, the most powerful member of the House of Representatives—at times a very stern mentor to Mr. Lincoln, and to President Johnson a terror. I remember him as rough and of acrid humor, but with a sort of rugged power. The story was that one day, while at dinner, he heard at the sideboard the crash of a platter, and immediately, in a fury, called out, with a bitter oath, "Well, you —— —— idiot, what have you broken now?" To which the negro woman answered, "Bress de good Lord, it ain't de third commandmunt."

There were various other journeys on American soil, and among them a very delightful summer stay, in 1884, at Nantucket; but of all the impressions upon me at that period perhaps the strongest was made by a piece of crass absurdity not unusual in a certain stratum of American society. Making an excursion with my friend President Gilman from Nantucket to the United States Fisheries Station at Woods Holl, we stopped overnight at Martha's Vineyard, a beautiful little island which has now become a sort of saints' rest where, during the summer, a certain class of pious New Englanders of the less intellectual type crowd themselves into little cottages and enjoy a permanent camp-meeting. Never, except, perhaps, among the dervishes of Cairo, have I seen any religion more repulsive. On the evening of our arrival, Gilman and I went into the large skating-rink, where a German band was blowing its best, and a large concourse of young men and women from the various

pious families of the place were disporting themselves. Dancing was not allowed them, and so, with their arms around each other's waists, they were executing various gyrations on roller-skates to the sound of this music. Presently, as I sat rather listlessly looking on, I was struck by a peculiar change in the tune. Gilman, too, seemed in a way paralyzed by it; and, turning to him, I said, "Tell me what that music is." Then he came out of his daze and said, "Great heavens! it is 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'—played as a waltz!" So it was. The whole thing, to any proper religious, moral, or esthetic sense, was ghastly. These pious young men and women, who, on no account, were allowed to dance, were going through something far more indecent than any dancing I had ever seen, and to music which was a travesty of one of the most sacred of Christian compositions. I have long regarded camp-meetings as among the worst influences to which our rural youth are subjected—Joe Miller jokes in the pulpit, hysterics in the pews, with an atmosphere often blasphemous and sometimes erotic. A devoted country clergyman doing his simple duty—trying to lift his congregation to better views of life, partaking their joys and alleviating their sorrows, often a martyr to meddlesome deacons or to pompous trustees, and his wife a prey to the whimsical wives of opinionated pew-owners—such a man I deeply revere; but the longer I live the more I am convinced that the professional revivalist and the sensation preacher are necessarily and normally foes both to religion and to civilization.

CHAPTER LII

ENGLAND REVISITED—1885

IN 1885, having resigned the presidency at Cornell, after twenty years of service, I went to Europe; my main purpose being to leave my successor untrammeled as to any changes which he might see fit to make. He was an old friend and student of mine whom, when the trustees had asked me to nominate a man to follow me, I had named as the best man I knew for the work to be done; but, warm as were the relations between us, I made up my mind that it was best to leave him an entirely free hand for at least a year.

Crossing the ocean, I had the close companionship of Thomas Hughes ("Tom Brown"), and he was at his best. Among the stories he told was one of Browning. The poet one morning, hearing a noise in the street before his house, went to his window and saw a great crowd gazing at some Chinamen in gorgeous costumes who were just leaving their carriages to mount his steps. Presently they were announced as the Chinese minister at the Court of St. James and his suite. A solemn presentation having taken place, Browning said to the interpreter, "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of his Excellency's visit?" The interpreter replied, "His Excellency is a poet in his own country." Thereupon the two poets shook hands heartily. Browning then said, "May I ask to what branch of poetry his Excellency devotes himself?" to which the interpreter answered, "His Excellency devotes himself to poetical

enigmas." At this Browning, recognizing fully the comic element in the situation, extended his hand most cordially, saying, "His Excellency is thrice welcome; he is a brother, indeed."

The month of October was passed in the southwest of England, and there dwell in my mind recollections of Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, and Bristol; but, above all, of a stay with the historian Freeman at Wells. The whole life of that charming cathedral town and its neighborhood was delightful. Freeman's kindness opened all doors to us. The bishop, Lord Arthur Hervey, showed us kindly hospitality at his grand old castle, which we had entered by a drawbridge over the moat. Of especial interest to me was a portrait of one of his predecessors—dear old Bishop Ken, whose morning and evening hymns are among the most beautiful ties between England and the United States. In the evening, dining with the magistrates and lawyers, I heard good stories, among them some characterizing various eminent members of the profession, and of these I especially remember one at the expense of the late Lord Chancellors Westbury and Cranworth. Lord Cranworth, after the amalgamation of law and equity, was for some time in the habit of going to sit with the new judges in order to familiarize himself with the reformed practice, whereupon some one asked Lord Westbury, "Why does 'Cranny' go to sit with the judges?" to which Westbury answered, "Doubtless from a childish fear of being alone in the dark."

Next day I was invited to sit with the squires in the Court of Quarter Sessions, and was greatly interested in their mode of administering justice. There was a firmness, but at the same time a straightforward common sense about it all which greatly pleased me. A visit to Wells Cathedral with Freeman was in its way ideal; for never in all my studies of mediæval buildings have I had so good a guide. But perhaps the most curious experience of our stay was an attendance upon a political meeting at Glastonbury, in the Gladstonian interest. The first

speech was made by the candidate, Sir Hugh Davey; and in his anxiety to propitiate his hearers he began by addressing them as men whose ancestors had for centuries shown their devotion to free principles, and had especially given proof of this by hanging the last Abbot of Glastonbury at the old tower above the town. But, shortly afterward, when Freeman began his speech, it was evident that his love of historical truth and his devotion to church principles would not permit him to pass this part of Davey's harangue unnoticed. Referring then respectfully to his candidate for Parliament, Freeman went on to say in substance that his distinguished friend was in error; that the last Abbot of Glastonbury was not a traitor, but a martyr—a martyr to liberty, and a victim of that arch-enemy of liberty, Henry VIII. Any one who had heard Freeman in America as a lecturer would have been amazed at his ability as a political speaker. As a lecturer, trying to be eloquent while reading a manuscript, he was generally ineffective and sometimes comical,—worse even than the general run of lecturers in the German universities, and that is saying much; but as a public speaker he was excellent—so much so that, congratulating him afterward, and bearing in mind the fact that he had been formerly defeated for Parliament, I assured him that if he would come to America and make speeches like that, we would most certainly put him in Congress and keep him there. . . .

Toward the end of October we went on to Exeter, and there, at Heavitree Church, heard Bishop Bickersteth preach admirably; meeting him afterward at our luncheon with the vicar, and taking supper with him at the episcopal palace. He was perhaps best known in America as the author of the poem, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever"; and of this he gave me a copy, remarking that every year he received from the American publisher a check for fifty pounds, though there was no copyright requiring any payment whatever. In his study he showed me a copy of "The Book Annexed," which pre-

sented the enrichments and emendations which a number of devout scholars and thinkers were endeavoring to make in the Prayer-book of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and he spoke with enthusiasm of these additions, which, alas! have never yet been adopted.

Next came a visit to Torquay, where Kent's Cavern, with its prehistoric relics, interested me vastly. Looking at them, there could be no particle of doubt regarding the enormous antiquity of the human race. There were to be seen the evidences of man's existence scattered among the remains of animals long ago extinct—animals which must have lived before geological changes which took place ages on ages ago. Mixed with remains of fire and human implements and human bones were to be seen not only bones of the hairy mammoth and cave-bear, woolly rhinoceros and reindeer, which could have been deposited there only in a time of arctic cold, but bones of the hyena, hippopotamus, saber-toothed tiger, and the like, which could have been deposited only when the climate was torrid. The conjunction of these remains clearly showed that man had lived in England early enough and long enough to pass through times of arctic cold, and times of torrid heat; times when great glaciers stretched far down into England and, indeed, into the Continent, and times when England had a land connection with the European continent, and the European continent with Africa, allowing tropical animals to migrate freely from Africa to the middle regions of England.

The change wrought by such discoveries as these, not only in England, but in Belgium, France, and elsewhere, as regards our knowledge of the antiquity of the human race and the character of the creation process, is one of the great things of our epoch.[1]

Thence we visited various cathedral towns, being shown delightful hospitality everywhere. There re-

[1] I have discussed this more fully in my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," Vol. I, chap. vi.

mains vividly in my memory a visit to Worcester, where the dean, Lord Alwyn Compton, now Bishop of Ely, went over the cathedral with us, and showed us much kindness afterward at the deanery—a mediæval structure, from the great window of which we looked over the Severn and the famous Cromwellian battle-field.

Salisbury we found beautiful as of old; then to Brighton and to "The Bungalow" of Halliwell-Phillips, the Shaksperian scholar, and never have I seen a more quaint habitation. On the height above the town Phillips had brought together a number of portable wooden houses, and connected them with corridors and passages until all together formed a sort of labyrinth; the only clue being in the names of the corridors, all being chosen from Shakspere, and each being enriched with Shaksperian quotations appropriate and pithy. At his table during our stay we met various interesting guests, one of whom suggested the idea regarding the secret of Carlyle's cynicism and pessimism to which reference is made in my "Warfare of Science." Next came visits to various country houses, all delightful, and then a stay at Oxford, to which I was reinitiated by James Bryce; and for two weeks it was a round of interesting visits, breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners with the men best worth knowing at the various colleges. Interesting was a visit to All Souls College, which, having been founded as a place where sundry "clerks" should pray for the souls of those killed at the battle of Crécy, had, as Sir William Anson, its present head, showed me, begun at last doing good work after four hundred years of uselessness. In the chapel was shown me the restored reredos, which was of great size, extending from floor to ceiling, taking the place of the chancel window usual in churches, and made up of niches filled with statues of saints. As the heads of all the earlier statues had been knocked off during the fanatical period, there had been substituted, during the recent restoration, new statues of saints bearing the heads of noted scholars and others connected

with the college, among which Max Müller once pointed out to me his own, and a very good likeness it was. Interesting to me were Bryce's rooms at Oriel, for they were those in which John Henry Newman had lived: at that hearth was warmed into life the Oxford Movement. At one of the Oriel dinners, Bryce spoke of the changes at Oxford within his memory as enormous, saying that perhaps the greatest of these was the preference given to laymen over clergymen as heads of colleges. An example of this was the president of Magdalen. I had met him not many years before in Switzerland, as a young man, and now he had become the head of this great college, one of the foremost in the university. This impressed me all the more because my memory suggested a comparison between him and the president at my first visit, thirty years before: Warren, the present president, being an active-minded layman hardly over thirty, and his predecessor, Routh, a doctor of divinity, who was then in his hundredth year. It was curious to see that, while this change had been made to lay control, various relics of clerical dominance were still in evidence, and, among these, the surplice worn by Bryce, a member of Parliament, when he read the lessons from the lectern in Oriel chapel. At another dinner I was struck by a remark of his, that our problems in America seemed to him simple and easy compared with those of England; but as I revise these recollections, twenty years later, and think of the questions presented by our acquisitions in the West Indies and in the Philippine and Hawaiian islands, as well as the negro problem in the South and Bryanism in the North, to say nothing of the development of the Monroe Doctrine and the growth of socialistic theories, the query comes into my mind as to what he would think to-day.

November 9, 1885.

Dining at All Souls with Professor Dicey, I met Professor Gardiner, the historian, whom I greatly liked; his

lecture on "Ideas in English History," which I had heard in the afternoon, was suggestive, thorough, and interesting: he is evidently one of the historians whose work will last. In the hall I noted Lord Salisbury's portrait in the place of honor.

Tuesday, November 10.

Breakfasting at Oriel with Bryce, I met Broderick, warden of Merton, and there was an interesting political discussion. Bryce thought Chamberlain had alarmed the well-to-do classes, but trusted to Gladstone to bring matters around right, and, apropos of some recent occurrences, remarked upon the amazing depth of spite revealed in the blackballing at clubs. Took lunch at Balliol, where the discussion upon general and American history was interesting. Dined with Bryce at Oriel, and, the discussion falling upon English and American politics, sundry remarks of Fowler, president of Corpus Christi College, were pungent. He evidently thinks bitterly of political corruption in America, and I find this feeling everywhere here; politely concealed, of course, but none the less painful. I could only say that the contents of the caldron should not be judged from the scum thrown to the surface. In the evening to Professor Freeman's and met Mr. Hunt, known as a writer and an examiner in history. He complained bitterly of the cramming system, as so many do; thought that Jowett had done great harm by promoting it, and that the main work now done is for position in the honor list,—cram by tutors being everything and lectures nothing.

Wednesday, November 11.

Took luncheon with Fowler, president of Corpus Christi, a most delightful and open-minded man. I have enjoyed no one here more, few so much. We discussed the teaching of ethics, he lamenting the coming in of Hegelianism, which seems mainly used by sophists in upholding outworn dogmas. Afterward we took a long stroll together,

discussing as we walked his admirable little book on "Progress in Morals"; I suggesting some additions from my own experience in America. In the afternoon came Professor Freeman's lecture on Constantine. It was a worthy presentation of a great subject, but there were fewer than ten members of the university present, and only two of these remained until the close. In the evening I dined at Balliol, and, the conversation falling upon the eminent master of the college, Jowett, and his friendship with Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, and Freeman, a budding cynic recalled the verses:

> "I go first; my name is Jowett;
> I am the Master of Balliol College;
> Whatever 's worth knowing, be sure that I know it;
> Whatever I don't know is not knowledge."[1]

Whereupon some one cited a line from an Oxford satire: "Stubbs butters Freeman, and Freeman butters Stubbs"; at which I could only say that Jowett, Stubbs, and Freeman had seemed to me, in my intercourse with them, anything but dogmatic, pragmatic, or unctuous.

November 13.

In the morning breakfasted with Bryce and a dozen or more graduates and undergraduates in the common room at Oriel, and was delighted with the relations between instructors and instructed then shown. Nothing could be better. The discussion turning upon Froude, who had evidently fascinated many of the younger men by his style, Bryce was particularly severe against him for his carelessness as to truth. This reminded me of a remark made to me by Moncure Conway, I think, that Froude had begun with the career of a novelist, for which he had decided gifts; that Carlyle had then made him think this sort of work unworthy, urging him to write history; and that Froude had carried into historical writing the characteristics of a romance-writer. In the

[1] This is given differently in Tuckwell's reminiscences.

afternoon to a beautiful concert in the great hall of Christ Church. A curious sort of accommodation in quasi-boxes was provided by pushing the dining-tables to the sides of the room and placing the audience in chairs upon them and in front of them; it seemed to me more serviceable than cleanly. In the evening dined at Lincoln College with the rector, Dr. Merry, who was very agreeable and entertaining, giving interesting accounts of his predecessor, Mark Pattison, and of Wilberforce when Bishop of Oxford. One of the guests, a fellow of New College, told me that some fifty years ago an American, being entertained there showed the college dons how to make mint-julep, or something of the sort, and then sent them a large silver cup with the condition that it should be filled with this American drink every year on the anniversary of the donor's visit, and that this is regularly done. This pious donor must have been, I think, "Nat" Willis.

Sunday, November 15.

Lunched with Johnson, fellow of Merton, and met my old friend Mlle. Blaze du Bury. Her comments, from the point of view of a brilliant young Frenchwoman, on all she saw about her at Oxford were pungent and suggestive. In the evening heard the Archbishop of York, Thompson, preach at St. Mary's. He urged the students to consecrate themselves by their example to the maintenance of a better standard of morality; but, despite his strength and force, the sermon seemed heavy and perfunctory.

November 16.

To Windsor with a party of friends, and as we had a special permit to see a large number of rooms and curious objects not usually shown, the visit was very interesting. Sadly suggestive was Gordon's Bible, every page having its margins covered with annotations in his own hand: it was brought from Khartoum after his mur-

der, presented by his sister to the Queen, and is now preserved in an exquisitely wrought silver casket.

Tuesday, November 18.

Visited Somerville Hall for women, which shows a vast advance over Oxford as I formerly knew it. To think that its creation honors the memory of a woman who attained her high scientific knowledge in spite of every discouragement, and who, when she had attained it, was denounced outrageously from the pulpit of York Minster for it! Dined at Merton College with the warden, Hon. George Broderick, in the hall, which has been most beautifully restored by Sir Gilbert Scott. When will the founders of our American colleges and universities understand the vast educational value of surroundings like these, and especially of a "hall" in which students meet every day, beneath storied windows and the busts and portraits of the most eminent men in the history of science, literature, and public service?

In answer to the question whether in American universities there was anything like the association between instructors and students in England, I spoke of the evolution of our fraternity houses as likely to bring about something of the sort. The fraternal relation between teachers and taught is certainly the best thing in the English universities, and covers a multitude of sins. If I were a great millionaire I would establish in our greater universities a score or so of self-governing colleges, each with comfortable lodging-rooms and studies and with its own library and dining-hall. In the common room, after dinner, I sat next Professor Wallace, whose book on Kant I had read. He thinks the system of ethics really predominant in England is modified Kantianism.

November 19.

To Mortimer, near Reading, on a visit to Sir Paul Hunter, who once visited me at Cornell. Extracts from my diary of this visit are as follows:

November 20.

To Bearwood, the seat of John Walter, M.P., proprietor of the "Times," and for the first time in my life saw a fox hunt, with the meet, the huntsmen in red coats, and all the rest of it.

November 21.

Visited the old Abbey Church at Reading with Sir Paul, and in the evening met various interesting people at dinner, among them Sir John Mowbray, M.P. for Oxford, and Mr. Walter.

Sunday, November 22.

After morning service in the beautiful parish church, which, with its schools, was the gift of Mr. Benyon, several of us took a walk to Silchester, with its ruins of an old Roman bath, on the Duke of Wellington's estate. In the evening Mr. Walter, who usually appears so reticent and quiet, opened himself to me quite freely, speaking very earnestly regarding the unfortunate turn which the question between Catholics and Protestants has taken in England under pressure from the Vatican, especially as regards marriages, and illustrating his view by some most suggestive newspaper cuttings. He also gave me what he claimed was the true story of Earl Russell's conduct in letting out the Confederate cruisers against us during the Civil War, attributing it to the fact that an underling charged with preventing it went suddenly mad, so that the matter did not receive early attention. But this did not modify my opinion of Earl Russell. Thank Heaven, he lived until he saw Great Britain made to pay heavily for his obstinacy. Pity that he did not live to see the present restoration of good feeling between the two countries; *esto perpetua* (1905).

Monday, November 23.

In the afternoon drove to "Bramshill," the magnificent seat of Sir William Cope; after all, there has never been

any domestic architecture so noble as the Elizabethan and Jacobean. In the evening to a Tory meeting, Sir John Mowbray presiding; his opening speech astounded me. Presenting the claims of his party, he said that the Tories were not only the authors of extended suffrage under Lord Beaconsfield, but that they ought also to have the credit of free trade in grain, since Sir Robert Peel had supported the bill for the repeal of the corn laws. Remembering the treatment which Sir Robert Peel received from Disraeli and the Tory party for this very act, it seemed to me that Sir John's speech was the coolest thing I had ever heard in my life. It was taken in good part, however. In America I am quite sure that such a speech would have been considered an insult to the audience.

November 24.

To Cambridge, where I met a number of old friends, including Dr. Waldstein, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, and Sedley Taylor, fellow of Trinity; and in the evening dined at King's College with the former and a number of interesting men, including Westcott, the eminent New Testament scholar (since Bishop of Durham).

November 26.

Dined at Trinity College with Sedley Taylor and others, and thence to the Politico-Economic Association to hear a discussion upon coöperation in production; those taking the principal part in the meeting being sundry leading men among the professors and fellows devoted to political economy. During the day I called on Robertson Smith, the eminent biblical critic, who, having been thrown out of the Free Church of Scotland for revealing sundry truths in biblical criticism a dozen years too soon, has been received into a far better place at Cambridge.

November 27.

Had a delightful hour during the morning in King's College chapel with Bradshaw, the librarian of the uni-

versity—a most accomplished man. He has a passion for church architecture, and his discussions of the wonderful stained windows of the chapel were very interesting. The evening service at King's College was most beautiful: nothing could be more perfect than the antiphonal rendering of the Psalms by the two choirs and the great organ. More and more I am impressed by the *educational* value of such things.

November 28.

During the greater part of the day in the library of Trinity College with Sedley Taylor. Years before, I had explored its treasures with Aldis Wright, but there were new things to fascinate me. Dining at King's College with Waldstein, met Professor Seeley, author of the "Life of Stein," a book which, ever since its appearance, has been an object of my admiration.

November 29.

In the morning, at King's College chapel, I was greatly struck by the acoustic properties of this immense building; for, having seated myself near the door at the west end, I distinctly heard every word of the prayer for the church militant as it was recited before the altar at the other end. Afterward, at Oscar Browning's rooms, looked over a multitude of interesting documents, including British official reports from New York during our War of the Revolution; and in the evening, at Waldstein's rooms, met Sir Henry Maine and discussed with him his book on "Popular Government." He interested me greatly, and I pointed out to him some things which, in my opinion, he might well dwell more strongly upon in future editions, and among these the popularity of the veto power in the United States, as shown in its extension by recent legislation of various States to items of supply bills.

At noon to luncheon at Christ's College with Professor Robertson Smith, the Scotch heretic. This was the Cam-

bridge home of Milton and Darwin, interesting memorials of whom were shown me. Among the guests was Dr. Creighton, professor of ecclesiastical history. The early part of Creighton's book on the "History of the Papacy During the Reformation Period" had especially interested me, and I now enjoyed greatly his knowledge of Italian matters. He discussed Tomasini's book on Machiavelli, and sundry new Italian books on the relations of the Popes and Fra Paolo Sarpi.

November 30.

Took tea at St. Mary's Hall with Sir Henry Maine, and continued our discussion on his "Popular Government," which, while opposed to democracy, pays a great tribute to the Constitution of the United States. Dined with Professor Creighton; met various interesting people, and discussed with him and Mrs. Creighton sundry points in English history, especially the career of Archbishop Laud; my opinion of Macaulay's injustice being confirmed thereby.

December 1.

Went in the morning with Sedley Taylor and Professor Stuart, M.P., an old friend of former visits, and inspected the mechanical laboratory and workshops. There were about seventy university men, more or less, engaged in these, and it was interesting to see English Cambridge adopting the same line which we have already taken at Cornell against so much opposition, and surprising to find the Cambridge equipment far inferior to that of Cornell. Afterward visited the polling booths for an election which was going on, and noted the extraordinary precautions against any interference with the secrecy of the ballot. Also to the Cavendish physical laboratory, which, like the mechanical laboratory, was far inferior in equipment to ours at Cornell. In the evening to the Greek play,—the "Eumenides" of Æschylus,—which was wonderfully well done. The Athena, Miss Case of Girton College, was superb; the Apollo imposing; the

Orestes a good actor; and the music very effective. I found myself seated next Andrew Lang, so well known for his literary activity in various fields; and on speaking to him of the evident delights of life at Cambridge and Oxford, I found that he had outlived his enthusiasm on that subject.

December 2.

In the morning took a charming walk through St. Peter's, Queen's, and other colleges, enjoying their quiet interior courts, their halls and cloisters, the bridges across the Cam, and the walks beyond. Then to a lecture by Professor Seeley on "Forces of Government in History." It was admirably clear, though, in parts, perhaps too subtle. As to England he summed all up by saying that its present system was simply revolution at any moment. Walking home with him afterward, I asked why, if his statement were correct, it did not realize the old ideal in France—namely, that of "*La révolution en permanence.*" At luncheon with Waldstein at King's College we found Lord Lytton, recently governor-general of India, known to literature as "Owen Meredith," with Lady Lytton; also Sir William Anson, provost of All Souls; as well as the Athena of last evening, Miss Case; the Orestes, the Apollo, Sir Henry Maine, and others. I was amused at the difference between Lord Lytton's way of greeting me and his treatment of Sir William Anson. When I was introduced, he at once took me by the hand, and began talking very cordially and openly; but when his eminent countryman was introduced, each eyed the other as if in suspicion, did not shake hands, bowed very coldly, and said nothing beyond muttering some one of the usual formulas. It was a curious example of the shyness of Englishmen in meeting each other, and of their want of shyness in meeting men from other countries. At table Lord Lytton spoke regarding the annexation of Burmah, likely to be accomplished by the dethronement of the king, Theebaw; said that it

ought to have been accomplished long ago, and that the delay of action in the premises was due to English timidity. Both he and Lady Lytton were very agreeable. He gave an interesting account of a native drama performed before him in India at the command of one of the great princes, though speaking of it as "deadly dull." Speaking of difficulties in learning idioms, he told the story of a German professor who, priding himself on his thorough knowledge of English idioms, said, "We must, as you English say, take ze cow by ze corns." At this some one rejoined with the story of the learned baboo in India who spoke of something as "magnificent, soul-inspiring, and *tip-top.*" As another example of baboo English was mentioned the inscription upon one of the show-cases in an exhibition in India: "All the goods in this case are for sale, but they cannot be removed until after the day of judgment."

In the evening met the Historical Club at Oscar Browning's rooms, and heard an admirable paper by Professor Seeley on "Bourbon Family Compacts." He said that the fact of their existence was not fully established until Ranke mentioned them, and that he, Seeley, then examined the English Foreign Office records and found them. He spoke of them as refuting the arguments of Macaulay and others as to the folly of supposing that different branches of the same family on different thrones are likely to coalesce. Oscar Browning then read a paper on the flight of Louis XVI to Varennes. It was elaborate, and based on close study and personal observation. Browning had even taken measurements of the distance over which King Louis passed on that fatal night, with the result that he proved Carlyle's account to be entirely inaccurate, and his indictment against Louis XVI based upon it to be absurd. So far from the King having lumbered along slowly through the night in Mme. Korf's coach because he had not the force of character to make his driver go rapidly, Browning found that the journey was made in remarkably quick time.

December 3.

Breakfasting with Sedley Taylor, I met Professor Stuart, M.P., who thinks a great liberal, peaceful revolution in the English constitution will be accomplished within the next fifty years. Thence walked with Taylor to Newnham College, where we were very kindly received by Miss Gladstone, daughter of the prime minister, and shown all about the place. We were also cordially received by Miss Clough, and made the acquaintance of two American girls, one from New Jersey and the other from California. Much progress had been made since my former visit under the guidance of Professor and Mrs. Fawcett. Thence to Jesus College chapel and saw William Morris's stained glass, which is the most beautiful modern work of the kind known to me.

December 4.

Visited St. John's, St. Peter's, and other colleges; in the afternoon saw the eight-oared boats come down the river in fine style; and in the evening went to the annual "audit dinner" at Trinity College, the number of visitors in the magnificent hall being very large. I found myself between the vice-master, Trotter, and Professor Humphrey, the distinguished surgeon. The latter thought Vienna had shot ahead of Berlin in surgery, though he considered Billroth too venturesome, and praised recent American works on surgery, but thought England was still keeping the lead. At the close of the dinner came a curious custom. Two servants approached the vice-master at the head of the first table, laid down upon it a narrow roll of linen, and then the guests rolled this along by pushing it from either side until, when it had reached the other end, a strip of smooth linen was left along the middle of the whole table. Then a great silver dish, with ladles on either side, and containing some sort of fragrant fluid, was set in front of the vice-master, upon the narrow strip of linen which had formed the roll,

and the same thing was repeated at each of the other tables. The vice-master having then filled a large glass at his side from the dish, and I, at his suggestion, having done the same, the great dish was pushed down the table to guest after guest, each following our example. Waiting to see what was to follow, I presently observed a gentleman near me dipping his napkin into his glass and vigorously scrubbing his face and neck with it, evidently to cool himself off after dinner; this was repeated with more or less thoroughness by others present; and then came a musical grace after meat—the *non nobis, Domine* —wonderfully given by the choir. In the combination room, afterward, I met most agreeably Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., a nephew of Macaulay, who has written an admirable biography of his uncle.

December 6.

Dined at Trinity College as the guest of Aldis Wright, and met a number of interesting men, among them Mahaffy, the eminent professor of Greek at Trinity College, Dublin. Both he and Wright told excellent stories. Among those of the latter was one of a Scotchwoman who, on being informed of the change made by the revisers in the Lord's Prayer,—namely, "and deliver us from the evil one,"—said, "I doot he 'll be sair uplifted." Mahaffy gave droll accounts of Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. One of these had as its hero a country clergyman who came to ask Whately for a living which had just become vacant. The archbishop, thinking to have a little fun with his guest, said, "Of course, first of all, I must know what your church politics are: are you an attitudinarian, a latitudinarian, or a platitudinarian?" To which the parson replied, "Thank God, your Grace, I am not an Arian at all at all, if that 's what ye mane." The point of this lay in the fact that among the charges constantly made by the High-church party against Whately was that of secret Unitarianism. But the reply so amused Whately that he bestowed the living on the old parson at

once. Mahaffy also said that when Archbishop Trench, who was a man exceedingly mindful of the proprieties of life, arrived in Dublin he assured Mahaffy that he intended to follow in all things the example of his eminent predecessor, whereupon Mahaffy answered, "Should your Grace do so, you will in summer frequently sit in your shirt sleeves on the chains in front of your palace, swinging to and fro, and smoking a long pipe."

Some one capped this with a story that, on a visitor once telling Whately how a friend of his in a remote part of Ireland had such confidence in the people about him that he never locked his doors, the archbishop quietly replied, "Some fine morning, when your friend wakes, he will find that he is the only spoon left in the house."

December 7.

For several days visiting attractive places in London. Of most interest to me were talks with Lecky, the historian. He especially lamented Goldwin Smith's expatriation, and referred to his admirable style, though regretting his lack of continuity in historical work. Though an Irishman devoted most heartily to Ireland, Lecky thought Gladstone's home rule policy suicidal. On my telling him of Oscar Browning's study of Louis XVI's flight to Varennes, he stood up for Carlyle's general accuracy. He liked Sir Henry Maine's book, but was surprised at so much praise for "The Federalist," since he thought Story's "Commentaries" much better. He thought Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" showed too much fondness for very large generalizations. He liked Hildreth's "History of the United States" better than Bancroft's, and I argued against this view. He praised Buckle's style, and when I asked him regarding his own "Eighteenth Century," he said it was to be longer than he had expected. As to his "European Morals," he said that it must be recast before it could be continued. Returning to the subject of home rule in Ireland, he said it was sure to lead to

man Parliament, and Lord Acton (since professor of history at the University of Cambridge), all interesting men, but the latter peculiarly so: the nearest approach to omniscience I have ever seen, with the possible exception of Theodore Parker. Another person who especially attracted me was Sir Charles Murray, formerly British minister at Lisbon and Dresden. His first wife was an American,—Miss Wadsworth of Geneseo,—and he had traveled much in America—once through the Adirondacks with Governor Seymour of New York, of whom he spoke most kindly. Discussing the Eastern Question, he said that any nation, except Russia, might have Constantinople; he gave reminiscences of old King John of Saxony, who was very scholarly, but the last man in the world to be a king. Most charming of all were his reminiscences of Talleyrand. The best things during my stay were my walks and talks with Lord Acton, who was full of information at first hand regarding Gladstone and other leaders both in England and on the Continent. Although a Roman Catholic, he spoke highly of Fraser, late Anglican Bishop of Manchester. As to Americans, he had known Charles Sumner in America, but had not formed a high opinion of him, evidently thinking that the senator orated too much; he had with him a large collection of books, selected, doubtless, from his two large libraries, in London and in the Tyrol, and with this he astonished one as does a juggler who, from a single small bottle, pours out any kind of wine demanded. For example, one day, Bunsen, Bryce, and myself being with him, the first-named said something regarding a curious philological tract by Bernays, put forth when Bunsen was a student at Göttingen, but now entirely out of print. At this Lord Acton went to one of his shelves, took down this rare tract, and handed it to us. So, too, during one of our walks, the talk happening to fall upon one of my heroes, Fra Paolo Sarpi, I asked how it was that, while in the old church on the Lagoon at Venice I had at three different visits sought Sarpi's grave in vain, I

CHAPTER LIII

FRANCE, ITALY, AND SWITZERLAND—1886-1887

NEW YEAR'S day of 1886 found my wife and myself again in Paris; and, during our stay of nearly a fortnight there, we met various interesting persons—among them Mr. McLane, the American minister at that post, whom I had last seen, over thirty years before, when we crossed the ocean together—he then going as minister to China, and I as attaché to St. Petersburg. His discussions both of American and French politics were interesting; but a far more suggestive talker was Mme. Blaze de Bury. Though a Frenchwoman, she was said to be a daughter of Lord Brougham; his portrait hung above her chair in the salon, and she certainly showed a versatility worthy of the famous philosopher and statesman, of whom it was said, when he was appointed chancellor, that if he only knew a little law he would know a little of everything. She apparently knew not only everything, but everybody, and abounded in revelations and prophecies.

On the way from Paris to the Riviera we encountered at Lyons very cold weather, and, giving my wraps to my wife, I hurried out into the station in the evening, bought of a news-vender a mass of old newspapers, and, having swathed myself in these, went through the night comfortably, although our coupé was exposed to a most piercing wind.

Arriving at Cannes, we found James Bryce of the English Parliament, Baron George von Bunsen of the Ger-

thereupon to the Congregation, which then allows or condemns them, as may seem best; and I marveled much when, in the afternoon of that day, he sent me specimens of such original reports on various books.

He agreed with me that the papal condemnation of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" was a mistake as a matter of policy—as great a mistake, indeed, as hundreds and thousands of other condemnations had been. Of Pope Leo XIII he spoke with respect, giving me an account of the very liberal concessions made by him at the Vatican library, so that it is now freely opened to Protestants, whereas it was formerly kept closely shut. At a later period this was confirmed to me by Dr. Philip Schaff, the eminent Protestant church historian, who told me that formerly at the Vatican library he was only allowed, as a special favor, to look at the famous Codex, with an attendant watching him every moment; whereas after Pope Leo XIII came into control he was permitted to study the Codex and take notes from it at his ease.

In another of his walks Lord Acton discussed Gladstone, whom he greatly admired, but pointed out some curious peculiarities in the great statesman and churchman,—among these, that he worshiped the memory of Archbishop Laud and detested the memory of William III.

Very interesting were sundry little dinners on Saturday evenings at the Cercle Nautique, at which I found not only Lord Acton, but Sir Henry Keating, a retired English judge; General Palfrey, who had distinguished himself in our Civil War; and a few other good talkers. At one of these dinners Sir Henry started the question: "Who was the greatest man that ever lived?" Lord Acton gave very interesting arguments in favor of Napoleon, while I did my best in favor of Cæsar; my argument being that the system which Cæsar founded maintained the Roman Empire during nearly fifteen hundred years after his death; that its fundamental ideas and features have remained effective in various great nations

until the present day; and that they have in our own century shown themselves more vigorous than ever. Lord Acton insisted that we have no means of knowing the processes of Cæsar's mind; that we know the mode of thinking of only two ancients, Socrates and Cicero; that possibly, if we knew more of Shakspere's mental processes, the preëminence might be claimed for him, but that we know nothing of them save from his writings; while we know Napoleon's thoroughly from the vast collections of memoirs, state papers, orders, conversations, etc., as well as in his amazing dealings with the problems of his time; that the scope and power of Napoleon's mental processes seem almost preternatural, and of this he gave various remarkable proofs. He argued that considerations of moral character and aims, as elements in greatness, must be left out of such a discussion; that the intellectual processes and their results were all that we could really estimate in comparing men. Sir Henry Keating observed that his father, an officer in the British army, was vastly impressed by the sight of Napoleon at St. Helena; whereupon Lord Acton remarked that Thiers acknowledged to Guizot, who told Lord Acton, that Napoleon was "*un scélérat.*" That seemed to me a rather strong word to be used by a man who had done so much to revive the Napoleonic legend. Lord Acton also quoted a well-authenticated story—vouched for by two persons whom he named, one of them being the Count de Flahaut, who was present and heard the remark—that when the imperial guards broke at Waterloo, Napoleon said, "It has always been so since Crécy."

Toward the end of February we went on to Florence, and there met, frequently, Villari, the historian; Mantegazzi; and other leading Florentines. Mention being made of the Jesuit Father Curci, who had rebelled against what he considered the fatal influence of Jesuitism on the papacy, Villari thought him too scholastic to have any real influence. Of Settembrini he spoke highly

as a noble character and valuable critic, though with no permanent place in Italian literature. He excused the tardiness of Italians in putting up statues to Giordano Bruno and Fra Paolo Sarpi, since they had so many other recent statues to put up. As I look back upon this conversation, it is a pleasure to remember that I have lived to see both these statues—that of Bruno, on the place in Rome where he was burned alive, and that of Sarpi, on the place in Venice where the assassins sent by Pope Paul V left him for dead.

Early in March we arrived in Naples, going piously through the old sights we had seen several times before. Revisiting Amalfi, I saw the archbishop pontificating at the cathedral: he was the finest-looking prelate I ever saw, reminding me amazingly of my old professor, Silliman of Yale. Then, during the stay of some weeks in Sorrento, I took as an Italian teacher a charming old *padre,* who read his mass every morning in one of the churches and devoted the rest of the day to literature. He was at heart liberal, and it was from him that I received a copy of the famous "Politico-Philosophical Catechism," adopted by Archbishop Apuzzo of Sorrento, than which, probably, nothing more defiant of moral principles was ever written. The archbishop had been made by "King Bomba" tutor to his son, and no wonder that the young man was finally kicked ignominiously off his throne, and his country annexed to the Italian kingdom. This catechism, written years before by the elder Leopardi, but adopted and promoted by the archbishop, was devoted to maintaining the righteousness of all that system of extreme despotism, oath-breaking, defiance of national sentiment, and violations of ordinary decency, which had made the kingdom of Naples a byword during so many generations. Therein patriotism was proved to be a delusion; popular education an absurdity; observance of the monarch's sworn word opposition to divine law; a constitution a mere plaything in the monarch's hands; the Bible is steadily quoted in behalf of "the

right divine of kings to govern wrong"; and all this with a mixture of cynicism and unctuousness which makes this catechism one of the most remarkable political works of modern times.

At this time I made an interesting acquaintance with Francis Galton, the eminent English authority on heredity. Discussing dreams, he told me a story of a lady who said that she knew that dreams came true; for she dreamed once that the number 3 drew a prize in the lottery, and again that the number 8 drew it; and so, she said, "I multiplied them together, $3 \times 8 = 27$, bought a ticket bearing the latter number, and won the prize."

Very interesting were my meetings with Marion Crawford, the author. Nothing could be more delightful than his villa and surroundings, and his accounts of Italian life were fascinating, as one would expect after reading his novels. Another new acquaintance was Mr. Mayall, an English microscopist; he gave me accounts of his visit to the Louvre with Herbert Spencer, who, after looking steadily at the "Immaculate Conception" of Murillo, said, "I cannot like a painted figure that has no visible means of support."

On my return northward I visited the most famous of Christian monasteries,—the cradle of the Benedictine order,—Monte Cassino, and there met a young English novice, who introduced me to various Benedictine fathers, especially sundry Germans who were decorating with Byzantine figures the lower story, near the altar of St. Benedict. At dinner the young man agreed with me that it might be well to have a Benedictine college at Oxford, but thought that any college established there must be controlled by the Jesuit order. He professed respect for the Jesuits, but evidently with some mistrust of their methods. On my asking if he thought he could bear the severe rule of his order, especially that of rising about four o'clock in the morning and retiring early in the evening, he answered that formerly he feared that he could not, but that now he believed he could. On my

tentative suggestion that he come and establish a Benedictine convent on Cayuga Lake, he told me that he should probably be sent to Scotland.

The renowned old monastery seems to be mindful of its best traditions, for it has established within its walls an admirably equipped printing-house, in which I was able to secure for Cornell University copies of various books by learned Benedictines—some of them, by the beauty of their workmanship, well worthy to be placed beside the illuminated manuscripts which formerly came from the Scriptoria.

At Rome I was taken about by Lanciani, the eminent archæologist in control of the excavations, who showed me beautiful things newly discovered and now kept in temporary rooms near the Capitol. To my surprise, he told me that there is absolutely no authentic bust of Cicero dating from his time; but this was afterward denied by Story, the American sculptor, who pointed out to me a cast of one in his studio. Story spoke gloomily of the condition of Italy, saying that formerly there were no taxes, but that now the taxes are crushing. He added that the greatest mistake made by the present Pope was that, during the cholera at Naples, he remained in Rome, while King Humbert went immediately to that city, visited the hospitals, cheered the cholera-stricken, comforted them, and supplied their wants.

On Easter Sunday I saw Cardinal Howard celebrate high mass in St. Peter's. He had been an English guardsman, was magnificently dressed, and was the very ideal of a proud prelate. The audience in the immediate neighborhood of the altar were none too reverential, and in other parts of the church were walking about and talking as if in a market; all of this irreverence reminding me of the high mass which I had seen celebrated by Pope Pius IX at the same altar on Easter day of 1856.

Calling on the former prime minister, Minghetti, who had been an associate of Cavour, I found him very interesting, as was also Sambuy, senator of the kingdom and

syndic of Turin, who was with him. Minghetti said that the Italian school system was not yet satisfactory, though young men are doing well in advanced scientific, mathematical, historical, and economic studies. On my speaking of a statistical map in my possession which revealed the enormous percentage of persons who can neither read nor write in those parts of Italy most directly under the influence of the church, he said that matters were slowly improving under the new régime. He spoke with respect of Leo XIII, saying that he was not so bitter in his utterances against Italy as Pius IX had been. Discussing Bismarck and Cavour, he said that both were eminently practical, but that Cavour adhered to certain principles, such as free trade, freedom of the church, and the like, whereas Bismarck was wont to take up any principle which would serve his temporary purpose. Minghetti hoped much, eventually, from Cavour's idea of toleration, and spoke with praise of the checks put by the American Constitution on unbridled democracy, whereupon I quoted to him the remark of Governor Seymour in New York, the most eminent of recent Democratic candidates for the Presidency, to the effect that the merit of our Constitution is not that it promotes democracy, but that it checks it. Minghetti spoke of Sir Henry Maine's book on "Free Government" with much praise; in spite of its anti-democratic tendencies, it had evidently raised his opinion of the American Constitution. He also praised American scientific progress. Sambuy said that the present growth of the city of Rome is especially detested by the clergy, since it is making the city too large for them to control; that their bitterness is not to be wondered at, since they clearly see that, no matter what may happen,—even if the kingdom of Italy were to be destroyed to-morrow,—it would be absolutely impossible for the old régime of Pope, cardinals, and priests ever again to govern the city; that with this increase of the population, and its long exercise of political power, the resumption of temporal power by the Pope

is an utter impossibility; that even if revolution or anarchy came, the people would never again take refuge under the papacy.

Very interesting were sundry gatherings at the rooms of Story, the sculptor. Meeting there the Brazilian minister at the papal court, I was amazed by his statements regarding the rules restricting intercourse between diplomatists accredited to the Vatican and those accredited to the Quirinal; he said that although the minister from his country to the Quirinal was one of his best friends, he was not allowed to accept an invitation from him.

The American minister, Judge Stallo of Cincinnati, seemed to me an admirable man, in spite of the stories circulated by various hostile cliques. At the house of the British ambassador Stallo spoke in a very interesting way of Cardinal Hohenlohe as far above his fellows and capable of making a great pope. The political difficulties in Italy, he said, were very great, and, greatest of all, in Naples and Sicily. Dining with him, I met my old friend Hoffmann, rector of the University of Berlin, and a number of eminent Italian men of science, senators, and others.

At the house of Dr. Nevin, rector of the American Episcopal church, I met the Dutch minister, who corroborated my opinion that the British parliamentary system generally works badly in the Continental countries, since it causes constantly recurring changes in ministers, and prevents any proper continuity of state action, and he naturally alluded to the condition of things in France as an example.

Among other interesting people, I met the abbot of St. Paul Outside the Walls, to whom Lord Acton, in response to my question as to whether there was such a thing as a "learned Benedictine" extant, had given me a letter of introduction. The good abbot turned out to be an Irishman with some of the more interesting peculiarities of his race; but his conversation was more vivid

than illuminating. He had reviewed various books for the Congregation of the Index, one of these, a book which I had just bought, being on "The Architecture of St. John Lateran." He held a position in the Propaganda, and I was greatly struck by his minute knowledge of affairs in the United States. The question being then undecided as to whether a new bishopric for central New York was to be established at Utica or Syracuse, he discussed both places with much minute knowledge of their claims and of the people residing in them. I put in the best word I could for Syracuse, feeling that if a bishopric was to be established, that was the proper place for it; and afterward I had the satisfaction of learning that the bishop had been placed there. The abbot had known Secretary Seward and liked him.

Leaving Rome in May, we made visits of deep interest to Assisi, Perugia, Orvieto, and other historic towns, and, arriving at Florence again, saw something of society in that city. Count de Gubernatis, the eminent scholar, who had just returned from India, was eloquent in praise of the Taj Mahal, which, of all buildings in the world, is the one I most desire to see. He thinks that the stories regarding juggling in India have been marvelously developed by transmission from East to West; that growing the mango, of which so much is said, is a very poor trick, as is also the crushing, killing, and restoration to life of a boy under a basket; that these marvels are not at all what the stories report them to be; that it is simply another case of the rapid growth of legends by transmission. He said that hatred for England remains deep in India, and that caste spirit is very little altered, his own servant, even when very thirsty, not daring to drink from a bottle which his master had touched.

Dining with Count Ressi at his noble villa on the slope toward Fiesole, I noted various delicious Italian wines upon the table, but the champagne was what is known as "Pleasant Valley Catawba," from Lake Keuka in western New York, which the count, during his journey

to Niagara, had found so good that he had shipped a quantity of it to Florence.

A very interesting man I found in the Marquis Alfieri Sostegno, vice-president of the Senate,—a man noted for his high character and his writings. He is the founder of the new "School for Political and Social Studies," and gave me much information regarding it. His family is of mediæval origin, but he is a liberal of the Cavour sort. Preferring constitutional monarchy, but thinking democracy inevitable, he asks, "Shall it be a democracy like that of France, excluding all really leading men from power, or a democracy influenced directly by its best men?" In his school he has attempted to train young men in the practical knowledge needed in public affairs, and hopes thus to prepare them for the inevitable future. This college has encountered much opposition from the local universities, but is making its way.

Another man of the grand old Italian sort was Peruzzi, syndic of Florence, a former associate of Cavour, and one of the leading men of Italy. Calling for me with two other senators, he took me to his country villa, which has been in the possession of the family for over four hundred years, and there I dined with a very distinguished company. Everything was large and patriarchal, but simple. The discussions, both at table and afterward, as we sat upon the terrace with its wonderful outlook over one of the richest parts of Tuscany, mainly related to Italian matters. All seemed hopeful of a reasonable solution of the clerical difficulty. Most interesting was his wife, Donna Emilia, well known for her brilliant powers of discussion and her beautiful qualities as a hostess both at the Peruzzi palace in Florence and in this villa, where one meets men of light and leading from every part of the world.

From Florence we went on to the Italian lakes, staying especially at Baveno, Lugano, and Cadenabbia. Especially interesting to me were the scenes depicted in the first part of Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi." An eminent

Italian told me at this time that Manzoni never forgave himself for his humorous delineations of the priest Don Abbondio, who figures in these scenes after a somewhat undignified fashion. Interesting also was a visit to the tomb of Rosmini, with its portrait-statue by Vela, in the monastery looking over the most beautiful part of the Lago Maggiore. Thence by the St. Gotthard to Zurich, where we visited my old colleague, Colonel Roth, the Swiss minister at Berlin. Very simple and charming was his family life at Teufen. In the library I noticed a curious shield, and upon it several swords, each with an inscription; and, on my asking regarding them, I was told that they were the official swords of Colonel Roth's great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and himself, each of whom had been *Landamman* of the canton. He told me that as *Landamman* he presided from time to time over a popular assembly of several thousand people; that it was a republic such as Rousseau advocated,—all the people coming together and voting, by "yes" and "no" and showing of hands, on the proposals of the *Landamman* and his council. Driving through the canton, I found that, while none of the people were rich, few were very poor, and that the Catholic was much behind the Protestant part in thrift and prosperity.

My love for historical studies interested me greatly in a visit to the Abbey of St. Gall. The mediæval buildings are virtually gone, and a mass of rococo constructions have taken their place. Gone, too, in the main, is the famous library of the middle ages; but the eminent historian and archivist, Henne Am Rhyn, showed me the ancient catalogue dating from the days of Charlemagne, and one or two of the old manuscripts referred to in it, which have done duty for more than a thousand years. Then followed my second visit to the Engadine, reached by two days' driving in the mountains from Coire; and during my stay at St. Moritz I made the acquaintance of many interesting people,—among them Admiral Irvine of the British navy. Speaking of the then recent sinking of

the Cunarder *Oregon,* he expressed the opinion that a squadron of seven-hundred-ton vessels with beaks could best defend a harbor from ironclads; and in support of this contention he cited an experience of his own as showing the efficiency of the beak in naval warfare. A few years before he had anchored in the Piræus, his ship, an ironclad, having a beak projecting from the bow, of course under water. Noticing a Greek brig nearing him, he made signals to her to keep well off; but the captain of the brig, resenting this interference, and keeping straight on, endeavored to pass, at a distance which, no doubt, seemed to him perfectly safe, in front of the bows of the ironclad. The admiral said that not the slightest shock was felt on board his own vessel; but the brig sank almost immediately. She had barely grazed the end of the beak. At another time the admiral spoke of the advance of the British fleet, in which he held a command, upon Constantinople in 1878. The British Government supposed that the Turks had virtually gone over to the Russians, and the first order was to take the Turkish fortresses at Constantinople immediately; but this order was afterward withdrawn, and the matter at issue was settled in the ensuing European conference.

It was a pleasure to find at this Alpine resort my old friend Story the sculptor. He gave us a comical account of the presentation at the Vatican of Mr. George Peabody by Mr. Winthrop of Boston. Referring to Mr. Peabody's munificence to various institutions for aiding the needy, and especially orphans, Mr. Winthrop, in a pleasant vein, presented his friend to Pope Pius IX as a gentleman who, though unmarried, had hundreds of children; whereupon the Pope, taking him literally, held up his hands and answered, "*Fi donc! fi donc!*"

Our stay at St. Moritz was ended by a severe snowstorm early in August. That was too much. I had left America mainly to escape snow; my traveling all this distance was certainly not for the purpose of finding it again; and so, having hugged the stove for a day or

two, I decided to return to a milder climate. Passing by Vevey, we visited our friends the Brunnows at their beautiful villa on the shore of Lake Leman, where my old president at the University of Michigan, Dr. Tappan, had died, and it was with a melancholy satisfaction that I visited his grave in the cemetery hard by.

Stopping at Geneva over Sunday, I observed at the Cathedral of St. Peter, Calvin's old church, that the sermon and service carefully steered clear of the slightest Trinitarian formula, as did the churches in Switzerland generally. Considering that Calvin had burned Servetus in that very city for his disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity, this omission would seem enough to make that stern reformer turn in his grave. Returning to Paris, I again met Lecky, who was making a short visit to the French capital; and, as we were breakfasting together, Mme. Blaze de Bury being present, our conversation fell on Parisian mobs. She insisted that the studied inaction of the papal nuncio during the Commune caused the murder of Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, who was hated by the extreme clerical party on account of his coolness toward infallibility and sundry other dogmas advocated by the Jesuits. Lecky thought Lord Acton's old article in the "North British Review" the best statement yet made on the St. Bartholomew massacre. The discussion having veered toward the Jewish question, which was even then rising, Lecky said that Shakspere probably never saw a Jew—that Jews were not allowed in England in his time, the only exceptions being Queen Elizabeth's physician and, perhaps, a few others.

During the latter part of September I started on an architectural tour through the east of France, and was more than ever fascinated by the beauty of all I found at Soissons, Laon, Chalons, Troyes, and Rheims, the cathedral at the latter place seeming even more grand than when I last saw it. I have never been able to decide finally which is the more noble—Amiens or Rheims; my temporary decision being generally in favor of that

one of the two which I have seen last. But I found iniquity triumphant: the "restorers" had been at work, and had apparently done their worst. A great scaffolding covered the superb rose-window of the west front, perhaps the finest of its kind in Christendom, and, in a little book published by one of the canons, I soon learned the reason. It appears that the architect superintending the "restoration" had dug a deep well at one corner of one of the massive towers for the purpose of inspecting the foundations; that he had forgotten to fill this well; and that, during the winter, the water from the roofs, having come down into it and frozen, had upheaved the tower at one corner, with the result of crumbling and cracking this immense window adjacent.

At Troyes it was hardly better. It is a city which probably never had sixty thousand inhabitants, and yet here are four of the most magnificent architectural monuments in Europe. But the work wrought upon them under the pretext of "restoration" was no less atrocious than that upon the cathedral at Rheims, and of this I have given an example elsewhere.[1]

Continuing my way homeward, I stopped a few days in London. From my diary I select an account of the sermon preached in one of the principal churches of the city by Dr. Temple,—then bishop of London, but later archbishop of Canterbury,—before the lord mayor, lady mayoress, and other notable people. The sermon was a striking exhibition of plain common sense, without one particle of what is generally known as spirituality. The text was, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and the argument simply was that the congregation worshiping in that old church had received all its privileges from contributions made centuries before, and that it was now their duty, in their turn, to contribute money for new congregations constantly arising in the new population of London. Of spiritual gifts to be acknowledged nothing was said. In the afternoon took tea with Lecky,

[1] See Chapter XXI, p. 376.

and on my referring to Earl Russell, he spoke of him as wonderful in getting at the center of an argument. Of Carlyle he said that he knew him in his last days intimately, often walking with him; but that his mind failed him sadly; that the last thing Lecky read him was a selection from Burns's letters; and that Carlyle, when left to himself, often toned down his harsh judgments of men. At his funeral, in Scotland, Lecky was present, and, judging from his account, it was one of the most dismal things ever known. Speaking of America, Lecky said that Carlyle was really deeply attached to Emerson; and he added that Dean Stanley, on his return from America, told him that the best things he found there were the private libraries, and the worst the newspapers. Lecky thought Americans more prone to give themselves up to a purely literary life than are the English, and cited Prescott, Irving, and others. He spoke of "The Club," of which he is a member. It is that to which Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith belonged; its members dine together every fortnight; one black ball excludes. Speaking of Gladstone, he thought that he had greatly declined as a speaker of late years, and that no one had had such power in clouding truth and obscuring a fact.

Returning to America, I again settled in my old quarters at Cornell University, hoping to devote myself quietly to the work I had in hand. My old home on the campus had an especial charm for me, and I had begun to take up the occupations to which I purposed to devote the rest of my life, when there came upon me the greatest of all calamities—the loss of her who had been for thirty years my main inspiration and support in all difficulties, cares, and trials. For the time all was lost. In all calamities hitherto I had taken refuge in work; but now there seemed no motive for work, and at last, for a complete change of scene, I returned to Europe, determined to give myself to the preparation of my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology."

CHAPTER LIV

EGYPT, GREECE, AND TURKEY—1888-1889

WHILE under the influence of the greatest sorrow that has ever darkened my life, there came to me a calamity of a less painful sort, yet one of the most trying that I have ever known. A long course of mistaken university policy, which I had done my best to change, and the consequences of which I had especially exerted myself to avert, at last bore its evil fruit. On the 13th of June, 1888, I was present at the session of the Court of Appeals at Saratoga, and there heard the argument in the suit brought to prevent the institution from taking nearly two millions of dollars bequeathed by Mrs. Willard Fiske. I had looked forward to the development of the great library for which it provided as the culminating event in my administration, and, indeed, as the beginning of a better era in American scholarship. Never in the history of the United States had so splendid a bequest been made for such a purpose. But as I heard the argument I was satisfied that our cause was lost,—and simply from the want of effective champions; that this great opportunity for the institution which I loved better than my life had passed from us during my lifetime, at least; and then it was that I determined to break from my surroundings for a time, and to seek new scenes which might do something to change the current of my thoughts.

At the end of June, taking with me my nephew, a bright and active college youth, I sailed for Glasgow, and, re-

visiting the scenes made beautiful to me by Walter Scott, I was at last able to think of something beside the sorrow and disappointment which had beset me. Memorable to me still is a sermon heard at the old Church of St. Giles, in Edinburgh. The text was, "He wist not that his face shone," and the argument, while broad and liberal, was deeply religious. One thought struck me forcibly. The preacher likened theological controversies to storms on the coast which result only in heaps of sand, while he compared religious influences to the dew and gentle rains which beautify the earth and fructify it.

Healing in their influences upon me were visits to the cathedral towns between Edinburgh and London. The atmosphere of Durham, York, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough, aided to lift me out of my depression. In each I stayed long enough to attend the cathedral service and to enjoy the architecture, the music, and my recollections of previous visits. At Lichfield Cathedral I heard Bach's "Easter Hymn" given beautifully,—and it was needed to make up for the sermon of a colonial bishop who, having returned to England after a long stay in his remote diocese, was fearfully depressed by the liberal tendencies of English theology. His discourse was one long diatribe against the tendency in England toward broad-churchmanship. One passage had rather a comical effect. He told, pathetically, the story of a servant-girl waiting on the table of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who, after hearing the clergymen present dealing somewhat freely with the doctrine of the Trinity, rushed out into the passage and recited loudly the Nicene Creed to strengthen her faith. I, too, felt the need of doing something to strengthen mine after this tirade, and fortunately strolled across the meadows to the little Church of St. Chad, and there took part in a lovely "Flower Service," ended by a very sweet, kindly sermon to the children from the fatherly old rector of the parish. Nothing could be better in its way, and it took the taste of the morning sermon out of my mouth.

Of various experiences in London, the one of most interest to me was a visit to the House of Commons, where the Irish Home Rulers were attempting to bait Mr. Balfour, the government leader. One after another they arose and attacked him bitterly in all the moods and tenses, with alleged facts, insinuations, and denunciations. Nothing could be better than his way of taking it all. He sat quietly, looking at his enemies with a placid smile, and then, when they were fully done, rose, and before he had spoken five minutes his reply had the effect of a musket-shot upon a bubble. It was evident that these patriots were hardly taken seriously even by their own side, and, in fact, did not take themselves seriously. I then realized as never before the real reasons why the oratorical and other demonstrations of Irish leaders have accomplished so little for their country.

A Liberal political meeting in Holborn also interested me. The main speaker was the son of the Marquis of Northampton, Earl Compton, who was standing for Parliament. His speech was all good, but its best point was his answer to a man in the crowd who asked him if he was prepared to vote for the abolition of the House of Lords. That would seem a trying question to the heir of a marquisate; but he answered instantly and calmly: "As to the House of Lords, better try first to mend it, and, if we cannot mend it, end it."

He was followed by a Home Ruler, Father McFadden, whose speech, being simply anti-British rant from end to end, must have cost many votes; and I was not surprised when, a day or two afterward, his bishop recalled him to Ireland.

Very pleasing to me were sundry excursions. At Rugby I was intensely interested in the scenes of Arnold's activity. He had exercised a great influence over my own life, and a new inspiration came amid the scenes so familiar to him, and especially in the chapel where he preached.

Visiting some old friends in Hampshire, I drove with

them to Selborne, stood by the grave of Gilbert White, and sat in his charming old house in that beautiful place of pilgrimage.

Most soothing in its effect upon me was a visit to Stoke Pogis churchyard and the grave of Thomas Gray. The "Elegy" has never since my boyhood lost its hold upon me, and my feelings of love for its author were deepened as I read the inscription placed by him upon his mother's monument:

"The tender mother of many children, only one of whom had the misfortune to survive her."

A Sunday afternoon in Kensal Green cemetery, with a visit to the graves of Thackeray, Thomas Hood, and Leigh Hunt, roused thoughts on many things.

Somewhat later, revisiting Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's "Bungalow" at Brighton, I met at his table the most bitter and yet one of the most just of all critics of Carlyle whom I have ever known. He spoke especially of Carlyle's treatment of his main historical authorities,—many of them admirable and excellent men,—and dwelt on the fact that Carlyle, having used the results of the life-work of these scholars, then enjoyed pouring contempt and ridicule over them; he also referred to Carlyle's address to the Scotch students, in which he told them to study the patents of nobility for the deeds which made the nobility of England great, but did not reveal to them the fact that the expressions in these patents were stereotyped, and the same, during many years, for men of the most different qualities and services.

Running up to Cambridge for a day or two, and dining with Oscar Browning at King's College, I afterward saw at his rooms a collection of intensely interesting papers, and, among others, reports of British spies during the Revolutionary War in America. Very curious, among these, was a letter from the British minister at Berlin in those days, who detailed a burglary which he had caused in that capital in order to obtain the papers of the American envoy and copies of American de-

spatches. The correspondence also showed that Frederick the Great was much vexed at the whole matter; that the British ministry at home thought their envoy too enterprising; that he came near resigning; but that the whole matter finally blew over. This was brought back to me somewhat later at a dinner of the Royal Historical Society, where the president, Lord Aberdare, recalled a story bearing on this matter. It was that Frederick the Great and the British minister at his court greatly disliked each other, and that on their meeting one day the old King asked, "Who is this Hyder Ali who is making you British so much trouble in India?" to which the bold Briton answered: "Sire, he is only an old tyrant who, after robbing his neighbors, is now falling into his dotage" ("*Sire, ce n'est qu'un vieux tyran qui, après avoir pillé ses voisins, commence à radoter*").

Having made with my nephew a rapid excursion on the Continent, up the Rhine, and as far as Munich, I returned to see him off on his return journey to America, and then settled down for several weeks in London. It was in the early autumn, Parliament had adjourned, most people of note had left town, and I was left to myself as completely as if I had been in the depths of a forest. Looking out over Trafalgar Square from my pleasant rooms at Morley's Hotel, with all the hurry and bustle of a great city going on beneath my window, I was simply a hermit, and now found myself able to resume the work which for so many years had occupied my leisure. At the British Museum I enjoyed the wonderful opportunities there given for investigation; and there, too, I found an admirable helper in certain lines of work—my friend Professor Hudson, since of Stanford University, California.

The only place where I was at all in touch with the outside world was at the Athenæum Club; but the main attraction there was the library.

Now came a sudden change in all my plans. My health having weakened somewhat under the influence

of this rather sedentary life in the London fog, I consulted two eminent physicians, Sir Andrew Clarke and Sir Morell Mackenzie, and each advised and even urged me to pass the winter in Egypt. Shortly came a letter from my friend Professor Willard Fiske, at Florence, saying that he would be glad to go with me. This was indeed a piece of good fortune, for he had visited Egypt again and again, and was not only the best of guides, but the most charming of companions. My decision was instantly taken, and, having finished one or two chapters of my book, I left London and, by the way of the St. Gotthard, soon reached Florence. Thence to Rome, Naples, and, after a charming drive, to Castellammare, Sorrento, Amalfi, and Salerno, whence we went by rail to Brindisi, and thence to Alexandria, where we arrived on the 1st of January, 1889.

Now came a new chapter in my life. This journey in the East, especially in Egypt and Greece, marked a new epoch in my thinking. I became more and more impressed with the continuity of historical causes, and realized more and more how easily and naturally have grown the myths and legends which have delayed the unbiased observation of human events and the scientific investigation of natural laws. On a Nile boat for many weeks, with scholars of high character, and with an excellent library about me, I found not only a refuge from trouble and sorrow, but a portal to new and most fascinating studies.

Nor was it only the life of old Egypt which interested me: the scenes in modern Eastern life also gave a needed change in my environment. At Cairo, in the bazaar, in contact with the daily life, which seemed like a chapter out of the "Arabian Nights," and also in the modern part of the city, in contact with the newer life of Egypt, among English and Egyptian functionaries, there was constant stimulus to fruitful trains of thought.

For our journey of five weeks upon the Nile we had what was called a "special steamer," the *Sethi;* and

for our companions, some fourteen Americans and English—all on friendly terms. Every day came new subjects of thought, and nearly every waking moment came some new stimulus to observation and reflection.

Deeply impressed on my mind is the account given me by Brugsch Bey, assistant director of the Egyptian Museum, of the amazing find of antiquities two or three years before—perhaps the most startling discovery ever made in archæology. It was on this wise. The museum authorities had for some time noted that tourists coming down the river were bringing remarkably beautiful specimens of ancient workmanship; and this led to a suspicion that the Arabs about the first cataract had discovered a new tomb. For a long time nothing definite could be found; but, at last, vigorous measures having been taken,—measures which Brugsch Bey did not explain, but which I could easily understand to be the time-honored method of tying up the principal functionaries of the region to their palm-trees and whipping them until they confessed,—the discovery was revealed, and Brugsch Bey, having gone up the Nile to the place indicated, was taken to what appeared to be a well; and, having been let down into it by ropes, found himself in a sort of artificial cavern, not beautified and adorned like the royal tombs of that region, but roughly hewn in the rock. It was filled with sarcophagi, and at first sight of them he was almost paralyzed. For they bore the names of several among the most eminent early sovereigns and members of sovereign families of the greatest days of Egypt. The first idea which took hold of Brugsch's mind while stunned by this revelation was that he was dreaming; but, having soon convinced himself that he was awake, he then thought that he must be in some state of hallucination after death—that he had suddenly lost his life, and that his soul was wandering amid shadows. But this, too, he soon found unlikely. Then came over him a sense of the reality and importance of the discovery too oppressive to be borne. He could stay in the cavern

no longer; and, having gone to the entrance of the well and signaled to the men above, he was drawn up, and, arriving at the surface, gasped out a command to them all to leave him. He then sat down in the desert to secure the calm required for further thought; and, finally, having become more composed, returned to the work, and the mummies of Rameses the Great and of the other royal personages were taken from their temporary home, carried down the river, and placed in the museum at Cairo.

Another experience was of a very different sort. I had passed a day with the Egyptian minister of public instruction, Artin Pasha, at the great technical school of Cairo, which, under the charge of an eminent French engineer, is training admirably a considerable number of Egyptians in various arts applied to industry; and, at luncheon, I had noticed on the wall a portrait of the Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, representing him as most commanding in manner—over six feet in height, and in a gorgeous uniform. On the evening of that day I went to dine with the Khedive, and, entering the reception-rooms, found a large assemblage, and was welcomed by a kindly little man with a pleasant face, and in the plainest of uniforms, who, as I supposed, was the prime minister, Riaz Pasha. His greeting was cordial, and we were soon in close conversation, I giving him especially the impressions made upon me by the school, asking questions and making suggestions. He entered very heartily into it all, and detained me long, I wondering constantly where the Khedive might be. Presently, the great doors having been flung open and dinner announced, each gentleman hastened to the lady assigned him, and all marched out together, my thought being, "This is the Oriental way of entertaining strangers; we shall, no doubt, find the sovereign on his throne at the table." But, to my amazement, the first place at the table was taken by the unassuming little man with whom I had been talking so freely. At first I was somewhat abashed, though the mistake

was a very natural one. The fact was that I had been completely under the impression made upon me by the idealized portrait of the Khedive at the technical school, and the thought had never entered my mind that the real Khedive might be physically far inferior to the ideal. But no harm was done; for, after dinner, he came to me again and renewed the conversation with especial cordiality. I also had a long talk with the real Riaz, and found him intelligent and broad-minded. One thing he said amused me. It was that he especially liked to welcome Americans, because they were not seeking to exploit the country.

In Cairo and Alexandria I enjoyed meeting the American and English missionaries,—among them my old Yale friend Dr. Henry Jessup, who has for so many years rendered admirable services at Beyrout; but the most noteworthy thing was a lecture which I heard from Dr. Grant, an eminent Presbyterian physician connected with the mission. It was on the subject of the Egyptian Trinities. The doctor explained them, as well as the Trimurtis of India, by expressing his belief that when the Almighty came down in the cool of the day to refresh himself by walking and talking with Adam in the garden of Eden, he revealed to the man he had made some of the great mysteries of the divine existence, and that these had "leaked out" to men who took them into other countries, and there taught them!

I also found at Cairo another especially interesting man of a very different sort, an Armenian, Mr. Nimr; and, on visiting him, was amazed to find in his library a large collection of English and French books, scientific and literary—among them the "New York Scientific Monthly" containing my own articles, which he had done me the honor to read. I found that he had been, at an earlier period, a professor at the college established by the American Protestant missionaries at Beyrout; but that he and several others who had come to adopt the Darwinian hypothesis were on that account turned out

of their situations, and that he had taken refuge in Cairo, where he was publishing, in Arabic, a daily newspaper, a weekly literary magazine, and a monthly scientific journal. I was much struck by one remark of his—which was, that he was doing his best to promote the interests of Freemasonry in the East, as the only means of bringing Christians and Mohammedans together under the same roof for mutual help, with the feeling that they were children of the same God. He told me that the worst opposition he had met came from a very excellent Protestant missionary, who had publicly insisted that the God worshiped by the Mohammedans was not the God worshiped by Christians. This reminded me of a sermon which one of my friends heard in Strasburg Cathedral, in which a priest, reproving his Catholic hearers for entering into any relations with Protestants, especially opposed the idea that they worshiped the same God, and insisted that the God of the Catholics and the God of the Protestants are two different beings.

Among the things which gave me a real enjoyment at this period, and aided to revive my interest in the world about me, was the Saracenic architecture of Cairo and its neighborhood. Nothing could be, in its way, more beautiful. I had never before realized how much beauty is obtainable under the limitations of Mohammedanism; the exquisite tracery and fretwork of the Saracenic period were a constant joy to me, and happily, as there had been no "restorers," everything remained as it had left the hands of the men of genius who created it.

In this older architecture a thousand things interested me; but the greatest effect was produced by the tombs at Beni Hassan, as showing the historical linking together of human ideas both in art and science—the development of one period out of another. Up to the time of my seeing them I had supposed that the Doric architecture of Greece, and especially the Doric column, was of Greek creation; now I saw the proof that it was evolved out of an earlier form upon the lower Nile, which

had itself, doubtless, been developed out of forms yet earlier.

At one thing I was especially surprised. I found that, excellent as are our missionaries in those regions, their work has not at all been what those who send them have supposed. No Mohammedan converts are made. Indeed, should the good missionaries at Cairo wake up some fine morning in the spacious quarters for which they are so largely indebted to the late Khedive Ismail, and find that they had converted a Mohammedan, they would be filled with consternation. They would possibly be driven from the country. The real Mohammedan cannot be converted. There were, indeed, a few persons, here and there, claiming to be converted Jews or Mohammedans; but we were always warned against them, even by Christians, as far less trustworthy than those who were true to their original faith. Whatever good is done by the missionaries is done through their schools, to which come many children of the Copts, with perhaps a certain number of Mohammedans desirous of learning English; and the greatest of American missionary successes is doubtless Robert College at Constantinople, which has certainly done a very noble work among the more gifted young men of the Christian populations in the Turkish Empire.

Several times I attended service in the United Presbyterian church at Cairo, and found it hard, unattractive, and little likely to influence any considerable number of persons, whether Mohammedan or Christian. It was evident that the preachers, as a rule, were entirely out of the current of modern theological and religious thought, and that even the best and noblest of them represented ideas no longer held by their leading coreligionists in the countries from which they came.

After a stay of three months in Egypt, we left Alexandria for Athens, where I enjoyed, during a considerable stay, the advantages of the library at the American School of Archæology, and the companionship of my friend Professor Waldstein, now of Cambridge Univer-

sity. Very delightful also were excursions with my old Yale companion, Walker Fearne, our minister in Greece, and his charming family, to the Acropolis, the Theater of Dionysus, the Bay of Salamis, Megara, and other places of interest. An especial advantage we had in the companionship of Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, whose comments on all these places were most suggestive.

Very interesting to me was an interview with Tricoupis, the prime minister of the kingdom. His talk on the condition of things in Greece was that of a broad-minded statesman. Speaking of the relations of the Greek Church to the state, he said that the church had kept the language and the nationality of the people alive during the Turkish occupation, but that, in spite of its services, it had never been allowed to domineer over the country politically; he dwelt on the importance of pushing railway communications into Europe, and lamented the obstacles thrown in their way by Turkey. His reminiscences of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Dallas, whom he had formerly known at the Court of St. James during his stay as minister in London, were especially interesting.

The most important "function" I saw was the solemn "Te Deum" at the cathedral on the anniversary of Greek independence, the King, Queen, and court being present; but I was less impressed by their devotion than by the irreverence of a considerable part of the audience, who, at the close of the service, walked about in the church with their hats on their heads. As to the priests who swarmed about us in their Byzantine costumes and long hair, I was reminded of a sententious Moslem remark regarding them: "Much hair, little brains."

On Good Friday I visited Mars Hill and mused for an hour over what has come from the sermon once preached there.

Toward the end of April we left the Piræus, and, after passing through the Ægean on a most beautiful day, ar-

rived in Constantinople, where I made the acquaintance of Mr. Straus, our minister at that capital. Thus began a friendship which I have ever since greatly prized. Mr. Straus introduced me to two of the most interesting men I have ever met; the first of these being Hamdi Bey, director of the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. Meeting him at Mr. Straus's table and in his own house, I heard him discuss sundry questions relating to modern art—better, in some respects, than any other person I have ever known. Never have I heard more admirably discriminating judgments upon various modern schools of painting than those which he then gave me.

The other person to whom Mr. Straus introduced me was the British ambassador, Sir William White, who was very hospitable, and revealed to me much in life and literature. One thing especially surprised me—namely, that though a Roman Catholic, he had a great admiration for Renan's writings, of which he was a constant reader. Here, too, I renewed my acquaintance with various members of the diplomatic corps whom I had met elsewhere. Curious was an evening visit to the Russian Embassy, Mrs. Straus being carried in a sedan-chair, her husband walking beside her in evening dress at one door, I at the other, and a kavass, with drawn sword, marching at the head of the procession.

While the Mohammedan history revealed in Constantinople gave me frequent subjects of thought, I was more constantly carried back to the Byzantine period. For there was the Church of St. Sophia! No edifice has ever impressed me more; indeed, in many respects, none has ever impressed me so much. Bearing in mind its origin, its history, and its architecture, it is doubtless the most interesting church in the world. Though smaller than St. Peter's at Rome, it is vastly more impressive. Taking into account the view as one enters, embracing the lofty vaults retreating on all sides, the arches springing above our heads, and, crowning all, the dome, which opens fully upon the sight immediately upon passing the door-

way, it is certainly the most overpowering of Christian churches. Gibbon's pictures thronged upon me, and very vividly, as I visited the ground where formerly stood the Great Circus, and noted the remains of monuments where the "Blues" and "Greens" convulsed the city with their bloody faction fights, and where squabbling Christian sects prepared the way for that Turkish dominion which has now burdened this weary earth for more than five hundred years.

From Constantinople, by Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Munich, Ulm, and Frankfort-on-the-Main, to Paris, stopping in each of these cities, mainly for book-hunting. At Munich I spent considerable time in the Royal Library, where various rare works relating to the bearing of theology on civilization were placed at my disposal; and at Frankfort added largely to my library—especially monographs on Egypt and illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages.

At Paris the Exposition of 1889 was in full blast. As to the American exhibit, there were some things to be lamented. Our "commission of experts" was in part remarkably well chosen; among them being a number of the best men in their departments that America has produced; but, on the other hand, there were some who had evidently been foisted upon the President by politicians in remote States—so-called "experts," yet as unfit as it is possible to conceive any human beings to be. One of these, who was responsible for one of the most important American departments, was utterly helpless. Day in and day out, he sat in a kind of daze at the American headquarters, doing nothing—indeed, evidently incapable of doing anything. One or two of his associates, as well as sundry Frenchmen, asked me to aid in getting his department into some order; and this, though greatly pressed for time, I did,—devoting to the task several days which I could ill afford.

Very happy was I over one improvement which the United States had made since the former exposition, at

which I had myself been a commissioner. Then all lamented and apologized for the condition of the American Art Gallery; now there was no need either of lamentation or apology, for there, in all their beauty, were portraits by Sargent, and Gari Melchers's picture of "A Communion Day in Holland"—the latter touching the deep places of the human heart. As I was sitting before it one day, an English gentleman came with his wife and sat beside me. Presently I heard him say: "Of all the pictures in the entire exposition, this takes the strongest hold upon me." Many other American pictures were also objects of pride to us. I found our minister, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, very hospitable, and at his house became acquainted with various interesting Americans. At President Carnot's reception at the palace of the Elysée I also met several personages worth knowing, and among them, to my great satisfaction, Senator John Sherman.

During this stay in Paris I took part in two commemorations. First came the Fourth of July, when, in obedience to the old custom which I had known so well in my student days, the American colony visited the cemetery of the Rue Picpus and laid wreaths upon the tomb of Lafayette,—the American band performing a dirge, and our marines on duty firing a farewell volley. It was in every way a warm and hearty tribute. A week later was the unveiling of the statue of Camille Desmoulins in the garden of the Palais Royal,—this being the one-hundredth anniversary of the day on which, in that garden,—and, indeed, on that spot, before the Café Foy,—he had roused the mob which destroyed the Bastille and begun the whirlwind which finally swept away so much and so many, including himself and his beloved Lucille. Poor Camille, orating, gesticulating, and looking for a new heaven and a new earth, was one of the little great men so important at the beginning of revolutions and so insignificant afterward. It was evident that, in spite of the old legends regarding him, the French had ceased

to care for him; I was surprised at the small number present, and at the languid interest even of these.

Among my most delightful reminiscences of this period are my walks and talks with my old Yale and Paris student friend of nearly forty years before, Randall Gibson, who, having been a general in the Confederate service, was now a United States senator from Louisiana. Revisiting our old haunts, especially the Sorbonne, the Panthéon, St. Sulpice, and other monuments of the Latin Quarter, we spoke much of days gone by, he giving me most interesting reminiscences of our Civil War period as seen from the Southern side. One or two of the things he told me are especially fastened in my mind. The first was that as he sat with other officers over the camp-fire night after night, discussing the war and their hopes regarding the future, all agreed that when the Confederacy obtained its independence there should be no "right of secession" in it. But what interested me most was the fact that he, a Democratic senator of the United States, absolutely detested Thomas Jefferson, and, above all things, for the reason that he considered Jefferson the real source of the extreme doctrine of State sovereignty. Gibson was a typical Kentucky Whig who, in the Civil War, went with the South from the force of family connections, friendships, social relations, and the like, but who remained, in his heart of hearts, from first to last, deeply attached to the Union.

Leaving Paris, we went together to Homburg, and there met Mr. Henry S. Sanford, our minister at Belgium during the Civil War, one of Secretary Seward's foremost agents on the European continent at that period. His accounts of matters at that time, especially of the doings of sundry emissaries of the United States, were all of them interesting, and some of them exceedingly amusing. At Homburg, too, I found my successor in the legation at Berlin, Mr. Pendleton, who, though his mind remained clear, was slowly dying of paralysis.

Thence with Gibson and Sanford down the Rhine to

Mr. Sanford's country-seat in Belgium. It was a most beautiful place, a lordly château, superbly built, fitted, and furnished, ample for the accommodation of a score of guests, and yet the rent he paid for it was but six hundred dollars a year. It had been built by a prince at such cost that he himself could not afford to live in it, and was obliged to rent it for what he could get. Thence we made our way to London and New York.

CHAPTER LV

MEXICO, CALIFORNIA, SCANDINAVIA, RUSSIA, ITALY, LONDON, AND BERLIN—1892-1897

ARRIVING at New York in the autumn of 1889, I was soon settled at my accustomed work in the university,—devoting myself to new chapters of my book and to sundry courses of lectures. Early in the following year I began a course before the University of Pennsylvania; and my stay in Philadelphia was rendered very agreeable by various new acquaintances. Interesting to me was the Roman Catholic archbishop, Dr. Ryan. Dining in his company, I referred admiringly to his cathedral, which I had recently visited, but spoke of what seemed to me the defective mode of placing the dome upon the building; whereupon he made one of the most tolerable Latin puns I have ever heard, saying that during the construction of both the nave and the dome his predecessors were hampered by lack of money,—that, in fact, they were greatly troubled by the *res angustæ domi.* Interesting also was attendance upon the conference at Lake Mohonk, which brought together a large body of leading men from all parts of the country to discuss the best methods of dealing with questions relating to the freedmen and Indians. The president of the conference, Mr. Hayes, formerly President of the United States, I had known well in former days, when I served under him as minister to Germany, and the high opinion I had then formed of him was increased as I heard him discuss the main questions before the conference. It was the fashion at one time among blackguards and cynics of

both parties to sneer at him, and this, doubtless, produced some effect on the popular mind; but nothing could be more unjust: rarely have I met a man in our own or any other country who has impressed me more by the qualities which a true American should most desire in a President of the United States; he had what our country needs most in our public men—sobriety of judgment united to the power of calm, strong statement.

The two following years, 1890–1891, were passed mainly at Cornell, though with excursions to various other institutions where I had been asked to give addresses or lectures; but in February of 1892, having been invited to lecture at Stanford University in California, I accepted an invitation from Mr. Andrew Carnegie to become one of the guests going in his car to the Pacific coast by way of Mexico. Our party of eight, provided with cook, servants, and every comfort, traveled altogether more than twelve thousand miles—first through the Central and Southern States of the Union, thence to the city of Mexico and beyond, then by a series of zigzag excursions from lower California to the northern limits of Oregon and Washington, and finally through the Rocky Mountains and the cañons of Colorado to Salt Lake City and Denver. Thence my companions went East and I returned alone to Stanford to give my lectures. During this long excursion I met many men who greatly interested me, and especially old students of mine whom I found everywhere doing manfully the work for which Cornell had aided to fit them. Never have I felt more fully repaid for any labor and care I have ever given to the founding and development of the university. Arriving in the city of Mexico, I said to myself, "Here certainly I shall not meet any more of my old Cornellians"; but hardly was I settled in my room when a card came up from one of them, and I soon learned that he was doing honor to the Sibley College of the university by superintending the erection of the largest printing-press which had ever been brought into Mexico. The Mexican capital interested me

greatly. The cathedral, which, up to that time, I had supposed to be in a debased rococo style, I found to be of a simple, noble Renaissance character, and of real dignity. Being presented to the President, Porfirio Diaz, I was greatly impressed by his quiet strength and self-possession, and then understood for the first time what had wrought so beneficent a change in his country. His ministers also impressed me favorably, though they were evidently overshadowed by so great a personality. One detail struck me as curious: the room in which the President received us at the palace was hung round with satin draperies stamped with the crown and cipher of his predecessor—the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian.

California was a great revelation to me. We arrived just at the full outburst of spring, and seemed to have alighted upon a new planet. Strong and good men I found there, building up every sort of worthy enterprise, and especially their two noble universities, one of which was almost entirely officered by Cornell graduates. To this institution I was attached by a special tie. At various times the founders, Governor and Mrs. Stanford, had consulted me on problems arising in its development; they had twice visited me at Cornell for the purpose of more full discussion, and at the latter of the two visits had urged me to accept its presidency. This I had felt obliged to decline. I said to them that the best years of my life had been devoted to building up two universities,—Michigan and Cornell,—and that not all the treasures of the Pacific coast would tempt me to begin with another; that this feeling was not due to a wish to evade any duty, but to a conviction that my work of that sort was done, and that there were others who could continue it far better than I. It was after this conversation that, on their asking whether there was any one suitable within my acquaintance, I answered, "Go to the University of Indiana; there you will find the president, an old student of mine, David Starr Jordan, one of the leading scientific men of the country, possessed of a most charm-

ing power of literary expression, with a remarkable ability in organization, and blessed with good, sound sense. Call him." They took my advice, called Dr. Jordan, and I found him at the university. My three weeks' stay interested me more and more. Evening after evening I walked through the cloisters of the great quadrangle, admiring the solidity, beauty, and admirable arrangement of the buildings, and enjoying their lovely surroundings and the whole charm of that California atmosphere.

The buildings, in simplicity, beauty, and fitness, far surpassed any others which had at that time been erected for university purposes in the United States; and I feel sure that when the entire plan is carried out, not even Oxford or Cambridge will have anything more beautiful. President Jordan had more than fulfilled my prophecies, and it was an inspiration to see at their daily work the faculty he had called together. The students also greatly interested me. When it was first noised abroad that Senator Stanford was to found a new university in California, sundry Eastern men took a sneering tone and said, "What will it find to do? The young men on the Pacific coast who are as yet fit to receive the advantages of a university are very few; the State University of California at Berkeley is already languishing for want of students." The weakness of these views is seen in the fact that, at this hour, each of these universities has nearly three thousand undergraduates. The erection of Stanford has given an impetus to the State University, and both are doing noble work, not only for the Pacific coast, but for the whole country. One of the most noteworthy things in the history of American university education thus far is the fact that the university buildings erected by boards of trustees in all parts of the country have, almost without exception, proved to be mere jumbles of mean materials in incongruous styles; but to this rule there have been, mainly, two noble exceptions: one in the buildings of the University of Virginia, planned and executed under the eye of Thomas Jefferson, and the other

in these buildings at Palo Alto, planned and executed under the direction of Governor and Mrs. Stanford. These two groups, one in Virginia and one in California, with, perhaps, the new university buildings at Philadelphia and Chicago, are almost the only homes of learning in the United States which are really satisfactory from an architectural point of view.

The "City of the Saints," which I saw on my way, had much interest for me. I collected while there everything possible in the way of publications bearing on Mormonism, beginning with a copy of the original edition of the "Book of Mormon"; but nothing that I could find in any of these publications indicated any considerable intellectual development, as yet.

More encouraging was a rapid visit, on my way home, to the Chicago Exposition buildings, which, though not yet fully completed, were very beautiful; and still more pleasure came from a visit to the new University of Chicago, which was evidently beginning a most important work for American civilization. Its whole plan is remarkably well conceived, and with the means that it is rapidly accumulating, due to the public spirit of its main benefactor and a multitude of others hardly second to him in the importance of their gifts, it cannot fail to exercise a great influence, especially throughout the Northwestern States. First of all, it will do much to lift the city in which it stands out of its crude materialism into something higher and better. It is a pleasure to note that its buildings are worthy of it: they seem likely to form a fourth in the series of fit homes for great centers of advanced education in the United States,—Virginia, Stanford, and the University of Pennsylvania being the others.

Having returned to Cornell, I went on quietly with my work until autumn, when, to my surprise, I received notice that the President had appointed me minister to St. Petersburg; and on the 4th of November I arrived at my post in that capital. Of my experience as minister I have spoken elsewhere, but have given no account of two

journeys which interested me at that period. The first of these was in the Scandinavian countries. The voyage of a day and night across the Baltic through the Aland Islands was like a dream, the northern twilight making night more beautiful than day, and the approach to the Swedish capital being, next to the approaches to Constantinople and to New York, the most beautiful I know.

Very instructive to me was a visit to Upsala—especially to the university and cathedral. As to the former, the "Codex of Ulfilas," in the library, which I had long desired to see, especially interested me; and visits to the houses of the various "nations" showed me that out of the social needs of Swedish students in the middle ages had been developed something closely akin to the fraternity houses which similar needs have developed in our time at American universities. The cathedral, containing the remains of Gustavus Vasa and Linnæus, was fruitful in suggestions. By a curious coincidence I was at that time finishing my chapter entitled "From Creation to Evolution," and had been paying special attention to the ancient and mediæval conceptions of the creation of the world as a work done by an individual in human form, laboring with his hands during six days. and taking needed rest on the seventh; and here I found, at the side entrance of the cathedral, a delightfully naïve mediæval representation of the whole process,—a series of medallions representing the Almighty toiling like an artisan on each of the six days and reposing, evidently very weary, on the seventh.

The journey across Sweden, through the canals and lakes, was very restful. At Christiania Mr. Gade, the American consul, who had served our country so long and so honorably in that city, took me under his guidance during various interesting excursions about the fiords. At Gothenburg I took pains to obtain information regarding their system of dealing with the sale of intoxicating liquors, and became satisfied that it is, on the whole, the best solution of the problem ever obtained.

The whole old system of saloons, gin-shops, and the like, with their allurements to the drinking of adulterated alcohol, had been swept away, and in its place the government had given to a corporation the privilege of selling pure liquors in a restricted number of decent shops, under carefully devised limitations. First, the liquors must be fully tested for purity; secondly, none could be sold to persons already under the influence of drink; thirdly, no intoxicant could be sold without something to eat with it, the effects of alcohol upon the system being thus mitigated. These and other restrictions had reduced the drink evil, as I was assured, to a minimum. But the most far-reaching provision in the whole system was that the company which enjoyed the monopoly of this trade was not allowed to declare a dividend greater than, I believe, six per cent.; everything realized above this going into the public treasury, mainly for charitable purposes. The result of this restriction of profits was that no person employed in selling ardent spirits was under the slightest temptation to attract customers. Each of these sellers was a salaried official and knew that his place depended on his adhering to the law which forbade him to sell to any person already under the influence of liquor, or to do anything to increase his sales; and the whole motive for making men drunkards was thus taken away.

I was assured by both the American and British consuls, as well as by most reputable citizens, that this system had greatly diminished intemperance. Unfortunately, since that time, fanatics have obtained control, and have passed an entirely "prohibitory" law, with the result, as I understand, that the community is now discovering that prohibition does not prohibit, and that the worst kinds of liquors are again sold by men whose main motive is to sell as much as possible.

The most attractive feature in my visit to Norway was Throndheim. With my passion for Gothic architecture, the beautiful little cathedral, which the authorities were restoring judiciously, was a delight, and it was all the

more interesting as containing one of those curiosities of human civilization which have now become rare. In one corner of the edifice is a "holy well," the pilgrimages to which in the middle ages were, no doubt, a main source of the wealth of the establishment. The attendant shows, in the stonework close to the well, the end of a tube coming from the upper part of the cathedral; and through this tube pious monks in the middle ages no doubt spoke oracular words calculated to enhance the authority of the saint presiding over the place. It was the same sort of thing which one sees in the Temple of Isis at Pompeii, and the zeal which created it was no doubt the same that to-day originates the sacred fire which always comes down from heaven on Easter day into the Greek church at Jerusalem, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in the cathedral at Naples, and sundry camp-meeting utterances and actions in the United States.

Sweden and Norway struck me as possessing, in some respects, the most satisfactory civilization of modern times. With a monarchical figurehead, they are really a republic. Here is no overbearing plutocracy, no squalid poverty, an excellent system of education, liberal and practical, from the local school to the university, a population, to all appearance, healthy, thrifty, and comfortable.

And yet here, as in other parts of the world, the resources of human folly are illimitable. A large party in Norway urges secession from Sweden, and both remain divided from Denmark, though the three are, to all intents and purposes, of the same race, religion, language, and early historical traditions. And close beside them looms up, more and more portentous, the Russian colossus, which, having trampled Swedish Finland under its feet, is looking across the Scandinavian peninsula toward the good harbors of Norway, just opposite Great Britain. Russia has declared the right of her one hundred and twenty millions of people to an ice-free port on the Pacific; why shall she not assert, with equal cogency,

the right of these millions to an ice-free port on the Atlantic? Why should not these millions own a railway across Scandinavia, and a suitable territory along the line; and then, logically, all the territory north, and as much as she needs of the territory south of the line? The northern and, to some extent, the middle regions of Norway and Sweden would thus come under the sway of a czar in St. Petersburg, represented by some governor-general like those who have been trying to show to the Scandinavians of Finland that newspapers are useless, petitions inadmissible, constitutions a fetish, banishment a blessing, and the use of their native language a superfluity. The only sad thing in this fair prospect is that it is not the objurgatory Björnson, the philosophic Ibsen, and the impulsive Nansen, with their compatriots, now groaning under what they are pleased to call "Swedish tyranny," who would enjoy this Russian liberty, but their children, and their children's children.

At Copenhagen I was especially attracted by the Ethnographic Museum, which, by its display of the gradual uplifting of Scandinavian humanity from prehistoric times, has so strongly aided in enforcing on the world the scientific doctrine of the "rise of man," and in bringing to naught the theological doctrine of the "fall of man."

A short stay at Moscow added to my Russian points of view, it being my second visit after an interval of nearly forty years. Although the city had spread largely, there was very little evidence of real progress: everywhere were filth, fetishism, beggary, and reaction. The monument to Alexander II, the great emancipator, stood in the Kremlin, half finished; it has since, I am glad to learn, been completed; but this has only been after long and slothful delays, and the statue in St. Petersburg has not even been begun. It is well understood that one cause of this delay has been the reluctance of the reactionary leaders in the empire to glorify so radical a movement as the emancipation of the serfs.

I had one curious experience of Muscovite ideas of trade. Moscow is one of the main centers for the manufacture of the church bells in which the Russian peasant takes such delight; and, being much interested in campanology, I visited several of the principal foundries, and was delighted with the size and workmanship of many specimens. Walking one morning to the Kremlin, I saw at the agency of one of these establishments a bell weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, most exquisitely wrought, and such a beautiful example of the best that Russians can do in this respect that I went in and asked the price of it. The price being named, I said that I would take it. Thereupon consternation was evident in the establishment, and presently the head of the concern said to me that they were not sure that they wished to sell it. But I said, "You *have* sold it; I asked you what your price was, you told me, and I have bought it." To this he demurred, and finally refused altogether to sell it. On going out, my guide informed me that I had made a mistake; that I was myself the cause of the whole trouble; that if I had offered half the price named for the bell I should have secured it for two thirds; but that, as I had offered the entire price, the people in the shop had jumped to the conclusion that it must be worth more than they had supposed, that I had detected values in it which they had not realized, and that it was their duty to make me pay more for it than the price they had asked. The result was that, a few weeks afterward, a compromise having been made, I bought it and sent it to the library of Cornell University, where it is now both useful and ornamental.

The most interesting feature of this stay in Moscow was my intercourse with Tolstoi, and to this I have devoted a separate chapter.[1]

One more experience may be noted. In coming and going on the Moscow railway I found, as in other parts of Europe, that governmental control of railways does

[1] See Chapter XXXVII.

not at all mean better accommodations or lower fares than when such works are under individual control. The prices for travel, as well as for sleeping-berths, were much higher on these lines, owned by the government, than on any of our main trunk-lines in America, which are controlled by private corporations, and the accommodations were never of a high order, and sometimes intolerable.

During this stay in Russia my sympathies were enlisted for Finland; but on this subject I have spoken fully elsewhere.[1]

Having resigned my position at St. Petersburg in October of 1894, the first use I made of my liberty was to go with my family to Italy for the winter; and several months were passed at Florence, where I revised and finished the book which had been preparing during twenty years. Then came a rapid run to Rome and through southern Italy, my old haunts at Castellammare, Sorrento, and Amalfi being revisited, and sundry new excursions made. Among these last was one to Palermo, where I visited the Church of St. Josaphat. This edifice greatly interested me as a Christian church erected in honor of a Christian saint who was none other than Buddha. The manner in which the founder of that great world-religion which preceded our own was converted into a Christian saint and solemnly proclaimed as such by a long series of popes, from Sixtus V to Pius IX, inclusive, by virtue of their infallibility in all matters relating to faith and morals, is one of the most curious and instructive things in all history.[2]

At first I had some difficulty in finding this church; but, finally, having made the acquaintance of an eminent scholar, the Commendatore Marzo, canon of the Cappella Palatina and director of the National Library at Palermo, he kindly took me to the place. Over the entrance were

[1] See Chapter XXXIV.

[2] A full account of this conversion of Buddha (Bodisat) into St. Josaphat is given, with authorities, etc., in my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," Vol. II, pp. 381 et seq.

the words, "Divo Josaphat"; within, occupying one of the places of highest honor, was an altar to the saint, and above it a statue representing him as a young prince wearing a crown and holding a crucifix. By permission of the authorities I was allowed to send a photographer, who took a negative for me. A remark of the Commendatore Marzo upon the subject pleased me much. When, one day, after showing me the treasures of his great library, he was dining with me, and I pressed him for particulars regarding St. Josaphat, he answered, "He cannot be the Jehoshaphat of the Old Testament, for he is represented as a very young man, and contemplating a crucifix: *é molto misterioso.*" It was, after all, not so very mysterious; for in these later days, now that the "Life of Barlaam and Josaphat," which dates from monks of the sixth or seventh century, has been compared with the "Life of Buddha," certainly written before the Christian era, the constant coincidence in details, and even in phrases, puts it beyond the slightest doubt that St. Josaphat and Buddha are one and the same person.

Very suggestive to thought was a visit to the wonderful cathedral of Monreale, above Palermo; for here, at this southern extreme of Europe, I found a conception of the Almighty as an enlarged human being, subject to human weakness, identical with that shown in the sculptures upon the cathedral of Upsala, at the extreme north of Europe. The whole interior of Monreale Cathedral is covered with a vast sheet of mosaics dating from about the twelfth century, and in one series of these, representing the creation, the Almighty is shown as working, day after day, like an artisan, and finally, on the seventh day, as "resting,"—seated in almost the exact attitude of the "weary Mercury" of classic sculpture, with a marked expression of fatigue upon his countenance and in the whole disposition of his body.[1]

During this journey, having revisited Orvieto, Perugia,

[1] I have given a more full discussion of this subject in my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," Vol. I, p. 3.

and Assisi, I returned to Florence, and again enjoyed the society of my old friends, Professor Willard Fiske, Professor Villari, with his accomplished wife, and Judge Stallo, former minister of the United States in Rome.

The great event of this stay was an earthquake. Seated on a pleasant April evening in my rooms at the house built by Adolphus Trollope, near the Piazza dell' Independenza, I heard what seemed at first the rising of a storm; then the rushing of a mighty wind; then, as it grew stronger, apparently the gallop of a corps of cavalry in the neighboring avenue; but, almost instantly, it seemed to change into the onrush of a corps of artillery, and, a moment later, to strike the house, lifting its foundations as if by some mighty hand, and swaying it to and fro, everything creaking, groaning, rattling, and seeming likely to fall in upon us. This movement to and fro, with crashing and screaming inside and outside the house, continued, as it seemed to me, about twenty minutes—as a matter of fact, it lasted hardly seven seconds; but certainly it was the longest seven seconds I have ever known. At the first uplift of the seismic wave my wife and I rose from our seats, I saying, "Stand perfectly still." Thenceforward, not a word was uttered by either of us until all was over; but many thoughts came,—the dominant feeling being a sense of our helplessness in the presence of the great powers of nature. Neither of us had any hope of escaping alive; but we calmly accepted the inevitable, thinking each moment would be the last. As I look back, our resignation and perfect quiet still surprise me. That room, at the corner of the Villino Trollope, which an ill-founded legend makes the place where George Eliot wrote "Romola," is to me sacred, as the place where we two passed "from death unto life."

Nearly all that night we remained near the doors of the house, ready to escape any new shocks; but only one or two came, and those very light. Crowds of the population remained out of doors, many dwellers in hotels

taking refuge in carriages and cabs, and staying in them through the night.

Next morning I walked forth to find what had happened,—first to the cathedral, to see if anything was left of Giotto's tower and Brunelleschi's dome, and, to my great joy, found them standing; but, as I entered the vast building, I saw one of the enormous iron bars which take the thrust of the wide arches of the nave pulled apart and broken as if it had been pack-thread; there were also a few cracks in one of the piers supporting the dome, but all else was as before.

At the Palazzo Strozzi a crowd of people were examining sundry crevices which had been made in its mighty walls: and at various villas in the neighborhood, especially those on the road to San Miniato, I found that the damage had been much worse. A part of the tower of one villa, occupied by an English lady of literary distinction, had been thrown down, crashing directly through one of the upper rooms, but causing no loss of life; the villa of Judge Stallo, at the Porta Romana, was so wrecked that he was obliged to leave it; and in the house of another friend a heavy German stove on the upper floor, having been thrown over, had come down through the ceiling of the main parlor, crashing through the grand piano, and thence into the cellar, without injury to any person. One of the professors whom I afterward met told me that he was giving a dinner-party when, suddenly, the house was lifted and shaken to and fro, the chandeliers swinging, broken glass crashing, and the ladies screaming, and, in a moment, a portion of the outer wall gave way, but fortunately fell outward, so that the guests scrambled forth over the ruins, and passed the night in the garden. Perhaps the worst damage was wrought at the Convent of the Certosa, where some of the beautiful old work was irreparably injured.

It was very difficult next morning to get any real information from the newspapers. They claimed that but three persons lost their lives in the city: it was clearly

thought best to minimize the damage done, lest the stream of travel might be scared away. I remarked at the time that we should never know fully what had occurred until we received the American papers; and, curiously enough, several weeks afterward a Californian showed me a very full and minute account of the whole calamity, with careful details, given in the telegraphic reports of a San Francisco newspaper on the very morning after the earthquake.

On the way to America I passed a short time, during the month of June, in London, meeting various interesting people, a most pleasant occasion to me being a dinner given by Mr. Bayard, the American minister, at which I met my classmate Wayne MacVeagh, formerly attorney-general of the United States, minister to Constantinople, and ambassador to Rome, full, as usual, of interesting reminiscence and witty suggestion. Very interesting also to me was a talk with Mr. Holman Hunt, the eminent pre-Raphaelite artist. He told me much of Tennyson, dwelling upon his morbid fear that people would stare at him. He also gave an account of his meeting with Ruskin at Venice, when Ruskin took Hunt to task for not having come to see him more frequently in London; to which Hunt replied that, for one reason, he was very busy, and that, for another, he did not wish to be classed with the toadies who swarmed about Ruskin. Whereupon Ruskin said that Hunt was right regarding the character of most of the people about him. Hunt also spoke of the ill treatment of his beautiful picture, "The Light of the World." From him, or from another source about that time, I learned that formerly the Keble College people had made much of it; but that, some one having interpreted the rays passing through the different openings of the lantern in Christ's hand as typifying truth shining through different religious conceptions, the owners of the picture distrusted it, and had recently refused to allow its exhibition in London.

It surprised me to find Holman Hunt so absorbed in

his own art that he apparently knew next to nothing about that of other European masters,—nothing of Puvis de Chavannes at Paris; nothing of Menzel, Knaus, and Werner at Berlin.

Having returned to America, I was soon settled in my old homestead at Cornell,—as I supposed for the rest of my life. Very delightful to me during this as well as other sojourns at Cornell after my presidency were sundry visits to American universities at which I was asked to read papers or make addresses. Of these I may mention Harvard, Yale, and the State universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, at each of which I addressed bodies of students on subjects which seemed to me important, among these "The Diplomatic Service of the United States," "Democracy and Education," "Evolution *vs.* Revolution in Politics," and "The Problem of High Crime in the United States." To me, as an American citizen earnestly desiring a noble future for my country, it was one of the greatest of pleasures to look into the faces of those large audiences of vigorous young men and women, and, above all, at the State universities of the West, which are to act so powerfully through so many channels of influence in this new century. The last of the subjects above-named interested me painfully, and I was asked to present it to large general audiences, and not infrequently to the congregations of churches. I had become convinced that looseness in the administration of our criminal law is one of the more serious dangers to American society, and my earlier studies in this field were strengthened by my observations in the communities I had visited during the long journey through our Southern and Pacific States, to which I have just referred. Of this I shall speak later.

Returning to Washington in February of 1897, I joined the Venezuela Commission in presenting its report to the President and Secretary of State, and so ended my duties under the administration of Mr. Cleveland. Of my connection with the political campaign of 1896 I have spoken

elsewhere. In May of 1897, having been appointed by President McKinley ambassador to Berlin, I sailed for Europe, and my journeys since that time have consisted mainly of excursions to interesting historical localities in Germany, with several short vacations in the principal towns of northern Italy, upon the Riviera, and in America.

PART VII

MISCELLANEOUS RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER LVI

THE CARDIFF GIANT: A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF HUMAN FOLLY—1869-1870

THE traveler from New York to Niagara by the northern route is generally disappointed in the second half of his journey. During the earlier hours of the day, moving rapidly up the valleys, first of the Hudson and next of the Mohawk, he passes through a succession of landscapes striking or pleasing, and of places interesting from their relations to the French and Revolutionary wars. But, arriving at the middle point of his journey,—the head waters of the Mohawk,—a disenchantment begins. Thenceforward he passes through a country tame, monotonous, and with cities and villages as uninteresting in their appearance as in their names; the latter being taken, apparently without rhyme or reason, from the classical dictionary or the school geography.

And yet, during all that second half of his excursion, he is passing almost within musket-shot of one of the most beautiful regions of the Northern States,—the lake country of central and western New York.

It is made up of a succession of valleys running from south to north, and lying generally side by side, each with a beauty of its own. Some, like the Oneida and the Genesee, are broad expanses under thorough cultivation; others, like the Cayuga and Seneca, show sheets of water long and wide, their shores sometimes indented with glens and gorges, and sometimes rising with pleasant slopes to the wooded hills; in others still, as the Canandaigua, Keuka, Owasco, Skaneateles, Canandaigua,

smaller lakes are set, like gems, among vineyards and groves; and in others shimmering streams go winding through corn-fields and orchards fringed by the forest.

Of this last sort is the Onondaga valley. It lies just at the center of the State, and, although it has at its northern entrance the most thriving city between New York and Buffalo, it preserves a remarkable character of peaceful beauty.

It is also interesting historically. Here was the seat—the "long house"—of the Onondagas, the central tribe of the Iroquois; here, from time immemorial, were held the councils which decided on a warlike or peaceful policy for their great confederation; hither, in the seventeenth century, came the Jesuits, and among them some who stand high on the roll of martyrs; hither, toward the end of the eighteenth century, came Chateaubriand, who has given in his memoirs his melancholy musings on the shores of Onondaga Lake, and his conversation with the chief sachem of the Onondaga tribe; hither, in the early years of this century, came the companion of Alexis de Tocqueville, Gustave de Beaumont, who has given in his letters the thoughts aroused within him in this region, made sacred to him by the sorrows of refugees from the French Revolution.

It is a land of peace. The remnant of the Indians live quietly upon their reservation, Christians and pagans uniting harmoniously, on broad-church principles, in the celebration of Christmas and in the sacrifice of the white dog to the Great Spirit.

The surrounding farmers devote themselves in peace to their vocation. A noted academy, which has sent out many of their children to take high places in their own and other States, stands in the heart of the valley, and little red school-houses are suitably scattered. Clinging to the hills on either side are hamlets like Onondaga, Pompey, and Otisco, which in summer remind one of the villages upon the lesser slopes of the Apennines. It would be hard to find a more typical American popula-

tion of the best sort—the sort which made Thomas Jefferson believe in democracy. It is largely of New England ancestry, with a free admixture of the better sort of more recent immigrants. It was my good fortune, during several years, to know many of these dwellers in the valley, and perhaps I am prejudiced in their favor by the fact that in my early days they listened very leniently to my political and literary addresses, and twice sent me to the Senate of the State with a large majority.

But truth, even more than friendship, compels this tribute to their merits. Good influences have long been at work among them: in the little cemetery near the valley church is the grave of one of their early pastors,—a quiet scholar,—the Rev. Caleb Alexander, who edited the first edition of the Greek Testament ever published in the United States.

I have known one of these farmers, week after week, during the storms of a hard winter, drive four miles to borrow a volume of Scott's novels, and, what is better, drive four miles each week to return it. They are a people who read and think, and who can be relied on, in the long run, to take the sensible view of any question.

They have done more than read and think. They took a leading part in raising regiments and batteries for the Civil War, and their stalwart sons went valiantly forth as volunteers. The Onondaga regiments distinguished themselves on many a hard-fought field; they learned what war was like at Bull Run, and used their knowledge to good purpose at Lookout Mountain, Five Forks, and Gettysburg. Typical is the fact that one of these regiments was led by a valley schoolmaster,—a man who, having been shot through the body, reported dead, and honored with a public commemoration at which eulogies were delivered by various persons, including myself, lived to command a brigade, to take part in the "Battle of the Clouds," where he received a second wound, and to receive a third wound during the march with Sherman to the sea.

Best of all, after the war the surviving soldiers returned, went on with their accustomed vocations, and all was quiet as before.

But in the autumn [1] of 1869 this peaceful region was in commotion from one end to the other. Strange reports echoed from farm to farm. It was noised abroad that a great stone statue or petrified giant had been dug up near the little hamlet of Cardiff, almost at the southern extremity of the valley; and soon, despite the fact that the crops were not yet gathered in, and the elections not yet over, men and women and children were hurrying from Syracuse and from the farm-houses along the valley to the scene of the great discovery.

I had been absent in a distant State for some weeks, and, on my return to Syracuse, meeting one of the most substantial citizens, a highly respected deacon in the Presbyterian Church, formerly a county judge, I asked him, in a jocose way, about the new object of interest, fully expecting that he would join me in a laugh over the whole matter; but, to my surprise, he became at once very solemn. He said, "I assure you that this is no laughing matter; it is a very serious thing, indeed; there is no question that an amazing discovery has been made, and I advise you to go down and see what you think of it."

Next morning, my brother and myself were speeding, after a fast trotter in a light buggy, through the valley to the scene of the discovery; and as we went we saw more and more, on every side, evidences of enormous popular interest. The roads were crowded with buggies, carriages, and even omnibuses from the city, and with lumber-wagons from the farms—all laden with passengers. In about two hours we arrived at the Newell farm, and found a gathering which at first sight seemed like a county fair. In the midst was a tent, and a crowd was pressing for admission. Entering, we saw a large pit or grave, and, at the bottom of it, perhaps five feet below

[1] October 16.

the surface, an enormous figure, apparently of Onondaga gray limestone. It was a stone giant, with massive features, the whole body nude, the limbs contracted as if in agony. It had a color as if it had lain long in the earth, and over its surface were minute punctures, like pores. An especial appearance of great age was given it by deep grooves and channels in its under side, apparently worn by the water which flowed in streams through the earth and along the rock on which the figure rested. Lying in its grave, with the subdued light from the roof of the tent falling upon it, and with the limbs contorted as if in a death struggle, it produced a most weird effect. An air of great solemnity pervaded the place. Visitors hardly spoke above a whisper.

Coming out, I asked some questions, and was told that the farmer who lived there had discovered the figure when digging a well. Being asked my opinion, my answer was that the whole matter was undoubtedly a hoax; that there was no reason why the farmer should dig a well in the spot where the figure was found; that it was convenient neither to the house nor to the barn; that there was already a good spring and a stream of water running conveniently to both; that, as to the figure itself, it certainly could not have been carved by any prehistoric race, since no part of it showed the characteristics of any such early work; that, rude as it was, it betrayed the qualities of a modern performance of a low order.

Nor could it be a fossilized human being; in this all scientific observers of any note agreed. There was ample evidence, to one who had seen much sculpture, that it was carved, and that the man who carved it, though by no means possessed of genius or talent, had seen casts, engravings, or photographs of noted sculptures. The figure, in size, in massiveness, in the drawing up of the limbs, and in its roughened surface, vaguely reminded one of Michelangelo's "Night and Morning." Of course, the difference between this crude figure and those great Medicean statues was infinite; and yet it seemed to me

that the man who had carved this figure must have received a hint from those.

It was also clear that the figure was neither intended to be considered as an idol nor as a monumental statue. There was no pedestal of any sort on which it could stand, and the disposition of the limbs and their contortions were not such as any sculptor would dream of in a figure to be set up for adoration. That it was intended to be taken as a fossilized giant was indicated by the fact that it was made as nearly like a human being as the limited powers of the stone-carver permitted, and that it was covered with minute imitations of pores.

Therefore it was that, in spite of all scientific reasons to the contrary, the work was very generally accepted as a petrified human being of colossal size, and became known as "the Cardiff Giant."

One thing seemed to argue strongly in favor of its antiquity, and I felt bound to confess, to those who asked my opinion, that it puzzled me. This was the fact that the surface water flowing beneath it in its grave seemed to have deeply grooved and channeled it on the under side. Now the Onondaga gray limestone is hard and substantial, and on that very account used in the locks upon the canals: for the running of surface water to wear such channels in it would require centuries.

Against the opinion that the figure was a hoax various arguments were used. It was insisted. first, that the farmer had not the ability to devise such a fraud; secondly, that he had not the means to execute it; third, that his family had lived there steadily for many years, and were ready to declare under oath that they had never seen it, and had known nothing of it until it was accidentally discovered; fourth, that the neighbors had never seen or heard of it; fifth, that it was preposterous to suppose that such a mass of stone could have been brought and buried in the place without some one finding it out; sixth, that the grooves and channels worn in it by the surface water proved its vast antiquity.

To these considerations others were soon added. Especially interesting was it to observe the evolution of myth and legend. Within a week after the discovery, full-blown statements appeared to the effect that the neighboring Indians had abundant traditions of giants who formerly roamed over the hills of Onondaga; and, finally, the circumstantial story was evolved that an Onondaga squaw had declared, "in an impressive manner," that the statue "is undoubtedly the petrified body of a gigantic Indian prophet who flourished many centuries ago and foretold the coming of the palefaces, and who, just before his own death, said to those about him that their descendants would see him again."[1] To this were added the reflections of many good people who found it an edifying confirmation of the biblical text, "There were giants in those days." There was, indeed, an undercurrent of skepticism among the harder heads in the valley, but the prevailing opinion in the region at large was more and more in favor of the idea that the object was a fossilized human being—a giant of "those days." Such was the rush to see the figure that the admission receipts were very large; it was even stated that they amounted to five per cent. upon three millions of dollars, and soon came active men from the neighboring region who proposed to purchase the figure and exhibit it through the country. A leading spirit in this "syndicate" deserves mention. He was a horse-dealer in a large way and banker in a small way from a village in the next county,—a man keen and shrewd, but merciful and kindly, who had fought his way up from abject poverty, and whose fundamental principle, as he asserted it, was "Do unto others as they would like to do unto you, and—*do it fust.*"[2] A joint-stock concern was formed with a considerable capital, and an eminent showman, "Colonel" Wood, employed to exploit the wonder.

[1] See "The Cardiff Giant Humbug," Fort Dodge, Iowa, 1870, p. 13.

[2] For a picture, both amusing and pathetic, of the doings of this man, and also of life in the central New York villages, see "David Harum," a novel by E. N. Westcott, New York, 1898.

A week after my first visit I again went to the place, by invitation. In the crowd on that day were many men of light and leading from neighboring towns,—among them some who made pretensions to scientific knowledge. The figure, lying in its grave, deeply impressed all; and as a party of us came away, a very excellent doctor of divinity, pastor of one of the largest churches in Syracuse, said very impressively, "Is it not strange that any human being, after seeing this wonderfully preserved figure, can deny the evidence of his senses, and refuse to believe, what is so evidently the fact, that we have here a fossilized human being, perhaps one of the giants mentioned in Scripture?"

Another visitor, a bright-looking lady, was heard to declare, "Nothing in the world can ever make me believe that he was not once a living being. Why, you can see the veins in his legs."[1]

Another prominent clergyman declared with *ex cathedra* emphasis: "This is not a thing contrived of man, but is the face of one who lived on the earth, the very image and child of God."[2] And a writer in one of the most important daily papers of the region dwelt on the "majestic simplicity and grandeur of the figure," and added, "It is not unsafe to affirm that ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who have seen this wonder have become immediately and instantly impressed with the idea that they were in the presence of an object not made by mortal hands. . . . No piece of sculpture ever produced the awe inspired by this blackened form. . . . I venture to affirm that no living sculptor can be produced who will say that the figure was conceived and executed by any human being."[3]

The current of belief ran more and more strongly, and soon embraced a large number of really thoughtful people. A week or two after my first visit came a deputa-

[1] See Letter of Hon. Galusha Parsons in the Fort Dodge Pamphlet.
[2] See Mr. Stockbridge's article in the "Popular Science Monthly," June, 1878.
[3] See "The American Goliath," Syracuse, 1869, p. 16.

tion of regents of the State University from Albany, including especially Dr. Woolworth, the secretary, a man of large educational experience, and no less a personage in the scientific world than Dr. James Hall, the State geologist, perhaps the most eminent American paleontologist of that period.

On their arrival at Syracuse in the evening, I met them at their hotel and discussed with them the subject which so interested us all, urging them especially to be cautious, and stating that a mistake might prove very injurious to the reputation of the regents, and to the proper standing of scientific men and methods in the State; that if the matter should turn out to be a fraud, and such eminent authorities should be found to have committed themselves to it, there would be a guffaw from one end of the country to the other at the expense of the men intrusted by the State with its scientific and educational interests. To this the gentlemen assented, and next day they went to Cardiff. They came; they saw; and they narrowly escaped being conquered. Luckily they did not give their sanction to the idea that the statue was a petrifaction, but Professor Hall was induced to say: "To all appearance, the statue lay upon the gravel when the deposition of the fine silt or soil began, upon the surface of which the forests have grown for succeeding generations. Altogether it is the most remarkable object brought to light in this country, and, although not dating back to the stone age, is, nevertheless, deserving of the attention of archæologists."[1]

At no period of my life have I ever been more discouraged as regards the possibility of making right reason prevail among men.

As a refrain to every argument there seemed to go jeering and sneering through my brain Schiller's famous line:

"Against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain."[2]

[1] See his letter of October 23, 1869, in the Syracuse papers.

[2] "Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens." *Jungfrau von Orleans*, Act III, scene 6.

There seemed no possibility even of *suspending* the judgment of the great majority who saw the statue. As a rule, they insisted on believing it a "petrified giant," and those who did not dwelt on its perfections as an ancient statue. They saw in it a whole catalogue of fine qualities; and one writer went into such extreme ecstatics that he suddenly realized the fact, and ended by saying, "but this is rather too high-flown, so I had better conclude." As a matter of fact, the work was wretchedly defective in proportion and features; in every characteristic of sculpture it showed itself the work simply of an inferior stone-carver.

Dr. Boynton, a local lecturer on scientific subjects, gave it the highest praise as a work of art, and attributed it to early Jesuit missionaries who had come into that region about two hundred years before. Another gentleman, who united the character of a deservedly beloved pastor and an inspiring popular lecturer on various scientific topics, developed this Boynton theory. He attributed the statue to "a trained sculptor . . . who had noble original powers; for none but such could have formed and wrought out the conception of that stately head, with its calm smile so full of mingled sweetness and strength." This writer then ventured the query, "Was it not, as Dr. Boynton suggests, some one from that French colony, . . . some one with a righteous soul sighing over the lost civilization of Europe, weary of swamp and forest and fort, who, finding this block by the side of the stream, solaced the weary days of exile with pouring out his thought upon the stone?"[1] Although the most eminent sculptor in the State had utterly refused to pronounce the figure anything beyond a poor piece of carving, these strains of admiration and adoration continued

There was evidently a "joy in believing" in the marvel, and this was increased by the peculiarly American superstition that the correctness of a belief is decided by

[1] See the Syracuse daily papers as above.

the number of people who can be induced to adopt it—that truth is a matter of majorities. The current of credulity seemed irresistible.

Shortly afterward the statue was raised from its grave, taken to Syracuse and to various other cities, especially to the city of New York, and in each place exhibited as a show.

As already stated, there was but one thing in the figure, as I had seen it, which puzzled me, and that was the grooving of the under side, apparently by currents of water, which, as the statue appeared to be of our Onondaga gray limestone, would require very many years. But one day one of the cool-headed skeptics of the valley, an old schoolmate of mine, came to me, and with an air of great solemnity took from his pocket an object which he carefully unrolled from its wrappings, and said, "There is a piece of the giant. Careful guard has been kept from the first in order to prevent people touching it; but I have managed to get a piece of it, and here it is." I took it in my hand, and the matter was made clear in an instant. The stone was not our hard Onondaga gray limestone, but soft, easily marked with the finger-nail, and, on testing it with an acid, I found it, not hard carbonate of lime, but a soft, friable sulphate of lime—a form of gypsum, which must have been brought from some other part of the country.

A healthful skepticism now began to assert its rights. Professor Marsh of Yale appeared upon the scene. Fortunately, he was not only one of the most eminent of living paleontologists, but, unlike most who had given an opinion, he really knew something of sculpture, for he had been familiar with the best galleries of the Old World. He examined the statue and said, "It is of very recent origin, and a most decided humbug. . . . Very short exposure of the statue would suffice to obliterate all trace of tool-marks, and also to roughen the polished surfaces, but these are still quite perfect, and hence the giant must have been very recently buried. . . . I am

surprised that any scientific observers should not have at once detected the unmistakable evidence against its antiquity."[1]

Various suspicious circumstances presently became known. It was found that Farmer Newell had just remitted to a man named Hull, at some place in the West, several thousand dollars, the result of admission fees to the booth containing the figure, and that nothing had come in return. Thinking men in the neighborhood reasoned that as Newell had never been in condition to owe any human being such an amount of money, and had received nothing in return for it, his correspondent had, not unlikely, something to do with the statue.

These suspicions were soon confirmed. The neighboring farmers, who, in their quiet way, kept their eyes open, noted a tall, lank individual who frequently visited the place and seemed to exercise complete control over Farmer Newell. Soon it was learned that this stranger was the man Hull,—Newell's brother-in-law,—the same to whom the latter had made the large remittance of admission money. One day, two or three farmers from a distance, visiting the place for the first time and seeing Hull, said, "Why, that is the man who brought the big box down the valley." On being asked what they meant, they said that, being one evening in a tavern on the valley turnpike some miles south of Cardiff, they had noticed under the tavern shed a wagon bearing an enormous box; and when they met Hull in the bar-room and asked about it, he said that it was some tobacco-cutting machinery which he was bringing to Syracuse. Other farmers, who had seen the box and talked with Hull at different places on the road between Binghamton and Cardiff, made similar statements. It was then ascertained that no such box had passed the toll-gates between Cardiff and Syracuse, and proofs of the swindle began to mature.

But skepticism was not well received. Vested interests

[1] See Professor Marsh's letter in the "Syracuse Daily Journal," November 30, 1869.

had accrued, a considerable number of people, most of them very good people, had taken stock in the new enterprise, and anything which discredited it was unwelcome to them.

It was not at all that these excellent people wished to countenance an imposture, but it had become so entwined with their beliefs and their interests that at last they came to abhor any doubts regarding it. A pamphlet, "The American Goliath," was now issued in behalf of the wonder. On its title-page it claimed to give the "History of the Discovery, and the Opinions of Scientific Men thereon." The tone of the book was moderate, but its tendency was evident. Only letters and newspaper articles exciting curiosity or favoring the genuineness of the statue were admitted; adverse testimony, like that of Professor Marsh, was carefully excluded.

Before long the matter entered into a comical phase. Barnum, King of Showmen, attempted to purchase the "giant," but in vain. He then had a copy made so nearly resembling the original that no one, save, possibly, an expert, could distinguish between them. This new statue was also exhibited as "the Cardiff Giant," and thenceforward the credit of the discovery waned.

The catastrophe now approached rapidly, and soon affidavits from men of high character in Iowa and Illinois established the fact that the figure was made at Fort Dodge, in Iowa, of a great block of gypsum there found; that this block was transported by land to the nearest railway station, Boone, which was about forty-five miles distant; that on the way the wagon conveying it broke down, and that as no other could be found strong enough to bear the whole weight, a portion of the block was cut off; that, thus diminished, it was taken to Chicago, where a German stone-carver gave it final shape; that, as it had been shortened, he was obliged to draw up the lower limbs, thus giving it a strikingly contracted and agonized appearance; that the under side of the figure was grooved and channeled in order that it should appear to be

wasted by age; that it was then dotted or pitted over with minute pores by means of a leaden mallet faced with steel needles; that it was stained with some preparation which gave it an appearance of great age; that it was then shipped to a place near Binghamton, New York, and finally brought to Cardiff and there buried. It was further stated that Hull, in order to secure his brother-in-law, Farmer Newell, as his confederate in burying the statue, had sworn him to secrecy; and, in order that the family might testify that they had never heard or seen anything of the statue until it had been unearthed, he had sent them away on a little excursion covering the time when it was brought and buried. All these facts were established by affidavits from men of high character in Iowa and Illinois, by the sworn testimony of various Onondaga farmers and men of business, and, finally, by the admissions and even boasts of Hull himself.

Against this tide of truth the good people who had pinned their faith to the statue—those who had vested interests in it, and those who had rashly given solemn opinions in favor of it—struggled for a time desperately. A writer in the "Syracuse Journal" expressed a sort of regretful wonder and shame that "the public are asked to overthrow the sworn testimony of sustained witnesses corroborated by the highest scientific authority"—the only sworn witness being Farmer Newell, whose testimony was not at all conclusive, and the highest scientific authority being an eminent local dentist who, early in his life, had given popular chemical lectures, and who had now invested money in the enterprise.

The same writer referred also with awe to "the men of sense, property, and character who own the giant and receive whatever revenue arises from its exhibition"; and the argument culminated in the oracular declaration that "the operations of water as testified and interpreted by science cannot create falsehood."[1]

[1] See letter of "X" in the "Syracuse Journal," republished in the Fort Dodge Pamphlet, pp. 15 and 16.

But all this pathetic eloquence was in vain. Hull, the inventor of the statue, having realized more money from it than he expected, and being sharp enough to see that its day was done, was evidently bursting with the desire to avert scorn from himself by bringing the laugh upon others, and especially upon certain clergymen, whom, as we shall see hereafter, he greatly disliked. He now acknowledged that the whole thing was a swindle, and gave details of the way in which he came to embark in it. He avowed that the idea was suggested to him by a discussion with a Methodist revivalist in Iowa; that, being himself a skeptic in religious matters, he had flung at his antagonist "those remarkable stories in the Bible about giants"; that, observing how readily the revivalist and those with him took up the cudgels for the giants, it then and there occurred to him that, since so many people found pleasure in believing such things, he would have a statue carved out of stone which he had found in Iowa and pass it off on them as a petrified giant. In a later conversation he said that one thing which decided him was that the stone had in it dark-colored bluish streaks which resembled in appearance the veins of the human body. The evolution of the whole affair thus became clear, simple, and natural.

Up to this time, Hull's remarkable cunning had never availed him much. He had made various petty inventions, but had realized very little from them; he had then made some combinations as regarded the internal-revenue laws referring to the manufacture and sale of tobacco, and these had only brought him into trouble with the courts; but now, when the boundless resources of human credulity were suddenly revealed to him by the revivalist, he determined to exploit them. This evolution of his ideas strikingly resembles that through which the mind of a worthless, shiftless, tricky creature in western New York—Joseph Smith—must have passed forty years before, when he dug up "the golden plates" of the "Book of Mormon," and found plenty of excellent people who

rejoiced in believing that the Rev. Mr. Spalding's biblical novel was a new revelation from the Almighty.

The whole matter was thus fully laid open, and it might have been reasonably expected that thenceforward no human being would insist that the stone figure was anything but a swindling hoax.

Not so. In the Divinity School of Yale College, about the middle of the century, was a solemn, quiet, semi-jocose, semi-melancholic resident graduate—Alexander McWhorter. I knew him well. He had embarked in various matters which had not turned out satisfactorily. Hot water, ecclesiastical and social, seemed his favorite element.[1] He was generally believed to secure most of his sleep during the day, and to do most of his work during the night; a favorite object of his study being Hebrew. Various strange things had appeared from his pen, and, most curious of all, a little book entitled, "Yahveh Christ," in which he had endeavored to demonstrate that the doctrine of the Trinity was to be found entangled in the consonants out of which former scholars made the word "Jehovah," and more recent scholars "Yahveh"; that this word, in fact, proved the doctrine of the Trinity.[2]

He now brought his intellect to bear upon "the Cardiff Giant," and soon produced an amazing theory, developing it at length in a careful article.[3]

This theory was simply that the figure discovered at Cardiff was a Phenician idol; and Mr. McWhorter published, as the climax to all his proofs, the facsimile and translation of an inscription which he had discovered upon the figure—a "Phenician inscription," which he thought could leave no doubt in the mind of any person open to conviction.

[1] The main evidence of this is to be found in "Truth Stranger Than Fiction: A Narrative of Recent Transactions involving Inquiries in Regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth, and Justice, which Obtains in a Distinguished American University," by Catherine E. Beecher, New York, 1850.

[2] See "Yahveh Christ, or the Memorial Name," by A. McWhorter, Boston, 1857.

[3] See McWhorter, "Tammuz and the Mound-builders," in the "Galaxy," July, 1872.

That the whole thing had been confessed a swindle by all who took part in it, with full details as to its origin and development, seemed to him not worthy of the slightest mention. Regardless of all the facts in the case, he showed a pathetic devotion to his theory, and allowed his imagination the fullest play. He found, first of all, an inscription of thirteen letters, "introduced by a large cross or star—the Assyrian index of the Deity." Before the last word of the inscription he found carved "a flower which he regarded as consecrated to the particular deity Tammuz, and at both ends of the inscription a serpent monogram and symbol of Baal."

This inscription he assumed as an evident fact, though no other human being had ever been able to see it. Even Professor White, M.D., of the Yale Medical School, with the best intentions in the world, was unable to find it. Dr. White was certainly not inclined to superficiality or skepticism. With "achromatic glasses which magnified forty-five diameters" he examined the "pinholes" which covered the figure, and declared that "the beautiful finish of every pore or pinhole appeared to me strongly opposed to the idea that the statue was of modern workmanship." He also thought he saw the markings which Mr. McWhorter conjectured might be an inscription, and said in a letter, "though I saw no recent tool-marks, I saw evidences of design in the form and arrangement of the markings, which suggested the idea of an inscription." And, finally, having made these concessions, he ends his long letter with the very guarded statement that, "though not fully *decided,* I *incline to the opinion* that the Onondaga statue is of ancient origin."[1]

But this mild statement did not daunt Mr. McWhorter. Having calmly pronounced Dr. White "in error," he proceeded with sublime disregard of every other human being. He found that the statue "belongs to the winged or 'cherubim' type"; that "down the left side of the figure are seen the outlines of folded wings—even the sepa-

[1] The italics are as in the original.

rate feathers being clearly distinguishable"; that "the left side of the head is inexpressibly noble and majestic," and "conforms remarkably to the type of the head of the mound-builders"; that "the left arm terminates in what appears to be a huge extended lion's paw"; that "the dual idea expressed in the head is carried out in the figure"; that "in the wonderfully artistic mouth of the divine side we find a suggestion of that of the Greek Apollo." Mr. McWhorter also found other things that no other human being was ever able to discern, and among them "a crescent-shaped wound upon the left side," "traces of ancient coloring" in all parts of the statue, and evidences that the minute pores were made by "borers." He lays great stress on an "ancient medal" found in Onondaga, which he thinks belongs "to the era of the mound-builders," and on which he finds a "circle inclosing an equilateral cross, both cross and circle, like the wheel of Ezekiel, being full of small circles or eyes." As a matter of fact, this "ancient medal" was an English penny, which a street gamin of Syracuse said that he had found near the statue, and the "equilateral cross" was simply the usual cross of St. George. Mr. McWhorter thinks the circle inclosing the cross denotes the "world soul," and in a dissertation of about twenty pages he discourses upon "Baal," "Tammuz," "King Hiram of Tyre," the "ships of Tarshish," the "Eluli," and "Atlas," with plentiful arguments drawn from a multitude of authorities, and among them Sanchoniathon, Ezekiel, Plato, Dr. Döllinger, Isaiah, Melanchthon, Lenormant, Humboldt, Sir John Lubbock, and Don Domingo Juarros,—finally satisfying himself that the statue was "brought over by a colony of Phenicians," possibly several hundred years before Christ.[1]

With the modesty of a true scholar he says, "Whether the final battle at Onondaga . . . occurred before or after this event we cannot tell"; but, resuming confidence, he says, "we only know that at some distant period the

[1] See the "Galaxy" article, as above, *passim*.

great statue, brought in a 'ship of Tarshish' across the sea of Atl, was lightly covered with twigs and flowers, and these with gravel." The deliberations of the Pickwick Club over "Bill Stubbs, His Mark" pale before this; and Dickens in his most expansive moods never conceived anything more funny than the long, solemn discussion between the erratic Hebrew scholar and the eminent medical professor at New Haven over the "pores" of the statue, which one of them thought "the work of minute animals," which the other thought "elaborate Phenician workmanship," which both thought exquisite, and which the maker of the statue had already confessed that he had made by rudely striking the statue with a mallet faced with needles.

Mr. McWhorter's new theory made no great stir in the United States, though some, doubtless, took comfort in it; but it found one very eminent convert across the ocean, and in a place where we might least have expected him. Some ten years after the events above sketched, while residing at Berlin as minister of the United States, I one day received from an American student at the University of Halle a letter stating that he had been requested by no less a personage than the eminent Dr. Schlottmann, instructor in Hebrew in the theological school of that university,—the successor of Gesenius in that branch of instruction,—to write me for information regarding the Phenician statue described by the Rev. Alexander McWhorter.

In reply, I detailed to him the main points in the history of the case, as it has been given in this chapter, adding, as against the Phenician theory, that nothing in the nature of Phenician remains had ever been found within the borders of the United States, and that if they had been found, this remote valley, three hundred miles from the sea, barred from the coast by mountain-ranges, forests, and savage tribes, could never have been the place chosen by Phenician navigators for such a deposit; that the figure itself was clearly not a work of early art,

but a crude development by an uncultured stone-cutter out of his remembrance of things in modern sculpture; and that the inscription was purely the creation of Mr. McWhorter's imagination.

In his acknowledgment, my correspondent said that I had left no doubt in his mind as to the fact that the giant was a swindle; but that he had communicated my letter to the eminent Dr. Schlettmann, that the latter avowed that I had not convinced him, and that he still believed the Cardiff figure to be a Phenician statue bearing a most important inscription.

One man emerged from this chapter in the history of human folly supremely happy: this was Hull, the inventor of the "giant." He had at last made some money, had gained a reputation for "smartness," and, what probably pleased him best of all, had revenged himself upon the Rev. Mr. Turk of Ackley, Iowa, who by lung-power had worsted him in the argument as to the giants mentioned in Scripture.

So elate was he that he shortly set about devising another "petrified man" which would defy the world. It was of clay baked in a furnace, contained human bones, and was provided with "a tail and legs of the ape type"; and this he caused to be buried and discovered in Colorado. This time he claimed to have the aid of one of his former foes—the great Barnum; and all went well until his old enemy, Professor Marsh of Yale, appeared and blasted the whole enterprise by a few minutes of scientific observation and common-sense discourse.

Others tried to imitate Hull, and in 1876 one—William Ruddock of Thornton, St. Clair County, Michigan—manufactured a small effigy in cement, and in due time brought about the discovery of it. But, though several country clergymen used it to strengthen their arguments as to the literal, prosaic correctness of Genesis, it proved a failure. Finally, in 1889, twenty years after "the Cardiff Giant" was devised, a "petrified man" was found near Bathurst in Australia, brought to Sydney, and exhibited. The re-

sult was, in some measure, the same as in the case of the American fraud. Excellent people found comfort in believing, and sundry pseudo-scientific men of a cheap sort thought it best to pander to this sentiment; but a well-trained geologist pointed out the absurdity of the popular theory, and finally the police finished the matter by securing evidences of fraud.[1]

To close these annals, I may add that recently the inventor of "the Cardiff Giant," Hull, being at the age of seventy-six years, apparently in his last illness, and anxious for the glory in history which comes from successful achievement, again gave to the press a full account of his part in the affair, confirming what he had previously stated, showing how he planned it, executed it, and realized a goodly sum for it; how Barnum wished to purchase it from him; and how, above all, he had his joke at the expense of those who, though they had managed to overcome him in argument, had finally been rendered ridiculous in the sight of the whole country.[2]

[1] For the Ruddock discovery see Dr. G. A. Stockwell in the "Popular Science Monthly" for June, 1878. For the Australian fraud see the London "Times" of August 2, 1889.

[2] For Hull's "Final Statement" see the "Ithaca Daily Journal," January 4, 1898.

CHAPTER LVII

PLANS AND PROJECTS, EXECUTED AND UNEXECUTED— 1838-1905

AMONG those who especially attracted my youthful admiration were authors, whether of books or of articles in the magazines. When one of these personages was pointed out to me, he seemed of far greater stature than the men about him. This feeling was especially developed in the atmosphere of our household, where scholars and writers were held in especial reverence, and was afterward increased by my studies. This led me at Yale to take, at first, much interest in general literature, and, as a result, I had some youthful successes as a writer of essays and as one of the editors of the "Yale Literary Magazine"; but although it was an era of great writers, —the culmination of the Victorian epoch,—my love for literature as literature gradually diminished, and in place of it came in my young manhood a love of historical and other studies to which literature was, to my mind, merely subsidiary. With this, no doubt, the prevailing atmosphere of Yale had much to do. There was between Yale and Harvard, at that time, a great difference as regarded literary culture. Living immediately about Harvard were most of the leading American authors, and this fact greatly influenced that university; at Yale less was made of literature as such, and more was made of it as a means to an end—as ancillary in the discussion of various militant political questions. Yale had writers strong, vigorous, and acute: of such were Woolsey, Porter, Bacon, and Bushnell, some of whom,—and, above all, the last,—had

they devoted themselves to pure literature, would have gained lasting fame; but their interest in the questions of the day was controlling, and literature, in its ordinary sense, was secondary.

Harvard undoubtedly had the greater influence on leading American thinkers throughout the nation, but much less direct influence on the people at large outside of Massachusetts. The direct influence of Yale on affairs throughout the United States was far greater; it was felt in all parts of the country and in every sort of enterprise. Many years after my graduation I attended a meeting of the Yale alumni at Washington, where a Western senator, on taking the chair, gave an offhand statement of the difference between the two universities. "Gentlemen," said the senator, "we all know what Harvard does. She fits men admirably for life in Boston and its immediate neighborhood; they see little outside of eastern Massachusetts and nothing outside of New England; in Boston clubs they are delightful; elsewhere they are intolerable. And we also know what Yale does: she sends her graduates out into all parts of the land, for every sort of good work, in town and country, even to the remotest borders of the nation. Wherever you find a Yale man you find a man who is in touch with his fellow-citizens; who appreciates them and is appreciated by them; who is doing a man's work and is honored for doing it."

This humorous overstatement indicates to some extent the real difference between the spirit of the two universities: the influence of Harvard being greater through the men it trained to lead American thought from Boston as a center; the influence of Yale being greater through its graduates who were joining in the world's work in all its varied forms. Yet, curiously enough, it was the utterance of a Harvard man which perhaps did most in my young manhood to make me unduly depreciate literary work. I was in deep sympathy with Theodore Parker, both in politics and religion, and when he poured contempt

over a certain class of ineffective people as "weak and literary," something of his feeling took possession of me. Then, too, I was much under the influence of Thomas Carlyle: his preachments, hortatory and objurgatory, witty and querulous, that men should defer work in literature until they really have some worthy message to deliver, had a strong effect upon me. While I greatly admired men like Lowell and Whittier, who brought exquisite literary gifts to bear powerfully on the struggle against slavery, persons devoted wholly to literary work seemed to me akin to sugar-bakers and confectionery-makers. I now know that this view was very inadequate; but it was then in full force. It seemed to me more and more absurd that a man with an alleged immortal soul, at such a time as the middle of the nineteenth century, should devote himself, as I then thought, to amusing weakish young men and women by the balancing of phrases or the jingling of verses.

Therefore it was that, after leaving Yale, whatever I wrote had some distinct purpose, with little, if any, care as to form. I was greatly stirred against the encroachments of slavery in the Territories, had also become deeply interested in university education, and most of my thinking and writing was devoted to these subjects; though, at times, I took up the cudgels in behalf of various militant ideas that seemed to need support. The lecture on "Cathedral Builders and Mediæval Sculptors," given in the Yale chapel after my return from Europe, often repeated afterward in various parts of the country, and widely circulated by extracts in newspapers, though apparently an exception to the rule, was not really so. It aimed to show the educational value of an ethical element in art. So, too, my article in the "New Englander" on "Glimpses of Universal History" had as its object the better development of historical studies in our universities. My articles in the "Atlantic Monthly"—on "Jefferson and Slavery," on "The Statesmanship of Richelieu," and on "The Development and Overthrow of

Serfdom in Russia"—all had a bearing on the dominant question of slavery, and the same was true of my Phi Beta Kappa address at Yale on "The Greatest Foe of Modern States." Whatever I wrote during the Civil War, and especially my pamphlet published in London as a reply to the "American Diary" of the London "Times" correspondent, Dr. Russell, had a similar character. The feeling grew upon me that life in the United States during the middle of the nineteenth century was altogether too earnest for devotion to pure literature. The same feeling pervaded my lectures at the University of Michigan, my effort being by means of the lessons of history to set young men at thinking upon the great political problems of our time. The first course of these lectures was upon the French Revolution. Work with reference to it had been a labor of love. During my student life in Paris, and at various other times, I had devoted much time to the study of this subject, had visited nearly all the places most closely connected with it not only in Paris but throughout France, had meditated upon the noble beginnings of the Revolution in the Palace and Tennis-court and Church of St. Louis at Versailles; at Lyons, upon the *fusillades;* at Nantes, upon the *noyades;* at the Abbaye, the Carmelite monastery, the Barrière du Trône, and the cemetery of the Rue Picpus in Paris, upon the Red Terror; at Nîmes and Avignon and in La Vendée, upon the White Terror; had collected, in all parts of France, masses of books, manuscripts, public documents and illustrated material on the whole struggle: full sets of the leading newspapers of the Revolutionary period, more than seven thousand pamphlets, reports, speeches, and other fugitive publications, with masses of paper money, caricatures, broadsides, and the like, thus forming my library on the Revolution, which has since been added to that of Cornell University. Based upon these documents and books were my lectures on the general history of France and on the Revolution and Empire. Out of this came finally a shorter series of lectures upon

which I took especial pains—namely, the "History of the Causes of the French Revolution." This part of the whole course interested me most as revealing the strength and weakness of democracies and throwing light upon many problems which our own republic must endeavor to solve; and I gave it not only at Cornell, but at Johns Hopkins, the University of Pennsylvania, Stanford, Tulane, and Washington. It still remains in manuscript: whether it will ever be published is uncertain. Should my life be somewhat extended, I hope to throw it into the form of a small volume; but, at my present age and with the work now upon me, the realization of this plan is doubtful. Still, in any case, there is to me one great consolation: my collection of books aided the former professor of modern history at Cornell, Mr. Morse Stevens, in preparing what is unquestionably the best history of the French Revolution in the English language. Nor has the collection been without other uses. Upon it was based my pamphlet on "Paper Money Inflation in France: How It Came, What It Brought, and How It Ended," and this, being circulated widely as a campaign document during two different periods of financial delusion, did, I hope, something to set some controlling men into fruitful trains of thought on one of the most important issues ever presented to the American people.

Another course of lectures also paved the way possibly for a book. I have already told how, during my college life and even previously, I became fascinated with the history of the Protestant Reformation. This led to further studies, and among the first courses in history prepared during my professorship at the University of Michigan was one upon the "Revival of Learning" and the "Reformation in Germany." This course was developed later until it was brought down to our own times; its continuance being especially favored by my stay in Germany, first as a student and later as minister of the United States. Most of my spare time at these periods was given to this subject, and in the preparation of these lectures I conceived

the plan of a book bearing some such name as "The Building of the German Empire," or "The Evolution of Modern Germany." As to method, I proposed to make it almost entirely biographical, and the reason for this is very simple. Of all histories that I have known, those relating to Germany have been the most difficult to read. Events in German history are complicated and interwoven, to a greater degree than those of any other nation, by struggles between races, between three great branches of the Christian Church, between scores of territorial divisions, between greater and lesser monarchs, between states and cities, between families, between individuals. Then, to increase the complication, the center of interest is constantly changing,—being during one period at Vienna, during another at Frankfort-on-the-Main, during another at Berlin, and during others at other places. Therefore it is that narrative histories of Germany become to most foreign readers wretchedly confusing: indeed, they might well be classed in Father Bouhours's famous catalogue of "Books Impossible to be Read." This obstacle to historical treatment, especially as regards the needs of American readers, led me to group events about the lives of various German leaders in thought and action—the real builders of Germany; and this plan was perhaps confirmed by Carlyle's famous dictum that the history of any nation is the history of the great men who have made it. Impressed by such considerations, I threw my lectures almost entirely into biographical form, with here and there a few historical lectures to bind the whole together. Beginning with Erasmus, Luther, Ulrich von Hutten, and Charles V, I continued with Comenius, Canisius, Grotius, Thomasius, and others who, whether born on German soil or not, exercised their main influence in Germany. Then came the work of the Great Elector, the administration of Frederick the Great, the moral philosophy of Kant, the influence of the French Revolution and Napoleon in Germany, the reforms of Stein, the hopeless efforts of Joseph II and Metternich to win the hegemony for Austria, and the suc-

cessful efforts of Bismarck and the Emperor William to give it to Prussia. My own direct knowledge of Germany at different dates during more than forty-five years, and perhaps also my official and personal relations to the two personages last mentioned, enabled me to see some things which a man drawing his material from books alone would not have seen. I have given much of my spare time to this subject during several years, and still hope, almost against hope, to bring it into book form.

Though thus interested in the work of a professor of modern history, I could not refrain from taking part in the discussion of practical questions pressing on thinking men from all sides and earnestly demanding attention.

During my State senatorship I had been obliged more than once to confess a lack, both in myself and in my colleagues, of much fundamental knowledge especially important to men intrusted with the legislation of a great commonwealth. Besides this, even as far back as my Russian attachéship, I had observed a similar want of proper equipment in our diplomatic and consular service. It was clear to me that such subjects as international law, political economy, modern history bearing on legislation, the fundamental principles of law and administration, and especially studies bearing on the prevention and cure of pauperism, inebriety, and crime, and on the imposition of taxation, had been always inadequately provided for by our universities, and in most cases utterly neglected. In France and Germany I had observed a better system, and, especially at the Collège de France, had been interested in the courses of Laboulaye on "Comparative Legislation." The latter subject, above all, seemed likely to prove fruitful in the United States, where not only the national Congress but over forty State legislatures are trying in various ways, year after year, to solve the manifold problems presented to them. Therefore it was that, while discharging my duties as a commissioner at the Paris Exposition of 1878, I took pains to secure information regarding instruction, in various European countries,

having as its object the preparation of young men for the civil and diplomatic service. Especially was I struck by the thorough equipment for the diplomatic and consular services given at the newly established École Libre des Sciences Politiques at Paris; consequently my report as commissioner was devoted to this general subject. On my return this was published under the title of "The Provision for Higher Instruction in Subjects bearing directly on Public Affairs," and a portion of my material was thrown, at a later day, into an appeal for the establishment of proper courses in history and political science, which took the final form of a commencement address at Johns Hopkins University. It is a great satisfaction to me that this publication, acting with other forces in the same direction, has been evidently useful. Nothing in the great development of our universities during the last quarter of a century has been more gratifying and full of promise for the country than the increased provision for instruction bearing on public questions, and the increased interest in such instruction shown by students, and, indeed, by the community at large. I may add that of all the kindnesses shown me by the trustees of Cornell University at my resignation of its presidency, there was none which pleased me more than the attachment of my name to their newly established College of History and Political Science.

During this same period another immediately practical subject which interested me was the reform of the civil service; and, having spoken upon this at various public meetings as well as written private letters to various public men in order to keep them thinking upon it, I published in 1882, in the "North American Review," an article giving historical facts regarding the origin, evolution, and results of the spoils system, entitled, "Do the Spoils Belong to the Victor?" This brought upon me a bitter personal attack from my old friend Mr. Thurlow Weed, who, far-sighted and shrewd as he was, could never see how republican institutions could be made to

work without the anticipation of spoils; but for this I was more than compensated by the friendship of younger men who are likely to have far more to do with our future political development than will the old race of politicians, and, chief among these young men, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. I was also drawn off to other subjects, making addresses at various universities on points which seemed to me of importance, the most successful of all being one given at Yale, upon the thirtieth anniversary of my class, entitled, "The Message of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth." It was an endeavor to strengthen the hands of those who were laboring to maintain the proper balance between the humanities and technical studies. To the latter I had indeed devoted many years of my life, but the time had arrived when the other side seemed to demand attention. This address, though the result of much preliminary meditation, was dictated in all the hurry and worry of a Cornell commencement week and given in the Yale chapel the week following. Probably nothing which I have ever done, save perhaps the tractate on "Paper Money Inflation in France," received such immediate and wide-spread recognition: it was circulated very extensively in the New York "Independent," then in the form of a pamphlet, for which there was large demand, and finally, still more widely, in a cheap form.

Elsewhere in these reminiscences I have given an account of the evolution of my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." It was growing in my mind for about twenty years, and my main reading, even for my different courses of lectures, had more or less connection with it. First given as a lecture, it was then extended into a little book which grew, in the shape of new chapters, into much larger final form. It was written mainly at Cornell University, but several of its chapters in other parts of the world, one being almost wholly prepared on the Nile, at Athens, and at Munich; another at St. Petersburg and during a journey in the Scandinavian

countries; and other chapters in England and France. At last, in the spare hours of my official life at St. Petersburg, I made an end of the work; and in Italy, during the winter and spring of 1894–1895, gave it final revision.

For valuable aid in collecting materials and making notes in public libraries, I was indebted to various friends whose names are mentioned in its preface; and, above all, to my dear friend and former student, Professor George Lincoln Burr, who not only aided me greatly during the latter part of my task by wise suggestions and cautions, but who read the proofs and made the index.

Perhaps I may be allowed to repeat here that my purpose in preparing this book was to strengthen not only science but religion. I have never had any tendency to scoffing, nor have I liked scoffers. Many of my closest associations and dearest friendships have been, and still are, with clergymen. Clergymen are generally, in our cities and villages, among the best and most intelligent men that one finds, and, as a rule, with thoughtful and tolerant old lawyers and doctors, the people best worth knowing. My aim in writing was not only to aid in freeing science from trammels which for centuries had been vexatious and cruel, but also to strengthen religious teachers by enabling them to see some of the evils in the past which, for the sake of religion itself, they ought to guard against in the future.

During vacation journeys in Europe I was led, at various historical centers, to take up special subjects akin to those developed in my lectures. Thus, during my third visit to Florence, having read Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," which still seems to me the most beautiful historical romance ever written, I was greatly impressed by that part of it which depicts the superstitions and legal cruelties engendered by the plague at Milan. This story, with Manzoni's "Colonna Infame" and Cantu's "Vita di Beccaria," led me to take up the history of criminal law, and especially the development of torture in procedure

and punishment. Much time during two or three years was given to this subject, and a winter at Stuttgart in 1877–1878 was entirely devoted to it. In the course of these studies I realized as never before how much dogmatic theology and ecclesiasticism have done to develop and maintain the most frightful features in penal law. I found that in Greece and Rome, before the coming in of Christianity, torture had been reduced to a minimum and, indeed, had been mainly abolished; but that the doctrine in the mediæval church as to "Excepted Cases"—namely, cases of heresy and witchcraft, regarding which the theological dogma was developed that Satan would exercise his powers to help his votaries—had led to the reëstablishment of a system of torture, in order to baffle and overcome Satan, far more cruel than any which prevailed under paganism.

I also found that, while under the later Roman emperors and, in fact, down to the complete supremacy of Christianity, criminal procedure grew steadily more and more merciful, as soon as the church was established in full power yet another theological doctrine came in with such force that it extended the use of torture from the "Excepted Cases" named above to all criminal procedure, and maintained it, in its most frightful form, for more than a thousand years. This new doctrine was that since the Almighty punishes his erring children by tortures infinite in cruelty and eternal in duration, earthly authorities may justly imitate this divine example so far as their finite powers enable them to do so. I found this doctrine not only especially effective in the mediæval church, but taking on even more hideous characteristics in the Protestant Church, especially in Germany. On this subject I collected much material, some of it very interesting and little known even to historical scholars. Of this were original editions of the old criminal codes of Europe and later criminal codes in France and Germany down to the French Revolution, nearly all of which were enriched with engravings illustrating instruments and processes of tor-

ture. So, too, a ghastly light was thrown into the whole subject by the executioners' tariffs in the various German states, especially those under ecclesiastical rule. One of several in my possession, which was published by the Elector Archbishop of Cologne in 1757 and stamped with the archbishop's seal, specifies and sanctions every form of ingenious cruelty which one human being can exercise upon another, and, opposite each of these cruelties, the price which the executioner was authorized to receive for administering it. Thus, for cutting off the right hand, so much; for tearing out the tongue, so much; for tearing the flesh with hot pincers, so much; for burning a criminal alive, so much; and so on through two folio pages. Moreover, I had collected details of witchcraft condemnations, which, during more than a century, went on at the rate of more than a thousand a year in Germany alone, and not only printed books but the original manuscript depositions taken from the victims in the torture-chamber. Of these were the trial papers of Dietrich Flade, who had been, toward the end of the sixteenth century, one of the most eminent men in eastern Germany, chief justice of the province and rector of the University of Treves. Having ventured to think witchcraft a delusion, he was put on trial by the archbishop, tortured until in his agony he acknowledged every impossible thing suggested to him, and finally strangled and burned. In his case, as in various others, I have the *ipsissima verba* of the accusers and accused: the original report in the handwriting of the scribe who was present at the torture and wrote down the questions of the judges and the answers of the prisoner.

On this material I based a short course of lectures on "The Evolution of Humanity in Criminal Law," and have often thought of throwing these into the form of a small book to be called "The Warfare of Humanity with Unreason"; but this will probably remain a mere project. I mention it here, hoping that some other person, with more leisure, will some day properly present

these facts as bearing on the claims of theologians and ecclesiastics to direct education and control thought.

Of this period, too, were sundry projects for special monographs. Thus, during various visits to Florence, I planned a history of that city. It had interested me in my student days during my reading of Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," and on resuming my studies in that field it seemed to me that a history of Florence might be made, most varied, interesting, and instructive. It would embrace, of course, a most remarkable period of political development—the growth of a mediæval republic out of early anarchy and tyranny; some of the most curious experiments in government ever made; the most wonderful, perhaps, of all growths in art, literature, and science; and the final supremacy of a monarchy, bringing many interesting results, yet giving some terrible warnings. But the more I read the more I saw that to write such a history a man must relinquish everything else, and so it was given up. So, too, during various sojourns at Venice my old interest in Father Paul Sarpi, which had been aroused during my early professorial life while reading his pithy and brilliant history of the Council of Trent, was greatly increased, and I collected a considerable library with the idea of writing a short biography of him for American readers. This, of all projects not executed, has been perhaps the most difficult for me to relinquish. My last three visits to Venice have especially revived my interest in him and increased my collection of books regarding him. The desire to spread his fame has come over me very strongly as I have stood in the council-rooms of the Venetian Republic, which he served so long and so well; as I have looked upon his statue on the spot where he was left for dead by the emissaries of Pope Paul V; and as I have mused over his grave, so long desecrated and hidden by monks, but in these latter days honored with an inscription. But other work has claimed me, and others must write upon this subject. It is well worthy of attention, not only for the

interest of its details, but for the light it throws upon great forces still at work in the world. Strong men have discussed it for European readers, but it deserves to be especially presented to Americans.

I think an eminent European publicist entirely right in saying that Father Paul is one of the three men, since the middle ages, who have exercised the most profound influence on Italy; the other two being Galileo and Machiavelli. The reason assigned by this historian for this judgment is not merely the fact that Father Paul was one of the most eminent men in science whom Italy has produced, nor the equally incontestable fact that he taught the Venetian Republic—and finally the world—how to withstand papal usurpation of civil power, but that by his history of the Council of Trent he showed "how the Holy Spirit conducts the councils of the church" (*"comme quoi le Saint Esprit dirige les conciles"*).[1]

Yet another subject which I would have been glad to present was the life of St. Francis Xavier—partly on account of my veneration for the great Apostle to the Indies, and partly because a collation of his successive biographies so strikingly reveals the origin and growth of myth and legend in the warm atmosphere of devotion. The project of writing such a book was formed in my Cornell lecture-room at the close of a short course of lectures on the "Jesuit Reaction which followed the Reformation." In the last of these I had pointed out the beauty of Xavier's work, and had shown how natural had been the immense growth of myth and legend in connection with it. Among my hearers was Goldwin Smith, and as we came out he said: "I have often thought that if any one were to take a series of the published lives of one of the great Jesuit saints, beginning at the beginning and comparing the successive biographies as they have appeared, century after century, down to our own time, much light would be thrown upon the evolution of the

[1] Since writing the above, I have published in the "Atlantic Monthly" two historical essays upon Sarpi.

miraculous in religion." I was struck by this idea, and it occurred to me that, of all such examples, that of Francis Xavier would be the most fruitful and interesting. For we have, to begin with, his own letters written from the scene of his great missionary labors in the East, in which no miracles appear. We have the letters of his associates at that period, in which there is also no knowledge shown of any miracles performed by him. We also have the great speeches of Laynez, one of Xavier's associates, who, at the Council of Trent, did his best to promote Jesuit interests, and who yet showed no knowledge of any miracles performed by Xavier. We have the very important work by Joseph Acosta, the eminent provincial of the Jesuits, written at a later period, largely on the conversion of the Indies, and especially on Xavier's part in it, which, while accepting, in a perfunctory way, the attribution of miracles to Xavier, gives us reasoning which seems entirely to discredit them. Then we have biographies of Xavier, published soon after his death, in which very slight traces of miracles begin to be found; then other biographies later and later, century after century, in which more and more miracles appear, and earlier miracles of very simple character grow more and more complex and astounding, until finally we see him credited with a vast number of the most striking miracles ever conceived of. In order to develop the subject I have collected books and documents of every sort bearing upon it from his time to ours, and have given a brief summary of the results in my "History of the Warfare of Science." But the full development of this subject, which throws intense light upon the growth of miracles in the biographies of so many benefactors of our race, must probably be left to others.

It should be treated with judicial fairness. There should not be a trace of prejudice against the church Xavier served. The infallibility of the Pope who canonized him was indeed committed to the reality of miracles which Xavier certainly never performed; but the church

at large cannot justly be blamed for this: it was indeed made the more illustrious by Xavier's great example. The evil, if evil there was, lay in human nature, and a proper history of this evolution of myth and legend, by throwing light into one of the strongest propensities of devout minds, would give a most valuable warning against basing religious systems on miraculous claims which are constantly becoming more and more discredited and therefore more and more dangerous to any system which persists in using them.

Still another project interested me; effort connected with it was a kind of recreation; this project was formed during my attaché days at St. Petersburg with Governor Seymour. It was a brief biography of Thomas Jefferson. I made some headway in it, but was at last painfully convinced that I should never have time to finish it worthily. Besides this, after the Civil War, Jefferson, though still interesting to me, was by no means so great a man in my eyes as he had been. Perhaps no doctrine ever cost any other country so dear as Jefferson's pet theory of State rights cost the United States: nearly a million of lives lost on battle-fields, in prisons, and in hospitals; nearly ten thousand millions of dollars poured into gulfs of hatred.

With another project I was more fortunate. In 1875 I was asked to prepare a bibliographical introduction to Mr. O'Connor Morris's short history of the French Revolution. This I did with much care, for it seemed to me that this period in history, giving most interesting material for study and thought, had been much obscured by ideas drawn from trashy books instead of from the really good authorities.

Having finished this short bibliography, it occurred to me that a much more extensive work, giving a selection of the best authorities on all the main periods of modern history, might be useful. This I began, and was deeply interested in it; but here, as in various other projects, the fates were against me. Being appointed a commissioner to the

French Exposition, and seeing in this an opportunity to do other work which I had at heart, I asked my successor in the professorship of history at the University of Michigan, who at a later period became my successor as president of Cornell, Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, to take the work off my hands. This he did, and produced a book far better than any which I could have written. The kind remarks in his preface regarding my suggestions I greatly prize, and feel that this project, at least, though I could not accomplish it, had a most happy issue.

Another project which I have long cherished is of a very different sort; and though it may not be possible for me to carry it out, my hope is that some other person will do so. For many years I have noted with pride the munificent gifts made for educational and charitable purposes in the United States. It is a noble history,—one which does honor not only to our own country, but to human nature. No other country has seen any munificence which approaches that so familiar to Americans. The records show that during the year 1903 nearly, if not quite, eighty millions of dollars were given by private parties for these public purposes. It has long seemed to me that a little book based on the history of such gifts, pointing out the lines in which they have been most successful, might be of much use, and more than once I have talked over with my dear friend Gilman, at present president of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, the idea of our working together in the production of a pamphlet or volume with some such title as, "What Rich Americans have Done and can Do with their Money." But my friend has been busy in his great work of founding and developing the university at Baltimore, I have been of late years occupied in other parts of the world, and so this project remains unfulfilled. There are many reasons for the publication of such a book. Most of the gifts above referred to have been wisely made; but some have not, and a considerable number have caused confusion in American education rather than aided its healthful de-

velopment. Many good things have resulted from these gifts, but some vastly important matters have been utterly neglected. We have seen excellent small colleges transformed by gifts into pretentious and inadequate shams called "universities"; we have seen great telescopes given without any accompanying instruments, and with no provision for an observatory; magnificent collections in geology given to institutions which had no professor in that science; beautiful herbariums added to institutions where there is no instruction in botany; professorships of no use established where others of the utmost importance should have been founded; institutions founded where they were not needed, and nothing done where they were needed. He who will write a thoughtful book on this subject, based upon a careful study of late educational history, may render a great service. As I revise this chapter I may say that in an address at Yale in 1903, entitled, "A Patriotic Investment," I sought to point out one of the many ways in which rich men may meet a pressing need of our universities with great good to the country at large.[1]

Yet another project has occupied much time and thought, and may, I hope, be yet fully carried out. For many years I have thought much on our wretched legislation against crime and on the imperfect administration of such criminal law as we have. Years ago, after comparing the criminal statistics of our own country with those of other nations, I came to the conclusion that, with the possible exception of the lower parts of the Italian kingdom, there is more unpunished murder in our own country than in any other in the civilized world. This condition of things I found to be not unknown to others; but there seemed to prevail a sort of listless hopelessness regarding any remedy for it. Dining in Philadelphia with my classmate and dear friend Wayne MacVeagh, I found beside me one of the most eminent judges in Pennsylvania, and this question of high crime having been broached and the

[1] See "A Patriotic Investment," New Haven, 1903.

causes of it discussed, the judge quietly remarked, "The taking of life, after a full and fair trial, as a penalty for murder, seems to be the only form of taking life to which the average American has any objection." Many of our dealings with murder and other high crimes would seem to show that the judge was, on the whole, right. My main study on the subject was made in 1892, during a journey of more than twelve thousand miles with Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his party through the Middle, Southern, Southwestern, Pacific, and Northwestern States. We stopped at all the important places on our route, and at vast numbers of unimportant places; at every one of these I bought all the newspapers obtainable, examined them with reference to this subject, and found that the long daily record of murders in our metropolitan journals is far from giving us the full reality. I constantly found in the local papers, at these out-of-the-way places, numerous accounts of murders which never reached the metropolitan journals. Most striking testimony was also given me by individuals,—in one case by a United States senator, who gave me the history of a country merchant, in one of the Southwestern States, who had at different times killed eight persons, and who at his last venture, endeavoring to kill a man who had vexed him in a mere verbal quarrel, had fired into a lumber-wagon containing a party coming from church, and killed three persons, one of them a little girl. And my informant added that this murderer had never been punished. In California I saw walking jauntily along the streets, and afterward discoursing in a drawing-room, a man who, on being cautioned by a policeman while disturbing the public peace a year or two before, had simply shot the policeman dead, and had been tried twice, but each time with a disagreement of the jury. Multitudes of other cases I found equally bad. I collected a mass of material illustrating the subject, and on this based an address given for the first time in San Francisco, and afterward at Boston, New York, New Haven, Cornell University, and the State universities of Wisconsin and Min-

nesota. My aim was to arouse thinking men to the importance of the subject, and I now hope to prepare a discussion of "The Problem of High Crime," to be divided into three parts, the first on the present condition of the problem, the second on its origin, and the third on possible and probable remedies.

Of all my projects for historical treatises, there are two which I have dreamed of for many years, hoping against hope for their realization. I have tried to induce some of our younger historical professors to undertake them or to train up students to undertake them; and, as the time has gone by when I can devote myself to them, I now mention them in the hope that some one will arise to do honor to himself and to our country by developing them.

The first of these is a history of the middle ages in the general style of Robertson's "Introduction to the Life of Charles V." Years ago, when beginning my work as a professor of modern history at the University of Michigan, I felt greatly the need for my students of some work which should show briefly but clearly the transition from ancient history to modern. Life is not long enough for the study of the minute details of the mediæval period in addition to ancient and modern history. What is needed for the mass of thinking young men is something which shall show what the work was which was accomplished between the fall of Rome and the new beginnings of civilization at the Renascence and the Reformation. For this purpose Robertson's work was once a masterpiece. It has rendered great services not only in English-speaking lands, but in others, by enabling thinking men to see how this modern world has been developed out of the past and to gain some ideas as to the way in which a yet nobler civilization may be developed out of the present. Robertson's work still remains a classic, but modern historical research has superseded large parts of it, and what is now needed is a short history—of, say, three hundred pages—carried out on the main lines of Robertson, taking in succession the most important subjects in the

evolution of mediæval history, discarding all excepting the leading points in chronology, and bringing out clearly the sequence of great historical causes and results from the downfall of Rome to the formation of the great modern states. And there might well be brought into connection with this what Robertson did not give—namely, sketches showing the character and work of some of the men who wrought most powerfully in this transition.

During my stay at the University of Michigan, I made a beginning of such a history by giving a course of lectures on the growth of civilization in the middle ages, taking up such subjects as the downfall of Rome, the barbarian invasion, the rise of the papacy, feudalism, Mohammedanism, the anti-feudal effects of the crusades, the rise of free cities, the growth of law, the growth of literature, and ending with the centralization of monarchical power in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But the lectures then prepared were based merely upon copious notes and given, as regarded phrasing, extemporaneously. It is too late for me now to write them out or to present the subject in the light of modern historical research; but I know of no subject which is better calculated to broaden the mind and extend the horizon of historical studies in our universities. Provost Stillé of the University of Pennsylvania did indeed carry out, in part, something of this kind, but time failed him for making more than a beginning. The man who, of all in our time, seems to me best fitted to undertake this much needed work is Frederic Harrison. If the general method of Robertson were combined with the spirit shown in the early chapters of Harrison's book on "The Meaning of History," the resultant work would be not only of great service, but attractive to all thinking men.

And, last of all, a project which has long been one of my dreams—a "History of Civilization in Spain." Were I twenty years younger, I would gladly cut myself loose from all entanglements and throw myself into this wholly. It seems to me the most suggestive history now

to be written. The material at hand is ample and easily accessible. A multitude of historians have made remarkable contributions to it, and among these, in our own country, Irving, Prescott, Motley, Ticknor, and Lea; in England, Froude, Ford, Buckle, and others have given many pregnant suggestions and some increase of knowledge; Germany and France have contributed much in the form of printed books; Spain, much in the publication of archives and sundry interesting histories apologizing for the worst things in Spanish history; the Netherlands have also contributed documents of great value. There is little need of delving among manuscripts; that has already been done, and the results are easily within reach of any scholar. The "History of Civilization in Spain" is a history of perhaps the finest amalgamation of races which was made at the downfall of the Roman Empire; of splendid beginnings of liberty and its noble exercise in the middle ages; of high endeavor; of a wonderful growth in art and literature. But it is also a history of the undermining and destruction of all this great growth, so noble, so beautiful, by tyranny in church and state—tyranny over body and mind, heart and soul. A simple, thoughtful account of this evolution of the former glory of Spain, and then of the causes of her decline to her present condition, would be full of suggestions for fruitful thought regarding politics, religion, science, literature, and art. To write such a history was the best of my dreams. Perhaps, had I been sent in 1879 as minister to Madrid instead of to Berlin, I might at least have made an effort to begin it, and, whether successful or not, might have led other men to continue it. It is now too late for me, but I still hope that our country will supply some man to undertake it. Whoever shall write such a book in an honest, broad, and impartial spirit will gain not only honor for his country and himself, but will render a great service to mankind.

In closing this chapter on "Plans and Projects, Executed and Unexecuted," I know well that my confessions

will do me no good in the eyes of many who shall read them. It will be said that I attempted too many things. In mitigation of such a judgment I may say that the conditions of American life in the second half of the century just closed have been very different from those in most other countries. It has been a building period, a period of reforms necessitated by the rapid growth of our nation out of earlier conditions and limitations. Every thinking man who has felt any responsibility has necessarily been obliged to take part in many enterprises of various sorts: necessary work has abounded and has been absolutely forced upon him. It has been a period in which a man could not well devote himself entirely to the dative case. Besides this, so far as concerns myself, I had much practical administrative work to do, was plunged into the midst of it at two universities and at various posts in the diplomatic service, to say nothing of many other duties, so that my plans were constantly interfered with. Like many others during the latter half of the nineteenth century, I have been obliged to obey the injunction, "Do the work which lieth nearest thee." It has happened more than once that when all has been ready for some work which I greatly desired to do, and which I hoped might be of use, I have been suddenly drawn off to official duties by virtually an absolute command. Take two examples out of many: I had brought my lectures on German history together, had collected a mass of material for putting them into final shape as a "History of the Building of the New Germany," and had written two chapters, when suddenly came the summons from President Cleveland to take part in the Venezuela Commission,—a summons which it was impossible to decline. For a year this new work forbad a continuance of the old; and just as I was again free came the Bryan effort to capture the Presidency, which, in my opinion, would have resulted in wide-spread misery at home and in dishonor to the American name throughout the world. Most reluctantly then I threw down my chosen work and devoted my time to what seemed to me

to be a political duty. Then followed my appointment to the Berlin Embassy, which could not be declined; and, just at the period when I hoped to secure leisure at Berlin for continuing the preparation of my book on Germany, there came duties at The Hague Conference which took my time for nearly a year. It is, perhaps, unwise for me thus to make a clean breast of it,—"qui s'excuse, s'accuse"; but I have something other than excuses to make: I may honestly plead before my old friends and students who shall read this book that my life has been mainly devoted to worthy work; that I can look back upon the leading things in it with satisfaction; that, whether as regards religion, politics, education, or the public service in general, it will be found not a matter of unrelated shreds and patches, but to have been developed in obedience to a well-defined line of purpose. I review the main things along this line with thankfulness: First, my work at the University of Michigan, which enabled me to do something toward preparing the way for a better system of higher education in the United States; next, my work in the New York State Senate, which enabled me to aid effectively in developing the school system in the State, in establishing a health department in its metropolis, in promoting good legislation in various fields; and in securing the charter of Cornell University; next, my part in founding Cornell University and in maintaining it for more than twenty years; next, the preparation of a book which, whatever its shortcomings and however deprecated by many good men, has, as I believe, done service to science, to education, and to religion; next, many speeches, articles, pamphlets, which have aided in the development of right reason on political, financial, and social questions; and, finally, the opportunity given me at a critical period to aid in restoring and maintaining good relations between the United States and Germany, and in establishing the international arbitration tribunal of The Hague. I say these things not boastingly, but reverently. I have sought to fight the good fight; I have

sought to keep the faith,—faith in a Power in the universe good enough to make truth-seeking wise, and strong enough to make truth-telling effective,—faith in the rise of man rather than in the fall of man,—faith in the gradual evolution and ultimate prevalence of right reason among men. So much I hope to be pardoned for giving as an *apologia pro vita mea.*

PART VIII

RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT

CHAPTER LVIII

EARLY IMPRESSIONS—1832-1851

WHEN the colonists from New England came into central and western New York, at the end of the eighteenth century, they wrote their main ideas large upon the towns they founded. Especially was this evident at my birthplace on the head waters of the Susquehanna. In the heart of the little village they laid out, largely and liberally, "the Green"; across the middle of this there gradually rose a line of wooden structures as stately as they knew how to make them,—the orthodox Congregational church standing at the center; close beside this church stood the "academy"; and then, on either side, the churches of the Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians. Thus were represented religion, education, and church equality.

The Episcopal church, as belonging to the least numerous congregation, was at the extreme left, and the smallest building of all. It was easily recognized. All the others were in a sort of quasi-Italian style of the seventeenth century, like those commonly found in New England; but this was in a kind of "carpenter's Gothic" which had grown out of vague recollections of the mother-country. To this building I was taken for baptism, and with it are connected my first recollections of public worship. My parents were very devoted members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. With a small number of others of like mind, they had taken refuge in it from the storms of fanaticism which swept through western New York dur-

ing the early years of the nineteenth century. For that was the time of great "revivals." The tremendous assertions of Jonathan Edwards regarding the tyranny of God, having been taken up by a multitude of men who were infinitely Edwards's inferiors in everything save lung-power, were spread with much din through many churches: pictures of an angry Moloch holding over the infernal fires the creatures whom he had predestined to rebel, and the statement that "hell is filled with infants not a span long," were among the choice oratorical outgrowths of this period. With these loud and lurid utterances went strivings after sacerdotal rule. The presbyter—"old priest writ large"—took high ground in all these villages: the simplest and most harmless amusements were denounced, and church members guilty of taking part in them were obliged to stand in the broad aisle and be publicly reprimanded from the pulpit.

My mother was thoughtful, gentle, and kindly; in the midst of all this froth and fury some one lent her a prayer-book; this led her to join in the devotions of a little knot of people who had been brought up to use it; and among these she found peace. My father, who was a man of great energy and vigor, was attracted to this little company; and not long afterward rose the little church on the Green, served at first by such clergymen as chanced to be in that part of the State.

Among these was a recent graduate of the Episcopal College at Geneva on Seneca Lake—Henry Gregory. His seemed to be a soul which by some mistake had escaped out of the thirteenth century into the nineteenth. He was slight in build, delicate in health, and ascetic in habits, his one interest in the world being the upbuilding of the kingdom of God—as he understood it. It was the time when Pusey, Newman, Keble, and their compeers were reviving mediæval Christianity; their ideas took strong hold upon many earnest men in the western world, and among these no one absorbed them more fully than

this young missionary. He was honest, fearless, self-sacrificing, and these qualities soon gave him a strong hold upon his flock,—the hold of a mediæval saint upon pilgrims seeking refuge from a world cruel and perverse.

Seeing this, sundry clergymen and influential laymen of what were known as the "evangelical denominations" attempted to refute his arguments and discredit his practices. That was the very thing which he and his congregation most needed: under this opposition his fervor deepened, his mediæval characteristics developed, his little band of the faithful increased, and more and more they adored him; but this adoration did not in the least injure him: he remained the same gentle, fearless, narrow, uncompromising man throughout his long life.

My first recollections of religious worship in the little old church take me back to my fourth year; and I can remember well, at the age of five, standing between my father and mother, reading the Psalter with them as best I could, joining in the chants and looking with great awe on the service as it went on before my admiring eyes. So much did it impress me that from my sixth to my twelfth year I always looked forward to Sunday morning with longing. The prayers, the chants, the hymns, all had a great attraction for me,—and this although I was somewhat severely held to the proper observance of worship. I remember well that at the age of six years, if I faltered in the public reading of the Psalter, a gentle rap on the side of my head from my father's knuckles reminded me of my duty.

At various times since I have been present at the most gorgeous services of the Anglican, Latin, Russian, and Oriental churches; have heard the Pope, surrounded by his cardinals, sing mass at the high altar of St. Peter's; have seen the Metropolitan Archbishop of Moscow, surrounded by prelates of the Russian Empire, conduct the burial of a czar; have seen the highest Lutheran dignitaries solemnize the marriage of a German kaiser; have sat under the ministrations of sundry archbishops

had founded a "church without a bishop and a state without a king"; Dr. Wainwright insisted that there could be no church without a bishop; and on this the two champions joined issue. Armed with the weapons furnished me in the church catechism, in sundry sermons, and in pious reading, I took up the cudgels, and the battles then waged were many and severe.

One little outgrowth of my religious intolerance was quickly nipped in the bud. As I was returning home one evening with a group of scampish boys, one of them pointed out the "Jew store,"—in those days a new thing,—and reminded us that the proprietor worshiped on Saturday and, doubtless, committed other abominations. At this, with one accord, we did what we could to mete out the Old Testament punishment for blasphemy—we threw stones at his door. My father, hearing of this, dealt with me sharply and shortly, and taught me most effectually to leave dealing with the Jewish religion to the Almighty. I have never since been tempted to join in any anti-Semitic movement whatever.

Meanwhile Mr. Gregory—or, as he afterward became, Dr. Gregory—was fighting the battles of the church in many ways, and some of his sermons made a great impression upon me. Of these one was entitled "The Church not a Sect," the text being, "For as to this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against." Another sermon showed, especially, his uncompromising spirit and took yet stronger hold upon me; it was given on an occasion when Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists were drawn in large numbers to his church; but, disdaining all efforts to propitiate them, he took as his subject "The Sin of Korah," who set himself up against the regularly ordained priesthood, and was, with all his adherents, fearfully punished. The conclusion was easily drawn by all the "dissenters" present. On another occasion of the same sort, when his church was filled with people from other congregations, he took as his subject the story of Naaman the Syrian, his text being, "Are not Abana and

one of my amusements, on returning home, was conducting a sort of service, on my own account, with those of the household who were willing to take part in it; and, from some traditions preserved in the family regarding my utterances on such occasions, a droll sort of service it must have been.

In my seventh year the family removed to Syracuse, the "Central City" of the State, already beginning a wonderful career, although at that time of less than six thousand inhabitants. My experience in the new city was prefaced by an excursion, with my father and mother and younger brother, to Buffalo and Niagara; and as the railways through central New York were then unfinished,—and, indeed, but few of them begun,—we made the journey almost entirely on a canal-packet. Perhaps my most vivid remembrance of this voyage is that of the fervid prayers I then put up against shipwreck.

At Syracuse was a much larger and more influential Protestant Episcopal church than that which we had left,—next, indeed, in importance to the Presbyterian body. That church—St. Paul's—has since become the mother of a large number of others, and has been made the cathedral of a new diocese. In this my father, by virtue of his vigor in everything he undertook, was soon made a vestryman, and finally senior warden; and, the rectorate happening to fall vacant, he recommended for the place our former clergyman, Henry Gregory. He came, and his work in the new place was soon even more effective than in the old.

His first influence made me a most determined little bigot, and I remember well my battles in behalf of high-church ideas with various Presbyterian boys, and especially with the son of the Presbyterian pastor. In those days went on a famous controversy provoked by a speech at a New England dinner in the city of New York which had set by the ears two eminent divines—the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Episcopalian, and the Rev. Dr. Potts, Presbyterian. Dr. Potts had insisted that the Puritans

soothing us in our sorrows, comforting us in our disappointments, and carrying us through our sicknesses. She used great common sense in her care of us; kindly and gentle to the last degree, there was one thing she would never allow, and this was that the children, even when they became quite large, should be out of the house, in the streets or public places, after dark, without an elderly and trusty companion. Though my brother and I used to regard this as her one fault, it was really a great service to us; for, as soon as dusk came on, if we were tempted to linger in the streets or in public places, we returned home, since we knew that if we did not we should soon see her coming to remind us, and this was, of course, a serious blow to our pride.

When, then, I sat in church and heard our mediæval saint preach with ardor and unction, Sunday after Sunday, that the promises were made to the church alone; that those outside it had virtually no part in God's goodness; that they were probably lost,—I thought of this dear, sweet old lady, and my heart rose in rebellion. She was certainly the best Christian I knew, and the idea that she should be punished for saying her prayers in the Presbyterian Church was abhorrent to me. I made up my mind that, if she was to be lost, I would be lost with her; and soon, under the influence of thoughts like these, I became a religious rebel.

The matter was little helped when our good rector preached upon retribution for sin. He held the most extreme views regarding future punishment; and the more he developed them, the more my mind rejected the idea that so many good people about me, especially the one whom I loved so much, could be subjected to such tortures, and the more my heart rebelled against the Moloch who had established and was administering so horrible a system. I must have been about twelve years old when it thus occurred to me to question the whole sacred theory; and this questioning was started into vigorous life after visiting, with some other school-boys, the Presbyterian

church when a "revival" was going on. As I entered, a very unspiritual-looking preacher was laying down the most severe doctrines of divine retribution. In front of him were several of our neighbors' daughters, many of them my schoolmates, whom I regarded as thoroughly sweet and good; and they were in tears, apparently broken-hearted under the storm of wrath which poured over them from the mouth of the revival preacher. At this I revolted entirely, and from that moment I disbelieved in the whole doctrine, utterly and totally. I felt that these kindly girls, to whom I had looked with so much admiration in the classes at school and in our various little gatherings, were infinitely more worthy of the divine favor than was the big, fleshly creature storming and raging and claiming to announce a divine message.

Some influence on my youthful thinking had also been exercised by sundry occurrences in our own parish. Our good rector was especially fond of preaching upon "baptismal regeneration"; taking the extreme high-church view and thereby driving out some of the best "evangelicals" from his congregation. One of these I remember especially—a serene, dignified old man, Mr. John Durnford. After he left our church he took his place among the Presbyterians, and I remember, despite my broad-church tendencies, thinking that he was incurring serious danger by such apostasy; but as I noted him, year after year, devoting himself to the newly founded orphan-asylum, giving all his spare time to the care of the children gathered there, even going into the market and thence bearing provisions to them in a basket, I began to feel that perhaps his soul was safe, after all. I bethought myself that, with all my reading of the Bible, I had never found any text which required a man to believe in the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church; but that I had found, in the words of Jesus himself, as well as in the text of St. James regarding "pure religion and undefiled," declarations which seemed to commend, especially, labors for the poor, fatherless, and afflicted, like those of Mr. Durnford.

But still more marked was the influence on my thinking of a painful clash in the parish. It came on this wise. Our rector was one day called to attend the funeral of a little child but a few weeks old, the daughter of neighbors of ours. The father was a big-bodied, big-hearted, big-voiced, successful man of business, well liked for his bluff cordiality and generosity, who went to church because his wife went. The mother was a sweet, kindly, delicate woman, the daughter of a clergyman, and devoted to the church.

It happened that, for various reasons, and more especially on account of the absence of the father from home on business, the baptism of the child had been delayed until its sudden death prevented the rite forever.

The family and neighbors being assembled at the house, and the service about to begin, an old maiden lady, who had deeply absorbed the teachings of Dr. Gregory and wished to impress them on those present, said to the father, audibly and with a groan, "Oh, Mr. ——, what a pity that the baby was not baptized!" to which the rector responded, with a deep sigh and in a most plaintive voice, "Yes!" Thereupon the mother of the child burst into loud and passionate weeping, and at this the father, big and impulsive as he was, lost all control of himself. Rising from his chair, he strode to the side of the rector and said, "That is a slander on the Almighty; none but a devil could, for my negligence, punish this lovely little child by ages of torture. Take it back—take it back, sir; or, by the God that made us, I will take you by the neck and throw you into the street!" At this the gentle rector faltered out that he did not presume to limit the mercy of God, and after a time the service went on; but sermons on baptismal regeneration from our pulpit were never afterward frequent or cogent.

Startled as I was at this scene, I felt that the doctrine had not stood the test. More and more there was developed in me that feeling which Lord Bacon expressed so

profoundly and pithily, in his essay on "Superstition," when he said:

> It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for if the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: "Surely, I had rather a great deal that men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that Plutarch até his children as soon as they were born;"—as the poets speak of Saturn: and as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men.

The "danger" of which Bacon speaks has been noted by me often, both before and since I read his essays. Once, indeed, when a very orthodox lady had declared to me her conviction that every disbeliever in the divinity of the second person in the Trinity must be lost, I warned her of this danger and said, "We lately had President Grant here on the university grounds. Suppose your little girl, having met the President, and having been told that he was the great general of the war and President of the United States, should assert her disbelief, basing it on the fact that she had formed the idea of a much more showy and gorgeous person than this quiet, modest little man; and suppose that General Grant, on hearing of the child's mistake, should cruelly punish her for it; what would you think of him? and what would he think of you, were he to know that you asserted that he could be so contemptibly unjust and cruel? The child's utterance would not in the slightest offend him, but your imputation to him of such vileness would most certainly anger him."

A contribution to my religious development came also from a very different quarter. Our kitchen Bridget, one of the best of her kind, lent me her book of devotion—the "Ursuline Manual." It interested me much until I found in it the reasons very cogently given why salvation was confined to the Roman Catholic Church. This disgusted

me. According to this, even our good rector had no more chance of salvation than a Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist minister. But this serious view of the case was disturbed by a humorous analogy. There were then fighting vigorously through the advertisement columns of the newspapers two rival doctors, each claiming to produce the only salutary "sarsaparilla," and each named Townsend. At first one claimed to be "*the* Dr. Townsend," then the other claimed to be "*the* Dr. Townsend"; the first rejoined that *he* was "Dr. *Jacob* Townsend," whereupon the other insisted that *he* was "Dr. *Jacob* Townsend"; to this the first answered that *he* was "the *original* Dr. Jacob Townsend," and the other then declared that *he* was "the *original* Dr. Jacob Townsend"; and so on, through issue after issue, each supplying statements, certificates, arguments, rejoinders *ad nauseam*. More and more, then, the various divines insisting on the exclusive possession of the only remedy for sin reminded me of these eminent sarsaparilla-makers,—each declaring his own concoction genuine and all others spurious, each glorifying himself as possessing the original recipe and denouncing his rivals as pretenders.

Another contribution to my thought was made one day in the Sunday-school. While reading in the New Testament I had noticed the difficulties involved in the two genealogies of Jesus of Nazareth—that in Matthew and that in Luke. On my asking the Sunday-school teacher for an explanation, he gave the offhand answer that one was the genealogy of Joseph and the other of Mary. Of course it did not take me long to find this answer inadequate; and, as a consequence, Sunday-school teaching lost much of its effect upon me.

But there was still one powerful influence left in behalf of the old creed. From time to time came the visitation by the bishop, Dr. DeLancey. He was the most *impressive* man I have ever seen. I have stood in the presence of many prelates in my day, from Pope Pius IX down; but no one of them has ever so awed me as this Bishop of

Western New York. His entry into a church chancel was an event; no music could be finer than his reading of the service; his confirmation prayer still dwells in my memory as the most perfect petition I have ever heard; and his simple, earnest sermons took strong hold of me. His personal influence was also great. Goldsmith's lines in the "Deserted Village,"

> "Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
> And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile,"

accurately pictured the feelings of many of us as we lingered after service to see him greet our fathers and mothers.

As to my biblical studies, they were continued, though not perhaps as systematically as they might well have been. The Protestant Episcopal Church has for a youth at least one advantage in this respect,—that the services, including Introits, Canticles, Psalter, Lessons, Epistles, Gospels, and various quotations, familiarize him with the noblest utterances in our sacred books. My mother had received instruction in Bible class and prized Scripture reading; therefore it was that, when I was allowed to stay at home from church on Sunday afternoons, it was always on condition that I should read a certain number of chapters in the Bible and prove to her upon her return that I had read them carefully,—and this was not without its uses.

Here I am reminded of a somewhat curious event. One afternoon, when I had been permitted to remain at home, on the usual conditions, my mother, returning from service, said to me that by staying away from church I had missed something very interesting: that there was a good sermon well given, that the preacher was of fine appearance, dignified,—and an Indian; but that she would never have suspected him to be an Indian were it not for his words at the conclusion of his sermon, which were as follows: "And now, my brethren, I leave you. We shall probably never meet again in this world, and doubtless

most of you will forget all the counsels I have given you and remember nothing save that you have to-day heard a sermon from an Indian." The point of interest really was that this preacher, Eleazar Williams, though he gave no hint of it on this occasion, believed himself, and was believed by many, to be the lost Dauphin of France, Louis XVII, and that decidedly skilful arguments in favor of his claims were published by the Rev. Mr. Hanson and others. One of the most intelligent women I have ever known believes to this hour that Eleazar Williams, generally known as a half-breed Indian born in Canada, was the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and that his portly form and Bourbon face were convincing additions to other more cogent testimonies.

At various times I sought light from new sources, and, finding on the family shelves a series of books called the "Evangelical Family Library," I read sundry replies to Hume, Gibbon, and other deists; but the arguments of Hume and Gibbon and those who thought with them seemed to me, to say the least, quite as forcible as those in answer to them. These replies simply strengthened my tendency to doubt, and what I heard at church rather increased the difficulty; for the favorite subjects of sermons in the Episcopal Church of those days, after the "Apostolical Succession" and "Baptismal Regeneration," were the perfections of the church order, the beauty of its services, and the almost divine character of the Prayer-book. These topics were developed in all the moods and tenses; the beauties of our own service were constantly contrasted with the crudities and absurdities of the worship practised by others; and although, since those days, left to my own observation, I have found much truth in these comparisons, they produced upon me at that time anything but a good effect. It was like a beautiful woman coming into an assemblage; calling attention to the perfections of her own face, form, and garments; claiming loudly to be the most beautiful person in the room; and so, finally, becoming the least attractive person present.

This state of mind was deepened by my first experiences at college. I had, from my early boyhood, wished to go to Yale; but, under pressure from the bishop, I was sent to the little church college at Geneva in western New York. There were excellent men among its professors—men whom I came to love and admire; but its faculty, its endowment, its equipment, were insufficient, and for fear of driving away the sons of its wealthy and influential patrons it could not afford to insist either on high scholarship or good discipline, so that the work done was most unsatisfactory. And here I may mention that the especial claim put forth by this college, as by so many others like it throughout the country, was that, with so small a body of students directly under church control, both the intellectual and religious interests of the students would be better guarded than they could be in the larger and comparatively unsectarian institutions. The very contrary was then true; and various experiences have shown me that, as a rule, little sectarian colleges, if too feeble to exercise strong discipline or insist on thorough work, are the more dangerous. As it was, I felt that in this particular case a wrong had been done me and charged that wrong against the church system.

I have been glad to learn of late years that the college just referred to has, since my student days, shared the upward progress of its sister institutions and that with more means and better appliances a succession of superior instructors have been able to bring its students into steady good work and under excellent discipline.

Much was made in those days of the "Christian evidences," and one statement then put forth, regarding the miraculous, produced a temporary effect upon me. This statement was that the claims of the religions opposed to Christianity did not rest upon miracles; that there was, at any rate, no real testimony to any except Christian miracles; and that, as a rule, other religions did not pretend to exhibit any. But when I, shortly afterward, read the life of Mohammed, and saw what a great

part was played by his miracle at the battle of Beder, during which, on his throwing dust into the air, there came to his rescue legions of angels, who were seen and testified to by many on the field,—both by his friends and by his enemies; and when I found that miraculous testimonies play a leading part in all religions, even in favor of doctrines the most cruel and absurd, I felt that the "evidences" must be weak which brought forward an argument so ill grounded. Moreover, in my varied reading I came across multitudes of miracles attributed to saints of the Roman Catholic Church,—miracles for which myriads of good men and women were ready to lay down their lives in attestation of their belief,—and if we must accept one class of miracles, I could not see why we should not accept the other.

At the close of this first year, for reasons given elsewhere, I broke away from this little college and went to Yale.

CHAPTER LIX

IN THE NEW ENGLAND ATMOSPHERE—1851-1853

AT Yale I found myself in the midst of New England Congregationalism; but I cannot say that it helped me much religiously. It, indeed, broadened my view, since I was associated with professors and students of various forms of Christianity, and came to respect them, not for what they professed, but for what they really were.

There also I read under an excellent professor—my dear friend the late President Porter—Butler's "Analogy"; but, though it impressed me, it left on my mind the effect of a strong piece of special pleading,—of a series of arguments equally valuable for any religion which had once "got itself established."

Here, too, a repellent influence was exercised upon me by a "revival." What was called a "religious interest" began to be shown in sundry student meetings, and soon it came in with a full tide. I was induced to go into one or two of these assemblies, and was somewhat impressed by the penitence shown and the pledges given by some of my college friends. But within a year the whole thing was dead. Several of the men who had been loudest in their expressions of penitence and determination to accept Christianity became worse than ever: they were like logs stranded high and dry after a freshet.

But this religious revival in college was infinitely better than one which ran its course in the immediate neighborhood. Just at the corner of the college grounds was a Methodist Episcopal church, the principal one in New

Haven, and, a professional revivalist having begun his work there, the church was soon thronged. Blasphemy and ribaldry were the preacher's great attractions. One of the prayers attributed to him ran as follows: "Come down among us, O Lord! Come straight through the roof; I 'll pay for the shingles!" Night after night the galleries were crowded with students laughing at this impious farce; and among them, one evening, came "Charley" Chotard of Mississippi. Chotard was a very handsome fellow: slender, well formed, six feet three inches tall, and in any crowd a man of mark, like King Saul. In the midst of the proceedings, at some grotesque utterance of the revivalist, the students in the galleries burst into laughter. The preacher, angrily turning his eyes upon the offenders, saw, first of all, Chotard, and called out to him: "You lightning-rod of hell, you flagstaff of damnation, come down from there!" Of course no such grotesque scenes were ever allowed in the college chapel: the services there, though simple, were always dignified; yet even in these there sometimes appeared incongruous features.

According to tradition in my time, an aged divine, greatly and justly beloved, from a neighboring city, had been asked to preach before the students. It was at the time when the whole English-speaking world had been thrilled by the story of the relief of Lucknow, and the cry of the Scotch lassie who heard the defiant slogan and heart-stirring pibroch of the Highlanders coming to the relief of the besieged had echoed across all the oceans. Toward the close of his sermon the dear old doctor became very impressive. He recited the story of Lucknow, and then spoke in substance as follows: "So to-day, my young friends, I sound in your ears the slo-o-o-broch of salvation." The alliteration evidently pleased him, and he repeated it with more and more emphasis in his peroration. When he sat down another clergyman who was with him at the sacred desk reminded him of his mistake, whereupon the good old doctor rose and addressed the

students as follows: "My young friends, you doubtless noticed a mistake in my final remarks. I said 'slo-o-o-o-broch'; of course I meant 'pi-i-g-a-a-an.'"

Then, too, it must be confessed that some of the week-day prayers made by lay professors lent themselves rather too easily to parody. One of my classmates—since known as a grave and respected judge—was especially gifted in imitating these petitions, with the very intonations of their authors, and these parodies were in great demand on festive occasions. The pet phrases, the choice rhetoric, and the impressive oratory of these prayers were thus made so familiar to us in caricatures that the originals were little conducive to devotion.

The influence at Yale of men like Goodrich, Taylor, Woolsey, and Porter, whom I saw in their professors' chairs, was indeed strong upon me. I respected and admired them; but their purely religious teaching took but little hold on me; I can remember clearly but two or three sermons which I heard preached in Yale chapel. One was at the setting up of the chapel organ, when Horace Bushnell of Hartford preached upon music; and another was when President Woolsey preached a baccalaureate sermon upon "Righteous Anger." The first of these sermons was very beautiful, but the second was powerful. It has had an influence—and, I think, a good influence—on my thoughts from that day to this; and it ought to be preached in every pulpit in our country, at least once a year, as an antidote to our sickly, mawkish lenity to crime and wrong.

In those days conformity to religious ideas was carried very far at Yale. On week-days we had early prayers at about six in the morning, and evening prayers at about the same hour in the afternoon; but on Sundays we had not only morning and evening prayers in the chapel, but morning and afternoon service at church. I attended St. Paul's Episcopal church, sitting in one of the gallery pews assigned to undergraduates; but cannot say that anything that I heard during this period of my life elevated me es-

pecially. I joined in the reading of the Psalter, in the singing of the chants and hymns, and, occasionally, in reciting part of the creeds, though more and more this last exercise became peculiarly distasteful to me.

Time has but confirmed the opinion, which I then began to hold, that, of all mistaken usages in a church service, the most unfortunate is this demand which confronts a man who would gladly unite with Christians in Christian work, and, in a spirit of loyalty to the Blessed Founder of Christianity, would cheerfully become a member of the church and receive the benefit of its ministrations;—the demand that such a man stand and deliver a creed made no one knows where or by whom, and of which no human being can adjust the meanings to modern knowledge, or indeed to human comprehension.

My sympathies, tastes, and aims led me to desire to enter fully into the church in which I was born; there was no other part of the service in which I could not do my part; but to stand up and recite the creeds in all their clauses, honestly, I could not. I had come to know on what slender foundations rested, for example, the descent into hell; and, as to the virgin birth, my reading showed me so weak a basis for it in the New Testament taken as a whole, and so many similar claims made in behalf of divine founders of religions, that when I reflected upon the reasons for holding the doctrine to be an aftergrowth upon the original legend, it was impossible for me to go on loudly proclaiming my belief in it. Sometimes I have refrained from reciting any part of the creed; but often, in my reverence for what I admire in the service, in my love for those whom I have heard so devoutly take part in it in days gone by, and in my sympathy with those about me, I have been wont to do what I could,—have joined in repeating parts of it, leaving out other parts which I, at least, ought not to repeat.

Various things combined to increase my distrust for the prevailing orthodoxy. I had a passion for historical reading,—indeed, at that time had probably read more and

thought more upon my reading than had most men of my age in college,—and the more I thus read and thought, the more evident it became to me that, while the simple religion of the Blessed Founder of Christianity has gone on through the ages producing the noblest growths of faith, hope, and charity, many of the beliefs insisted upon within the church as necessary to salvation were survivals of primeval superstition, or evolved in obedience to pagan environment or Jewish habits of thought or Greek metaphysics or mediæval interpolations in our sacred books; that most of the frightful systems and events in modern history have arisen from theological dogmatism; that the long reign of hideous cruelty in the administration of the penal law, with its torture-chambers, its burnings of heretics and witches, its cruelties of every sort, its repression of so much of sane human instinct and noble human thought, arose from this source, directly or indirectly; and that even such ghastly scenes as those of the French Revolution were provoked by a natural reaction in the minds of a people whom the church, by its theory of divine retribution, had educated for ages to be cruel.

But what impressed me most directly as regards the whole orthodox part of the church was its virtual support of slavery in the crisis then rapidly approaching. Excellent divines, like Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, the Rev. Dr. Parker of New Jersey, and others holding high positions in various sects throughout the country, having based elaborate defenses of slavery upon Scripture, the church as a whole had acquiesced in this view. I had become bitterly opposed, first to the encroachments of the slave power in the new Territories of the United States, and finally to slavery itself; and this alliance between it and orthodoxy deepened my distrust of what was known about me as religion. As the struggle between slavery and freedom deepened, this feeling of mine increased. During my first year at college the fugitive-slave law was passed, and this seemed to me the acme of abominations. There were, it is true, a few religious men who took high

ground against slavery; but these were generally New England Unitarians or members of other bodies rejected by the orthodox, and this fact increased my distrust of the dominant religion.

Some years before this, while yet a boy preparing for college, I had met for the first time a clergyman of this sort—the Rev. Samuel Joseph May, pastor of the Unitarian church in Syracuse; and he had attracted me from the first moment that I saw him. There was about him something very genial and kindly, which won a way to all hearts. Though I knew him during many years, he never made the slightest effort to proselyte me. To every good work in the community, and especially to all who were down-trodden or oppressed, he was steadfastly devoted; the Onondaga Indians of central New York found in him a stanch ally against the encroachments of their scheming white neighbors; fugitive slaves knew him as their best friend, ready to risk his own safety in their behalf.

Although he was the son of an honored Massachusetts family, a graduate of Harvard, a disciple of Channing, a man of sincere character and elegant manners, he was evidently dreaded by the great majority of the orthodox Christians about him. I remember speaking to him once of a clergyman who had recently arrived in Syracuse, and who was an excellent scholar. Said Mr. May to me, "I should like to know him, if that were possible." I asked, "Why not call upon him?" He answered, "I would gladly do so, but do you suppose he would return my call?" "Of course he would," I replied; "he is a gentleman." "Yes," said Mr. May, "no doubt he is, and so are the other clergymen; yet I have called on them as they have come, and only two or three of them all have ever entered my house since." Orthodox fanatics came to remonstrate and pray with him, but these he generally overcame with his sweet and kindly manner. To slavery he was an uncompromising foe, being closely associated with Garrison, Phillips, and the leaders of the antislavery movement; and so I came to see that there was a side to

Christianity not necessarily friendly to slavery: but I also saw that it was a side not welcomed by the churches in general, and especially distrusted in my own family. I remember taking to him once an old friend of mine, a man of most severe orthodoxy; and after we had left Mr. May's house I asked my friend what he thought of the kindly heretic. He answered, "Those of us who shall be so fortunate as to reach heaven are to be greatly surprised at some of the people we are to meet there."

As a Yale student I found an additional advantage in the fact that I could now frequently hear distinguished clergymen who were more or less outside the orthodox pale. Of these were the liberal Congregationalists of New York, Brooklyn, and Boston, and, above all, Henry Ward Beecher, Edwin Chapin, and Theodore Parker. At various times during my college course I visited Boston, and was taken by my classmate and old friend George Washburn Smalley to hear Parker. He drew immense crowds of thoughtful people. The music-hall, where he spoke, contained about four thousand seats, and at each visit of mine every seat, so far as I could see, was filled. Both Parker's prayers and sermons were inspiring. He was a deeply religious man; probably the most thorough American scholar, orthodox or unorthodox, of his time; devoted to the public good and an intense hater of slavery. His influence over my thinking was, I believe, excellent; his books, and those of Channing which I read at this time, did me great good by checking all inclination to cynicism and scoffing; more than any other person he strengthened my theistic ideas and stopped any tendency to atheism; the intense conviction with which men like Channing, Parker, and May spoke of a God in the universe gave a direction to my thinking which has never been lost.

As to Beecher, nothing could exceed his bold brilliancy. He was a man of genius; even more a poet than an orator; in sympathy with every noble cause; and utterly without fear of the pew-holders inside his church or of the mob

outside. Heresy-hunters did not daunt him. Humor played over much of his sermonizing; wit coruscated through it; but there was at times a pathos which pervaded the deep places of the human heart. By virtue of his poetic insight he sounded depths of thought and feeling which no mere theological reasoning could ever reach. He was a man,—indeed, a great man,—but to the end of his life he retained the freshness of youth. General Grant, who greatly admired him, once said to me, "Beecher is a boy—a glorious boy."

Beecher's love of nature was a passion. During one of his visits to Cornell University, I was driving through the woods with him, and he was in the full tide of brilliant discourse when, suddenly, he grasped my hand which held the reins and said peremptorily, "Stop!" I obeyed, and all was still save the note of a bird in the neighboring thicket. Our stop and silence lasted perhaps five minutes, when he said, "Did you hear that bird? That is the—— (giving a name I have forgotten). You are lucky to have him here; I would give a hundred dollars to have him nest as near me."

During this visit of his to my house, I remember finding, one morning, that he had been out of doors since daylight; and on my expressing surprise at his rising so early after sitting up so late, he said, "I wanted to enjoy the squirrels in your trees."

Wonderful, too, was his facility, not merely in preaching, but in thinking. When, on another visit, he stayed with me, he took no thought regarding his sermon at the university chapel, so far as one could see. Every waking moment was filled with things which apparently made preparation for preaching impossible. I became somewhat nervous over this neglect; for, so far as I could learn, he had nothing written, he never spoke from memory, and not only the students, but the people from the whole country round about, were crowding toward the chapel.

Up to the last moment before leaving my house for the

morning service, he discussed the best shrubs for planting throughout our groves and woods, and the best grasses to use in getting a good turf upon the university grounds. But, on leaving the house, he became silent and walked slowly, his eyes fixed steadily on the ground; and as I took it for granted that he was collecting his thoughts for his sermon, I was careful not to disturb him. As we reached the chapel porch, a vast crowd in waiting and the organ pealing, he suddenly stopped, turned round, lifted his eyes from the ground, and said, "I have been studying your lawn all the way down here; what you need is to sow Kentucky blue-grass." Then he entered the chapel, and shortly was in the midst of a sermon evidently suggested by the occasion, his whole manuscript being a few pencilings on a sheet or two of note-paper, all the rest being extemporized in his best vein, both as to matter and manner.

Chapin, too, was brilliant and gifted, but very different in every respect from Beecher. His way was to read from manuscript, and then, from time to time, to rise out of it and soar above it, speaking always forcibly and often eloquently. His gift of presenting figures of speech so that they became vivid realities to his audience was beyond that of any other preacher I ever heard. Giving once a temperance address, and answering the argument as to the loss of property involved in the confiscation of intoxicants, he suddenly pictured a balance let down from the hand of the Almighty, in one scale all the lucre lost, in the other all the crimes, the wrecks, the miseries, the sorrows, the griefs, the widows' groans and orphans' tears,—until we absolutely seemed to have the whole vast, terrific mass swaying in mid-air before us.

On another occasion, preaching from the text, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face," he presented the picture of a man in his last illness, seeing dimly, through a half-transparent medium, the faint, dim outline of the Divinity whom he was so rapidly nearing; and then, suddenly, death,—the shattering of the glass,—and the man, on the instant, standing before his Maker

and seeing him "face to face." It all seems poor when put upon paper; but, as he gave it, nothing could be more vivid. We seemed to hear the sudden crash of the translucent sheet, and to look full into the face of the Almighty looming up before us.

Chapin was a Universalist, and his most interesting parishioner was Horace Greeley, whose humanitarian ideas naturally inclined him to a very mild creed. As young men, strangers to the congregation, were usually shown to seats just in front of the pulpit, I could easily see Mr. Greeley in his pew on a side aisle, just behind the front row. He generally stalked in rather early, the pockets of his long white coat filled with newspapers, and, immediately on taking his seat, went to sleep. As soon as service began he awoke, looked first to see how many vacant places were in the pew, and then, without a word, put out his long arm into the aisle and with one or two vigorous scoops pulled in a sufficient number of strangers standing there to fill all the vacancies; then—he slept again. Indeed, he slept through most of the written parts of Dr. Chapin's sermons; but whenever there came anything eloquent or especially thoughtful, Greeley's eyes were wide open and fixed upon the preacher.

Greeley's humanitarianism was not always proof against the irritations of life. In his not infrequent outbursts of wrath he was very likely to consign people who vexed him to a region which, according to his creed, had no existence.

A story told of him in those days seemed to show that his creed did not entirely satisfy him; for one day, when he was trying, in spite of numberless interruptions, to write a "Tribune" leader, he became aware that some one was standing behind his chair. Turning around suddenly, he saw a missionary well known in the city slums,—the Rev. Mr. Pease,—and asked in his highest, shrillest, most complaining falsetto, "Well, what do *you* want?" Mr. Pease, a kindly, gentle, apologetic man, said deprecatingly, "Well, Mr. Greeley, I have come for a little help.

We are still trying to save souls in the Five Points." "Oh," said Mr. Greeley, "go along! go along! In my opinion, there ain't half so many men damned as there ought to be."

But though Chapin's influence did not restrain Greeley at all times, it undoubtedly did much for him, and it did much for us of the younger generation; for it not only broadened our views, but did something to better our hearts and raise our aims.

In this mention of the forces which acted upon my religious feelings I ought to include one of a somewhat different sort. There was one clergyman whose orthodoxy, though not of an extreme type, was undoubted, and who exercised a good and powerful influence upon me. This was the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, pastor of the First Congregational church in New Haven. He was a man of great intellectual power, a lover of right and hater of wrong, a born fighter on the side of every good cause, at times pungent, witty, sarcastic, but always deeply in earnest. There was a general feeling among his friends that, had he not gone into the church, he would have been eminent in political life; and that is my belief, for he was by far the most powerful debater of his time in the councils of his church, and his way of looking at great questions showed the characteristics of a really broad-minded statesman. His sermons on special occasions, as at Thanksgiving and on public anniversaries, were noted for their directness and power in dealing with the greater moral questions before the people. On the other hand, there was a saying then current, "Dull as Dr. Bacon when he 's nothing but the Gospel to preach"; but this, like so many other smart sayings, was more epigrammatic than true: even when I heard him preach religious doctrines in which I did not at all believe, he seemed to me to show his full power.

Toward the end of my college course I was subjected to the influence of two very powerful men, outside of the university, who presented entirely new trains of thought to

me. The first of these was Dr. Alonzo Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania, who had been the leading professor at Union College, Schenectady, before his elevation to the bishopric, and who, both as professor and as bishop, had exercised a very wide influence. He was physically, intellectually, and morally of a very large pattern. There was something very grand and impressive about him. He had happened to come to Syracuse during one of my vacations; on a Saturday evening he gave a lecture upon the tendencies to loose supernaturalism as shown in what were known as "spiritualistic" phenomena; and on the following day he preached a simple, plain, straightforward sermon on Christian morals. Both these utterances impressed me and strengthened my conviction that every thinking young man and woman ought to maintain relations with some good form of religious organization just as long as possible.

Toward the end of my Yale course came an influence of a very different sort. It was at the consecration of a Roman Catholic church at Saratoga. The mass was sung by an Italian prelate, Bedini, who as governor and archbishop at Bologna had, a few years before, made himself detested throughout the length and breadth of Italy by the execution of the priest patriot Ugo Bassi; and he was now, as papal nuncio to Brazil, environed by all the pomp possible. The mass did not greatly impress me, but the sermon, by Archbishop Hughes of New York, I shall always remember. His subject was the doctrine of transubstantiation, and, standing upon the altar steps, he developed an argument most striking and persuasive. He spoke entirely without notes, in a straightforward way, and at times with eloquence, though never with any show of rhetoric: voice and bearing were perfect; and how any one accepting his premises could avoid his conclusions I could not see then and cannot see now. I was proof against his argument, for the simple reason that I felt the story of the temptation of Jesus by Satan, which he took for his text, to be simply a legend such as appears in various religions; still, the whole was wonderfully pre-

sented; and, on my return to the hotel, my father was greatly encouraged as to my religious development when I gave to him a synopsis of the whole sermon from end to end.

Next day there resulted a curious episode. Notices were posted throughout Saratoga that Father Gavazzi, the Italian patriot and heretic, famous for his oratory, would hold a meeting in the grove back of Congress Hall Hotel, at three in the afternoon, and would answer the archbishop's argument. When the hour arrived an immense crowd was assembled, and among them many Catholics, some of whom I knew well,—one of them a young priest to whom I had become strongly attached at school. Soon appeared the orator. He was of most striking presence—tall, handsome, with piercing black eyes and black hair, and clad in a long semi-monastic cloak. His first line of argument was of little effect, though given with impassioned gestures and a most sympathetic voice; but soon he paused and spoke gently and simply as follows: "When I was a priest in Italy I daily took part in the mass. On festivals I often saw the fasting priest fill the chalice as full as he dared with strong wine; I saw him pronounce the sacred words and make the sacred sign over it; and I saw, as everybody standing round him clearly saw, before the end of the service, that it flushed his face, thickened his voice, and enlivened his manner. My fellow-Christians" (and here his voice rang out like a trumpet), "who is the infidel, who is the blasphemer,—I who say that no change took place in the wine before the priest drank it, and that no miracle was performed, or the man who says that his fellow-man can be made drunk on the blood of the blessed Son of God?"

The effect was startling, even on Protestants: but on the Roman Catholics present it was most thrilling; and I remember that an old Irishwoman, seated on the steps of the platform as these words were uttered, clapped her hands to her ears and ran from the place screaming. I must confess that my sympathies were with her rather than with the iconoclast, despite his gifts and graces.

CHAPTER LX

IN THE EUROPEAN ATMOSPHERE—1853-1856

LEAVING Yale in 1853, I passed nearly three years in Europe; and observation of the effects resulting from the various orthodoxies in England, France, Germany, Russia, and Italy developed my opinions in various ways. I was deeply susceptible to religious architecture, music, and, indeed, to the nobler forms of ceremonial. I doubt whether any man ever entered Westminster Abbey and the various cathedrals of Great Britain—and I have visited every one of them of any note—with a more reverent feeling than that which animated me; but some features of the Anglican service as practised at that time repelled me; above all, I disliked the intoning of the prayers, as I then heard it for the first time. A manly, straightforward petition made by a man standing or kneeling before his Maker, in a natural, earnest voice, has always greatly impressed me; but the sort of whining, drawling, falsetto in which the Anglican prayers were then usually intoned simply drove out all religious thoughts from my mind. I had a feeling that the Almighty must turn with contempt from a man who presumed thus to address him. Some prayers in the church service had from a very early period taken a deep place in my heart: the prayer of St. Chrysostom in the morning service, the first prayer in the ante-communion service, the prayer "for the whole state of Christ's church militant," and some of the collects had become, as it were, part of me; so much the more

disappointed and disgusted was I, then, to hear prayer made in what seemed to me a sickly, unmanly whine.

Although the feelings thus aroused by religious observances in England and other parts of Europe were frequently unedifying, there was one happy exception to the rule. Both in the Church of England and in the Roman Catholic churches of the Continent I always greatly enjoyed the antiphonal chanting of the Psalter. To me this has always been—the imprecatory psalms excepted—by far the noblest feature in Christian worship, as worship; for, coming down as it does from the Jewish Church through the whole history of the Christian Church, and being practised by all the great bodies of Jews and Christians, it had, and still has, to me a great significance, both religious and historic. In the cathedrals of the continent of Europe—and I have visited every one of note except those of Spain—I cared little for what Browning's bishop calls "the blessed mutter of the mass," but the chanting of the Psalter always attracted me. Many were the hours during which I sat at vespers in abbeys and cathedrals, listening to the Latin psalms until they became almost as familiar to me as the English Psalter. On the other hand, I was at times greatly repelled by perfunctory performances of the service, both Protestant and Catholic. The "Te Deum" which I once heard recited by an Anglican clergyman in the chapel at the castle of Homburg dwells in my memory as one of the worst things of its kind I ever heard, and especially there remains a vivid remembrance of the invocation, which ran as follows:

"Ha-a-ow-ly, Ha-a-a-ow-ly, Ha-a-ow-ly: La-a-rd Gawd of Sabbith!"

But this was not the only thing of the kind, for I have heard utterances nearly, if not quite, as bad in various English cathedrals,—as bad, indeed, as the famous reading, "He that hath yeahs to yeah, let him yeah."

As to more important religious influences, I had, during my first visit to Oxford in 1853, a chance to under-

stand something of the two currents of thought then showing themselves in the English Church. On a Sunday morning I went to Christ Church Cathedral to hear the regius professor of Hebrew, Dr. Jacobson, whom, years afterward, I saw enthroned as bishop in the cathedral at Chester. It is a church beautiful in itself, and consecrated not only by the relics of mediæval saints, but by the devotions of many generations of scholars, statesmen, and poets; and in front of the pulpit were a body of young men, the most promising in Great Britain; yet a more dull, mechanical discourse could not be imagined. The preacher maundered on like a Tartar praying-mill; every hearer clearly regarding his discourse as an Arab regards a sand-storm.

In the afternoon I went to St. Mary's, and heard the regular university sermon, before a similar audience, by Fraser, a fellow of Oriel College. It was not oratorical, but straightforward, earnest, and in a line of thought which enlisted my sympathies. The young preacher especially warned his audience that if the Church of England was to remain the Church of England, she must put forth greater efforts than any she had made for many years; and he went on to point out some of the lines on which these exertions should be made,—lines which, I am happy to say, have since been taken by great numbers of excellent men of the Anglican communion.

During the evening, in the dining-room of the Mitre Inn, I happened to be seated at table with an old country clergyman who had just entered his son at Oxford and was evidently a rural parson of the good old high-and-dry sort; but as I happened to speak of the sermons of the day, he burst out in a voice gruff with theological contempt and hot toddy: "Did you hear that young upstart this afternoon? Did you ever hear such nonsense? Why could n't he mind his own business, as Dr. Jacobson did?"

Nor did sermons from Anglican bishops which I heard at that period greatly move me. The primate of that day, Dr. Sumner, impressed me by his wig, but not other-

wise. He was, I think, the last archbishop of Canterbury who used this means of enhancing his dignity. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, was far better; but, after all, though his preaching showed decided ability, it was not of the sort to impress one deeply, from either the religious or the intellectual point of view.

Then, and at various times since, I have obtained more from simpler forms of worship and less pretentious expositions of the Gospel.

As to religious influence in France, there was little. I lived in the family of a French professor, a devout Catholic, but Gallican in his ideas,—so much so that he often said that if he could wake up some morning and hear that the Pope had been dispossessed of his temporal power, it would be the happiest day of his life, since he was persuaded that nothing had so hampered the church—and, indeed, debased it—as the limits imposed upon the papacy by its sovereignty over the Roman states.

A happy impression was made upon me by the simple, philanthropic character of the Archbishop of Paris at that period—Sibour. Visiting a technical school which he had established for artisans in the Faubourg St. Antoine, I derived thence a great respect for him as a man who was really something more than a "solemnly constituted impostor"; but, like the archbishops of Paris who preceded and followed him, he met a violent death, and I have more than once visited and reflected over the simple tablet which marks the spot in the Church of St. Étienne du Mont where a wretched, unfrocked priest assassinated this gentle, kindly, affectionate prelate, who, judging from his appearance and life, never cherished an unkind feeling toward any human being.

The touching monuments at Notre Dame to his predecessor, Affre, shot on the barricades in 1848 when imploring a cessation of bloodshed, and to his successor, Darboy, shot by the Communards in the act of blessing his murderers, also became, at a later period, places of

pilgrimage for me, and did much to keep alive my faith that, despite all efforts to erect barriers of hatred between Christians, there is, already, "one fold and one shepherd."

As to my life on the Continent in general, German Protestantism seemed to me simple and dignified; but its main influence upon me was exercised through its music, the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the morning service at the Berlin Cathedral being the most beautiful music by a choir I had ever heard,—far superior, indeed, to the finest choirs of the Sistine or Pauline chapel at Rome; and a still deeper impression was made upon me by the congregational singing. Often, after the first notes given by the organ, I have heard a vast congregation, without book of any kind, joining in the choral, King Frederick William IV and his court standing and singing earnestly with the rest. It was a vast uprolling storm of sound. Standing in the midst of it, one understands the Lutheran Reformation.

The most impressive Roman Catholic ceremonies which I saw in Europe were in Germany, and they were impressive because simple and reverential; those most so being at Würzburg and Fulda, where, in the great churches, large bodies of the peasantry joined simply and naturally in the singing at the mass and at vespers.

In Russia I had the opportunity to study a religion of a very different sort—the Russo-Greek Church. While this church no doubt contains many devoted Christian men and women, it is, on the whole, a fossilized system; the vast body of the people being brought up to rely mainly on fetishes of various sorts. The services were, many of them, magnificent, and the music most beautiful; but it was discouraging to reflect that the condition of the Russian peasantry, ignorant, besotted, and debased, was the outcome of so many centuries of complete control by this great branch of the Christian Church. It had for ages possessed the fullest power for developing the intellect, the morals, and the religion of the people,

and here was the result. Experience of Russian life is hardly calculated to increase, in any thinking man, confidence in its divine origin or guidance. One bears in mind at such times the words of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

But the most unfavorable impression was made upon me in Italy. It was the palmy period of reactionary despotism. Hapsburgs in the north, Neapolitan Bourbons in the south, petty tyrants scattered through the country, all practically doing their worst; and, in their midst, Pius IX, maintained in the temporal power by French bayonets. It was the time when the little Jewish child Mortara was taken from his parents, in spite of their agonizing appeals to all Europe; when the Madiai family were imprisoned for reading the Bible with their friends in their own house; when monks swarmed everywhere, gross and dirty; when, at the centers of power, the Jesuits had it all their own way,—as they generally do when the final exasperating impulse is needed to bring on a revolution. All old abuses of the church were at their highest flavor. So far as ceremonial was concerned, nothing could be more gorgeous than the services at St. Peter's as conducted by Pope Pius IX. For such duties no one could be better fitted; for he was handsome, kindly, and dignified, with a beautiful, ringing voice.

During Holy Week of 1856 I was present at various services in which he took the main part, in the Sistine Chapel and elsewhere; but most striking of all were his celebration of pontifical high mass beneath the dome of St. Peter's on Easter morning, and his appearance on the balcony in front of the cathedral afterward. The effect of the first ceremony was somewhat injured by the easy-going manners of some of the attendant cardinals. It was difficult to imagine that they believed really in the tremendous doctrine involved in the mass when one saw them taking snuff in the midst of the most solemn prayers, and going through the whole in the most per-

functory fashion. At the close of the service, the Pope, being borne on his throne by Roman nobles, surrounded by cardinals and princes, and wearing the triple crown, gave his blessing to the city and to the world. There must have been over ten thousand of us in the piazza to receive it, and no one could have performed his part more perfectly. Arising from his throne, and stretching forth his hands with a striking gesture, he chanted a benediction heard by every one present, even to the remotest corners of the square. Many years afterward, Lord Odo Russell, British ambassador at Berlin, on my mentioning the splendor of this ceremony to him, said to me, "Yes, you are right; but it was on one of those occasions that I discovered that the Pope was mortal." On my asking him how it was, he said, "I had occasion, as the British diplomatic representative, to call on Pope Pius IX on Easter Monday, and, after finishing my business with him, told him that I had been present at the benediction in front of St. Peter's on the day before, and had been much impressed by the beauty of his voice; and I added, 'Your Holiness must have been trained as a singer.' At this the Pope was evidently greatly pleased, and answered, 'You are right, I *was* trained as a singer; *but you ought to have heard me two or three years ago.*' "

But while these great services at St. Peter's in those halcyon days were perfect in their kind, the same could not be said of many others. The worst that I ever saw—one which especially dwells in my memory—was at Pisa. I had previously visited the place and knew it well, so that when, one Sunday morning, a Canadian clergyman at the hotel wished to go to the cathedral, I offered to guide him. He was evidently a man of deep sincerity, and, as was soon revealed by his conversation, of high-church and even ritualistic tendencies; but, to my great surprise, he remarked that he had never attended service in a Roman Catholic church. Arriving at the cathedral too late for the high celebration, we walked down the nave until we came to a side altar where a priest was

going through a low mass, with a small congregation of delayed worshipers, and we took our place back of these. The priest raced through the service at the highest possible speed. His motions were like those of an automaton: he kept turning quickly to and fro as if on a pivot; clasping his hands before his breast as if by machinery; bowing his head as if it moved by a spring in his neck; mumbling and rattling like wind in a chimney; the choir-boy who served the mass with him jingling his bell as irreverently as if he were conducting a greengrocer's cart. My Anglican companion immediately began to be unhappy, and was soon deeply distressed. He groaned again and again. He whispered, "Good heavens, is it like this? Is this the way they do it? This is fearful!" As we came from the church he was very sorrowful, and I administered to him such comfort as I could, but nothing could remedy this most painful disenchantment.

And here I may say that I have never been able to understand how any Anglican churchman can feel any insufficiency in the Lord's Supper as administered in his own branch of the church. I have never taken part in it, but more than once I have lingered to see it, and even in its simplest form it has always greatly impressed me. It is a service which all can understand; its words have come down through the ages; its ceremonial is calm, comprehensible, touching; and the whole idea of communion in memory of the last scene in the Saviour's life, which brings the worshiper into loving relation not only with him, but with all the church, militant and triumphant, is, to my mind, infinitely nobler and more religious than all paraphernalia, genuflexions, and man-millinery. How any Protestant, however "high" in his tendencies, can feel otherwise is incomprehensible to me.

At that first of my many visits to Rome, there had come one experience which had greatly softened any of my inherited Protestant prejudices. Our party had been lumbering along all day on the road from Cività Vecchia,

when suddenly there dashed by us a fine traveling-coach drawn by four horses ridden by postilions. Hardly had it passed when there came a scream, and our carriage stopped. We at first took it for granted that it was an attack by bandits, but, on getting out and approaching the other coach, found that one of the postilions, a beautiful Italian boy of sixteen, in jaunty costume, had been thrown from his horse, had been run over by the wheels of the coach, and now lay at the roadside gasping his last. We stood about him, trying to ease his pain, when a young priest came running from a neighboring church. He showed no deference to the gorgeously dressed personages who had descended from the coach; he was regardless of all conventionalities, oblivious of all surroundings, his one thought being evidently of his duty to the poor sufferer stretched out before him. He knelt, tenderly kissed the boy, administered extreme unction, and repeated softly and earnestly the prayers for the dying, to which fervent responses came from the peasants kneeling about him. The whole scene did much to tone down the feelings which had been aroused the previous day by the filth and beggary at the papal port where we had landed, and to prepare me for a more charitable judgment of what I was to see in the papal city.

But an early experience in Rome showed a less beautiful manifestation of Christian zeal. We were a band of students, six in number, who had just closed a year of study at the University of Berlin; and the youngest, whom I will call Jack Smith, was a bright young fellow, son of a wealthy New England manufacturer. The evening after arriving in Rome, Jack, calling on an American aunt, was introduced to a priest who happened to be making her a visit. It was instantly evident that the priest, Father Cataldi, knew what Jack's worldly prospects were; for from the first he was excessively polite to the youth, and when the latter remarked that during his stay in Rome he would like to take Italian lessons, the priest volunteered to send him a teacher. Next day, at

the appointed hour, the teacher appeared, and in the person of the priest himself. Thenceforward he stuck to the young American like a brother, kept him away from the rest of us as much as possible, and served not only as his teacher, but as his cicerone.

Among various dignitaries to whom he presented the young American was his Eminence Cardinal Tosti; and when the cardinal extended his hand to be kissed, Jack grasped and cordially shook it. The two clerical gentlemen were evidently disconcerted; but the priest said to the cardinal, in an undertone, "É un principe Americano," whereupon the cardinal seemed relieved and shook hands heartily.

One day, when the priest was not with our companion, we all visited one of the basilicas, where some great function was going on, and, though we found a crowd at the doors, obtained a sight of the high altar,—and there, in magnificent attire, in the midst of the great prelates, was a person who bore a most striking resemblance to Jack's clerical guide. We were all struck by this curious coincidence, but concluded that in the distance and through the clouds of incense we had simply seen a chance resemblance, and in the multitude of matters we soon forgot it. A month afterward, as we were leaving Rome, Jack asked his new friend for his bill, whereupon the priest drew himself up with a superb gesture and, presenting his card, said: "You evidently do not know who I am." The card bore the inscription, "Monsignor Cataldi, Master of the Papal Ceremonies." The young American was quite confounded, but listened submissively while this dignitary expressed the hope that they might yet meet within the pale of that church which alone could give a claim to salvation.

The condition of Rome at that period was not such as to induce much respect for priestly government. Anything more dirty, slipshod, and wretched could hardly be imagined. No railways had yet been allowed; the Vatican monsignori feeling by instinct the truth stated

by Buckle, that railways promote the coming in of new ideas. Nor did the moral condition of the people seem to be any better.

Any one who visits Rome to-day, with the army of monks swept out of the place, with streets well cleaned, with the excavations scientifically conducted, with a government which, whatever its faults, is at any rate patriotic, finds it difficult to imagine the vileness of the city under the old régime.

But, bad as was Rome, Naples was worse. The wretched Bourbon then on the throne, "King Bomba," was the worst of his kind. Our minister of that period, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, gave me some accounts of the condition of things. He told me, as a matter of fact, that any young man showing earnest purpose of any sort was immediately suspected and discouraged, while worthless young debauchees were regarded as harmless, and therefore favored.

The most cherished counselor of the King was Apuzzo, Archbishop of Sorrento. In addition to what I have already said of Leopardi's political catechism, which the archbishop forced upon the people, I may note that this work took great pains to show that no education was needed save just enough to enable each man to accomplish his duties within the little sphere in which he was born, and that for the great body of the people education was a curse rather than a blessing. The result of this policy was evident: the number of persons unable to read or write, which was from forty to fifty per cent. in Piedmont, was from sixty to sixty-five per cent. in Rome, from eighty to eighty-five per cent. in the Papal States, and above eighty-five per cent. in Naples and Sicily.[1]

I also had the advantage of being present at the great religious function of Naples—the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, patron of the city. It was in the

[1] See maps in Vol. II, of "L'Italia Economica nel 1873" (Roma, Tipografia Barberà, 1873). This work was the result of official surveys and most careful studies made by leading economists and statisticians. For a copy of it I am indebted to Mr. H. N. Gay, Fellow of Harvard University.

gorgeous chapel of the saint which forms part of the Cathedral of Naples, and the place was filled with devout worshipers of every class, from the officials in court dress, representing the Bourbon king, down to the lowest *lazzaroni*. The reliquary of silver gilt, shaped like a large human head, and supposed to contain the skull of the saint, was first placed upon the altar; next, two vials, containing a dark substance said to be his blood, were also placed upon the altar, near the head. As the priests said prayers, they turned the vials from time to time; and, the liquefaction being somewhat delayed, the great crowd of people burst out into more and more impassioned expostulations and petitions to the saint. Just in front of the altar were the *lazzaroni* who claimed to be descendants of the saint's family, and these were especially importunate: at such times they beg, they scold, they even threaten; they have been known to abuse the saint roundly, and to tell him that, if he does not care to show his favor to the city by liquefying his blood, St. Cosmo and St. Damian are just as good saints as he, and will, no doubt, be very glad to have the city devote itself to them. At last, as we were beginning to be impatient, the priest, turning the vials suddenly, announced that the saint had performed the miracle, and instantly priests, people, choir, and organ burst forth into a great "Te Deum"; bells rang and cannon roared; a procession was formed, and the shrine containing the saint's relics was carried through the streets, the people prostrating themselves on both sides of the way and showering rose-leaves upon the shrine and upon the path before it. The contents of these precious vials are an interesting relic indeed, for they represent to us vividly that period when men who were willing to go to the stake for their religious opinions thought it not wrong to "save souls" by pious mendacity and consecrated fraud. To the scientific eye this miracle is very simple: the vials contain, no doubt, one of those waxy mixtures fusing at low temperature, which, while kept in its place within the cold

stone walls of the church, remains solid, but which, upon being brought out into the hot, crowded chapel and fondled by the warm hands of the priests, gradually softens and becomes liquid. It was curious to note, at the time above mentioned, that even the high functionaries representing the King looked at the miracle with awe: they evidently found "joy in believing," and one of them assured me that the only thing which *could* cause it was the direct exercise of miraculous power.

So, too, I had here an opportunity to study one of the fundamental ideas of the prevalent theology—namely, the doctrine of "intercession," which has played such a part not only in Catholic but in Protestant countries,—the idea that, just as in an earthly court back-stairs influence is necessary to secure favor, so it must be in the heavenly courts. I was much edified by the way in which this doctrine was presented in certain great pictures representing the intervention of the Almighty to save Naples from the plague. One of them, as I remember it, represented, on an enormous canvas, the whole transaction as follows: In the immediate foreground the people of Naples were represented on their knees before their magistrates, begging them to rescue the city from the pestilence; farther back the magistrates were represented as on their knees before the monks, begging for their prayers; the monks were on their knees before St. Januarius, begging him to intervene; St. Januarius was then represented as on his knees before the Blessed Virgin; the Blessed Virgin was then pictured as beseeching her divine Son; and he at last was represented as presenting the petition to a triangle in the heavens behind which appeared the lineaments of a venerable face.

One can understand, after seeing pictures of this kind, what Erasmus was thinking of, five hundred years ago, when he wrote his colloquy of "The Shipwreck," the most exquisite satire on mediæval doctrine ever made. After a most comical account of the petitions and promises made by the shipwrecked to various saints, Adolphus

says: "To which of the saints did you pray?" Antony answers, "To not one of them all, I assure you. I don't like your way of bargaining with the saints: 'Do this and I 'll do that. Here is so much for so much. Save me and I will give you a taper or go on a pilgrimage.' Just think of it! I should certainly have prayed to St. Peter, if to any saint; for he stands at the door of heaven, and so would be likeliest to hear. But before he could go to the Almighty and tell him my condition, I might be fifty fathoms under water." Adolphus: "What did you do then?" Antony: "I went straight to God himself, and said my prayer to him; the saints neither hear so readily nor give so willingly."

In the city itself were filth, blasphemy, and obscenity unspeakable. No stranger could take his seat at a café without having proposals openly made to him which would have disgraced Pompeii. Cheatery and lying prevailed on all sides. Outside the city was brigandage,—so much so that various parties going to Pæstum took pains to combine their forces and to bear arms.

This, then, was the outcome of fifteen hundred years of Christian civilization in a land which had been entirely in the hands of the church authorities ever since the downfall of the Roman Empire; a country in which education, intellectual, moral, and religious, had been from the first in the hands of a body, claiming infallibility in its teaching of faith and morals, which had molded rulers and people at its own will during all these centuries. This was the result! It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the claims of any church to superintend the education of a people; and if it be insisted that there is anything exceptional in Italy, one may point for examples of the same results to Spain, the Spanish republics, Poland, and sundry other countries.

Before going to Italy, I had taken pains to read as much as possible of the history of the country, and, among other works, had waded through the ten octavo

volumes of Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," as well as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; and this history had served to show me what any body of ecclesiastics, not responsible to sound lay opinion, may become. In looking over the past history and present condition of Italy, there constantly rang in my ears that great warning by Christ himself, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

CHAPTER LXI

IN LATER YEARS—1856-1905

ON my return to America I remained for a short time as a resident graduate at New Haven, and there gained a friend who influenced me most happily. This was Professor George Park Fisher, at that time in charge of the university pulpit, an admirable scholar and historian. His religious nature, rooted in New England orthodoxy, had come to a broad and noble bloom and fruitage. Witty and humorous, while deeply thoughtful, his discussions were of great value to me, and our long walks together remain among the most pleasing recollections of my life. He had a genius for conversation; in fact, he was one of the two or three best conversationists I have ever known, and his influence on my thinking, both as regards religious and secular questions, was thoroughly good. While we did not by any means fully agree, I came to see more clearly than ever what a really enlightened Christianity can do for a man.

I had returned to America in the hope of influencing opinion from a professor's chair, and my dear old friend Professor—afterward President—Porter urged me to remain in New Haven, assuring me that the professorship of history for which I had been preparing myself abroad would be open to me there. A few years later a professorship at Yale was offered me, and in a way for which I shall always be grateful; but it was not the professorship of history: from that I was debarred by my religious views, and therefore it was that, having

been elected to a professorship in that department at the State University of Michigan, I immediately and gladly entered upon its duties.

Installed in this new position at Ann Arbor, I not only threw myself very heartily into my work, but became interested in church and other good work as it went on about me. From the force of old associations, and because my family had also been brought up in the Episcopal Church, I attended its services regularly; and, while it represented much that I could not accept, there were noble men in it who became my very dear friends, with whom I was glad to work.

It has always seemed to me rather an amusing episode in my life during this period that, in spite of grave doubts regarding my orthodoxy, my friends elected me vestryman of St. Andrew's Church at Ann Arbor, and gave me full power to select and call a rector for the parish at my next vacation excursion in the East. This in due time I proceeded to do. Attending the convention of the Episcopal Church in the diocese of Western New York, I consulted with various clerical friends, visited one or two places in order to hear sundry clergymen who were recommended to me, and at last called to our rectorate a man who proved to be not only a blessing to that parish, but to the State at large. In the annals of American charitable work his name is writ large, though probably there never lived a man more averse to publicity. He has since been made a bishop, and in that capacity has shown the same self-sacrifice and devotion to works of mercy which marked his career as pastor.

As to my religious ideas in general, they were at that time influenced in various ways. I read much ecclesiastical history as given by leading authorities, Protestant and Catholic, and in various original treatises by thinkers eminent in the history of the church. A marked influence was exercised upon me by reading sundry lives of the mediæval saints: even the quaintest of these showed me how, in spite of childlike credulity, most noble

lives had been led, well worthy to be pondered over in these later centuries.

The general effect of this reading was to arouse in me admiration for the men who have taken leading parts in developing the great religions of the world, and especially Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant; but it also caused me to distrust, more and more, every sort of theological dogmatism. More and more clear it became that ecclesiastical dogmas are but steps in the evolution of various religions, and that, in view of the fact that the main underlying ideas are common to all, a beneficent evolution is to continue.

This latter idea was strengthened by my careful reading of Sale's translation of the Koran, which showed me that even Mohammedanism is not wholly the tissue of folly and imposture which in those days it was generally represented to be.

Influence was also exerted upon me by various other books, and especially by Fra Paolo Sarpi's "History of the Council of Trent," probably the most racy and pungent piece of ecclesiastical history ever written; and though I also read as antidotes the history of the Council by Pallavicini, and copious extracts from Bossuet, Archbishop Spalding, and Balmez, Father Paul taught me, as an Italian historian phrases it, "how the Holy Spirit conducts church councils." At a later period Dean Stanley made a similar revelation in his account of the Council of Nicæa.

The works of Buckle, Lecky, and Draper, which were then appearing, laid open much to me. All these authors showed me how temporary, in the sum of things, is any popular theology; and, finally, the dawn of the Darwinian hypothesis came to reveal a whole new orb of thought absolutely fatal to the claims of various churches, sects, and sacred books to contain the only or the final word of God to man. The old dogma of "the fall of man" had soon fully disappeared, and in its place there rose more and more into view the idea of the rise of man.

But while my view was thus broadened, no hostility to religion found lodgment in my mind: of all the books which I read at that time, Stanley's life of Arnold exercised the greatest influence upon me. It showed that a man might cast aside much which churches regard as essential, and might strive for breadth and comprehension in Christianity, while yet remaining in healthful relations with the church. I also read with profit and pleasure the Rev. Thomas Beecher's book, "Our Seven Churches," which showed that each Christian sect in America has a certain work to do, and does it well; also, the sermons of Robertson, Phillips Brooks, and Theodore Munger, which revealed a beauty in Christianity before unknown to me.

Another influence was of a very different sort. From time to time I went on hunting excursions with the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Ann Arbor; and though he made no parade of religion, there was in him a genial, manly piety which bettered me.

But I cannot say that this good influence was always exercised upon me by his coreligionists. There was especially one, who rose to be a "presiding elder," very narrow, very shrewd, and very bitter against the State University, yet constantly placing himself in comical dilemmas. On one occasion, when I asked him regarding his relations with clergymen of other religious bodies, he spoke of the Roman Catholics and said that he had made a determined effort to convert the Bishop of Detroit. On my asking for particulars, he answered that, calling upon the bishop, he had spoken very solemnly to him and told him that he was endangering his own salvation as well as that of his flock; that at first the bishop was evidently inclined to be harsh; but that, on finding that he —the Methodist brother—disliked the Presbyterian Dr. Duffield, who had recently attacked Catholic doctrine, as much as the bishop did, the relations between them grew better, so that they talked together very amicably.

At this point in our conversation a puzzled expres-

sion overspread the elder's face and he said, "The most singular experience I ever had was with a French Catholic priest in Monroe. Being in that town and having a day or two of vacation, I felt it my duty to go and remonstrate with him. I found him very polite, especially after I had told him that his bishop had received me and discussed religious questions with me. Presently, wishing to make an impression on the priest, I fixed my eyes on him very earnestly and said as solemnly as I could, 'Do you know that you are leading your flock straight down to hell?' To this the priest made a very singular answer —very singular, indeed. He said, 'Did you talk like that to the bishop?' I answered, 'Yes, I did.' 'Did n't he kick you out of his house?' 'No, he did n't.' 'Then,' said the priest, '*I* won't.'" And the good elder, during the whole of this story, evidently thought that the point of it was, somehow, against the *priest!*

As a professor at the University of Michigan lecturing upon modern history, I, of course, showed my feelings in opposition to slavery, which was then completely dominant in the nation, and, to all appearance, intrenched in our institutions forever. From time to time I also said some things which made the more sensitive orthodox brethren uneasy; though, as I look back upon them now, they seem to me very mild indeed. In these days they could be said, and would be said, by great numbers of devoted members of all Christian churches. These expressions of mine favored toleration and dwelt upon the absurdity of distinctions between Christians on account of beliefs which individuals or communities have happened to inherit. Nothing like an attack upon Christianity itself, or upon anything vital to it, did I ever make; indeed, my inclinations were not in that direction: my greatest desire was to set men and women at thinking, for I felt sure that if they would really think, in the light of human history, they would more and more dwell on what is permanent in Christianity and less and less on what is transient; more and more on its universal truths,

less and less upon the creeds, forms, and observances in which these gems are set; more and more on what draws men together, less and less on that which keeps them apart.

I became convinced that what the world needed was more religion rather than less; more devotion to humanity and less preaching of dogmas. Whenever I spoke of religion, it was not to say a word against any existing form; but I especially referred, as my ideals of religious conduct, to the declaration of Micah, beginning with the words, "What doth the Lord require of thee?"; to the Sermon on the Mount; to the definition of "pure religion and undefiled" given by St. James; and to some of the wonderful utterances of St. Paul. But even this alarmed two or three very good men; they were much exercised over what they called my "indifferentism"; and when I was chosen, somewhat later, to the presidency of Cornell University, I found that they had thought it their duty to write letters urging various trustees to prevent the election of so dangerous a heretic.

Scattered through the Michigan university town were a number of people who had broken from the old faith and were groping about to find a new one, but, as a rule, with such insufficient knowledge of the real basis of belief or skepticism that the religion they found seemed less valuable to them than the one they had left. Thiers, Voltairian though he was, has well said, "The only altars which are not ridiculous are the old altars."

Some of the best of these people, having lost very dear children, had taken refuge in what was called "spiritualism"; and I was invited to witness some of the "manifestations from the spirit-land," and assured that they would leave no doubt in my mind as to their tremendous reality. Among those who thus invited me were a county judge of high standing, and his wife, one of the most lovely and accomplished of women. They had lost their only daughter, a beautiful creature just budding into womanhood, and they thought that "spiritualism" had

given her back to them. As they told me wonderful things regarding the revelations made by sundry eminent mediums, I accepted their invitation to witness some of these, and went to the séances with a perfectly open and impartial mind. I saw nothing antecedently improbable in phenomena of that sort; indeed, it seemed to me that it might be a blessed thing if there were really something in it all; but examination showed me in this, as in all other cases where I have investigated so-called "spirit revelations," nothing save the worthlessness of human testimony to the miraculous. These miracles were the cheapest and poorest of jugglery, and the mediums were, without exception, of a type below contempt. There was, indeed, a revelation to me, not of a spirit-world beyond the grave, but of a spirit-world about me, peopled with the spirits of good and loving men and women who find "joy in believing" what they wish to believe. Compared with this new worship, I felt that the old was infinitely more honest, substantial, and healthful; and never since have I desired to promote revolutionary changes in religion. Such changes, to be good, must be evolutionary, gradual, and in obedience to slowly increasing knowledge: such a change is now evidently going on, irresistibly, and quite as rapidly as is desirable.

There were other singular experiences. One day a student said to me that an old man living not far from the university grounds was very ill and wished to see me. I called at once, and found him stretched out on his bed and greatly emaciated with consumption. He was a Hicksite Quaker. As I entered the room he said, "Friend, I hear good things of thee: thou art telling the truth; let me bear my testimony before thee. I believe in God and in a future life, but in little else which the churches teach. I am dying. Within two or three days, at furthest, I shall be in my coffin. Yet I look on the future with no anxiety; I am in the hands of my loving Father, and have no more fear of passing through the gate of death into the future life than of passing through

yonder door into the next room." After kindly talk I left him, and next day learned that he had quietly passed away.

After about five years of duty in the University of Michigan, I was brought into the main charge of the newly established Cornell University; and in this new position, while no real change took place in my fundamental religious ideas, there were conflicting influences, sometimes unfortunate, but in the main happy. In other chapters of these reminiscences I have shown to what unjust attacks the new institution and all connected with it were subjected by the agents and votaries of various denominational colleges. At times this embittered me, but the ultimate result always was that it stirred me to new efforts. Whatever ill feelings arose from these onslaughts were more than made up after the establishment of the Sage Chapel pulpit. I have shown elsewhere how, at my instance, provision was made by a public-spirited man for calling the most distinguished preachers of all denominations, and how, the selection of these having been left to me, I chose them from the most eminent men in the various Christian bodies. My intercourse with these, as well as my hearing their discourses, broadened and deepened my religious feeling, and I regard this as among the especially happy things of my life.

Another feature of the university was not so helpful to me. I have spoken in another chapter regarding the establishment of Barnes Hall at Cornell as a center of work for the Christian Association and other religious organizations of the university, and of my pleasure in aiding the work there done and in noting its good results. At various times I attended the services of the Young Men's Christian Association; and while they often touched me, I cannot say that they always edified me. I am especially fond of the psalms attributed to David, which are, for me, the highest of poetry; and I am also very fond of the great and noble hymns of the church, Catholic and Protestant, and especially susceptible to the

best church music, from Bach and Händel to Mason and Neale: but the sort of revival hymns which are generally sung in Christian Associations, and which date mainly from the Moody and Sankey period, do not appeal to my best feelings in any respect. They seem to me very thin and gushy. This feeling of mine is not essentially unorthodox, for I once heard it expressed by an eminent orthodox clergyman in terms much stronger than any which I have ever used. Said he, "When I was young, congregations used to sing such psalms as this:

"The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

"On cherubim and seraphim
Right royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

"His seat is on the mighty floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, our everlasting Lord,
Forevermore shall reign.

But now," he continued, "the congregation gets together and a lot of boys and girls sing:

"Lawd, how oft I long to know—
Oft it gives me anxious thought—
Do I love Thee, Lawd, or no;
Am I Thine, or am I nawt!

There," said he, "is the difference between a religion which believes in a righteous sovereign Ruler of the universe, and a maudlin sentiment incapable of any real, continued, determined effort."

I must confess that this view of my orthodox friend strikes me as just. It seems to me that one of the first

needs of large branches of the Christian Church is to weed out a great mass of sickly, sentimental worship of no one knows what, and to replace it with psalms and hymns which show a firm reliance upon the Lord God Almighty.

It is with this view that I promoted in the university chapel the simple antiphonal reading of the psalms by the whole congregation. Best of all would it be to chant the Psalter; the clergyman, with a portion of the choir, leading on one side, and the other section of the choir and the congregation at large chanting the responses. But this is, as regards most Protestant churches, a counsel of perfection.

Staying in London after the close of my university presidency, I was subject to another influence which has wrought with power upon some strong men. It was my wont to attend service in some one of the churches interesting from a historical point of view or holding out the prospect of a good sermon; but, probably, a combination which I occasionally made would not be approved by my more orthodox fellow-churchmen. For at times I found pleasure and profit in attending the service before sermon on Sunday afternoon at St. Paul's, and then going to the neighboring Positivist Conventicle in Fetter Lane to hear Frederic Harrison and others. Harrison's discourses were admirable, and one upon Roman civilization was most suggestive of fruitful thought. My tendency has always been strongly toward hero-worship, and this feature of the Positivist creed and practice especially attracted me; while the superb and ennobling music of St. Paul's kept me in a religious atmosphere during any discourse which succeeded it.

My favorite reading at this period was the "Bible for Learners," a book most thoughtfully edited by three of the foremost scholars of modern Europe—Hooykaas, Oort, and Kuenen. Simple as the book is, it made a deep impression upon me, rehabilitating the Bible in my mind, showing it to be a collection of literature and moral truths

unspeakably precious to all Christian nations and to every Christian man. At a later period, readings in the works of Renan, Pfleiderer, Cheyne, Harnack, Sayce, and others strengthened me in my liberal tendencies, without diminishing in the slightest my reverence for all that is noble in Christianity, past or present.

Another experience, while it did not perhaps set me in any new trains of thought, strengthened me in some of my earlier views. This was the revelation to me of Mohammedanism during my journey in the East. While Mohammedan fanaticism seems to me one of the great misfortunes of the world, Mohammedan worship, as I first saw it, made a deep impression on me. Our train was slowly moving into Cairo, and stopped for a time just outside the city; the Pyramids were visible in the distance, but my thoughts were turned from them by a picture in the foreground. Under a spreading palm-tree, a tall Egyptian suddenly arose to his full height, took off an outer covering from his shoulders, laid it upon the ground, and then solemnly prostrated himself and went through his prayers, addressing them in the direction of Mecca. He was utterly oblivious of the crowd about him, and the simplicity, directness, and reverence in his whole movement appealed to me strongly. At various other times, on the desert, in the bazaars, in the mosques, and on the Nile boats, I witnessed similar scenes, and my broad-churchmanship was thereby made broader. Nor was this general effect diminished by my visit to the howling and whirling dervishes. The manifestations of their zeal ranged themselves clearly in the same category with those evident in American camp-meetings, and I now understood better than ever what the Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven meant when, after returning from the East, he alluded to certain Christian "revivalists" as "howling dervishes."

I must say, too, that while I loved and admired many Christian missionaries whom I saw in the East, and rejoiced in the work of their schools, the utter narrowness

of some of them was discouraging. Anything more cold, forbidding, and certain of extinction than the worship of the "United Presbyterians" at the mission church at Cairo I have never seen, save possibly that of sundry Calvinists at Paris. Nor have I ever heard anything more defiant of sane thought and right reason than the utterances of some of these excellent men.

But the general effect of all these experiences, as I now think, was to aid in a healthful evolution of my religious ideas.

It may now be asked what is the summing up of my relation to religion, as looked upon in the last years of a long life, during which I have had many suggestions to thought upon it, many opportunities to hear eminent religionists of almost every creed discuss it, and many chances to observe its workings in the multitude of systems prevalent in various countries.

As a beginning, I would answer that, having for many years supplemented my earlier observations and studies by special researches into the relations between science and religion, my conviction has been strengthened that religion in its true sense—namely, the bringing of humanity into normal relations with that Power, not ourselves, in the universe, which makes for righteousness—is now, as it always has been, a need absolute, pressing, and increasing.

As to the character of such normal relations, I feel that they involve a sense of need for worship: for praise and prayer, public and private. If fine-spun theories are presented as to the necessary superfluity of praise to a perfect Being, and the necessary inutility of prayer in a world governed by laws, my answer is that law is as likely to obtain in the spiritual as in the natural world: that while it may not be in accordance with physical laws to pray for the annihilation of a cloud and the cessation of a rain-storm, it may well be in accordance with spiritual laws that communication take place between the In-

finite and finite minds; that helpful inspiration may be thus obtained,—greater power, clearer vision, higher aims.

As to the question between worship by man as an individual being, face to face with the Divine Power, and worship by human beings in common, as brethren moved to express common ideas, needs, hopes, efforts, aspirations, I attribute vast value to both.

As to the first. Each individual of us has perhaps an even more inadequate conception of "the God and father of us all" than a plant has of a man; and yet the universal consciousness of our race obliges a human being under normal conditions to feel the need of betterment, of help, of thankfulness. It would seem best for every man to cultivate the thoughts, relations, and practices which he finds most accordant with such feelings and most satisfying to such needs.

As to the second. The universal normal consciousness of humanity seems to demand some form of worship in common with one's fellow-men. All forms adopted by men under normal conditions, whether in cathedrals, temples, mosques, or conventicles, clearly have uses and beauties of their own.

If it be said that all forms of belief or ceremonial obscure that worship, "in spirit and in truth," which aids high aspiration, my answer is that the incorporation, in beliefs and forms of worship, of what man needs for his spiritual sustenance seems to me analogous to the incorporation in his daily material food of what he needs for his physical sustenance. As a rule, the truths necessary for the sustenance and development of his higher nature would seem better assimilated when incorporated in forms of belief and worship, public or private, even though these beliefs and forms have imperfections or inadequacies. We do not support material life by consuming pure carbon, or nitrogen, or hydrogen: we take these in such admixtures as our experience shows to be best for

us. We do not live by breathing pure oxygen: we take it diluted with other gases, and mainly with one which, if taken by itself, is deadly.

This is but a poor and rough analogy, but it seems a legitimate illustration of a fact which we must take account of in the whole history of the human race, past, present, and future.

It will, in my opinion, be a sad day for this or for any people when there shall have come in them an atrophy of the religious nature; when they shall have suppressed the need of communication, no matter how vague, with a supreme power in the universe; when the ties which bind men of similar modes of thought in the various religious organizations shall be dissolved; when men, instead of meeting their fellow-men in assemblages for public worship which give them a sense of brotherhood, shall lounge at home or in clubs; when men and women, instead of bringing themselves at stated periods into an atmosphere of prayer, praise, and aspiration, to hear the discussion of higher spiritual themes, to be stirred by appeals to their nobler nature in behalf of faith, hope, and charity, and to be moved by a closer realization of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, shall stay at home and give their thoughts to the Sunday papers or to the conduct of their business or to the languid search for some refuge from boredom.

But thus recognizing the normal need of religious ideas, feelings, and observances, I see in the history of these an evolution which has slowly brought our race out of lower forms of religion into higher, and which still continues. Nowhere is this more clearly mirrored than in our own sacred books; nowhere more distinctly seen than in what is going on about us; and one finds in this evolution, just as in the development of our race in other fields, survivals of outworn beliefs and observances which remain as mile-stones to mark human progress.

Belief in a God who is physically, intellectually, and morally but an enlarged "average man"—unjust, whim-

sical, revengeful, cruel, and so far from omnipotent that he has to make all sorts of interferences to rectify faults in his original scheme—is more and more fading away among the races controlling the world.

More and more the thinking and controlling races are developing the power of right reason; and more and more they are leaving to inferior and disappearing races the methods of theological dogmatism.

More and more, in all parts of the civilized world, is developing liberty of thought; and more and more is left behind the tyranny of formulas.

More and more is developing, in the leading nations, the conception of the world's sacred books as a literature in which, as in a mass of earthy material, the gems and gold of its religious thought are embedded; and more and more is left behind the belief in the literal, prosaic conformity to fact of all utterances in this literature.

To one who closely studies the history of humanity, evolution in religion is a certainty. Eddies there are,—counter-currents of passion, fanaticism, greed, hate, pride, folly, the unreason of mobs, the strife of parties, the dreams of mystics, the logic of dogmatists, and the lust for power of ecclesiastics,—but the great main tide is unmistakable.

What should be the attitude of thinking men, in view of all this? History, I think, teaches us that, just so far as is possible, the rule of our conduct should be to assist Evolution rather than Revolution. Religious revolution is at times inevitable, and at such times the rule of conduct should be to unite our efforts to the forces working for a new and better era; but religious revolutions are generally futile and always dangerous. As a rule, they have failed. Even when successful and beneficial, they have brought new evils. The Lutheran Church, resulting from the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, became immediately after the death of Luther, and remained during generations, more inexcusably cruel and intolerant than Catholicism had ever been; the revolution

which enthroned Calvinism in large parts of the British Empire and elsewhere brought new forms of unreason, oppression, and unhappiness; the revolution in France substituted for the crudities and absurdities of the old religion a "purified worship of the Supreme Being" under which came human sacrifices by thousands, followed by a reaction to an unreason more extreme than anything previously known. Goldwin Smith was right when he said, "Let us never glorify revolution."

Christianity, though far short of what it ought to be and will be, is to-day purer and better, in all its branches, than it has ever before been; and the same may be said of Judaism. Any man born into either of these forms of religion should, it seems to me, before breaking away from it, try as long as possible to promote its better evolution; aiding to increase breadth of view, toleration, indifference to unessentials, coöperation with good men and true of every faith. Melanchthon, St. Francis Xavier, Grotius, Thomasius, George Fox, Fénelon, the Wesleys, Moses Mendelssohn, Schleiermacher, Dr. Arnold, Channing, Phillips Brooks, and their like may well be our exemplars, despite all their limitations and imperfections.

I grant that there are circumstances which may oblige a self-respecting man to withdraw from religious organizations and assemblages. There may be reactionary zeal of rabbis, priests, deacons, destructive to all healthful advance of thought; there may be a degeneration of worship into fetishism; there may be control by young Levites whose minds are only adequate to decide the colors of altar-cloths and the cut of man-millinery; there may be control by men of middle age who preach a gospel of "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"; there may be tyranny by old men who will allow no statements of belief save those which they learned as children.

From such evils, there are, in America at least, many places of refuge; and, in case these fail, there are the treasures of religious thought accumulated from the days of Marcus Aurelius, St. Augustine, and Thomas à Kempis

to such among us as Brooks, Gibbons, Munger, Henry Simmons, Rabbis Weinstock and Jacobs, and very many others. It may be allowed to a hard-worked man who has passed beyond the allotted threescore years and ten to say that he has found in general religious biography, Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant, and in the writings of men nobly inspired in all these fields, a help without which his life would have been poor indeed.

True, there will be at times need of strong resistance, and especially of resistance to all efforts by any clerical combination, whether of rabbis, priests, or ministers, no matter how excellent, to hamper scientific thought, to control public education, or to erect barriers and arouse hates between men. Both Religion and Science have suffered fearfully from unlimited clerical sway; but of the two, Religion has suffered most.

When one considers the outcome of national education entirely under the control of the church during over fifteen hundred years,—in France at the outbreak of the revolution of 1789, in Italy at the outbreak of the revolution of 1848, in the Spanish-American republics down to a very recent period, and in Spain, Poland, and elsewhere at this very hour,—one sees how delusive is the hope that a return to the ideas and methods of the "ages of faith" is likely to cure the evils that still linger among us.

The best way of aiding in a healthful evolution would seem to consist in firmly but decisively resisting all ecclesiastical efforts to control or thwart the legitimate work of science and education; in letting the light of modern research and thought into the religious atmosphere; and in cultivating, each for himself, obedience to "the first and great commandment, and the second which is like unto it," as given by the Blessed Founder of Christianity.

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